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SHARPE'S
LONDON MAGAZINE:

A JOURNAL

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

FOR GENERAL READING.

With Elegant Wood Engravings.

NOVEMBER 1847 TO FEBRUARY 1848.

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PREFACE.

IN announcing the recent improvements and additions to the Magazine, we have so fully detailed the objects and intentions of the Work, and the manner in which we propose to carry out these designs, that at the close of our FIFTH VOLUME little remains for us to add.

The experiment of enlarging the Magazine, raising the price to a Shilling, and making it a Monthly instead of a Weekly publication, has been entirely successful, the circulation not only having kept up, but, if anything, rather increased in consequence of the change.

Several of our Correspondents having expressed regret at our having discontinued the Weekly Numbers, thereby depriving our poorer readers of the benefit to be derived from our pages, we beg to call their attention to the fact, that our circulation has been from the very commencement almost exclusively confined to the Monthly Parts, and that, had the Weekly sale been at all commensurate with the trouble and expense it entailed, it would not have been discontinued.

The additional number of pages in the Monthly Parts will render it necessary to publish three Volumes in the year, instead of two as heretofore.

LONDON, *Feb.* 1848.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

ONE of the evils of the present day, to which it would be well for the regenerators of society to turn their attention, (a class of persons, by the way, who, if they could be prevailed upon to reduce their enlarged theoretical views to the limits of personal practice, would stand a better chance of attaining their object,) is the spirit of competition run mad—an evil the more to be dreaded, because, like some foul fiend lurking under the semblance of an angel of light, it appears at first sight to work well for the benefit of the public at large. And, perhaps, it is the abuse, rather than the legitimate use of the thing, against which we would raise our voice,—an abuse which is the natural consequence of that tendency to run into extremes, apparently the inevitable result of the “go a-head” policy of the age we live in. We are no friends to monopoly; on the contrary, we advocate the system of free trade, so far as it goes hand in hand with justice and common sense—but no farther; and this we conceive can only be the case as long as the manufacturer supplies the consumer with a good article at as cheap a rate as he can, reserving to himself a fair remunerating profit. Either the labourer is worthy of his hire, or he is unfit to be employed at all. “Live and let live,” is a wholesome maxim of our forefathers, which we appear to have forgotten in the popular cry of cheap everything; and we rub the gloss off Moses’s missfits against the soot-bag of the silenced-by-act-of-parliament sweep in a penny ’Bus, alike heedless of the overtaken needlewomen and ruined job-masters, who compose an infinitesimal portion of the victims to the Moloch of low prices. This epidemic for underselling a rival, is at the bottom of all the mushroom schemes, and bubble companies, which are constantly springing up and withering—forming only to break; and is, perhaps, one of the chief though unsuspected causes of the Monster Panic which has lately carried desolation into the homes and hearts of many of our fellow-citizens.

And now, to apply these remarks to our own case. When we stated, in the Address at the conclusion of the Fourth Volume, that we had succeeded beyond our expectations, we were fully justified by facts in so doing. In these days, when in no one instance does the spirit of competition show itself more determinately than in the world of literature,—when magazine jostles magazine, and journals, divided against themselves, spring up hydra-headed, in unnatural opposition to the parent stock, we have established a Periodical on

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

the firm basis of sound moral and religious principle; and without pandering to any of the morbid appetites of the million, have attained an unprecedented degree of popularity and a widely extended circulation. But in his endeavours to bring the Magazine up to its present pitch of excellence, the Proprietor has enlisted such an amount of talent in his service, that the Editor's only difficulty is to select from the mass of available matter submitted to him; and he is often obliged, from the circumscribed limits of the Magazine, to reject communications possessing a very high degree of merit, and which he scarcely feels justified in withholding from the readers of SHARPE.

To enlarge our Magazine, however, would of course entail an increased outlay, and we must fairly and honestly state, that in carrying out the recent improvements (we have the satisfaction of hearing them pronounced on all hands most successful), the expenses of this Publication have increased to a point which does not allow proper compensation for the trouble and risk attendant upon carrying on a work of such widely extended circulation. Under these circumstances the following alternatives lay before us;—to discontinue the Magazine altogether, and so leave the field open for some journal of latitudinarian, or anti-religious principles, to instil its poison into the minds of the thousands to whom SHARPE affords wholesome aliment;—to lower the tone and character of the prints and letter-press, and present our Subscribers with very contemptible small beer, after we had accustomed them to foaming tankards of unrivalled triple XXX;—or, enlarging and still farther improving the Magazine, to raise the price to a Shilling. The latter alternative, as being the most honest, straightforward, and manly course, we have at once unhesitatingly determined to adopt; and we look forward confidently to the good feeling and right spirit of the Public, to support us in our undertaking, with the same cordiality with which they have hitherto met our endeavours in the cause of truth and sound principle. It is our intention, therefore, to discontinue the Weekly Numbers altogether, and to enlarge our Monthly Part to one uniform size, which for the future will consist of 72 pages, or 144 columns of literary matter, in addition to four handsome full-page engravings.

In doing this, we shall on the 1st of January have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a Magazine, even then as cheap (allowing for the Illustrations) as “Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal,” containing 16 pages more letter-press than that useful periodical, and equal in point of literary matter (for we boldly invite comparison) to any of the half-crown magazines. The only favour we ask of our readers is, that they will examine and peruse our January Part. The Public are not blind to their own interest, and in their hands we confidently leave the issue.

SHARPE'S London Magazine:

A JOURNAL OF ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION
FOR GENERAL READING.

FRANK FAIRLEGH;
OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XVI. CONFESSIONS.

"DEAR me! what can it possibly mean? how I wish I could guess it!" said the youngest Miss Simper.

"Do you know what it is, Mr. Oaklands?" asked the second Miss Simper.

"I'm sure he does, he looks so delightfully wicked," added the eldest Miss Simper, shaking her ringlets in a fascinating manner, to evince her faith in the durability of their curl.

The eldest Miss Simper had been out four seasons, and spent the last winter at Nice, on the strength of which she talked to young men of themselves in the third person, to show her knowledge of the world, and embodied in her behaviour generally a complete system of "Matrimony-made-easy, or the whole Art of getting a good Establishment," proceeding from early lessons in converting acquaintances into flirts, up to the important final clause—how to lead young men of property to propose.

"Really," replied Oaklands, "my face must be far more expressive and less honest than I was aware of, for I can assure you they have studiously kept me in the dark as to the meaning."

"But you have made out some idea for yourself; it is impossible that it should be otherwise," observed the second Miss Simper, who had rubbed off some of her shyness upon a certain young Hebrew Professor at the last Cambridge Installation, and become rather blue from the contact.

"Have you?" said the youngest Miss Simper, who, being as nearly a fool as it is possible to allow that a pretty girl of seventeen can be, rested her pretensions upon a plaintive voice and a pensive smile, which went just far enough to reveal an irreproachable set of teeth, and then faded away into an expression of gentle sorrow, the source of which, like that of the Niger, had as yet remained undiscovered.

"Oh, he has!" exclaimed the eldest Miss Simper; "that exquisitely sarcastic yet tantalizing curl of the upper lip tells me that it is so."

"Since you press me," replied Oaklands, "I confess, I believe I have guessed it."

"I knew it,—it could not have been otherwise," exclaimed the blue belle enthusiastically.

The youngest Miss Simper spoke not, but her appealing glance, and a slight exhibition of the pearl-

like teeth, seemed to hint that some mysterious increase of her secret sorrow might be expected in the event of Oaklands refusing to communicate the results of his penetration.

"As I make it out," said Harry, "the first scene was Inn, the second Constancy, and the third Inconstancy."

"Ah! that wretch John, he was the Inconstancy," observed the eldest Miss Simper, "marrying for money!—the creature!—such baseness! but how delightfully that dear, clever Mr. Lawless acted; he made love with such *naïve* simplicity too, he is quite irresistible."

"I shall take care to let him know your flattering opinion," returned Oaklands, with a faint attempt at a smile, while the gloom on his brow grew deeper, and the Misses Simper were in their turn deserted; the eldest gaining this slight addition to her worldly knowledge, viz. that it is not always prudent to praise one friend to another, unless you happen to be a little more behind the scenes than she had been in the present instance.

"Umph! Frank Fairleigh, where are you? come here, boy," said Mr. Frampton, seizing one of my buttons, and towing me thereby into a corner. "Pretty girl, your sister Fanny—nice girl too—Umph!"

"I am very glad she pleases you, sir," replied I; "as you become better acquainted with her, you will find that she is as good as she looks,—if you like her now, you will soon grow very fond of her,—everybody becomes fond of Fanny."

"Umph! I can see one who is at all events. Pray, sir, do you mean to let your sister marry that good-natured, well-disposed, harum-scarum young fool, Lawless?"

"That is a matter I leave entirely to themselves,—if Lawless wishes to marry Fanny, and she likes him well enough to accept him, and his parents approve of the arrangement, I shall make no objection: it would be a very good match for her."

"Umph! yes—she would make a very nice addition to his stud," returned Mr. Frampton, in a more sarcastic tone than I had ever heard him use before. "What do you suppose are the girl's own wishes? is she willing to be Empress of the Stable?"

"Really, sir, you ask me a question which I am quite unable to answer—young ladies are usually reserved upon such subjects, and Fanny is especially so, but from my own observations I am inclined to think that she likes him."

"Umph! dare say she does—women are always

(1) Continued from Vol. IV. p. 404.

fools in these cases—men too, for that matter—or else they would take pattern by me, and continue in a state of single blessedness,” then came an aside, “Single wretchedness more likely, nobody to care about one—nothing to love—die in a ditch like a beggar’s dog, without a pocket-handkerchief wetted for one,—there’s single blessedness for you! ride in a hearse, and have some fat fool chuckling in the sleeve of his black coat over one’s hard-earned money—nobody shall do that though with mine, for I’ll leave it all to build Union Workhouses and encourage the Slave Trade, by way of revenging myself on society at large. Wonder why I said that, when I don’t think it—just like me—Umph!”

“I am not at all sure but that this may prove a mere vision of our own too lively imaginations, after all,” replied I, “or that Lawless looks upon Fanny in any other light than as the sister of his old friend, and an agreeable girl to talk and laugh with; but if it should turn out otherwise, I shall be sorry to think that it is a match which will not meet with your approval, sir.”

“Oh! I shall approve—I always approve of everything—I dare say he’ll make a capital husband—he’s very kind to his dogs and horses. Umph! silly boy, silly girl—when she could easily do better too. Umph! just like me, bothering myself about other people when I might leave it alone—silly girl though, very!”

So saying, Mr. Frampton walked away, grunting like a whole drove of pigs, as was his wont when annoyed.

The next morning I was aroused from an uneasy sleep by the sun shining brightly through my shutters, and, springing out of bed and throwing open the window, I perceived that it was one of those lovely winter days which appear sent to assure us that frost, frost, and snow will not last for ever, but that Nature has brighter things in store for us, if we will bide her time patiently. To think of lying in bed on such a morning was out of the question, so, dressing hastily, I threw on a shooting jacket, and sallied forth for a stroll. As I wandered listlessly through the Park, admiring the hoar-frost which glittered like diamonds in the early sunshine, clothing the brave old limbs of the time-honoured fathers of the forest with a fabric of silver tissue, the conversation I had held with Mr. Frampton about Fanny and Lawless recurred to my mind. Strange that Harry Oaklands and Mr. Frampton,—men so different, yet alike in generous feeling and honourable principle,—should both evidently disapprove of such a union; was I myself so blinded by ideas of the worldly advantages it held forth that I was unable to perceive its unfitness? Would Lawless really prize her, as Tennyson has since so well expressed it in his finest poem, as “something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse;” and was I about to sacrifice my sister’s happiness for rank and fortune, those world-idols, which, stripped of the supposititious attributes bestowed upon them by the bigotry of their worshippers, appear, in their true worthlessness, empty breath and perishable dross? But most probably there was no cause for uneasiness, after all; I was very likely worrying myself most

unnecessarily: what proof was there that Lawless really cared for Fanny? His attentions—oh! there was nothing in that—Lawless was shy and awkward in female society, and Fanny had been kind to him, and had taken the trouble to draw him out, therefore he liked her, and preferred talking and laughing with her, rather than with any other girl, with whom he did not feel at his ease. However, even if there should be any thing more in it, it had not gone so far but that a little judicious snubbing would easily put an end to it,—I determined, therefore, to talk to my mother about it after breakfast: she had now seen enough of Lawless to form her own opinion of him, and if she agreed with Oaklands and Mr. Frampton that his was not a style of character calculated to secure Fanny’s happiness, we must let her go and stay with the Colemans, or find some other means of separating them. I had just arrived at this conclusion, when, on passing round the stem of an old tree which stood in the path, I encountered some person who was advancing rapidly in an opposite direction, meeting him so abruptly that we ran against each other with no small degree of violence.

“Hold hard there! you’re on your wrong side, young fellow, and if you’ve done me the slightest damage, even scratched my varnish, I’ll pull you up.”

“I wish you had pulled up a little quicker, yourself, Lawless,” replied I, for, as the reader has doubtless discovered from the style of his address, it was none other than the subject of my late reverie with whom I had come in collision. “I don’t know whether I have scratched your varnish, as you call it, but I have knocked the skin off my own knuckles against the tree in the scuffle.”

“Never mind, man,” returned Lawless, “there are worse misfortunes happen at sea; a little sticking-plaster will set all to rights again. But look here, Ladlegh,” he continued, taking my arm, “I’m glad I happened to meet you, I want to have five minutes’ serious conversation with you.”

“Won’t it do after breakfast?” interposed I, for my fears construed this appeal into “confirmation strong as holy writ” of my previous suspicions, and I wished to be fortified by my mother’s opinion before I in any degree committed myself. All my precautions were, however, in vain.

“Eh! I won’t keep you five minutes, but you see this sort of thing will never do at any price; I’m all wrong altogether—sometimes I feel as if fire or water would not stop me, or cart-ropes hold me—then again I grow as nervous as an old cat with the palsy, and sit moping in a corner like an owl in fits. Last hunting day I was just as if I was mad—pressed upon the pack when they were getting away—rode over two or three of the tail hounds, laid ’em sprawling on their backs, like spread eagles, till the huntsman swore at me loud enough to split a three-inch oak plank,—went slap at everything that came in my way, took rails, fences and timber, all flying, rough and smooth as Nature made ’em,—in short, showed the whole field the way across country, at a pace which rather astonished them, I fancy—well, at last there was a check, and before

the hounds got on the scent again, something seemed to come over me, so that I could not ride a bit, and kept craning at mole-hills and shirking gutters, till I wound up by getting a tremendous purl from checking my horse at a wretched little fence that he could have stepped over, and actually I felt so faint-hearted that I gave it up as a bad job, and walked home ready to eat my hat with vexation. But I know what it is, I'm in love—that confounded Charade put me up to that dodge, I fancied at first that I'd got an ague, one of those off-and-on affairs that always come when you don't want them, and was going to ask Ellis to give me a ball, but I found it out just in time, and precious glad I was too, for I never could bear taking physick since I was the height of sixpennyworth of halfpence."

"Really, Lawless, I must be getting home."

"Eh! wait a minute; you haven't an idea what a desperate state I'm in; I had a letter returned to me yesterday, with a line from the Post-office clerk saying no such person could be found, and when I came to look at the address I wasn't surprised to hear it. I had written to give some orders about a dog-cart that is building for me, and directed my letter to 'Messrs. Lovely Fanny, Coachmakers, Long Acre.' Things can't go on in this way, you know—I must do something—come to the point, eh?—What do you say?"

"Upon my word," replied I, "this is a case in which I am the last person to advise you."

"Eh! no, it is not that—I'm far beyond the reach of advice, but what I mean is, your Governor being dead—don't you see—I consider you to stand *in promissa qua maribus*, as we used to say at old Mildman's."

"*In loco parentis* is what you are aiming at, I imagine," returned I.

"Eh! Psha, it's all the same," continued Lawless impatiently; "but what do you say about it? Will you give your consent, and back me up a bit in the business, for I'm precious nervous, I can tell you!"

"Am I to understand, then," said I, seeing an explanation was inevitable, "that it is my sister who has inspired you with this very alarming attachment?"

"Eh! yes, of course it is," was the reply; "haven't I been talking about her for the last ten minutes? You are growing stupid all at once; did you think it was your mother I meant?"

"Not exactly," replied I, smiling; "but have you ever considered what Lord Cashingtown would say to your marrying a poor clergyman's daughter?"

"What! my Governor? oh! he'd be so delighted to get me married at any price, that he would not care who it was to, so that she was a lady. He knows how I shirk female society in general, and he is afraid I shall break my neck some of these fine days, and leave him the honour of being the last Lord Cashingtown as well as the first."

"And may I ask whether you imagine your suit likely to be favourably received by the young lady herself?"

"Eh! why, you see it's not so easy to tell; I'm not

used to the ways of women, exactly. Now with horses I know every action, and can guess what they'd be up to in a minute; for instance, if they prick up their ears one may expect a shy, when they lay them back you may look out for a bite or a kick, but, unluckily, women have not got movable ears."

"No," replied I, laughing at this singular regret, "but they contrive to make their eyes answer nearly the same purpose, though.—Well, Lawless, my answer is this,—I cannot pretend to judge whether you and my sister are so constituted as to increase each other's happiness by becoming man and wife: that is a point I must leave to her to decide; she is no longer a child, and her destiny shall be placed in her own hands, but I think I may venture to say that if your parents are willing to receive her, and she is pleased to accept you, you need not fear any opposition on the part of my mother or myself."

"That's the time of day," exclaimed Lawless, rubbing his hands with glee, "this is something like doing business; oh! it's jolly fun to be in love after all. Then every thing depends upon Fanny now, but how am I to find out whether she will have me or not? eh? that's another sell."

"Ask her," replied I, and turning down a different path, I left him to deliberate upon this knotty point in solitude.

As I walked towards home my meditations assumed a somewhat gloomy colouring. The matter was no longer doubtful, Lawless was Fanny's declared suitor; thus, as he had himself observed, was something like doing business. Instead of planning with my mother how we could prevent the affair from going any farther, I must now inform her of his offer, and find out whether she could give me any clue as to the state of Fanny's affections. And now that Lawless's intentions were certain, and that it appeared by no means improbable he might succeed in obtaining Fanny's hand, a feeling of repugnance came over me, and I began to think Mr. Frampton was right, and that my sister was formed for better things than to be the companion for life of such a man as Lawless. From a reverie which thoughts like these had engendered I was aroused by Harry Oaklands's favourite Scotch terrier, which attracted my attention by jumping and fawning upon me, and on raising my eyes I perceived the figure of his master leaning with folded arms against the trunk of an old tree. As we exchanged salutations I was struck by an unusual air of dejection both in his manner and appearance. "You are looking ill and miserable this morning, Harry; is your side painful?" inquired I, anxiously.

"No," was the reply, "I believe it is doing well enough, Ellis says so," he paused, and then resumed in a low, hurried voice, "Frank, I am going abroad."

"Going abroad!" repeated I in astonishment, "where are you going to? when are you going? this is a very sudden resolution, surely."

"I know it is, but I cannot stay here," he continued, "I must get away,—I am wretched, perfectly miserable."

"My dear Harry," replied I, "what is the matter? come tell me; as boys we had no concealments from each other, and this reserve which appears lately to have sprung up between us is not well: what has occurred to render you unhappy?"

A deep sigh was for some minutes his only answer, then, gazing steadily in my face, he said, "And have you really no idea?—But why should I be surprised at the blindness of others, when I myself have only become aware of the true nature of my own feelings when my peace of mind is destroyed, and all chance of happiness for me in this life has fled for ever?"

"What do you mean, my dear Harry?" replied I, "what can you refer to?"

"Have you not thought me very much altered of late?" he continued.

"Since you ask me, I have fancied that illness was beginning to sour your temper," I replied.

"Illness of mind, not body," he resumed; "for now, when life has lost all charm for me, I am regaining health and strength apace.—You must have observed with what a jaundiced eye I have regarded every thing that Lawless has done; what was the feeling, think you, which has led me to do so? Jealousy!"

"Jealousy?" exclaimed I, as for the first time the true state of the case flashed across me—"Oh! Harry, why did you not speak of this sooner?"

"Why, indeed; because in my blindness I fancied the affection I entertained for your sister was merely a brother's love, and did not know, till the chance of losing her for ever opened my eyes effectually, that she had become so essential to my happiness that life without her would be a void.—If you but knew the agony of mind I endured while they were acting that hateful Charade last night! I quite shudder when I think how I felt towards Lawless; I could have slain him where he stood without a shadow of compunction.—No, I must leave this place without delay; I would not go through what I suffered yesterday again for anything—I could not bear it."

"Oh! if we had but known this sooner," exclaimed I, "so much might have been done,—I only parted from Lawless five minutes before I met you, telling him that if Fanny approved of his suit neither my mother nor I would offer the slightest opposition. But is it really too late to do any thing? shall I speak to Fanny?"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Oaklands impetuously; "do not attempt to influence her in the slightest degree. If, as my fears suggest, she really love Lawless, she must never learn that my affection for her has exceeded that of a brother,—never know that from henceforth her image will stand between me and happiness, and cast its shadow over the whole future of my life."

He stood for a moment, his hands pressed upon his brow as if to shut out some object too painful to behold, and then continued abruptly, "Lawless has proposed, then?"

"He has asked my consent, and his next step will of course be to do so," replied I.

"Then my fate will soon be decided," returned Oaklands. "Now listen to me, Frank; let this matter take its course exactly as if this conversation had never passed between us. Should Fanny be doubtful, and consult you, do your duty as Lawless's friend and her brother—place the advantages and disadvantages fairly before her, and then let her decide for herself without in the slightest degree attempting to bias her,—will you promise to do this, Frank?"

"Must it indeed be so? can nothing be done? no scheme hit upon?" returned I, sorrowfully.

"Nothing of the kind must be attempted," replied Oaklands sternly: "could I obtain your sister's hand to-morrow by merely raising my finger, I would not do so while there remained a possibility of her preferring Lawless. Do you imagine that I could be content to be accepted out of compassion? No," he added more calmly, "the die will soon be cast, till then I will remain, and if, as I fear is only too certain, Lawless's suit is favourably received, I shall leave this place instantly—put it on the score of health—make Ellis order me abroad—the German Baths, Madeira, Italy, I care not, all places will be alike to me then."

"And how miserable Sir John will be at this sudden determination," returned I, "and he is so happy now in seeing your health restored!"

"Ah! this world is truly termed a vale of tears," replied Harry, mournfully, "and the trial hardest to bear is the sight of the unhappiness we cause those we love. Strange that my acts seem always fated to bring sorrow upon my father's grey head, when I would willingly lay down my life to shield him from suffering. But do not imagine that I will selfishly give way to grief,—no; as soon as your—as soon as Lawless is married, I shall return to England and devote myself to my father; my duty to him and your friendship will be the only interests that bind me to life."

He paused, and then added, "Frank, you know me too well to fancy that I am exaggerating my feelings or even deceiving myself as to the strength of them; this is no sudden passion, my love for Fanny has been the growth of years, and the gentle kindness with which she attended on me during my illness,—the affectionate tact (for I believe she loves me as a brother, though I have almost doubted even that of late) with which she forestalled my every wish, proved to me how indispensable she has become to my happiness.—But," he continued, seeing, I imagine by the painful expression of my face, the effect his words were producing on me, "in my selfishness I am rendering you unhappy. We will speak no more of this matter till my fate is certain; should it be that which I expect, let us forget that this conversation ever passed; if, on the contrary, Lawless should meet with a refusal—but that is an alternative I dare not contemplate.—And now, farewell."

So saying he wrung my hand with a pressure that vouched for his returning strength, and left me. In spite of my walk, I had not much appetite for my breakfast that morning.

A CONFIDENTIAL LETTER OF SENECA TO HIS FRIEND PISO.

CLEOMIAS will deliver this safely into your hands; after which, I trust it will meet neither other hands nor eyes save your own. Rather would I, Piso, that you had not confided to me the present matter; your opinions and determinations on the merits of the case in question, and your resolutions as to how to proceed upon it, seem already made up; and though you attempt a form of consultation, to my apprehension you rather invite my approval of the course of action you have traced out for yourself, than request my judgment and advice upon that which you should follow.

How absurd is this species of self-delusion in men; yet how general! How ably would every cause of trivial injury be pleaded, were the angry passions of the plaintiff permitted to become their advocates! and what sophistry was ever yet so subtle or so cunning as that with which the ambition of a legal revenge would inspire the pleader? Your overweening and preposterous anger against your neighbour Strato, its long continuance, and, yet more, its studious concealment from him who has provoked it, almost make you (in my mind) to change places with the culprit, whose small offence seems lost in the larger injury by which, in the way of retribution, you are preparing to overwhelm him. When your neighbour Strato first trespassed upon your estates, and you became sensible of his encroachments, did you apprise him of his aggression? Did you not rather, by an assumed blindness, a pretended meanness, purposely encourage him to repeat the injury, to the increase of your own enmity and the amount of his intended punishment?

Ought you not, instead of thus mimicking the sleeping lion, rather to have warned him of the danger he was incurring? What pleasure can a being endowed with the divine gift of reason receive from the indulgence of a mercenary revenge; the award of a fine of yellow dross, wrung from the hard earnings of a necessitous man, whose poverty, more probably than his principles, has been accessory to his offence?

It is not in this way the gods deal with us: slow indeed to punish our crimes, they sometimes allow, for the chances of repentance and reparation, a long, a healthful, and a prosperous life; the salutary visitings of memory, of conscience, and of remorse, are frequent for our good, and even when we have reached the very threshold of eternity, the gracious opportunity of atonement is not withdrawn.

Piso, rather would I that the Emperor's suspicions of a treasonable secret between us were verified, than be forced to receive the conviction, that a sin so sordid as malice inhabited the bosom of my friend. Accept, I beseech you, from my counsel, the means of bestowing the most perfect and efficient punishment on your enemy; forgive him, and thus at once inflict upon him the sting of remorse and the consciousness of your superiority.

BARTHELEMI ESTEBAN MURILLO; OR, THE BOY-PAINTER OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was sunrise, and the door of a small house, situated in a retired part of Seville, was gently opened, out of which issued a man still young, whose pale features showed that he was only just recovering from a severe illness; he was followed by a young woman.

"If you feel strong enough, Esteban," said she as she stopped in the doorway, while the Spaniard arranged the folds of his mantle, "you might go to the merchant Ozorio, and beg of him to wait a few days longer, as our little fellow has not yet finished the number of pictures which he ordered for the seaman's venture. Indeed I do not know what Barthélemi has been about these six months, for he does almost nothing, not even his escutcheons. Don Manuel's escutcheon is not begun, that of the Marquis of Silva is not finished, those of Donna Inesilla, and the three brothers Henriquez, are in exactly the same state as the first day he got them; and Ozorio's pictures are not a bit more advanced."

"I shall be able to work in a few days, Theresina," replied Esteban; "my eyes are better, and then I will help him."

"That will not tell me how he spends his time," replied Theresina; "he who was formerly so good a workman, and used to be called the Little Escutcheon Painter, and had them finished almost as soon as ordered—Woe is me, should my child have got into bad company or bad habits!"

"Does he always stay out for half the day?"

"Alas! Esteban, for nearly the whole of it, this long time back."

"And do you know where he goes, wife?"

"I dare not ask him, Esteban; I am afraid of causing him to tell a falsehood."

"But why do you take it for granted he would tell a lie, Theresina?"

"Perhaps he might only give me an evasive answer, and that would be want of respect to me, and I could not bear that he should do that, either."

"But he will perhaps answer you truly and satisfactorily," said Esteban.

The mother shook her head.

"If he intended that I should know, he would not wait for me to ask him," said she. "However, perhaps I am wrong to suspect him, or to be uneasy at his silence,—and his mysterious conduct," added she a moment after. "Are not all his earnings for us? For the six months you were ill, Esteban, was not Barthélemi the sole support of the house? Certainly it was not the produce of my needle merely that paid the physician or apothecary. And if I am uneasy, Esteban, I believe it is the very nature of a mother to be anxious; but to be sure he often returns home very late."

"Seville is a quiet place, Theresina; and then the little fellow never has money enough about him to cause any fear of thieves. However, I will scold him, Theresina, I will not let him make you thus uneasy."

"Oh! pray do not scold him, Esteban; Barthélemi is the best gift of Heaven,—Barthélemi is an angel!" said the young mother, with a touching expression of maternal love. "Though God were to overwhelm us with the greatest misfortunes,—though he were to deprive us of health, and plunge us in poverty, yet if he be graciously pleased to leave us this dear child, I would not, I could not complain; there is not such another in the world."

"That is the way with all mothers!" said the invalid, smiling. "Just now she was accusing him; I promised to scold him for her, and then she begins to defend him. Be consistent at least, Theresina; either Barthélemi does his duty, and then I, as his father, can have nothing to say, or he neglects it, and in that case it is my place to reprimand him."

"He is so very young," said Theresina, "that I am afraid of expecting too much from him."

"He will soon be fourteen!" said the father.

"He is barely thirteen," replied the mother; "Barthélemi was born on the 1st of January, 1618, and this is the 8th of March, 1631, just thirteen years, two months, seven days."

"Barthélemi is not alone, I hear some noise in his room," said Esteban.

"Little Ozorio is with him, his father sends him to study under my son," said the young mother, with an air of pride which made the father smile. "My son is his master."

"The master and pupil seem to have pretty much the same amount of sense.—But listen, *Theresina*."

Both being now silent, these words reached them: "You must laugh and cry when I please, or I will punninel you well," said the voice of a child, in an accent of the most imperious command.

"That might be a good plan, and most effectual in producing the last result," said Esteban, moving away, "but as to laughter, it is scarcely likely to be very successful. Good day, *Theresina*, I am going to Ozorio."

"And I will go and put a stop to what is going on above," replied *Theresina*, re-entering the house, whilst her husband slowly went on his way.

CHAPTER II.

Theresina slowly ascended a little wooden staircase, which led to the first story, and opening the door of a room at the top of this staircase, was seized with an involuntary burst of laughter at the scene presented to her view, but, quickly repressing it, she assumed an air of severity, which ill suited the sweet and gentle countenance of the young Spanish mother.

An easel stood in the middle of the room, on which was a picture just begun, and not far from the easel was a boy of about ten years old, tied to a chain, and screaming with might and main; while another boy, somewhat taller, was tickling him, repeating in the gravest and most imperative tone,—

"Laugh, I say,—laugh, laugh!"

"What is all this, *Barthélemi*?" said *Theresina*, having succeeded in recovering her gravity.

"Oh! is it you, mother?" said *Barthélemi*, turning round. "You can be of such use to me. Will you tickle *Meneses* whilst I am painting?"

"No, no, *Senora*," said *Meneses*, in a most piteous tone. "Pray do not."

"To tickle the poor child!" said *Theresina*, "are you mad, *Barthélemi*?"

"Mad! to do as *Velasquez* did!" said *Barthélemi*.

"*Velasquez* is never out of his mouth," grumbled *Meneses*.

"*Velasquez* is a great painter!" said *Barthélemi*, "and, please God, so will I be too."

"I hope so," replied *Theresina*, "but most certainly it was not by tickling children that *Velasquez* acquired the talent which now places him at the head of the Gallo-Spanish school of Madrid."

"Ah, but *Velasquez* had a peasant, who laughed or cried whenever he wished," said *Barthélemi*, "whilst there is no getting any good of *Meneses*."

"*Meneses* is not a peasant," said the boy angrily. "He is the son of *Senor Ozorio*, picture-merchant at the sign of the Palette of *Apelles*, on the *Place de-la-Plata*, at *Seville*. My father sends me here to learn, and not to be tickled or beaten from morning till night."

"If you laughed when I bid you, I should not have tickled you," replied *Barthélemi*, with the utmost gravity; "nor should I be obliged to beat you if you

would cry when I order you. Tell me, do you think it can be amusing to me either to tickle or beat you?"

"And tell me, do you think it can be so amusing to me to be beaten or tickled?"

"The boy is right, *Barthélemi*."

"*Velasquez*—" said *Barthélemi*.

"*Velasquez* again!" interrupted *Theresina*. Without appearing to notice the interruption, *Barthélemi* continued,—

"*Velasquez*, after having studied under *Ferreira* the Elder and under *François Pacheco*, resolved to have no longer any other master than nature, and with this view attached to him a young peasant who accompanied him everywhere, and whom he made to assume every position which he wished to represent, and to laugh and cry at his pleasure, and I am only following his example. Who knows but that *Seville* will one day make a boast of having given birth to *Barthélemi Esteban Murillo*?—But enough: it is getting late, we must go. Come, *Meneses*."

"And how am I to go, when I can stir neither hand nor foot?"

"You are right, I forgot that little impediment to your movements," said *Barthélemi*, laughingly hastening to unbind his pupil.

"Are you going out, my son?" inquired *Theresina*. "May I ask whither?"

"Certainly, my dear mamma, only if you will allow me, I will tell you some other time," replied *Barthélemi* without the slightest embarrassment. "It would take too long to explain just now. *Meneses*, bring my palette, the box of colours and the parasol."

"You have secrets then from your mother, *Barthélemi*; that is bad," said *Theresina*, in a tone of soft reproach.

"Another time, my dear mamma, another time," said *Barthélemi*, accompanying each word with a kiss, as if trying to make her forget by his caresses that he was giving no answer to her question. "Another time; this evening or to-morrow; I am in a hurry now. We are going into the fields, *Meneses* and I; you see there is nothing very alarming in that, my own sweet little mother."

"Take your large straw hat, then, and your mantle, *Barthélemi*; the mantle will shelter you from the cold as well as from the heat. Stay in the shade; but if you are very warm, do not stay long there; get into the sun,—yet take care, for a sun-stroke is to be dreaded."

"You are the tenderest of mothers, and the most ingenious in tormenting yourself," said *Barthélemi*, embracing his mother for the last time, and making his escape, ran off, followed by *Meneses*.

CHAPTER III.

The day was closing, and *Theresina*, sitting in the window with her husband, was making lace, while *Esteban* was reading, and both seemed wholly engrossed by their respective occupations, but on the part of the young woman it was only seeming. Her thoughts were far away from the bobbins she was so busily twisting. A passing step, the bark of a dog, the cackling of a hen, the opening or shutting of a door, nay, the slightest noise, called up an expression either of expectation or disappointment to the sweet face of the Andalusian. But whether with head put close up to the casement, in eager listening to every noise in the street, or whether bent over her work, her large dark eyes seemed following every movement of the bobbins, her fingers went at the same equal

and rapid rate, and might have passed for those of an automaton, set in motion by mechanism.

A knock at the door made both the husband and wife start.

"It is Barthélemi!" said Esteban.

"It is neither his step nor his knock," said Theresina, rising to open the door, and returning the next moment followed by a middle-aged man, so miserably clad that at the first glance one would have taken him for a beggar.

"Senor Ozorio," said Theresina, announcing him. Esteban rose to greet the merchant, whom he conducted to a chair.

"Ouf!" said he, seating himself, "I am come for my son, and I have also a little business with Barthélemi."

"Our two sons are gone out together, Senor Ozorio," said Theresina quickly; "they said they wanted to paint from nature, and they are gone into the fields to sketch flowers."

"What an idea!" said the merchant, "with the heat there has been all day! But Meneses and he are both young, and if it is their fancy to work in the heat of the day, why not let them gratify themselves? Young people, now-a-days, are very strange, Senor and Senora. I do not think they would have caught me going to sketch flowers in the fields. In the summer it would have been too warm, and in the winter too cold. Oh! from the very first I always liked to take care of myself. Good people are scarce, you know, and should do so. I seldom have a cold,—never more than seven or eight in the year, and this was the reason I chose to be a merchant. One is always at home; one is never obliged to go out. I detest what they call exercise. However, I was born a merchant; fancy me, Senora, when I was only ten years old, the age of Meneses, already buying, not pictures, but images, which I sold again at good profit. I was born a merchant, but Meneses, oh! he is not at all like me. I have never seen him either buy or sell anything. Oh! the young people, the young people of the present day!"

"They are not so bad, after all, Senor Ozorio," said Theresina, who, like all mothers, however she might herself find fault with her child, yet could not bear to have him blamed by others. "If my relation, Jean del Castillo, who gave my son his first lessons in drawing, had not gone to settle at Cadiz, Barthélemi would certainly be now a great painter."

"No, Senora Theresina," said the merchant to her, with the hesitation of one who is going to say something unpleasant, "no, your son is certainly a very fine boy, and gives you all his earnings, and he does not colour badly, but you must not let this turn your head, or make you fancy that because he daubs some esutcheons, and does some little pictures passably enough, that Murillo will arrive at anything more; no, illusions are pleasant, but this one would be too great—Murillo will gain a livelihood, do you see, by making pictures for America, because there the people are not too highly civilized, and provided they see colours, plenty of colours on the canvass, provided the men are painted with their nose nearly in the middle of their face, and that they are able clearly to distinguish two arms and two legs,—and provided their landscapes have green in them, which stands for trees, and blue, which stands for water, and yellow, which they know is meant for a sky with full blaze of sun, the Americans are content; but it is not so in Spain—they look for much more."

"Here is my son!" suddenly exclaimed Theresina,

who for some moments had been in the attitude of listening, and, rising quickly, the fond mother hastened to the door, which she had opened before her son had knocked.

"So you are come at last!" said in the same breath the merchant and Senor Esteban to the two children, who now entered the room with Theresina.

Having kissed his father's hand and made inquiries after his health, the tallest of the two children, a handsome boy, with a dark complexion and slight graceful figure, addressed the merchant.

"We have just been at your house, Senor Ozorio," said he; "I had taken Meneses thither, but as we were told that you were here, Meneses in his turn escorted me."

"And my pictures?" demanded the merchant.

"Half of them are ready, Senor Ozorio; my father can tell you."

"Half of them! Half of them! That will not do, I must have all, Barthélemi."

"Stay, do not be angry, my old customer," said little Murillo gaily, "you shall have them in a month."

"In a month! I tell you, I must have them to-morrow, Barthélemi."

"They are not finished, Senor Ozorio, and were you to go on till to-morrow, saying, I must have them to-morrow, I could not give them to you."

"I will give you eight days."

"That is not enough, Senor."

"Listen, Barthélemi,—do you want me to tell my opinion!—for six months you have not been like yourself, nevertheless I must acknowledge, you have never before made me wait so long for anything I ordered. What! you must now get a week to finish a picture!"

"In a short time it will be quite different, Senor Ozorio," said Barthélemi, laughing; "I am in hopes that it will soon take me three months only to finish one."

"Great Goodness!—and how will you do them, then?"

"Oh, my dear sir, I will do them better."

"Look, Barthélemi, none of your jokes, I beg of you, quantity, not quality is what I want; so pray do not trouble yourself about having them good, only give me enough of them."

"But what becomes of my art?" cried the young painter.

"And of my money?" said the merchant, clinking his long purse.

"Senor Ozorio," said Murillo, with an almost comic seriousness, "you must resign yourself, for I will henceforth give you none but good pictures."

"But, you little obstinate creature, you give me quite good enough, and what need you care provided I buy them, and pay for them?—Pay down on the nail too. He will only do good pictures, forsooth,—only good pictures!" muttered the merchant angrily. "That child will ruin my trade; who in the world can have been putting these things into his head, giving him such fancies?—Only good pictures, indeed!"

"Oh! because, do you see, Senor Ozorio, six months ago, I went to Senor Antolinez—"

"Antolinez!" cried Ozorio, "you know Senor Antolinez!"

"His son is about my age," replied Barthélemi.

"Pardon me for interrupting your conversation," said Esteban, who until then had been, as well as his wife, content to remain silent, during the conversation between the merchant and his son. "But why, Senor Ozorio, do you appear alarmed at my son's

being acquainted with Senor Antolinez? Is he not a respectable man?"

"Quite so, Senor Esteban."

"Or is he a man capable of setting a bad example to my son?"

"His conduct is most exemplary, Senor Esteban."

"Or of giving bad advice, Senor Ozorio?"

"He would certainly never give him any but what was good."

"What do you mean then, Senor Ozorio?"

"Oh! that is my secret, Senor Esteban; you must know, it is Antolinez who buys my pictures, upon which I always have a loss,—a trifling one, it is true, but nevertheless, a loss, and the little fellow would only have to tell—you understand—the price at which I buy them from him—and——"

"You are afraid they would begin to understand each other, and do without you as a go-between," added Esteban. "Make your mind easy, Senor Ozorio, my son is incapable of such bad feeling, and will never, merely to get a little higher price from a man who would only buy from him once in the year, quarrel with him who for two years has given us our livelihood. You have been our only support for two years, Senor Ozorio."

"Yes, that is true, with the pictures and the escutcheons of the boy; but I must say, he makes a return for what I have done by giving lessons gratuitously to my son; however I am just as glad that you do me justice."

"Have I permission to go on?" said Barthélemi, availing himself of the silence occasioned by this answer.

"Yes, you may go on," said his father to him.

"About six months ago," resumed the young Murillo, "I was at Senor Antolinez's, who offered, as I was a painter, to introduce me to one of his friends, named Moga, who was passing through Seville on his way to Cadiz.—Oh, father! Oh Senor Ozorio! if you had only seen the copies of Van Dyck which he showed me,—of Van Dyck, from whom this painter got his finishing lessons,—if you had only seen them—what a difference between them and my painting, or even my master's, Jean del Castillo! So ever since, instead of painting, I study—I study, this is the reason I am never at home."

"And where do you study?" inquired his mother.

"Everywhere, mother.—In the fields."

"In the fields!" repeated Ozorio, in astonishment.

"I try to seize the colouring of the flowers."

"It is well said, that children never think of anything but mischief," said Ozorio. "What is the necessity, may I ask you, of going into the fields in order to paint a rose, a pink, or a poppy? Give me a brush and palette, and I will engage to do any of them with my eyes shut."

"But very badly," said Barthélemi.

"Well enough for such a price as I give for them."

"But when my pictures are better, you will pay me higher, Senor Ozorio."

"Not a maravedís more, my lad."

"Then I will do them better, were it only for my own satisfaction, Senor Ozorio, and to hear myself complimented by judges of the art, such as Senor Moga, for instance. I made a sketch yesterday which I showed him this evening. Oh! if you knew what he said to me,—that I had something of Velasquez in my touches, and in my *chiaro-scuro*."

"Have you that sketch here?" demanded the merchant.

Barthélemi went for a piece of canvass, which he had laid on the ground on entering the room.

"Here it is!" said he, handing it to the merchant, who gave an involuntary smile of satisfaction, but quickly substituted for it a contemptuous sneer. "Bad, bad," said he, protruding the lower lip much beyond the limits of the upper, "bad, very badly designed. This arm is too short, and then it is as highly coloured as if it were not a mere sketch, what will it be when finished? it will be scarcely possible to get this picture off hand. How much do you ask for it?"

"As you think it so bad, you had better not take it, Senor Ozorio," said Barthélemi.

"Since I buy all you do, this may go with the others—and as you may be in want of cash,—I have not given you any for a long time—I have six ducats about me, if you want them; but remember, it is only to oblige you. Well, is it a bargain?"

Astonished at the readiness with which Senor Ozorio had just offered six ducats, Barthélemi began to suspect that his picture must be worth much more, and quickly answered,—

"I say ten."

"Your appetite grows by being fed, my boy," replied Ozorio, who saw that he had committed himself; "because I offer you at once the enormous sum of six ducats, your head is turned. Pooh! pooh! you believe yourself to be already a second Velasquez; but the more I look at the picture, the more I perceive I was wrong, and to prove it to you, as you had not the wit to take me at my first word, I will now only give you four ducats."

"I have said ten, Senor Ozorio."

"Here, will you take five for it? and that is only for your father's sake."

"I have said ten, Senor Ozorio," repeated Barthélemi.

"Stay—I come back to my first offer, to please your mother, who I am sure will be glad to see it sometimes in my shop-window. Well! what say you to six?"

"I have said ten, and I will not go back of my word, Senor Ozorio," replied Barthélemi; "but, indeed, to speak freely to you, I should like very much to keep it: it is my first composition, and besides, I prayed so earnestly to God while doing this picture that I cannot but hope it will be the means of bringing me good luck."

"Well! six ducats; is not that luck, little one?" said Ozorio.

"It is money, Senor; but I am decided; I will not give it for less than I said."

"And I will not give a maravedís more."

"Then why need we wrangle any more, since both our minds are made up? I am resolved to keep my picture."

"You will be sorry for it yet, you little fool," said the merchant, rising to take leave. "Come, Meneses. Good evening, Esteban. Your servant, Senora."

"Father, I want to speak to you to-morrow," said Barthélemi, in a whisper to his father; then, tenderly embracing his mother, he retired to bed.

(To be continued.)

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love, which hath ends, will have an end; whereas, that which is founded on true virtue, will always continue.—Dryden.



Which is the tallest?

* DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DALZIEL.

ON THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

PART I.

"I will tell you where my early feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount, in solemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood."—MILTON.

It is hardly possible to dwell on the remarkable characteristics of the Olden Time, without making some reference to those Romances which were the delight of our chivalric ancestors; the production of which occupied the pens of the most distinguished Clerks; the study of which, as a glass in which to dress themselves, was the peculiar care of the knights and nobles; and the perusal of which was the delightful occupation of the higher classes, in hall and bower, even long after the style of life which they exhibit had passed away. The majestic tome of the chivalric romance sunk beneath the far heavier weight of the elaborate volumes of Gomberville, Scudery, &c.; these "stately impossibilities," as they have been happily termed, have fortunately become obsolete in their turn, and few will have the hardihood now-a-days to disturb the dust in which they repose.

Not so with the Romances of Chivalry. It is not likely, nor indeed desirable, that the perusal of the chivalric romances should be resumed; but they must always be regarded with curiosity and interest by those engaged in the study of English history. For the sway was unparalleled which they exercised over the minds of all elevated above mere selfishness, at that important period, when learning and civilization were issuing from the monasteries, where alone, during many preceding ages, they were to be found. That those ages were not so "dark" as it has been the vulgar prejudice to call them, is now amply proved; but it was when, according to this popular creed, they were first brightening, that the romances of chivalry began to illumine life and to guide manners. Divested, however, of all more important considerations, it cannot but be interesting to look at the romance of chivalry—a *tem*, at least, with which we are tolerably familiar—as a book of mere amusement, in contrast with the nine hundred post octavo hot-pressed pages, with a rivulet of type elegantly meandering down a meadow of margin, which form the novel of "fashionable life" of to-day.

Though in succeeding ages the diffusion of geographical and various other knowledge may have enlarged the mass of material at the command of the novelist, the self same circumstance has detracted greatly from its value as a fitting staple of true romance. The moment a thing is clearly discerned and fully understood, the marvel of it must cease,—the interest of it very often does. Perhaps, in no age were materials of so widely varied a nature at the command of the true romance-writer as in those in which the romances of chivalry were chiefly produced; the very confinement of the sphere of knowledge conduced to the success of the novelist, by investing with an alluring garb of wonder and mystery—those indispensable attributes of the sublime—numerable circumstances, which, in a more cultivated age, could not excite even surprise, and which *now* are rendered clear to the capacity of children. We will shortly look at the various storehouses of marvel and mystery whence the materials of these tales were derived.

The *Langue d'Oc*, or Romance Provençal, was the first of the modern tongues, after the discontinuance of the classical languages, in which sufficient proficiency was attained to apply it to any literary purpose. Though short-lived, soon a comparatively

dead language, and leaving few remains of any intrinsic worth, it was the common bond of union between princes and nobles, who were spread over a considerable tract of country; and its epoch is one of great interest, as displaying the first germs of those compositions which, in northern France, branched out into the varied *Fabliaux* and the more elaborate chivalric romances—as displaying the infant struggles of revived and refining society—the first introduction of those customs of minstrelsy,¹ and harp and song, which for ages after were so marked a characteristic of society, and the first faint gleamings of a general love of literature.

The songs of the Troubadours are the first specimens, after the re-organization of the European world, of popular fiction; we mean the first adapted to definite rules, and formed after (if we may so express ourselves) a general acknowledged code; for fiction, in the guise of vulgar legend and varied superstition, is inseparable from humanity.

Their *Chanzos* and *Sirventes*, the former chiefly sentimental sonnets, and the latter satirical and moral fables, are of simple construction and bald in incident: they have no foreign ornament, nor classical or historical allusion; their chief fascination consists in that harmony of versification which the metre in which they were usually composed displays, and which was easily attainable by persons quite uneducated, but who were endowed by nature with a correct and musical ear. Considered in this light, the extemporaneous effusions of knights and ladies in those romantic times, which at a first glance often seem to us to have been recorded with the pen more of imagination than of truth, lose much of the marvellous—indeed seem both possible and probable. There is, in fact, infinitely more improbability in the elaborate and grammatical sonnets of fourteen lines including the two Alexandrines, in which hapless heroines pour forth their sorrows to the melting moon, in the fashionable novels in the close of the last century. Truly, if these novels *were* pictures of life, our grandmothers must have been endowed with a wondrous talent for improvisation,—in comparison with which the long-descended fame of the troubadours must sink into nothingness. Miss Edgeworth was, perhaps, the very first who trusted to reason, common sense, and actual life, in the construction of a novel.

To return. The reign of the minstrel of Provence and Toulouse was as evanescent as it was brilliant; he swayed the hearts, alike of self and noble,—gaining many a heartfelt welcome in the hut of the peasant, and many a golden guerdon at the footstool of the throne, as

"Courtied and caressed,
High placed in hall a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay."

But in the course of about three centuries from their first appearance, these troubadours of southern France had totally disappeared, and their productions had gradually succumbed beneath the somewhat sterner literature of the north. For during this time civilization had been rapidly advancing on the north of the Loire. The Trouveurs, for some time the contemporaries of the troubadours, enriched, improved, and varied the materials which, in the first instance, they probably borrowed from their southern prototypes. Advancing knowledge illumined their productions; improving taste refined, and new

(1) Those customs of mere amusement and pleasure, the ancient Scalds and Bards had a higher vocation

incidents and ornaments enriched them. The troubadours were the valued and favoured friends of all classes, and no mansion was complete without its full complement of them; nor was any circumstance of life considered as fully and properly achieved unless celebrated by them. At the close of the day, whether occupied in war or the chase, when the gates were closed and the sentinels placed, the more substantial parts of the banquet removed, and the wine-cup stirring, that wine-cup was hardly more indispensable to the pleasure of the evening than were the harp and lay of the minstrel, as he sang in a somewhat sterner strain than the voluptuous troubadour the lay of love or glory, the deed of valour, or recounted in "solemn canto" the lofty deeds of knights and heroes. As Wordsworth thus describes him—

"In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal, cheered with gifts
Magnificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook; beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged, the next
Humbly, in a religious hospital,
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
He walked, protected from the sword of war
By virtue of that sacred instrument
His Harp."

The Romance Wallon, the language of the troubadours of northern France, acquired strength, and force, and extension, from the intermixture of numerous words and phrases engrafted on it, from their own language, by the conquering Normans; and as these chiefs devoted themselves to their new settlement, and wisely encouraged native intellect and talent, this language became, under William the Conqueror and his successors, the medium for recording those works of skill and imagination, those *Romances* to which our sketch has especial reference.

But though the romances of chivalry, clad in the garb of the time, invested with the peculiar attributes of chivalric manners, appeared suddenly and with unwonted brilliancy, it may readily be supposed that the varied materials which were collocated in the best of them, had been gradually and imperceptibly accumulated during the course of many ages; had long formed themes for all the varied grades of troubadours, gestours, raconteurs, &c.; and were derived originally, probably from *all* those sources, classical, northern, and eastern, which have, each in its turn, found exclusive supporters in the historians of antiquarian lore.

Suppose we endeavour to glance at the origin and progress of the various legends which constitute so much of the staple as well as ornament of chivalric romance.

The northern countries of Europe were, before the Christian era, assailed by a tribe of Asiatic pagans from Georgia and the countries bordering the Black Sea. These intruders established themselves, and their religious rites also; they were noted for their magical arts, and their gloomy and revolting superstitions, which were more strongly impressed upon the mind by local associations (indigenous to their new settlement) of dismal pine forests, savage precipices, icy regions, and stormy coasts. They dared to

"Bid unfold
The veil that from unholy eyes
Close curtains heaven's dread mysteries;"

for they muttered charms, by which the elements were

subdued at their command, terror rode on the black cloud, and the wind carried destruction in its blast. At their adjuration, hail poured down from heaven, lightning glanced along the sky, demons flitted before the startled traveller,—or even the dead arose from the tomb, to freeze him with horror. Long, long did these fearful superstitions maintain their hold on the ignorance and credulity of the Scandinavians, and very terrible they were; the lingering traces of them, at a comparatively modern period, have been admirably displayed by the master magician and king of romancers, Sir Walter Scott, in his striking and finished portrait of Norna the Reinikennar, in the novel of "The Pirate."

Though it had a brighter aspect, and was not in all points divested of beneficent characteristics, still the religion of the Scandinavians was essentially one of fear, of awe, of dread. Their very festivals were accompanied by fearful ceremonies; and the Scalds, or historians, in singing the praises of their heroes, would seek to magnify them by assimilating their characters as nearly as possible to the revolting superstitions which characterized their theology. These Scalds (like the minstrels of a later date) were inseparable from their chiefs or heroes in every excursion, whether of war or pasture; and their traditions would thus naturally reach England, and the environs of France, during the various incursions of the Scandinavian warriors.

By degrees, but long before the time of the Crusades, these monstrous superstitions became less horrible; giants, dragons, and dwarfs, however frightful, were tangible monsters, and less fearful than the shadowy spectres which they displaced. These, too, gradually assumed a brighter aspect, and as the Eastern world opened its treasures, and intercourse became more free and unconstrained, the hideous fay was softened into the graceful and beneficent fairy, and brilliant and playful imaginings succeeded the dreary phantoms of the northern world; the solemn pine-wood became a flowery forest, and the foul den of the enchanter a fairy-like bower, glittering with gold and precious stones;

"The air a holier quiet filled,
The flowers a softer balm distilled,
The waves assumed a mellow hue,
And the calm heaven a paler blue."

Doubtless it is to the Eastern world we are indebted for much of the beautiful and radiant paraphernalia of fictional lore. It is indisputable that outward circumstances tend much to the formation of the mind, or at least give the imagination its peculiar colouring, and those external circumstances which excited the mind of the uneducated Scandinavian to dreams of darkness and deeds of blood, attuned the imagination of the voluptuous Asiatic to romantic fictions, which

"filled the solitudes of air
With hues so bright, and forms so fair."

We have tribute from all these nations. Even the grave Chinese, who boast historical annals from 2337 years B.C. are well furnished with tales of fancy; many of the traditional romances of the Kalnuck Tartars have been translated: one of the earliest, and, in Europe, most widely extended tissues of tales, is supposed to have found its original in the works of an Indian Philosopher, who lived 100 years before Christ. The inhabitants of the Peninsula, east of the Ganges, had abundance of romances and legendary tales; and the Persians most especially, grave and courtly as they are, live in a world of imagination. The pecu-

liar tales and legends of each district would naturally spread around, and become diffused among the neighbouring people: and in due time through various rills the Asiatic fables trickled into Europe.

The oral traditions of the Rabbins appear to have been a source from which many of the wilder fictions of later days were drawn. At the time of the captivity these traditions, even then obscured and profaned, became so deeply tinged with the spirit of the nation among whom the Jews were planted, that we are told it became necessary to have a copy of the law in the Chaldaic dialect, the idiom of the Jews being almost completely disused. Here, then, would be ingrafted probably much of the wild imagery and strong feeling of the Chaldaean, who gazed by night, we are told, from the grassy plain, or open tent where he reposed, on the stars as they performed their courses, until he aimed to comprehend the ordinances of heaven. Though he could not bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion, or guide Arcturus with his sons, he watched with deep and thrilling interest their mystic wanderings. Perhaps no imagination or superstition has taken so deep hold on the credulity of man, through various phases and disguises, almost even to this day, as that which originated with the Chaldaean shepherd, who fancied that in the wandering of the stars were mystically shadowed forth his own fate, and the destiny of those around him.

On their return to Judea, the Rabbinical code, with its mass of corruptions and additions, was committed to writing, and thus became a fixed storehouse of legend and wonder, which spread around in various shapes. Monomed adopted many of them, which, with various colourings, were diffused by his followers wherever they spread their victorious arms. In Spain this was especially the case, when the Arabs spurning the trammels of ignorance which their caliphs had imposed, laboured with more zeal for the revival of learning than they had erst while done for its extinction, and rendered that Peninsula the arena successively of all that was magnificent in arms, splendid in science, and useful in art.

The Jews also, those privileged wanderers, who, with a home nowhere, found a footing everywhere, and in despite of the war, the famine, or the pestilence, which forbade others to roam, still (the then only physicians of the world) continued to make their way securely with drugs, spices, and other merchandise;—these, as they passed along, would spread the traditions of their own belief, and those of the nations through which they travelled; and if they added the vocation of tale-teller to that of physician, would, almost in themselves, account for the fact of the Arabian tales being familiar in Europe, before the Arabians, as conquerors, could have spread them, and certainly before the tales themselves had been collected.

Long, too, before the first crusade,—indeed almost from the time of our Saviour, holy men, influenced by a feeling which it is much more easy to venerate than to ridicule, heedless of toil, regardless of pain, of risk, of suffering, of hunger or thirst, of want or weariness, performed a pilgrimage to Judea, and thought the toils, the dangers, the hardships of the way, amply recompensed by a view of the soil which had been hallowed by their Redeemer's footsteps. In the then ignorant state of the world, the *real* incidents of such a progress, as detailed by "some meek votarist, in palmer's weeds," would astonish the listeners, even without the embellishments which might naturally be expected, or the Eastern apologues which would doubtless be communicated.

Thus, by various means, were the Eastern traditions and fables introduced into Europe, where they have formed the basis of all the most celebrated series of tales, as the *Gesta Romanorum*, the French *Fabliaux*, the Italian *Decamerou*, &c. They are found in abundance in the romances of chivalry, which however give them an air of originality by investing every incident with the peculiar costume of chivalric habits and manners.

The corner-stones on which the early chivalric romances are raised, are an ancient Armorican chronicle, or legendary history of the kings of Britain from time immemorial, translated in the twelfth century by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh Benedictine monk, and another history, still more fabulous, ascribed to an Archbishop of Rheims, Turpin, contemporary with Charlemagne. The romances founded on these chronicles have all reference to Arthur and his knights, and to Charlemagne and his paladins, individually or collectively. The siege of Troy and Alexander the Great, also, furnished fruitful themes for the excursive pens of ancient genius. Homer, indeed, was unknown, or at least not understood; but the story of Troy was kept alive in two Latin works, which, in 1260, formed the basis of a grand prose romance by a Sicilian; and by this work, Achilles, Hercules, and other classical heroes, became familiar. In addition to this, though the classical nations were extinct, many of their superstitions were so indelibly impressed on the public mind as to leave vivid traces for centuries afterwards; and it is not at all improbable that some of the commoner classics—such as Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (an inexhaustible storehouse in itself for marvels), might be possessed by, and afford hints to, some of the cloistered fathers who assisted the early minstrels in the composition of their romances.

The renown of Alexander the Great had never died away in the East, which abounds with the most extravagant fables concerning him. A fabulous life of him was translated from the Persian into Greek in 1070, and into Latin in the next century. He cuts a considerable figure in the romance of Perceforest; but in another, appropriated more exclusively to his own exploits, he is a very wonderful personage indeed.

But we must hasten to the two magnificent luminaries of chivalric romance, Arthur and Charlemagne, each of whom is entitled to a little personal attention.

"On ne peut entendre le nom de Charlemagne sans concevoir aussitôt quelque grande et merveilleuse idée;" but this idea will be better realized by considering the real actions of this beneficent and ever-honoured prince, than by those romantic exaggerations which have disfigured the character they were intended to embellish.

It is the province of romance to adorn the passing scenes, events, and personages of every-day life, so as by a little superadded ornament—a *little* exaggeration, to render them more attractive, and therefore more likely to be imitated. But Charlemagne was a character so infinitely in advance of his age and generation, that in endeavouring to throw round him the barbaric pomp and splendour of romance, writers have subtracted from his real dignity. A great warrior he was—but not the mighty exterminator which the old romances make him, and in which it is probable that the name of Charlemagne was first introduced in mistake. On the contrary, he was mild, humane, and forgiving: in youth, in middle life, and

in old age, clemency was the prevailing quality of his mind. With an aim in view no less than the general civilization of Europe, in steadiness and unity of design, he proceeded from an early age to the close of a long and eventful life, in the promulgation and advancement of knowledge, of learning, but above all of religion. To the cause of religion, with its concomitants,—beneficence and charity,—he was an unwearied supporter and friend, having usefully occupied every moment of time, having beneficently promoted the welfare of all—not around him merely, but all in every region to which his power and his mercy could extend; being adorned with greater virtues and tainted with fewer faults than are usually the lot of humanity; with qualities of mind and of heart, which those around him, if they saw, could not estimate—yet with attractions of a more animal nature, which dazzled, captivated, and controlled the age in which he lived; full of years and honours, beloved and revered, he sank to the grave.¹

Far different was the real character of Arthur, round whose name romance and tradition have woven such a halo of wild and interesting fiction. Born in South Wales, he commanded the British forces against the Saxons under Cerdic; and though generally a successful, was not the ever triumphant leader that, from traditional usage and early habit, we even now suppose him to have been. His private disposition was cruel and revengeful, and he fell in battle in an unnatural contest with his nephew.

The marvellous and surpassing glory with which a character by no means uncommon has been enveloped, is accounted for by some authors on the supposition that there was a mythological Arthur with whose attributes and perfections the mundane hero has been invested.²

This, however, is a subject for critical research, and accords not with our lighter labours. The Arthur of romance is a bounteous and beneficent prince, the founder, the head, and the ornament of a Round Table, at which he assembles a circle of knights, individually the bravest and best that ever graced a kingdom, and yet shining but as lesser lights round him whose surpassing brightness attracted them within his orbit.

The fictions concerning these knights are, however, according to some authors, invested, in addition to their first and literal sense, with a peculiar and interesting character. Under the form of Arthur and his knights, the fabled historians "shadow forth the idea of a spiritual knighthood, true, like that other chivalry, to the obligation of a solemn vow, proving itself, like it, by achievement and suffering—and rising, like it, by slow and gradual advances to the summit of its perfection. Under the name of St. Graal there is brought together a whole train of allegorical deeds of chivalry; the knight is represented as labouring by excessive exertions to make himself worthy of gaining access to the holy places, and the deliverance of these is supposed to be the highest end of his calling."³

To return to Arthur.

The darling, the cherished favourite of higher

powers, though death sends out against him his irrevocable decree, Arthur is permitted to evade what he cannot oppose. A fairy bark guided by hands unseen wafts him

"To a green isle's enamelled steep,
Far in the mael of the deep."

This separation from his adoring subjects is but temporary: they anxiously and confidently look for his return: for

"There renewed the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king,
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the Monarch's high command:
Thence he to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rolls I learn.)
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume,
Once more in old heroic pride
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly task to restore,
And brave the Tournament of yore."

The romances of chivalry were originally metrical, probably lengthened continuations and variations of the minstrel's tale, and were chiefly written by natives of the north of France; not, however, universally so. A few of our earliest metrical romances were written in English, and translated, or imitated, by the French. But the intercourse between the English and Normans was at that time so close and constant, that it is not easy to decide the origin of each individual work. They were translated and retranslated, modified and remodelled on each side of the Channel, were equally dear to the inhabitants of each country, and equally cherished by both.

BEESTON CASTLE, CHESHIRE.

The ruins of Beeston Castle stand upon the bold, insulated mass of rock, which forms so striking an object in Cheshire and the adjacent counties. It is perfectly detached, and nearly pentagonal in form, sloping toward one extremity, and presenting at the other a front of precipitous and overhanging rocks, which are continued at the sides for a short space, and then gradually mix with the slope with which the rest of the hill declines towards the village.

The first line of works commences about half way up the ascent, consisting of a wall flanked with eight towers, at irregular distances, in the style introduced by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century, in imitation of the fortresses of the Holy Land. These works enclose a court, which is entered through a gateway defended by a square tower. The ground rises rapidly, and the sides of the hill commence then precipitous and broken form immediately above the line of fortifications, which have been, therefore, only thrown across the hill from side to side, in an irregular semicircle, and have never been continued at the sides. The higher ballium contains about a statute acre. The steep approach into the outer court would barely give access to a carriage: the entrance to the inner one never could have admitted it. It is approached by a ruinous platform, on which the drawbridge formerly fell, and is ascended, after crossing the intervening chasm, by a flight of steep steps: the arches from which the portcullis descended are acutely pointed, and on each side is a massive round tower. Several other towers project from the wall,

(1) See Mezerai, and also "France in the Lives of her Great Men," by G. P. R. James, Esq.

It seems a wondrous approximation of the old and modern world to look at the Bible of Charlemagne at the British Museum, a Bible almost as fresh and spotless as if produced to day, to read on the very page which he read, to turn the leaves which he turned, perchance even to touch them in the self-same spot which his finger, in life and health, a thousand years ago had touched.

(2) Faber. Origin of Pagan Idolatry.

(3) Fred. Schlegel.

(1) Abridged from Ormerod's "History of Cheshire."

which extends along two entire sides of this court. Few apartments can now be traced, and those only on the first story. On the outside of these two fronts of the higher ballium, is an immense moat, hewn in the solid rock, which mingles at unequal heights with the stones of the ramparts and towers above, so that the whole, both on a distant and near view, seems more like an excrescence from the rock than the work of human hands; so singularly are the crags and the hewn ashlar intermingled, and the whole mass coated over with lichens and ivy.

The erection of this fortress was commenced in 1220 by Randal Blundeville, sixth Earl of Chester, "who, after he was come from the Holy Land, began to build the castles of Chatleir and Beeston, and after he also builded the abbey of Dieu l'Encrese, toward the charges sustened about the building of which castles and abbey he took toll throughout all his lordships of all such persons as passed by the same, with any cattel, chaffre, or merchandize."

On the death of John Scott, the last of the local earls, in 1237 (21 Henry III.), the king, previous to the assumption of the earldom into his hands, seized on the castles of Chester and Beeston.

In 1256 (10 Henry III.), Prince Edward (to whom his father had two years previously assigned the principality of Wales) made his first progress into Cheshire to visit his lands and castles.

By the vicissitudes of the struggle with Simon de Montfort, the earldom and its appendages were wrested from Prince Edward in 1261, and Beeston was garrisoned by the partizans of that rebellious noble. On the news of Prince Edward's escape from Hereford in 1265, his Cheshire adherents took arms, and possessed themselves of this important stronghold on the behalf of their sovereign. This event took place on the Sunday after the prince's escape, and the battle of Evesham being fought on the 11th of the nones of May following, "Edward instantly marched to Beeston, where his enemies, Lucas de Sancey, justice of Cheshire, and Simon, abbot of St. Werburgh, surrendered, and threw themselves on his mercy, on the vigil of the feast of the Assumption." According to Stow and a MS. chronicler, Richard II. selected Beeston for the custody of his treasure and jewels, to the immense amount of 200,000 marks, trusting, most probably, to the tried faith of his favourite county, as well as to the strength of the situation.

In 1460, the principality of Wales and earldom of Chester being granted to Richard, Duke of York, on his being declared heir to King Henry VI, Beeston Castle is included in the recital of manors and castles considered as appendages to the earldom.

This is the last notice of Beeston as a regular fortress, and in the course of eighty years afterwards, it is described by Leland as shattered and ruinous; and he alludes to an ancient prophecy, that Edward VI. was to be the restorer of its former consequence. This restoration was destined to be effected under far different auspices. In the troubles of the seventeenth century, when almost every considerable mansion in Cheshire was garrisoned for king or parliament, Beeston was too important a station to be overlooked. Accordingly, in February, 1642-3, it was taken possession of by three hundred of the Parliament forces, and put into a state of military repair.

The following passages relating to the further proceedings connected with Beeston Castle are taken from the diary of Edward Burghall, schoolmaster of Banbury, an eye-witness of many of the events he describes.

"December 13.—A little before day, Captain Sandford (a zealous royalist), who came out of Ireland with eight of his firelocks, crept up the steep hill of Beeston Castle, and got into the upper ward, and took possession there. It must be done by treachery, for the place was most impregnable. Captain Steel, who kept it for the parliament, was accused, and suffered for it."

The Royalists were suffered to maintain possession of the castle, with little molestation, to the 20th of October, 1644, when "the council of war at Nantwich, hearing that the enemy at Beeston were in want of fuel and other necessaries, layed strong siege to it." This siege continued to the 17th of March following, when Prince Maurice and Prince Rupert came, with a great force, and relieved the castle.

"1645, April.—The parliament again placed forces round Beeston Castle, where they began to raise a brave mount with a strong ditch about it;—but news came, that the king and both the princes, with a strong army, were coming towards Chester. The parliament army marched towards Nantwich, leaving the country to the spoils of the forces in Chester and Beeston Castle."

The royal forces being defeated in September, at Rowton Heath, the siege was resumed; and on "November 16th, Beeston Castle, that had been besieged almost a year, was delivered up by Captain Valet, the governor, to Sir William Breieton. There were in it fifty-six soldiers, who, by agreement, had liberty to depart with their arms, colours flying, and drums beating, with two cart-loads of goods, and to be conveyed to Denbigh: but twenty of the soldiers laid down their arms, and craved liberty to go to their own homes, which was granted. There was neither meat nor drink found in the castle, but only a piece of a turkey pie, and a live peacock and a pea hen."

Early in the next year, Beeston Castle was demolished, and the ruins have since been gradually sinking to their present state of extreme, but picturesque decay.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals, under the title, in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

HOME.

HOME is not the land of our birth,
Nor the land of our dwelling; though either may be
Where the suns and the showers of blest Campany's sky
Pour joy on the jubilant earth.

Home is not the hearth where we reign;
Though the ceiling of cedar from porphyry walls
Ascend o'er the tessellate floor of our halls,
Though round spread the princely domain.

In the tent, in the hut, it may be;
Mid the sands of the line, or the snows of the pole,
Or, driven by the night-howling hurricane, roll
Far, far, o'er the surge of the sea!

It is found, and found only, with one;
The loving and trusting, the trusted and loved,
Though by mountain or flood from our presence removed,
Sea, continent, climate, or zone.

It is whither, mid pleasure, we turn,
With the thought how the best of our pleasures is void,
By the dear distant angel of home unenjoyed,
For whose presence all else we would spurn.

It is where, amid anguish and grief,
All calm on the pallet of straw we can lie,
For Love's ready hand is still near to supply—
Oh, call it not, coldly—relief!

It is where our success we proclaim
With a joy, yea, a pride, which no vanity knows;
For we speak but to kindle the smile that bestows
All beauty and lustre on Fame.

'Tis the refuge from calumny, care,
Vexation and failure; 'tis where we can pour
Each thought in a heart which to Death can restore
Vitality,—hope to Despair.—

Where, when friends of the hour disapprove,
And join with the selfish, the base, and unkind,
Our words and our actions unfailingly find
One gentle interpreter, Love —

Where the prayer rises warm for our weal
When we wander afar, where the heart's deepest thought
In love and in trembling, — all free and untaught,
To the dear distant pilgrim will steal —

Where the welcome springs blithe at our name;
The glad some salute, and the eager caress,
Where each wish is forestalled ere the lip can express,
Almost ere the fancy can frame.

But is there such place to be found?
Ah, no! if none else be the home of the heart,
How many all homeless must live and depart,
Though opulent, titled, and crowned!

There is, if we seek it aright;
There is One we may fearlessly love and believe,
Who will not, who cannot, forsake or deceive,
And whose love is the type of His might.

Without His glad presence, the best
That earth can bestow is insipid and poor;
With Him, on the bed of affliction, secure
In His love and protection, we rest.

To Him our poor deeds we may bring;
Imperfect and sullied, He smiles on them still;
To Him we may flee for redress in each ill,—
And, unharmed, in adversity cling.

He advocates, seeks, and relieves,
From our home when our erring affections would stray,
He welcomes with blessings our newly-found way,
Above all the heart asks or conceives.

Then, lonely one, lift up thine eye!
Though from Earth's passing homes by ingratitude driven,
No human malevolence bars thee from HEAVEN—
Look up, for thy home is—ON HIGH!

Rev. H. Thompson.—From the Forget-me-not.

WHAT MAKES THE GENTLEMAN.

BY THE REV. JAMES BANDINGEL.

'Tis not the gently graceful gait,
Well-made clothes, well put on,
The softly-measured tone,
Still talking of the rich and great,
That makes the gentleman.

But 'tis the heart in danger true,
The honour free from stain,
The soul which scorns the vain,
Holding the world but at its due,
That makes the gentleman.

He, who is doubtful of himself,
His station or his heart,
Will tend his outward part,
Will talk of rank, and worship self,—
He is no gentleman.

But he who Heaven's true patent bears
Within his noble breast,
Whose deeds his claim attest,
Free from such idle cares or fears,—
He is the gentleman.

A DIRGE.

S. M.

LET her rest!
Weary were her days, oppress
By vain cravings to be blest.

Let her sleep!
Slumber, holy, dreamless, deep,
Shadow eyes that waked to weep.

Let her die!
For her life did on her lie
As a load of misery.

Let her rest!
Sleep is spread upon her breast,
Like soft wings that shade a nest.

Let her sleep!
False and cruel Love,
Weeping—she hath ceased to weep!

Let her die!
All her hope beneath the sky
Was in her mortality.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

CAUSE OF RAIN.

A SCIENTIFIC traveller in the Alps was enveloped in a mist which was almost stagnant, he was greatly surprised at the size of the drops—as he imagined them to be—floating slowly along instead of falling; some of these were larger than the largest peas, and upon close examination proved to be vesicles of water of extreme tenuity. Clouds are, probably, formed when two volumes of air, of different temperatures, and both saturated with aqueous vapour, meet, and mix together; but the cause of the production of vesicular vapour and the fall of rain, remains a mystery.—*Griffiths's Chemistry of the Four Seasons.*

THE hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.—*Addison.*

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns, as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.—*Burton.*

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The Soldier's Return.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS
BLAWN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mome a sweet babe fatherless,
And mome a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and try-sting thorn,
Where Nancy a' I counted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling?
And turn'd me round to hide the dood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!"
My pace is light, I've far to gang,
And hame wad be thy lodger.
I've served my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever,
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'd,
Forget him shan't I never,
Our humble cot, and humble fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant budge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Syne pale like one hily—
She sank within my arms, and cried
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!"

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And nae, we've neer be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour!
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

BURNS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN
OXFORD MAN.

T. N. H.

* * * * *
June 14th.—Charles Montague came into my rooms from lecture as usual—gave me a pressing invitation to spend the long¹ with him. He's a good fellow; but it's very queer that we should be so thick together as we are; for if Harry Freeman knows anything of his own dear self, no two bodies in England and Wales can be greater opposites than he and Charles Montague. He is taciturn, reserved, cynical (so the good people say), I'm a great talker, incautious, and all the rest of it. He is reason and judgment from head to foot; I am a dreamer, visionary, ever taking constitutional² in the ideal, and tumbling into ditches, &c. because I will go across country. Is it that nature teaches us that we are all dependent? that we need others to make unity of our happiness? that, in fact, we are like cog-wheels, pushing each other along by filling up mutual voids? Depend upon it, O philosophical self, that this is the history of the half-souls which are supposed to be running about frantically after their corresponding halves.—Shall I go with Montague? *Pro*: a pleasant village—cozy parsonage (so he says),—the agreeable society of two young ladies—company of Montague himself. *Contra*: relations, who are of course anxiously expecting my presence—the necessity of reading. Who would not decide (as I do) to go?

June 16th.—The day of my mother's death. Oh! what do I not remember, God forgive me!—"They rest from their labours." And so must each of us very soon. The hours of life come, and pass by with fearful rapidity. We lie down on our beds, and, when we rise up again, we find that seven or eight hours have slipped away unconsciously. Will it not be the same, at the last lying down? In the summer she went away; in the winter my father followed. What will they say about me when we meet again? Kept the day in solitude. Richter says, "Solitude on one's birthday is the only worthy personal celebration that a man, thinking calmly and tenderly on the path behind him, and measuring seriously that before him, can permit himself. I hate also all business or pleasurable activity on the first day of the year. Faint and feeble man should look upon such elevations in time, like the spider, for props to which he fastens the thread of a new web. All weighty things are done in solitude, that is, without society." With how much greater truth does all this apply to the death-day of a parent! Oh! thou sorrowful, reproving, pensive, holy past, by purifying the present, woo to me a bright, joyous, summer-breathing future.

June 18th.—Busy packing—do not do much myself; for what is the use of a scout³ if he cannot do this for one? And I'm sure he pays *himself* well enough for his trouble. Determined not to wait for commemoration, but shall be off to Dorsetshire at once with C. M. He is a noble fellow—went into his rooms this morning, and there he was with a poor old woman *tête-à-tête*—packs her off in a moment, before she could get out more than two "Heaven bless you's," and turns to me, and says, "Freeman, that woman's a fool. Her husband is ill in an hospital, a brute of a fellow, and she starves self and brat to send him in tea, sugar, tobacco, &c. It's more than I'd do. 'Every body for himself,' say I. It's all humbug. I don't believe in that sort of thing." But I saw a tear in the corner of his eye while he told the

(1) The vacation in the summer.

(2) An Oxford walk into the country

(3) An Oxford servant.

story, and a certain half-crown which I saw in the woman's hand as she left his room told its tale. I never saw a man so anxious to appear heartless, but I do not wonder, for is it not the fashion now to be a hypocrite the other way? One cannot help thinking of Judge Hale (I think it was), who always tried to make himself out to be worse than he was, from fear of hypocrisy—a noble, but, as it seems to me, a mistaken notion. There is surely a right medium, if we could hit it.

June 19th.—Went early to D—'s rooms, and wished him a happy long. He is going on the Continent. I also made a pun, which I must chronicle, not like Sheridan in order to say it, but to remember it. "If," said I, as I held his door open with my hand, "you are anxious to negotiate a bill, you had better send it to me." "Why?" said D. "Because I shall be obliged to *accept* it, and *endorse* it (in Dotsen) too." I don't know whether they are not the same thing, but the pun will stand.

Had a most glorious ride outside the coach—the day very fine, cloudless, rather too warm, but towards evening delightful; for the scenery, as we got into Dorsetshire, became in parts very beautiful, especially on the coast. Reached the parsonage about eight. The evening was grand. They expected us, and had waited tea. The old rector is a very striking man—tall; with silvery hair, lightly crowning a broad expansive forehead, which is singularly free from wrinkles; the lower half of his face is narrow, and tapering to his chin; his eyes are soft, mild, almost feminine; his manner very dignified and patriarchal, yet quite free from coldness or preciseness. He is self-possessed, and very natural; his voice tender and melodious, very moving, going at once to the heart. He is calm, and evidently highly disciplined; shows breeding, and with this a consideration for every body but himself. He was sitting in his cassock, his usual dress in his house—I know I shall love him. The two sisters are thorough ladies by nature as well as by education. They are both full of grace and *esprit*. But I am sleepy, and this bedroom in which I am writing very inviting, not to mention the bed. So good night, my dear diary; to-morrow I will feed you more plentifully. It is astonishing how sleepy passing through the air makes one.

June 20th.—Roused this morning from exceedingly pleasant dreams of Oxford by the sound of the church bell; for the moment fancied I was late for chapel, but opened my eyes on a very different sleeping apartment from my little college cabin, which soon undeceived me. Could not get ready in time for the service, for they had kindly told the servant not to wake me with the rest, as they thought I should be tired with my journey. My room is charming, or rather, to speak accurately, my pair of rooms. I more than half fancy that some one has been making way for me. The sleeping room is low, with a thorough cottage window, outside of which is a box of mignonette and of other flowers, and by the side sundry very inviting roses peep slyly in. This apartment opens into a smaller one, but very cozy; writing-table, small book-case, with a few shelves empty, the rest most invitingly filled with choice modern literature of the female kind,—Fouqué, Tennyson, Modern Painters, &c.; and believe me, Oinsulated spirit of asceticism! a veritable sofa. The window is adorned like the other, save that jessamine looks in instead of rosebuds; up in a sly corner my inquisitive eyes spied a portfolio, which (I opened it!) contained a number of engravings of Overbeck's pictures, and several copies thereof, with a few

designs, apparently original, which, to say truth, are not at all bad. Joined them at the breakfast-table; a vase of sweet flowers, very tastefully arranged, maintaining its place in the middle. Unlucky I! in over anxiety to reach the bread, which I was *not* destined to carve for Miss Montague, upset its specific gravity, and flowers came swimming down the table, to my infinite discomfiture. Resolved secretly never to be polite again, notwithstanding the polished consideration with which all of them, specially the daughters, after a merry joke about it, managed to divert attention another way, and to make the unhappy culprit at ease thereby.

Much struck by a quiet observation of the old rector,—who is on the whole very taciturn,—when one of the daughters was telling her brother that a colonel, who, it appears, lives in the village, had lately taken to complain of the annoyance of the bell-ringing every day so early in the morning. "I cannot even realize," he said, "Colonel Hawknut's dislike, in a noisy town a church bell does certainly toll mournfully; for the contrast is too harsh and contradictory. But the sound of the bell from a village church tower is unspeakably quieting, soothing, sanctifying. It is the voice of Angels, calling us from the actual and earthly, and inviting our upturned eyes to travel along the blushing path of the rising sun, that strange and mysterious birth-place of light and heat, the East." He said this with a sweet, peaceful smile, and then his face assumed its usual thoughtful repose. Miss Montague turned her head sideways from me towards the window for a moment, pensively looking at nothing, and then, suddenly turning round, talked very amusingly and merrily about a large party of the week before. "A family likeness," thought I. How little do *real* people let out their feelings and opinions now! The age is too practical, the heart too sensitive. It is quite refreshing to come across an old clergyman, who can do it without the chance of being accused of affectation or dreaminess. Mr. Montague is evidently as *practical* (in the true sense of that abused word) as he is poetical. He gives me very much the notion of an aged Hammond. His parsonage is studiously plain and neat. It is itself a cottage, as it ought to be, and he does not want to make it a castle. It is said of one of our old English divines, that he never had any other ornament in his house than the flowers of his garden. It is the same thing here; which by the by reminds me of a beautiful nesegay, set on my table in this little room. In the dining-room there is a large stand full of beautiful flowers, among which I noticed a cactus in full bloom, a fuchsia, and a large heliotrope, almost too powerful, if the window by which it stood had not been open. This window, which is very low, looks upon a tasty garden, though small, quite hedged in with full-grown trees, among which stood very conspicuous my favourite the weeping willow. The church is close by; but you can only just see the tower above the trees. It is across the road. Close by the lych-gate stands a very ancient elm, which was once the village centre, and hall of assembly. The church itself is small, they tell me; but very beautiful. It has been restored by Mr. Montague.

I am to see all the place and its environs to-day: so I must cut my description short. They are a delightful family.

June 21st.—Had no time or inclination last night for pen-fingering, so a treacherous memory must serve up its fragments for the second day's meal. The village is very pretty, the cottages inside very

neat; plants in most of the windows, and a number of very inviting rose-trees running up their outside; the women and children for the most part clean. At the farther end of the village went up a narrow lane arched over with boughs of trees, till we came upon a tall plastered and painted house, with a sham-Grecian sort of portico entrance, to reach which you have to mount some half-dozen steps. It was a gaunt thing of two stories and an attic, besides the ground-floor, lamentably out of keeping with the beautiful country round; with two windows, one on either side the grand entrance, which looked like a nose between two eyes. On each side of a wretched iron gate, stooped a hump-backed tree, cut into an imaginative peacock, and in a garden in front, which was cut into diamond-shaped beds, were some wretched pedestals, surmounted with urns, human heads, and so forth. The garden was stocked with London pride, sweet-william, hollyhock, sunflowers, cabbages, broad-beans, and onions. Sundry unhappy memories of Islington, Hackney, &c. came over me, which I could not quite banish. However, enough of this eyesore. It is the domicile of the village doctor, whom I am to have the honour of seeing to-morrow at the dinner-table with his wife. His house has not given me a very fierce longing to see him.

Walking home, had a most agreeable gossip with Miss Montague, who was not a little vivacious. I purposely referred in an incidental way to her fraternal. She exclaimed, "O, dear, dear Charlie! I don't think you know all of him yet. He is noble and good all over." She told me many things about him: one story I must note down. He wanted to spend his long on the Continent,—saved up by self-denial from his university allowance enough for the trip, not to draw on his Governor;—a clergyman in the next parish, with a family of nine children, a curate on a stipend of seventy pounds a-year, was in a great mess; he sent the money to him anonymously, and in the most delicate way possible. It would never have come out if his father had not, more strictly than was his habit, asked why he had given up his tour abroad. This very curate had before that done him injury by some slanderous reports, which he sent before him to Oxford, when first he went up. The people in the neighbourhood were remarking at the time how callous and indifferent Montague was when these troubles were first talked about. "He actually laughed, the wretch! while poor, dear Miss Hawkner was sobbing out loud." How easy it is to cry at misfortune, and be sympathizing over a cup of tea! Almost as easy as talking piously! How difficult it is to most people to take a penny out of their pockets to lighten misfortune! Yet it deeds do not give feelings a real body to toddle about in, they are worse than useless, say I. It is rather pleasant than not to cry, and gets one such a name for compassion. Laughter is very often the escape of a deep susceptibility, which is hard up to prevent a sentimental explosion. It is not always the merriest heart that rings a peal.

(To be continued.)

A NEW POET.¹

To the critic who is earnestly imbued with the "sacred love of song," and sincerely anxious to foster and encourage rising genius, there can be no

more gratifying task than that of hailing the advent of a new luminary among the stars of poesy, and predicting to the worthy aspirant for fame the imperishable honours which await him. Such is the pleasant duty we now have to perform, and sure we are that before we have brought the present paper to a close, the majority of our readers will concur with us in the belief that the race of poetic giants is not yet utterly extinct,—that Apollo's service is still compatible with "gauging auld wives' barrels," and that hereafter we may hear the names of Burns and Say associated in poetic fellowship like those of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The volume before us is the maiden product of our author's muse;—a remarkable work in every respect, in fact the most remarkable book of the kind ever submitted to our notice.

But listen to the poet's own exordium:—

"Respected readers,
Midst noise and bustle I have written,
That off my head may clean be bitten,
By those who've strength beyond their wit,
To swallow men when in the fit.
Before the jaws of ignorance gape:
Shrug shoulders like the grinning ape;
Curse this and that, to shame and letter,
I ask them first to shape a better.
'Tis true, there are of errors plenty,
Doubtless two or three-and-twenty;
But what of that—pray learn the cause,
That censure might in justice pause.
Six months ago I scarcely thought
That my poor mind could thus be brought
To waste my time in humble rhyming,
When brilliant stars around were shining;—
Much more so when my duties foil'd,
And oft true inspiration spoil'd.
When firm respect and honour claim'd
That conduct which ne'er feels ashamed,
Like Nelson, who would home or beauty
Forsake, when called to do his duty!
Disturb'd, alas! by children's brawls,
My barking dog, and daily bawls,
Peculiar to our London streets,
I think you'll say were queerish treats;
Still, to increase refinement's taste,
I wrote and rhym'd in dreadful haste,
Wrought nothing out of something praps—
To please my young aspiring chaps.
Good meaning call'd my interference,
To teach the worth of perseverance.
I've labour'd hard to raise the mind
With feelings tender, prompt and kind;
Discharged with due respect and care,
My duty justly every where.
My hopes ne'er dream of recompense,
Beyond the dues of common sense;
No vain ambition slyly steals
To turn my person head for heels;
No calculating on the skies,
To disappoint poor Nature's eyes,
Nor wisdom sleeping in the rear,
Shall by the storm of ignorance fear:
But resting on my slender oars,
I'll sing awhile the torrent pours;
ASSUR'D THAT GREATNESS WILL REPAY
THE EFFORTS OF 'POOR HUMBLE SAY.'"

There is a felicity of metaphor, a lucidity of meaning, a conciseness and simplicity of expression about the foregoing, inexpressibly pleasing. How admirable, too, the contrast between the lofty egotism which thunders through the line,

"I ask them first to shape a better,"—

(1) Poems by William Say, Officer of Exercise. Printed and Published by W. Aubrey, 15, Free-school Street, Horselydown, 1847.

and enlarging the tender plant, until, breaking through its covering, it sends forth two stems, one down into the soil, which throws out innumerable fibres, and is termed the *root*, the other, which is called the trunk, up towards the light, shooting forth branches, which in due season bear their appropriate leaves, flowers, &c.

The fibres of the root take up the food in the soil, and convey it in the form of *crude sap*, or undigested food, into the body of the root; from which it rises through the vessels of the trunk, undergoing all those various changes by which it is assimilated to a fit and proper nourishment whereon to support the existence of the plant.

The crude sap thus deposited in the body of the root, is a compound of water and various earthy, saline, and gaseous matters: from the root, it is impelled into the sap vessels of the ascending trunk, where such agencies as light, heat, electricity, &c. acting upon it, it becomes decomposed, and deposits its various matters, in a solidified form, in the various parts of the woody structure; it is now digested, and, dissolving the various matters it comes in contact with, rises up to the leaves, in order to receive the carbonic acid gas which forms the vital ingredient of vegetable life, as oxygen does of animal; this is accomplished by the process of respiration. The sap being passed down a central vein of the leaf, is distributed through those innumerable minute vessels, which form the network of that organ; there, by the action of the solar rays, a portion of the oxygen of the sap is given out, and the carbon of the air is absorbed in its stead; this only takes place during daylight; in darkness the reverse is the case,—carbon is given out, and oxygen taken in.

The sap now, like the arterial, or oxygenized blood of animals, becomes vital fluid, and returning along the branches, and down the trunk, is carried through the descending vessels to every part of the tree, repairing what is worn out, sustaining exhaustion, depositing the material of such new formations as the growth may require, and cleansing away all useless and obnoxious matter, which it carries down to the root, to be finally deposited in the soil.

Thus the vitality of vegetable life is dependent upon its organization, and hence subjected to the casualties of disease and accidental death. It may be starved by want of food; it may be poisoned by taking into its system noxious matter; it may be suffocated from want of air; its health may be impaired by breathing impurities; it may be invigorated by stimulants, and, in fact, is liable to all the vicissitudes of conscious nature. It performs its mission in replenishing the earth with verdure, fertilising its soil, changing its inorganic substances into organic matter, purifying the atmosphere by absorbing the carbon by which it has been vitiated, and so, whilst yielding a fit nutriment to animal nature, rendering the earth a healthy habitation alike for man and beast. Such is the economy of vegetable existence.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.

CHAP. VI.

THERE was, once upon a time, a foolish gardener who had made a vow in his heart that he would cultivate no flowers. Herbs and fruits he planted in abundance; all that was good for food, or profitable for medicine, he tended with sedulous care; but the beauty wherewith God has enriched the earth, and the perfume which

that beauty sheds forth upon the air as a thanksgiving, these were proscribed and exiled. In other words, the garden was filled with all that could minister to the body, but the influences that minister to the spirit were not suffered to enter it. And the gardener dwelt in the midst of it, and thought scorn of all who did not as he did; his life was labour without a charm, and if he saw the queenly rose, or the bounteous violet, or the holy passion-flower, adorning the gardens of his neighbours, he said in his heart, "Aha! the fools; they are spending all their toil on that whose only worth lies in its beauty, and the first east wind or over-sultry sun may destroy it for ever!" and then he would go back to his potato beds with a cold, unloving self-satisfaction, and dig and water them; and if the sun parched the leaves, or the canker or the caterpillar injured the young shoots, he heeded it not, for the value of the plant was in its root, and that remained uninjured. It was said that in former days this gardener had dearly loved the beautiful flowers, but that a deadly canker had destroyed those which he favoured most, and this was the reason why he was so stern and bitter against them, and had uprooted them all, and cast them away, and sworn that there should be no more flowers in his garden. But this was not certain, for there was a mystery over his early days, and no one rightly knew whence had arisen that strange hatred of the kindly and innocent flowers, whose very existence seems to be pure love, inasmuch as they live but to be beautiful and fragrant, and yet can know nothing of their own fragrance or beauty. Truly, it is almost as if one should try to hate the little babes whom God sends into the world to force men to learn the sweetness of loving, in order that they may afterwards open their hearts more widely and receive the good influence more plentifully.

There came a bird through the air by night—doubtless an angel guided it—and it carried in its beak a tiny root, which it dropped into the soft newly-turned earth of that flowerless garden; and when the gardener arose in the morning some few days afterwards, behold a small green shoot forcing its way upward through the soil! At first he knew not what it was, and he tended and watered it like his other plants, but as it grew taller he began to perceive from the grace and tenderness of its shape, from the delicate green of the young bud, from the soft texture of the leaves, that it was indeed a flower, and that its life was in its beauty. Then a strange deep joy took possession of his soul, for this had come to him unawares and unsought; he received it as a gift, he considered it almost as a miracle, and all the care and labour and vigilance which others expended on their whole gardens he centred and lavished on this solitary flower. There grew up in his heart a love stronger than ever his hatred had been, and as the flower grew, his love waxed stronger, till it seemed to absorb his whole being; he guarded his treasure like the infancy of a queen, he sheltered it alike from the cold and the heat, no insect was suffered to rest upon its stem, no other plant to approach within the circle which his cautious hand had drawn around it. And at last it was covered with buds; they were long, slender, and of snowy whiteness, and one, the topmost, cresting the plant with its small upward-pointing spire, seemed ready to burst into bloom. Oh, how the gardener's heart burned within him as the moment which should crown his hopes drew near! He arose from a dream in which he had beheld the alabaster cup of stainless loveliness spread forth as a couch for the moonbeams, which could not silver it with a more lustrous whiteness than that which it possessed by nature—he hurried to his darling—the cup was indeed open, the blossom had indeed expanded, but in the midst of it was a great green canker! The gardener stood still for a moment, stunned and despairing; then he plucked up by the roots the fair plant, with all its unopened buds, and flung it from him far over the wall, far as his arm could reach, and returned in silence to his house.

And the poor uprooted Lily, what became of it?

On the morning appointed for that fancy bazaar to which reference has been so often made, Philip Everard was on his way to Selcombe Park. He had been detained at Marseilles by a summons to attend the death-bed of his mother.

Of the scenes which he had there undergone we will say little, save that they had left him in no mood to judge gently of those frivolities and follies of life which have such power to make a death-bed terrible. Comfortless seemed the past—well-nigh hopeless the future; yet had they not availed to solemnize the present; and the disfigurements which death was inflicting on the body seemed more grievous to the dying woman than those which life had left upon the soul! But from these painful and degrading recollections, Philip Everard turned his mind when he set foot on the shores of England, and, for the first time in his life of discipline and self-restraint, gave himself up wholly to the anticipation of coming happiness. The very strictness of his habit of reserve in all matters of feeling gave intensity and completeness to this solitary self-indulgence, as the narrowness of the one outlet causes the torrent to flow with a more irresistible force. In like manner the bitterness and scorn of his distrust of human nature in general seemed to deepen, and to perfect the fulness of his confidence in the one object of his love. He first idealized Edith, and then worshipped his ideal. The feelings, the hopes, the beliefs which had been blighted and suppressed whenever and wherever they had tried to struggle into being hitherto, had now found a green spot where they might break into abundant bloom and luxuriant growth; and in that one spot were they all contained. He had placed her image in a sanctuary, in the inmost depth of his heart, and the three years of separation had been passed not merely in guarding the portal with dutiful service, and expelling all profane intrusion of unseemly thoughts or words, but also in conveying to the temple every idea of nobleness or purity which he either conceived or encountered, and making it an attribute or a garment of the divinity within. Here was repose, here beauty, here perfect faith and love unfeigned, and exhaustless sympathy—here, in short, were answered all those needs of the spirit which life everywhere suggests, and nowhere supplies.

With ingenuity, ceaseless, profound, unconscious, all that he beheld, either of good or evil, was by him converted into aliment for this, the secret life of his heart. If beauty, hers was more faultless; if wit, hers more delicate; if gentleness, hers more inherent and unforced; if constancy, hers more infallible; if elevation of soul, in hers he believed with a faith more unquestioning and unconquerable; while, on the other hand, if he encountered worldliness, or heartlessness, or littleness, or frivolity, was not the thought of her whom none of these things had touched or could touch, grateful as the sound of waters at noon-day? And now, shading his eyes with his hand, as the quick wheels brought him nearer and nearer to the realization of his dream, he suffered his fancy to revel in the details of the past, not as it had been for him, but as he imagined it to have been for Edith. He went back in idea to the hour of their separation; the whole scene in the boudoir was before him; Kinnaird cordial and encouraging; Aunt Peggy kind and tender; and the bowed and weeping figure on the sofa, the broken music of whose voice seemed still to ring in his ears the delicious assurance that he was indeed beloved. He saw her go forth from that chamber with a secret in her heart, deep and precious as his own; he watched her gradual recovery from the bitterness of her first anguish—her resumption of strength and composure, at least outwardly—her vigilant tending and nourishing of the fire within. He saw her in society but not of it, moving on with a graceful and courteous indifference, marvelled at by all for her unconsciousness of her own singular beauty, and her total carelessness of attention and admi-

ration. He saw her walking by a light which others knew not, governed by a law which was a mystery to all save herself, growing daily in strength and purity of character, seeking, as far as she might, to withdraw from the bustle and the gaiety around her, that she might quietly cultivate the tastes which he would encourage, and form herself upon the model which he approved; and his proud heart whispered to him that so and so only would he be loved. Never once did a doubt of the reality of the picture obtrude itself; never once did his mind misgive him as to the reasonableness of his demands; never once did it occur to him that he was contemplating a reflection of himself, softened indeed and beautiful, but still possessing features of a cast more high, more serene, more severe in their nobleness, than any that he had seen in Edith. He considered not that the freshness of character which had so fascinated him in her, was rather the bloom of a flower that has never felt the heat, than the brightness of gold that has been seven times purified by fire; more lovely and alluring, perhaps, but wanting that inward law of stability which should enable it to endure the withdrawal of the influences by which it had been cherished, without failure or decay. No; his steadfast faith knew no tremor; his bright hope, no dimness; his perfect love, no fear. Alas, alas! and have we dared to vindicate woman from the common charges brought against her? Let us confess, with shame, that when she is weak, her weakness is indeed great; greater, even, than her strength when she is strong.

At the lodge of Selcombe Park Everard was informed of the bazaar; to which piece of news was added the somewhat unwelcome intelligence, that two stalls were to be held by the "celebrated beauties, Miss Kinnaird and Miss Glamis," whose names were bandied about on the tongues of the passers in and out, as the acknowledged attractions of the day—subjected to such discussion and comparison as if they had been favourite horses on a race-course. His severe delicacy was pained, and his temper ruffled; but he put away the unpleasant thought, and dismissing his carriage, and pulling his hat over his brows, resolved to steal in among the crowd, and, if possible, obtain a sight of Edith, unperceived and unrecognised. He felt that he could not announce himself to her in the midst of a scene like this, yet his impatience would not suffer him to wait till the evening without seeing her. Perhaps, too, there was especial sweetness to a man of his reserved, sensitive, and romantic temperament, in the idea of this silent and unsuspected indulgence of feeling. So he walked quietly through the green alleys of the garden, till he reached the principal tent, which was erected on a spacious lawn, in front of the house; here, gliding from entrance to entrance, and cautiously looking in, he at last found an opening which commanded a full view of the counter at which Edith presided, and was so near as to be within sound of her voice. At this spot he stationed himself, partly concealed by some of the ornamental drapery of the tent.

Edith was seated, a little fatigued with the morning's exertion, her costume was elaborate and magnificent; her beauty in its fullest splendour; Mr. Thornton, leaning with an air of perfect intimacy on the back of her chair, was playing with her bouquet, and from time to time addressing her with a low, almost whispered comment on the scene around. Lord Vaughan stood near, with a half-sullen expression of face, keeping watch over her with the steadfastness, and with scarcely more than the amiability of a bulldog, evidently suffering from what he saw, yet unable or unwilling to resign the power of seeing it. A crowd of gentlemen was grouped around the counter, the front rank constantly changing its place, as fresh comers pressed in from behind; and for each who addressed her, Edith had a smile, or a repartee, or a sentence delivered with such sparkling coquetry of manner, that it sounded like a repartee well analyzed, to complete the conquest which her beauty had begun.

She was evidently and undisputedly the centre of attraction, and her consciousness of this served to excite rather than to embarrass her; while the fact, that she had carried away the palm from her handsome but quiet and inanimate rival, (concerning whom Mr. Thornton had exhibited just sufficient interest to pique her into an effort to retain him at her side,) added a secret stimulus to her enjoyment of the universal homage which she would probably have been ashamed to confess, even to herself. Such was the sight which met Philip Everard's keen, fastidious eye, let us now record a few of the words which greeted his ears.

"Will you add one treasure more to my purchases?" inquired a gentleman of distinguished appearance, for whom Edith was collecting sundry trifles, which, after a long examination as much of the seller as of the wares, he had selected. Her eyes expressed inquiry, and he answered them by laying on the counter a bank-note far exceeding in amount the value of what he had bought, and saying expressively "One flower from your bouquet."

"I wish I might find many more such customers," cried Edith, as with a laugh and a slight blush she gave him a receipt. "My flowers would be very much at their service."

No further encouragement was needed, and the nosegay was rapidly dismembered, the eager buyers only stipulating that each flower should be received from her own hand. Laughter and compliments resounded on all sides, as, standing up, she distributed them with inimitable grace. When she came to the last, however, she retained it, saying, as she placed it in her bosom, "I must have one for myself, you know." She turned as she spoke to Lord Vaughan, whose visibly darkening countenance had attracted her attention. "I am keeping the only one which has a meaning," said she, playfully pointing to the flower, a forget-me-not, "and the rest I have left in duty bound to sacrifice for the good of the institution."

"Was it really a sacrifice?" asked he in a low voice.

"Of course it was," she replied. "Nobody likes to part with a present."

He looked half appressed, and Mr. Thornton now demanded her attention. "I congratulate you on your conquest," said he.

"Where?" answered Edith, her eyes following the foot-steps of her retreating admirer.

"The Duke of —," mentioning a rich man well known for his wealth, his connoisseurship, and his admiration of beauty.

"I suppose I ought to be proud of it," said she, a little disdainfully. "But, Mr. Thornton, I am affronted with you. Why didn't you buy one of my flowers? Did you think them quite valueless?"

"Not valueless, but invaluable," returned he. "I could not have presumed to set a price upon them; besides, I am expecting you to give me that last relique of the nosegay, which is the only one I wish to possess."

"You are sanguine," said she, laughing.

"I know I am," replied Thornton. "But you won't disappoint me, I am sure. I really ask it, and it is but a trifle to you."

"I will give you a whole bouquet, if you like," said Edith, taking one from the counter.

"No, no," he rejoined; "I want that one particular flower. I have set my heart upon it, or my fancy, if you like the word better. Just that one little flower—is it so serious a matter? Won't you indulge me?"

Edith lowered her voice. "I don't want to make a trifle into a matter of importance," said she, "but I am really a little afraid of annoying Lord Vaughan, who gave me the bouquet."

"Nay, that is a mere excuse," replied Thornton. "When you have sold all the rest to strangers, you won't give one solitary item to a friend. Is Lord Vaughan's good or ill temper a cause of so much anxiety to you?"

Edith turned away, a little displeased.

"Do you really refuse me?" persisted he.

"I really do," she answered. "You seem to think no one could refuse you anything."

"If I did think so," retorted he, "I have learned my folly." And with a degree of temper for which Edith was not prepared, he withdrew his arm from her chair, and sauntered away. At this moment Miss Dalton came to take Edith's place, in order that she might go into the house and get some relief. Frank Kimnard, who, from another part of the tent, had been watching her proceedings with vast dissatisfaction, advanced to give her his arm so quickly as to forestall the rest of her companions. Edith hesitated and lingered; she saw Mr. Thornton at a little distance, talking with much vivacity to Miss Glamis. Had her heart been interested, she might have moved away with her brother, and hidden her secret bitterness of feeling under an outward indifference, or even coldness, as it was, he had no deeper grief than a little wounded vanity, with which was mixed a good deal of amusements, and a halting consciousness of power. She looked at Mr. Thornton till she caught his eye, and then held up the forget-me-not, with a smile. He instantly approached her, and extended his hand imploringly. "I never said I was going to give it to you," and she, laughing,

"No, but you looked it."

"Pray come, Edith," intreated Frank, brusquely; "it is just two o'clock, and you will be quite exhausted. Mr. Thornton, I beg you won't detain her."

Had Frank been away, his sister would as readily have behaved better, as it was the spirit of William's rose strong within her, and as she walked away with him, which indeed he could not avoid doing, she tossed the flower to Mr. Thornton with a nudge and a shake of the head, as if she would warn him against deriving too much encouragement from the action. They passed close to the spot where Everard stood without observing him. How often do we pass, unconsciously, by the place wherein our whole future is sealed up!

"Edith," exclaimed Frank, "have you no consideration for my opinion—no recollection of what I said to you? If Everard were here, his garment was flushing him at the very moment. How did he listen for her answer?"

"I will not be forever threatened with Captain Everard," said she, veiling the real feelings which his name always stirred within her under an appearance of petulance. "You will make me weary of the very sound of his name."

"Edith, I am ashamed of you!" began her brother.

"Oh! Frank, Frank, do spare me these ceaseless lectures," interrupted she, and ere she finished the sentence they were out of hearing. Everard stood still; he was a little pale, but outwardly quite calm. He was bearing the destruction of the idea on which his soul had been living for three years, and he had no leisure to be agitated. In another moment he was startled by the sound of his own name.

"Ah! Everard, how came you here? I didn't know you were in England!"

It was Mr. Delamaine, an old acquaintance. Everard quietly responded to his civilities, and would have left him, but was not suffered to escape so easily.

"Have you seen the rival belles?" inquired his tormentor. "There—look to your left—that little delicate girl with the auburn ringlets just saved from red, the blue eyes and dark brows, and complexion like a miniature painting. Very pretty, isn't she, for a blonde? She is the daughter of Ralph Glamis, who married a niece of Lord Fife. He was Colonel of the—th Lancers in the year fifteen, got his arm hurt at Waterloo, sold out, and took an ice-house sort of a place somewhere in the Highlands. She hasn't a penny, but she is very much thought of."

At another time Everard might have inquired into

the connexion or discrepancy between these two characteristics of Miss Glamis; but as it was, the words of Delamaine were like the sound of a wheel in his ears, tiresome, ceaseless, and unmeaning. We are not prepared to assert that the smile would have been inapplicable to them at any other time. He continued, however, too rapidly for his victim to elude him.

"But the other—Edith Kinnard (why do you shiver so, man? are you cold?) ah, she's not here now, but you'll see her in a few minutes. She is really a magnificent creature—astonishingly handsome, upon my word; but *such* a coquette!" (Mr. Delamaine had, in the last day or two, awakened to the fact that he had not a chance of winning Edith's favour, and as his heart was not very deeply interested in the matter, the only result was that he felt just sufficiently mortified to be a somewhat bitter judge of her demerits.) "Do you see that man standing by the counter, with the forlorn me not in his hand? He is desperately in love with her, and she with him, but it's quite a question whether Lord Vaughan's side won't carry the day with her, after all."

"Are you speaking from conjecture, Mr. Delamaine?" asked Everard, with a kind of desperate quietness.

"Conceal me, my dear fellow? I have been staying in the house with them these four weeks, and have watched the whole proceeding. They are devoted to each other—scarcely asunder for five minutes. He has been painting her portrait, and she has been giving him lessons in German. Her whole estimate of this man was shaken by his first taste. I was present at the selection, and I must say I never did see such an accomplished thing as she is in my life. All this time she has contrived to keep that poor fellow Vaughan—who between ourselves is not the brightest man in the world—in doubt whether she likes him or no. She tried the one thing which men prize first, but it wouldn't do, so I guess (with a most Burleigh-like shake of the head) 'No, no—I am rather too old to play at that game.'"

Everard could endure no more. He saw Frank Kinnard on the lawn at no great distance, and, breaking abruptly away from Delamaine, who stared after him in mute and half-ridiculous wonder, he hurried to join his friend. Mechanically replying to the latter's vehement expressions of surprise and delight, he grasped his arm, and led him rapidly away from the public part of the grounds till they had reached a retired walk out of sight and hearing of the throngs of visitors. Here, suddenly dropping his arm, and looking him earnestly in the face, he said, with a trembling voice,—

"Frank, what is all this about your sister? Tell me the truth, and tell me at once! No," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "you needn't tell me anything—your face speaks for you—and for her."

"My dear Philip," cried poor Frank, whose embarrassment was most painful, "I really don't know what you mean. Nothing has happened to justify this—"

"Stop," interrupted his friend. "One word is enough—*is she FREE to me?*" And he pronounced the word with a tremendous emphasis, that told how great and how deep was the idea contained in it.

"I assure you, upon my honour," said Frank, "she has never expressed the slightest approximation to a wish to be freed from her engagement."

"Expressed! wished to be free!" cried Everard, with fiery bitterness. "Would you have me content with this? I, who—but no matter! If the thoughts of the heart be false, what signify the words of the mouth? They were mine, the thoughts of *her* heart—mine, all of them, and she had a full exchange for them. If one of them had but for one moment of time been untrue to me, it had been a grievous wrong, scarcely to be atoned. And now, I am to be satisfied because the *change* has not deliberately shaped itself into language! I am to be thankful, not that she professes her truth, but that she does not proclaim her falsehood!"

It is cold comfort, Frank—I cannot live upon a negative."

"Everard, you are unjust!" exclaimed Frank. "You have no right to apply such phraseology to Edith. Her head has been turned by admiration, but her heart is unimpaired; and I am quite sure that one hour of your presence would be enough to disenchant her."

"Less than an hour of her presence has been enough to disenchant me," returned Everard, in a calmer but not less bitter tone. "I have been seeing, hearing, judging for myself. And for this I am come home!" added he, with deepening gloom, and speaking as it to himself.

During this brief conversation they had been walking quickly along one of the paths which conducted them to the house, and they now issued forth upon the terrace at the very moment in which Edith was crossing it to rejoin her party in the tent. Her eyes met those of Everard. Both stood still, as if transfixed.

Frank hurried to meet her, and, taking her by both hands, drew her almost forcibly forwards. The idea suddenly occurred to him, that if he could but bring them together, all would be well; she would return at once to the singleness of devotion which he demanded, while he would not be able to retain his wrath in the actual presence of one so beautiful and so beloved. Vaguely but vividly the thought darted through his mind, and he said in a hasty whisper to his sister, as he compelled her to advance, "It is Everard, Edith. Do not be agitated—command yourself. Your folly has well-nigh lost him, but only do what *is wise* and right, and he will be yours again instantly. Tell him that you confess you have been in fault, and are sorry for it."

The stern pale countenance and immovable figure of Everard gave no confirmation to his friend's words. He was there as a judge, and there was the sentence of condemnation in his eyes. Let it be remembered that Edith's conscience, which vanity and temper had helped to blind, had never once accused her of sin against him; that her heart had been true to him all the while, though not with *such* truth as he required; that her estimate of the homage and confidence which he owed her was measured rather by what she ought to have been and by what she believed herself to be, than by what she was. The lightest suspicion of her seemed to her as deep an injury as though her faith had been kept, during these three years, as scrupulously and dutifully as his own. Quivering with agitation in every limb, she said, as she struggled to disengage herself from her brother's grasp,—

"Let Captain Everard speak for himself. I shall not be ashamed to answer him."

Even then—so dearly did he love her—a soft word might have disarmed him, but her manner was haughty in the extreme, from the very tumult of the feelings which her woman's pride was labouring to suppress. He felt it to be only a confirmation of what he had himself witnessed and heard.

"I have but a few words to say," returned he, in a slow calm voice, his eyes riveted upon her shrinking face. "For the second time, I pronounce you free from all bonds to me."

The allusion was almost too much for Edith's self-command. Her heart swelled within her; but ever present was the bitter and indignant thought, "He has ceased to care for me, and shall I show that I care for him?" One emotion of penitence might have saved her; but she had it not, *because* she believed him, not herself, to be guilty. Bowing her head, she replied,—

"It is enough—I wish to do the same by you."

A passion passed over his face, sudden, convulsive, electrical; perhaps till he heard those words he had scarcely realized the truth of what he had seen. Instinctively, and without deliberate intention or absolute consciousness, he stepped forward, took her hand between his own, pressed it once fervently, then flung

it from him, and, without another word, was gone. Frank seemed irresolute whether to follow him or remain with his sister, who had staggered against a tree, and was holding by it as if for support. But she turned and fled from him as though she feared him, rushed to her own room, and, having locked the door, fell involuntarily upon her knees, though she had not calmness for prayer, buried her face in her hands, and seemed to court the tears which would not come to her relief.

And here we leave her. Shall we pity her? We may fairly do so. We pity the child who, ten times warned, plays on the shore without once looking to the rising waters till they have engulfed him and shut out all hope of escape. The sin which causes misery should at the same time deepen pity, because it cuts away all support from the miserable, except that which is to be gradually and painfully attained by repentance. Little can pride avail when the soul is left desolate; and self-satisfaction (unlike self-approval) is feeble still. These may mould the outward demeanour into coldness and calmness, but they do but enhance and embitter the struggle within, by adding to it elements of pure evil, which retard and hinder the process of restoration, in itself painful enough. Edith was stunned. Even now she could scarcely believe that she had indeed seen him, and that such words had passed between them. Again and again she told herself that she was wronged—again and again the might of a shadowy and unacknowledged truth put her to silence. But the result was in every case the same. The one prop was broken, the light quenched—the beauty, the hope, the life of life was gone. Nothing was left but darkness, without a guide; and a heavy burthen, with no strength to bear it. At last she wept, and the tears were of utter misery, without softness, without comfort—a bodily revulsion, leaving the heart still parched and burning, as by a destructive fire.

It was thus that Philip Everard and Edith Kinnaird parted for the second time.

BARTHELEMI ESTEBAN MURILLO;

OR, THE BOY-PAINTER OF SPAIN.¹

CHAPTER IV.

"FATHER, you are much better now, and will soon be able to resume your work," said the little Murillo. "You see that it is not very difficult to please the merchant Ozorio, and the pictures for America are easily done. You will be quite able to take my place after my departure."

"After your departure!" exclaimed *Theresina*, entering with a breakfast tray, which she almost let fall. "Are you going away?" added she, with a cry of agony.

"My dear mother," said Barthélemi, as he ran to her, and, taking from her the tray, laid it on a table, then, clasping her hands in his, and pressing them to his lips,—"My dear mamma, do not oppose it; you see my father says not a word."

"But I cannot bear you to leave me. Where do you want to go?" said the poor mother, bursting into tears.

"Since you must know, listen to me, my dear mother," said the child, so seriously, with such a decided tone, and such a beaming glance, that *Theresina* looked at him more than once, as if to assure herself that he was indeed her son, the little Barthélemi Esteban Murillo, whom, not long since, she cradled on her knees. He appeared to the poor mother to have grown a whole head in a second. She sat down, and Barthélemi seated himself beside

her; Esteban, who had risen, stood opposite to them.

"I am now thirteen," said the young Murillo, "and you cannot suppose, mother, that I will spend my life in painting escutcheons, or in daubing bad pictures for a venture to America. No; I feel, mother, that I was born to be a painter; I know it by the glow at my heart, and the kindling of my brow, at the sight of a fine painting. Yes,—were it only by the quicker flow of the blood through the veins when the names of Raphael, of Correggio, of Rubens, of Van Dyck, and still more, that of our countryman, Velasquez, are pronounced before me, I feel that I was born to be a painter. I pray you, father, do not oppose my vocation."

"God forbid, my son," replied Esteban. "But where are the means? we are so poor."

"The greater number of our great painters were born poor, father."

"But they found masters who were glad to admit them into their schools."

"The greatest master in the art of painting is Nature, father. Our countryman, Velasquez, is a proof of it."

"I must say, like little Meneses, that the name of Velasquez is never out of your mouth," said his mother.

"And I will answer you as I do him, mother; that he is of Seville, and Seville is proud of him, and I will have it yet one day proud of me. Oh! if you knew what honours were paid him, ten years ago, at Madrid, in 1625. He drew the portrait of the *Canon Tonesca* so admirably, that the king employed him to take his likeness. He represented the prince covered with armour, and mounted on a magnificent horse. The king having, on a holiday, had the picture exhibited before the church of San Filippo, it excited such enthusiasm, that the people bore it in triumph to the palace. Velasquez is a friend of Rubens, and is now in Italy with him. That is the reason I want to go there."

"But how? where are the means?" again demanded Esteban.

"The means may be slow, but they are sure," said Barthélemi. "I intend buying canvass, cutting it into small squares, and painting on each of these squares saints, which I can copy from the pictures in the churches, or flowers, which I can sketch in the fields or gardens. I have already some by me, but not enough; and I must work for Ozorio two months at the very least to complete the sum."

"Your plan is not amiss; but I think you are too young, my dear Barthélemi, to go alone into Italy. I know you are pious, and your mother and I have endeavoured to instil moral principles, which I trust have taken deep root in your heart. I will allow you to go, but not just yet."

"But as soon as I have the entire sum,—may I not go then, father?"

"Well, be it so," said his father.

Satisfied with this assent to his plan, which Esteban had only given because he fully relied on his having it in his power to prevent the completion of the sum until the moment he himself judged it advisable to let his son leave them, Barthélemi sat down to his breakfast, gaily talking of his plans; and, the repast over, he took up his picture, and, looking at it with a pensive air, he exclaimed, "It would be a pity to sell this even for ten ducats!" Then, rolling it up, he put it under his arm, and took the road to the cloister of San Francisco.

(1) Continued from p. 8.

CHAPTER V.

Barthélemi no sooner reached the cloister, than he singled out the picture of St. John, planted himself before it, and began to paint. Meneses having asked permission to absent himself, left him alone; and so entire was the young artist's absorption in his work, that he did not perceive for some moments that a stranger had entered the cloister, and was gazing upon him with silent attention. He was roused by the exclamation, "It is not bad at all, my boy,—not bad at all. Who is your master?"

He turned, and beheld a gentleman, richly attired, and of tall, commanding figure.

"Alas! Senor, I have no master," replied Barthélemi.

"That is a pity," replied the unknown. "Still, if you had but an opportunity of drinking in inspiration from some of the great masters, you might pass for a master yourself."

"There is one who would indeed inspire me, Senor," replied the boy; "but, unfortunately, I know nothing of him but his fame."

"And who is he?"

"Velasquez."

The stranger smiled with an undefined expression.

"There are far greater than he, my child,—Van Dyck, Rubens, Raphael, Le Poussin, and Michel-Angelo."

"I am but a child, it is true, Senor," replied Barthélemi, stealing a glance at the stranger; "but I feel full sure Velasquez might take his place among those painters you have named. Methinks, Senor, you cannot be an artist. Pray say, am I mistaken?"

Meneses returned at this moment; Barthélemi whispered to him, "Go and ask the servants who are standing there in the porch the name of their master."

The question of the young Murillo had somewhat embarrassed the stranger, for Meneses had returned from accomplishing his errand before he had replied to it.

"His name is Senor Jacques Rodriguez de Sylva," said Meneses, in a whisper to his companion, who replied, with a glance at the stranger, "I knew I was right."

This little incident had not escaped the notice of the stranger, who had seen, heard, and understood all.

"And how right?" inquired he of Barthélemi.

"Ah! the Senor has overheard all," said young Murillo.

"All," replied Don Rodriguez.

"Well, then, I repeat that I am not at all surprised at your being a great lord," said Barthélemi.

"And, in my turn, I also repeat, Why?"

"Because, in despising Velasquez, you have spoken more like a great lord than an artist," said the young painter.

"Is it then impossible to be at the same time an artist and a great lord, my child?"

"It may be, but it rarely happens, Senor; so rarely that we do not meet with one twice in the same century, and as we have already one instance of it in Rubens—"

"You do not think I am likely to be another," said Don Rodriguez, finishing his sentence for him, "and you may be right, but I am not angry, my young master.—Still to prove to you that a great lord may at least know how to appreciate the talents of an artist, I perceive so many beauties in your picture that I will buy it from you. But, first, is it for sale?"

"Yes, Senor."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"I refused six ducats yesterday," said Barthélemi, whose elbow Meneses nudged as he whispered,—

"You ought to say ten."

"Why?" demanded Barthélemi in the same tone.

"It is a trick of the trade, which you do not know, but I see it practised every day," replied the son of the merchant Ozorio. "Take my advice, say twenty ducats."

"That would be a falsehood; fie, Meneses!" said Barthélemi.

"You said, my young master," said the stranger, attentively watching the two children, "that you yesterday refused—eh—how much did you say?"

"Six ducats, Senor," replied Barthélemi, unhesitatingly.

"Well, I will give you twenty; am I to consider the picture as mine?"

"But it is not worth that!" said Barthélemi, blushing up to his eyes at once with pleasure and modesty.

"I know that," said Don Rodriguez.

"Then, Senor, you are making game of me."

"I am not paying the artist as he is now," said Don Rodriguez, "but as he will be: you cannot study here, there is no school; with my twenty ducats you can set out to Madrid."

"Oh, if I had enough to go into Italy!" cried young Murillo, in such a tone of sadness that the stranger appeared moved at it.

"You can go to the Gallo-Spanish school. I will give you a line to him who is at the head of it."

Young Murillo started up, and eagerly asked, "Is it for Velasquez?"

The stranger smiled.

"For Velasquez."

"And I shall see him—I shall see him!"

"As you see me now."

"Oh! then, Senor, you may rest satisfied that you have rendered Barthélemi happy," said Meneses. "Velasquez is his hero, his model. And if that were all, there would be no harm done, but he imitates him in everything. Velasquez has a peasant who laughs and cries whenever his master likes, but as I cannot laugh or cry when Murillo pleases, many is the woeful hour I pass."

The young Murillo had remained silent as if bewildered by the prospect thus suddenly opened to him. He was to go to Madrid!—he was to see Velasquez!—It all seemed like a dream. Don Rodriguez now took his hand and said, "This evening at the Hotel de Castillo, in the Piazza de-la-Plata, at seven o'clock." He had spoken and disappeared before Murillo had recovered from his trance of wonder and joy.

CHAPTER VI.

As Barthélemi returned home grave and serious in the thoughts of the future now lying before him, and followed by Meneses, who was carrying part of the working apparatus of the young painter, Donna Theresina came out to meet him into the middle of the street.

"Good news!" said she, "you had hardly gone out this morning when Senor Ozorio arrived, bringing me the ten ducats which you yesterday demanded for your picture; you must take it to him after dinner."

"At what hour was Ozorio here?" inquired Barthélemi.

"At ten o'clock. I have locked up your ten ducats with the rest of your little store."

"How unfortunate!" said Barthélemi, "I have just been promised twenty for it."

"By whom?" inquired his mother.

"By a stranger, Don Rodriguez de Sylva, who has also offered me a letter of recommendation for Velasquez at Madrid."

"Ah! if I had but known that!" said the poor mother, sorrowfully, on seeing the evident disappointment of her son. "And I was so well pleased with Senor Ozorio's coming up to your price."

"Well, what need you care?" said Meneses to Barthélemi. "Give my father back his ten ducats, and tell him you had sold your picture when he came to pay you, and that you will do another for him; because the stranger may leave this to-morrow, perhaps."

"Hold your tongue, Meneses, you are my evil angel," said Murillo impatiently. "What is done cannot be undone. Let us go to dinner, and afterwards I will go and excuse myself to Don Rodriguez. But what shall I do if he will not give me the letter? he may be angry with me."

The dinner passed in gloomy silence—no one said a word, for every member of this little family sympathised with the disappointment of the boy. As soon as it was over Murillo went out, and, repairing to the Hotel de Castillo, inquired for Don Rodriguez. He was shown into an apartment, where the Senor was alone and engaged writing.

"Oh! here is my picture!" said Don Rodriguez, on seeing Barthélemi enter.

"Senor," said Barthélemi, with a full heart, "my mother had sold it before we returned home."

"For a higher price?" inquired Don Rodriguez.

"No, much lower; but that makes no difference," said young Murillo.

"Pardon me, but it does a great deal," said the stranger, evidently vexed; "for if I give a higher price, you have only to do to the other purchaser what you are now doing to me,—go and put him off."

"I certainly might do so, and I should have done so, without any hesitation, if our bargain had been closed before my mother had agreed with the merchant Ozorio; but it is not so: the bargain begun by me last night was closed by my mother this morning, and ours, you know, Senor, was not concluded till this evening."

"What is your name?" said the stranger abruptly.

"Barthélemi Esteban Murillo," replied the boy.

"Are your parents alive?"

"Both, Senor."

"Well, I must see and speak to them both," said Don Rodriguez, rising and gazing upon the young Murillo so intently that he felt quite abashed. "Come, show me the way."

"To my father's?" inquired the astonished Barthélemi.

"Yes, to your father's," answered Don Rodriguez.

CHAPTER VII.

It was dark night when Don Rodriguez, conducted by Barthélemi, arrived at the dwelling of Esteban. Theresina was again at her lace-work and Esteban was reading. They both stopped, and rose on seeing a stranger with their son. "I pray you to excuse my intrusion," said Don Rodriguez, courteously saluting, first Theresina, and then Esteban; "my visit is not so much to the parents of the young artist, as to the parents who have inculcated such good principles of honesty and integrity in the mind of so young a boy. I frankly acknowledge, had I received the picture, I should have left Seville without coming here. Murillo has produced a good picture, and thus proved that he is an

artist; yet there are many artists: but Murillo is more than an artist; he has done more than produce a fine picture, he has given proof of his integrity; and I could not leave Seville without seeing those who brought up such a boy—Murillo," added he, turning to the child, "I am rich and able to serve you; say, what do you wish for?"

"The letter for Velasquez," said Murillo with some hesitation.

"I can do more," said the stranger, evidently affected, "I can show him to you this very moment."

"Is he at Seville?" cried Barthélemi.

"He is before you," said Don Rodriguez, opening his arms to the boy, who hesitated for an instant, but then the next had thrown himself into them.

"You, Don Rodriguez?" said Barthélemi.

"Don Rodriguez de Sylva Y Velasquez."

The first transports of joy and emotion over, Velasquez said to Esteban,—

"I am going to Italy to rejoice Rubens, who is waiting for me at Venice; I cannot therefore receive him myself at Madrid, but I will give orders accordingly. Do not fail to send him there, I beg of you, your son is no ordinary child, he will one day be a great painter."

Velasquez then took leave of the family and departed. The next day he left Seville.

But Murillo could not go to Madrid. Esteban was taken ill and died, and the boy could not leave his mother, of whom he was the sole support. But when he had attained the age of sixteen, and found his mother was able to earn a livelihood by her work, Murillo decided on going to Madrid, and, if possible, to Italy. Not having sufficient money, he had recourse to his first plan, he bought canvass, and cutting it into little squares, made a number of small pictures, which were purchased and sent to America, as what is called a sailor's venture, and, dividing what he thus obtained with his mother, he set out for Madrid. When he arrived he learnt that Velasquez had returned from Italy. He found him out, and Velasquez, at once recognising his young protégé, soon procured him full employment in the Escorial, and other palaces of Madrid. Murillo remained three years in this city, after which he returned to Seville, where he painted for the little cloister of San Francisco the "Death of St. Clara," and a "St. John distributing Alms." He acquired such fame by these two productions that all the convents of Seville wished to have pictures by Murillo, who was esteemed the greatest of Spanish painters. The Museum of Paris contains four of his pictures,—the infant Jesus seated on the Virgin's lap, Jesus on the Mount of Olives, St. Peter imploring his pardon, and a young Mendicant.

Murillo died at Seville the 3d of April, 1682. His principal pupils were Antolinez, Menase Ozorio, Tobar, Velacissimo, and Sebastian Gomez, commonly called the Mulatto of Murillo.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—No. VII.

THE CHASE AND PALACE AT ENFIELD.

THERE is probably not one of the exits from the great metropolis more beautiful than the winding and irregular road which leads to Southgate and Enfield. The Chase, which divides these two localities, is now enclosed and let into separate farms, having been for many years crown property, attached to the Duchy of Lancaster. In the reign of Henry II. this chase was a forest that extended to Houndsditch; and was

the resort of the goodly citizens of those days, who "hunting loved, though love they laughed to scorn." Upwards of two centuries later, we hear of Richard II. granting the inhabitants, who must have been for the most part verdurers and forest rangers, certain privileges and exemptions.

Here and there, remnants of the chase as it was may be seen, but they are gradually fading away before the giant strides of the progressive spirit of the day. The various undulations of the ground, however, with some occasional belts of old trees, still remain as relics of the past, while the distant views of Epping Forest, Waltham Abbey, and Chingford, contribute very materially to the beauty of the scene. Amongst the generation just passed away, were some who remembered to have seen deer in the open tracts of land. In the reign of Elizabeth there were several lodges for the rangers, and there is still standing a farm-house, which, oddly enough, is partly built on three parishes, Enfield, Cheshunt, and Northaw, and which was undoubtedly a keeper's lodge. On the staircase, are several armorial bearings, carved and painted. The days of Robin Hood and his merry men are past and gone: no longer is the sound of the hunting horn heard in the forest solitudes, which still survive the desolation of centuries; the swineherd tends his charge no more beneath the mighty oaks; and the damosel of high degree is seen not now, cantering on her gentle palfrey, with falcon in jess and hood on her fair hand, awaiting the flight of the heron from the sedgy meer; and the matin bell sounds not through copse and dingle, to summon the sleek monk to his devotions. Times are indeed altered, and the great law of change has acted its restless part in this neighbourhood also.

It was not till 1777 that the chase was totally disforested; it was then done by act of parliament. In the year 1557, the Princess Elizabeth was wont frequently to ride from the Palace at Hatfield, and hunt the deer in Enfield Chase. A year or two afterwards, on becoming queen, she for a time resided in the town of Enfield.

In the reign of James I., when the diabolical Gunpowder Plot was being concocted, a house, situate on the extreme end of the chase, was used as the rendezvous of many of the chief conspirators. Catesby and Pawkes were accustomed to hold secret meetings in this retired place, which is still called White Webbs.

Learned topographers and antiquarians have puzzled themselves to trace the derivation of Enfield; some conceiving it to be so named from its being in the fields, some from its situation on the verge of the county, thus spelling it Endfield, whilst others go so far as to derive the name from the circumstance of much of its timber having been felled. In *Doomsday Book* it is written *Enefeld*.

Leaving this doubtful point for solution at some future period, it will be more to the purpose to conduct the wayfarer over the pleasant ridges on the Southgate road, and having obtained permission to enter Trent Park, escort him to one of its wildest spots, where formerly stood an old hall, said to have been the residence of the Earls of Essex, the site whereof is surrounded by a moat, called Camlet Moat. The genius of Sir Walter Scott has memorialized this ancient forest home, for it is here the catastrophe which terminates the adventures of some of the principal actors in the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" is made to take place. It is a lovely spot, and will prove a gladsome retreat from the rays of the summer's sun:

many of the beech and maple trees are of an immense magnitude, and afford resting-places for troops of pert and frisky squirrels, which gambol amid their branches. The effect of the sun, as it strikes on the mossy trunks of these timeworn evidences of the old chase, is beautiful, and forms an agreeable contrast to the sombre shades of the surrounding tangled under-wood. The whole way, from hence to the town, is over a series of ascents and descents, with views of woods and fields, in pleasant intermixture.

Many a sketch might be taken from the hills overlooking the valley which lies on the borders of the chase. The Palace at Enfield is nearly opposite the Church, and the excursionist must not fail to take a peep at its interior, for externally there is nothing to denote its ancient greatness, the structure having undergone numberless repairs and alterations. The ceilings of several of the chambers are profusely ornamented with the Tudor rose, the crown, and fleur-de-lis; and the floors attest the age of the building by their decayed and worm-eaten appearance. There are two rooms on the ground-floor which remain in their original condition, the sides being covered with dark polished oak panelling, and the ceilings richly adorned.

In the larger of the two there is a noble stone chimney-piece, of most elaborate design, and the workmanship of which is of a superior description. It consists of four columns of the Corinthian order; in the centre of these the royal arms are placed, and on either side a rose and portcullis, surmounted by a crown. At the base of the columns, and underneath the arms, is a tablet with these lines,—

"Sola salus servire Deo;
Sunt ceteræ fraudes."

A scroll beneath the rose has the letter E upon it, and a similar one under the portcullis the letter R. This was intended to apply to the then King, Edwardus Rex, though equally applicable to his half-sister, Elizabetha Regina.

On various sides there is a profusion of embellishments, birds, foliage, animals, heads, &c. all executed in accordance with the prevailing taste of the period. Over the entrance of this apartment there is a portion of another chimney-piece, which was removed some considerable time since from one of the rooms above. There are two scrolls on this, containing the arms of England and France combined, and the following inscription:—

"Ut ros super herbam
Est benevolentia regis."

No visitor can fail to remark the shadows thrown from a window near the fire-place; and proceeding to ascertain the cause, cannot be otherwise than surprised to see the mighty limbs and trunk of the gigantic cedar on the lawn outside. This splendid specimen of the trees for which Mount Libanus was celebrated, was planted by Dr. Uvedale, at that time master of the grammar-school, and a very excellent botanist. It is said that the plant was brought from Lebanon in a portmanteau, by some travelling friend of the Doctor's. Time has made a grievous alteration in its general aspect, storms and the weight of snow have deprived it of its largest branches. Its girth, at one foot from the ground, is upwards of seventeen feet, and its height is estimated at about sixty-five feet. From the rising grounds in the vicinity it looks well, though it is not until its trunk is approached that its vast size is appreciated.

Before regaining the palace there is an old door to be passed, which, with its strong iron bolts and

bars, is significant of the mediæval ages, and serves as a fit portal to the ancient edifice.

It was at this palace that Edward VI. was informed of the death of the king his father, and it was thence that he was conducted to the throne by the Earl of Hertford and Sir Thomas Brown.

In the town, two houses, now occupied as inns, bear traces of an antique origin; their fronts are of the round gable-headed style of architecture, and by night look picturesque enough. One of them is said to have been the residence of Elizabeth's prime favourite, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The church deserves a visit for the sake of one or two of its monuments, the interior, though handsome, presenting no very marked features of interest. It contains, however, an organ adorned with very superior carving, as delicately executed as some of the old Flemish work. In the vestry is the monument of Sir Nicholas Raynton and his lady. It consists of a canopy surmounted by heraldic insignia, and supported by two columns of black marble. Underneath an inscription is the figure of a man in armour, with ruff and coif and the robe of a Lord Mayor. Again below this is the figure of a lady in the dress of a Lady Mayoress, and at the base are several kneeling effigies. This memorial is exactly two centuries old, is richly coloured, and presents a fine specimen of its peculiar period. Opposite to it is an altar tomb of very elegant design, and certainly the oldest in the church. It was erected to the memory of the Lady Joyce Tiptoft, mother of the clever Earl of Worcester; she died in 1446, but it is believed that the arch over the effigy is of a later date. This arch has on its upper surface a border of oak-leaves, and is further adorned with shields and coats-of-arms. The marble slab on the tomb itself is inlaid with brass: the lady is represented of the size of life, in the costume of the period, having a handsome head-dress, mantle, kirtle, and cordon, all enriched with jewels. Above the head is a triple canopy, and pillars with shields appended to the columns reach to the base of the figure, whilst round the outer sides there is an inscription interrupted at different words by quaint devices of birds, beasts, and strange-looking nondescripts.

The inscription, as well as it can be made out, runs thus:—

"D'na Iocosa quondam filia et una hered' Caioli D'ni Powes ac etiam filia et una hered' Honorabilissime D'ne Marchie, et uxor famo-sissimo militi Johanni Typtoft que obiit xxii die Septe'br', A. D'ni, mccccxlvj, cujus anime, et omniis' fidelin' defunctor, I. h. s. pro sua sacratissima passione, misereat."

This is a famous brass, and is well known to all archæologists. Gough and Weever, and more recently Boutell, speak in the highest terms of this effigy. It is a great pity that it should be allowed to be disfigured by a window placed in the arch so as to cut it in half and thereby detract from its effect. The walls of the aisles abound with tablets, and plates, of no particular interest, however, with the exception of a Latin inscription to the memory of the celebrated Abernethy, who lies beneath.

Very near the church and standing in the grave-yard, is an old house of which a good sketch might be taken. This is the Free Grammar school: it is built of red brick, and its upper windows are, like the inns before named, gable-headed. The vile taste of some utilitarian renovator has destroyed much of the antique air of this building, by taking out the lattice windows from its first story, and substituting plain sashes in their stead.

The walk from the town to Forty Hill and Clay Hill is through a long straggling street, as ugly and uninteresting as may be. A fall of water passing through the park of Forty Hall, gives occasion for a bridge which is designated Maiden's Bridge, a name in the highest degree suggestive of some romantic legend; but if any such existed, all trace of it seems now lost. It is, however, a pretty spot, and the lanes from this road to the various parts of Cheshunt and Theobalds are very beautiful. As in one of them the boundaries of the parish and county are situate, it is necessary here to terminate this sketch, otherwise we shall be trenching on ground which may serve as subject-matter for some future excursion.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

SONNETS ON IRELAND.

BY CHARLES INGHAM BLACK, S.T.C.D., &c.

1.

SUGGESTED BY MR. PETRIE'S WORK ON THE ROUND TOWERS.

IRKNE, in the prime of thy young days,
Thine was the promise of perpetual youth,
Knowledge and Freedom honoured thee, and Truth
Cast round thee all the lustre of her rays.
But these have passed—and now no voice of praise
Hymns thee—thou forlorn Island of the west,
As a far, golden region of the Blest,
A land of melody and mighty lays.
Yet still the shades of thy majestic story
Dwell o'er thy ruins and memorial fountains;
And thou art standing, like a shattered column,
Amid the wreck of thy primeval glory,
Capped with Time's mists—grey, sorrowful, and solemn,
As morning darkly spread along the mountains.

A SONG.

S. M.

Down where the low-voiced brook
Creeps through the sedges,
And marble lilies look
Over its edges,
Where in the thickets nigh
Turtles are wooing,
Winds to the lullaby
Of their soft cooing;
Where flow'rs make rich the ground
With their bright presence,
And tuneful bees around
Drink balmy pleasure;
Where, when the Noon is hot
Sweet airs lie sleeping,
Yet in each leafy grove
Cool murmurs keeping,
There let us dream our fill
Hours without number,
Life's dearest gifts are still
Silence and Slumber!

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Morning.

DRAWN BY G. DODGSON, ENGRAVED BY G. DALZIEL.

"O'er the hill-tops see blushing Morn appears,
Chasing the Æthiop sisters of the night—
Darkness and Terror—from the realms of Earth.
And by her side, graceful as startled fawn,
Scatt'ring the dew-drops with her fairy feet,
Trips young-eyed Day; while, to his life-long task,
Creation's lord and slave, proud Man, goes forth,
To till the ground cursed for Old Adam's sake."—*Ancient Play.*

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XVII.

HELPING A LAME DOG OVER A STILE.

It was usually my custom in an afternoon to read law for a couple of hours, preparatory to committing myself to the tender mercies of a special pleader; and as Sir John's well-stored library afforded me every facility for so doing, that was the *venue* I generally selected for my interviews with Messrs. Blackstone, Coke upon Lyttelton, and other legal luminaries. Accordingly, on the day in question, after having nearly quarrelled with my mother for congratulating me warmly on the attainment of my wishes when I mentioned to her Lawless's proposal, found fault with Fanny's Italian pronunciation so harshly as to bring tears into her eyes, and grievously offended our old female domestic by disdainfully rejecting some little pet abomination upon which she had decreed that I should lunch, I sallied forth, and, not wishing to encounter any of the family, entered the hall by a side-door, and reached the library unobserved. To my surprise I discovered Lawless (whom I did not recollect ever to have seen there before, he being not much given to literary pursuits,) seated, pen in hand, at the table, apparently absorbed in the mysteries of composition.

"I shall not disturb you, Lawless," said I, taking down a book. "I am only going to read law for an hour or two."

"Eh! disturb me?" was the reply; "I'm uncommon glad to be disturbed, I can tell you, for hang me if I can make head or tail of it! Here have I been for the last three hours trying to write an offer to your sister, and actually have not contrived to make a fair start of it yet.—I wish you would lend me a hand, there's a good fellow,—I know you are up to all the right dodges—just give one a sort of notion, eh? don't you see?"

"What! write an offer to my own sister? Well, of all the quaint ideas I ever heard, that's the oddest—really, you must excuse me."

"Very odd, is it?" enquired Coleman, opening the door in time to overhear the last sentence.

"Pray let me hear about it then, for I like to know of odd things particularly; but, perhaps I'm intruding?"

"Eh? no; come along here, Coleman," cried Lawless, "you are just the very boy I want—I am going to be married—that is, I want to be, don't you see, if she'll have me, but there's the rub;—Frank Fairleigh is all right, and the old lady says she's agreeable, so every thing depends on the young woman herself,—if she will but say 'Yes,' we shall go a-head in style; but, unfortunately, before she is likely to say anything one way or the other—you understand—I've got to pop the question, as they call it. Now I've about as much notion of making an offer, as a cow has of dancing a hornpipe,—so I want you to help us a bit—eh?"

"Certainly," replied Freddy, courteously; "I shall

be only too happy, and as delays are dangerous, I had perhaps better be off at once—where is the young lady?"

"Eh! hold hard there! don't be quite so fast, young man," exclaimed Lawless aghast; "if you go away at that pace you'll never see the end of the run; you don't suppose I want you to go and talk to her—pop the question *viva voce*, do you? You'll be advising me to be married by deputy, I suppose, next,—no, no, I'm going to do the trick by letter,—something like a Valentine, only rather more so, eh? but I can't exactly manage to write it properly. If it was but a warranty for a horse, now, I'd knock it off in no time, but this is a sort of thing, you see, I'm not used to; one is not married as easily as one sells a horse, nor as often, eh? and it's rather a nervous piece of business,—a good deal depends upon the letter."

"You've been trying your hand at it already, I see," observed Coleman, seating himself at the table; "pretty consumption of paper! I wonder what my governor would say to me if I was to set about drawing a deed in this style; why, the stationer's bill would run away with all the profits."

"Never mind the profits," replied Lawless: "Yes, I've been trying effects, as the painters call it,—putting down two or three beginnings to find out which looked the most like the time of day—you understand?"

"Two or three?" repeated Coleman, "six or seven rather, *royous*. 'Mr. Lawless presents his affections to Miss Fairleigh, and requests the hon . . .' Not a bad idea, an offer in the third person—the only case in which a third person would not be *de trop* in such an affair."

"Eh! yes, I did the respectful when I first started, you know, but I soon dropped that when I got warm; you'll see, I went along no end afterwards."

"Honoured Miss," continued Coleman, reading, "My sentiments, that is, your perfections, your splendid action, your high breeding, and the many slap-up points that may be discerned in you by any man that has an eye for a horse . . ."

"Ah! that was where I spoiled it," sighed Lawless.

"Here's a very pretty one," resumed Freddy. "Adorable and adored Miss Fanny Fairleigh, seeing you as I do, with the eyes' (Why she would not think you saw her with your nose, would she?) 'of fond affection, probably would induce me to overlook (did such exist) any unsoundness . . .'"

"That one did not turn out civilly, you see," said Lawless, "or else it wasn't such a bad beginning."

"Here's a better," rejoined Coleman. "Exquisitely beautiful Fanny, fairest of that lovely sex, which to distinguish it from us rough and ready fox-hunters, who when once we get our heads at any of the fences of life, go at it, never mind how stiff it may be, (and matrimony has always appeared to me one of the stiffest,) and generally contrive to find ourselves on the other side with our hind legs well under us;—a sex, I say, which to distinguish it from our own, is called the fair sex, a stock of which I never used to think any great things, reckoning them only fit to canter round the parks with, until I saw

(¹) Continued from p. 4.

you brought out, when I at once perceived that your condition—that is, my feelings were—I can't express—don't you see, eh? . . ."

"Ah!" interposed Lawless, "that's where I got bogged, sank in over the fetlocks, and had to give it up as a bad job."

"In fact your feelings became too many for you," returned Coleman; "but what have we here?—verses, by all that's glorious!"

"No, no! I'm not going to let you read them," exclaimed Lawless, attempting to wrest the paper out of his hand.

"Be quiet, Lawless," rejoined Coleman, holding him off, "sit down directly, sir, or I won't write a word for you, I must see what all your ideas are in order to get some notion of what you want to say; besides, I've no doubt they'll be very original.

I.

'Sweet Fanny, there are moments
When one's heart is not one's own,
When one fain would clip its wild wings' tip,
But one finds the bird has flown.

II.

'Dear Fanny, there are moments
When a loss may be a gain,
And sorrow, joy—for the heart's a toy,
And loving's such sweet pain.

III.

'Yes, Fanny, there are moments
When a smile is worth a throne,
When a frown can prove the flower of Love
Must fade, and die alone.'

"Why, you never wrote those, Lawless?"

"Didn't I?" returned Lawless, "but I know I did though,—copied them out of an old book I found up there, and wrote some more to 'em, because I thought there wasn't enough for the money, besides putting in Fanny's name instead of—what, do you think?—Phillis! there's a name for you; the fellow must have been a fool,—why, I would not give a dog such an ill name for fear somebody should hang him—but go on."

"Ah, now we come to the original matter," returned Coleman, "and very original it seems.

IV.

'Dear Fanny, there are moments
When Love gets you in a fix,
Takes the bit in his jaws, and, without any
pause,
Bolts away with you like bricks.

V.

'Yes, Fanny, there are moments
When affection knows no bounds,
When I'd rather be talking with you out
a-walking,
Than rattling after the hounds.

VI.

'Dear Fanny, there are moments,
When one feels that one's inspired,
And and'

"It does not seem to have been one of those moments with you just then," continued Freddy, "for the poem comes to an abrupt and untimely conclusion, unless three blots, and something that looks

like a horse's head, may be a hieroglyphic mode of recording your inspirations, which I'm not learned enough to decipher."

"Eh! no! I broke down there," replied Lawless, "the Muse deserted me, and went off in a canter for—where was it those young women used to hang out?—the '*Gradus ad*' place, you know?"

"The tuneful Nine, whom you barbarously designate young women," returned Coleman, "are popularly supposed to have resided on Mount Parnassus, which acclivity I have always imagined of a triangular or sugar-loaf form, with Apollo seated on the apex or extreme point, his attention divided between preserving his equilibrium and keeping up his playing, which latter necessity he provided for by executing difficult passages on a golden (or, more probably, silver-gilt) lyre."

"Eh! nonsense," rejoined Lawless; "now, do be serious for five minutes, and go ahead with this letter, there's a good fellow, for, 'pon my word, I'm in a wretched state of mind,—I am indeed. It's a fact, I'm nearly half a stone lighter than I was when I came here; I know I am, for there was an old fellow weighing a defunct pig down at the farm yesterday, and I made him let me get into the scales when he took piggy out. I tell you what, if I'm not married soon I shall make a job for the sexton: such incessant wear and tear of the sensibilities is enough to kill a prize-fighter in full training, let alone a man that has been leading such a molly-coddle life as I have of late, lounging about drawing-rooms like a lap-dog."

"Well, then, let us begin at once," said Freddy, seizing a pen; "now, what am I to say?"

"Eh! why, you don't expect me to know, do you?" exclaimed Lawless; "I might just as well write it myself as have to tell you; no, no, you must help me, or else I'd better give the whole thing up at once."

"I'll help you, man, never fear," rejoined Freddy, "but you must give me something to work upon; why, it's all plain sailing enough; begin by describing your feelings."

"Feelings, eh?" said Lawless, rubbing his ear violently, as if to arouse his dormant faculties, "that's easier said than done. Well, here goes for a start:—'*My dear Miss Fairleigh*.'"

"'*My dear Miss Fairleigh*,'" repeated Coleman, writing rapidly; "yes."

"Have you written that?" continued Lawless; "ar—let me think—I have felt for some time past very peculiar sensations, and have become, in many respects, quite an altered man."

"'Altered man,'" murmured Freddy, still writing.

"I have given up hunting," resumed Lawless, "which no longer possesses any interest in my eyes, though I think you'd have said if you had been with us the last time we were out you never saw a prettier run in your life; the meet was at Chorley Bottom, and we got away in less than ten minutes after the hounds had been in cover, with as plucky a fox as ever puzzled a pack—"

"Hold hard there!" interrupted Coleman, "I can't put all that in; nobody ever wrote an account of a fox-hunt in a love-letter,—no, 'You've given up hunt-

ing, which no longer possesses any interest in your eyes,' now go on."

"My eyes," repeated Lawless, reflectively; "yes; 'I am become indifferent to every thing; I take no pleasure in the new dog-cart King in Long Acre is building for me, with cane sides, the wheels larger, and the seat, if possible, still higher than the last, and which, if I am not very much out in my reckoning, will follow so light——'"

"I can't write all that trash about a dog-cart," interrupted Freddy, crossly; "that's worse than the fox-hunting; stick to your feelings, man, can't you?"

"Ah! you little know the effect such feelings produce," sighed Lawless.

"That's the style," resumed Coleman, with delight; "that will come in beautifully;—'such feelings produce:' now, go on."

"At night my slumbers are rendered distracting, by visions of you—as—as——"

"The bride of another," suggested Coleman.

"Exactly," resumed Lawless; "or, 'sleep refusing to visit my——'"

"Aching eye-balls," put in Freddy.

"I lie tossing restlessly from side to side, as if bitten by——"

"The gnawing tooth of Remorse;—that will do famously," added his scribe; "now tell her that she is the cause of it."

"All these unpleasantnesses are owing to you," began Lawless.

"Oh! that won't do," said Coleman; "no,—'These tender griefs (that's the term, I think) are some of the effects, goods, and chattels,'—psa! I was thinking of drawing a will—the effects produced upon me by——"

"The wonderful way in which you stuck to your saddle when the mare bolted with you," rejoined Lawless, enthusiastically;—"what, won't that do either?"

"No, be quiet, I've got it all beautifully now, if you don't interrupt me: 'Your many perfections of mind and person,—perfections which have led me to centre my ideas of happiness solely in the fond hope of one day calling you my own.'"

"That's very pretty indeed," said Lawless; "go on."

"Should I be fortunate enough," continued Coleman, "'to succeed in winning your affection, it will be the study of my future life to prevent your every wish——'"

"Eh! what do you mean? not let her have her own way?—Oh! that will never pay; why, the little I know of women, I'm sure that if you want to come over them, you must flatter 'em up with the idea that you mean to give 'em their heads on all occasions—let 'em do just what they like. Tell a woman she should not go up the chimney, it's my belief you'd see her head out of the top before ten minutes were over. Oh! that'll never do!"

"Nonsense," interrupted Freddy; "'prevent' means to forestall in that sense; however, I'll put it 'forestall' if you like it better."

"I think it will be safest," replied Lawless, shaking his head solemnly.

"In every thing your will shall be law," continued Coleman, writing.

"Oh! I say, that's coming it rather strong, though," interposed Lawless, "query about that?"

"All right," rejoined Coleman, "it's always customary to say so in these cases, but it means nothing; as to the real question of mastery, that is a matter to be decided post-nuptially; you'll be enlightened on the subject before long in a series of midnight discourses, commonly known under the title of curtain-lectures."

"Pleasant, eh?" returned Lawless; "well, I bet two to one on the grey mare, for I never could stand being preached to, and shall consent to anything for a quiet life—so move on."

"If this offer of my heart and hand should be favourably received by the loveliest of her sex," continued Coleman, "'a line, a word, a smile, a——'"

"Wink," suggested Lawless.

"Will be sufficient to acquaint me with my happiness."

"Tell her to look sharp about sending an answer," exclaimed Lawless; "if she keeps me waiting long after that letter's sent, I shall go off pop, like a bottle of ginger-beer; I know I shall,—string won't hold me, or wire either."

"When once this letter is despatched, I shall enjoy no respite from the tortures of suspense till the answer arrives, which shall exalt to the highest pinnacle of happiness, or plunge into the lowest abysses of despair, one who lives but in the sunshine of your smile, and who now, with the liveliest affection, tempered by the most profound respect, ventures to sign himself, Your devotedly attached——"

"And love-lorn," interposed Lawless, in a sharp, quick tone.

"Love-lorn?" repeated Coleman, looking up with an air of surprise; "sentimental and ridiculous in the extreme!—I shall not write any such thing."

"I believe, Mr. Coleman, that letter is intended to express my feelings, and not yours?" questioned Lawless, in a tone of stern investigation.

"Yes, of course it is," began Coleman.

"Then write as I desire, sir," continued Lawless, authoritatively; "I ought to know my own feelings best, I imagine; I feel love-lorn, and 'love-lorn' it shall be."

"Oh, certainly," replied Coleman, slightly offended, "anything you please, 'Your devotedly attached and love-lorn admirer'—here, sign it yourself, 'George Lawless.'"

"Bravo!" said Lawless, relapsing into his accustomed good-humour the moment the knotty point of the insertion of "love-lorn" had been carried; "if that isn't first-rate, I'm a Dutchman; why Freddy, boy, where did you learn it? how does it all come into your head?"

"Native talent," replied Coleman, "combined with a strong and lively appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, chiefly derived from my maternal grandmother, whose name was Burke."

"That wasn't *the* Burke who wrote a book about it, was it?" asked Lawless.

"Ah! no, not exactly," replied Coleman, "she would have been had she been a man, I believe."

"Very likely," returned Lawless, whose attention was absorbed in folding, sealing, and directing the important letter, "Miss Fairleigh." "Now, if she does but regard my suit favourably."

"You'll be suited with a wife," punned Coleman.

"But suppose she should say 'No,'" continued Lawless, musing.

"Why, then you'll be *non-suited*, that's all," returned the incorrigible Freddy, and making a face at me, which (as I was to all appearance immersed fathoms deep in Blackstone) he thought I should not observe, he sauntered out of the room, humming the following scrap of some elegant ditty, with which he had become acquainted:—

"If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a publican's daughter,
I'll sit all day long in the bar,
And drink nothing but brandy and water."

Lawless having completed his arrangements to his satisfaction, hastened to follow Coleman's example, nodding to me as he left the room, and adding, "Good-bye, Fairleigh, read away, old boy, and when I see you again, I hope I shall have some good news for you."

Good news for me! The news that my sister was pledged to spend her life as the companion, or more properly speaking the plaything, of a man who had so little delicacy of mind, or so little self-respect, as to have allowed his feelings (for that he was attached to Fanny, as far as he was capable of forming a real attachment, I could not for a moment doubt) to be laid bare to form a subject for Freddy Coleman to sharpen his wit upon; and to reflect that I had in any way assisted in bringing this result about, had thrown them constantly together—oh! as I thought upon it, the inconceivable folly of which I had been guilty nearly maddened me: but, somehow, I had never before actually realized the idea of my sister's marrying him; even that night when I had spoken to my mother on the subject, my motive had been more to prevent her from lecturing and worrying Fanny than anything else. But the real truth was, during the whole progress of the affair my thoughts and feelings had been so completely engrossed by, and centred in, my own position in regard to Clara Saville, that although present in body my mind was in great measure absent. I had never given my attention to it, but had gone on in a dreamy kind of way, letting affairs take their own course, and saying and doing whatever appeared most consonant to the wishes of other people at the moment, until the discovery of Oaklands' unhappy attachment had fully aroused me, when, as it appeared, too late to remedy the misery which my carelessness and inattention had in a great measure contributed to bring about.

The only hope which now remained (and when I remembered the evident pleasure she took in his society it appeared a very forlorn one) was that Fanny might, of her own accord, refuse Lawless.

By this time the precious document produced by the joint exertions of Lawless and Coleman must have reached its destination; and it was with an anxiety little inferior to that of the principals them-

selves, that I looked forward to the result, and awaited with impatience the verdict which was to decide whether joy should brighten, or sorrow shade, the future years of Harry Oaklands.

THE LAST AGE.

BY THOMAS NORTON HARPER.

THE age which has scarce passed off like a dismal phantom, into the vast treasure-house of history, was essentially a mechanical age. And a great deal more is implied by this than at first sight would appear. For in that it was a simply mechanical age, it was an atheistic age too. For its whole vigour was applied to the attainment of means, while in their acquisition ends were forgotten. And whereas the former are almost entirely beneath us, subject to us, and cognisable by us, ends alone are superior to us, and in them, therefore, alone can the spirit of adoration find fitting and worthy objects. It had, then, no belief, no creed. It saw, or would see, nothing above it, independent of it, superior to it; no object of worship. Hence its political, its social, its religious forms, were dead, uninfluential, and crumbled beneath the slightest touch of life. And how could such an age, which proposed no one single end to itself that could at all raise enthusiasm, nobleness of soul, or generous daring, live long? Who would not prophesy its premature decrepitude? And it has sunk, sooth to say, into a hopeless senility; and the young era looks up into the vacant face of its tottering sue, and smiles with an earnest pitying smile, full of meaning, at the inanity of his almost unheeded mutterings.

A strange, yea, in truth, a strange biography will be the biography of that age!—an age which had no God (to speak reverently), even of its own! It had ever been said that men must worship something. The trial was now made, whether they might not contrive to continue without any worship other than the worship of self. Curious enough! As though the yearnings of man's soul could be stifled for long, or could endure, even though it were but for a season, that the body should enjoy an uninterrupted triumph over its infinite degradation! As though it could be satisfied with the mere solution of the not altogether most important question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, wherewithal shall we be clothed?" and could for ever stifle its own voice earnestly inquiring, "For what am I here? What is to be after this? Why have I yearnings, boundless, infinite, insatiable, if this world is a machine, this outside body of flesh a machine, and man himself very little better?" The silent voice of Nature teaches another creed than this. Strange echos of an invisible come floating down on the tide of universal life; and footsteps of spirits have left their suggestive imprint on the vast shore of that unceasing ocean. The dying wind-sigh among the summer leaves of the grove, the lulling murmur of babbling brooks, the trilling chorus of winged things in the trees of the wood, surely all these have a voice in a higher and holier creed! "The infinite creative music of the universe" is not, what such an age would make it to be, the mere "monotonous clatter of a boundless mill." "God has not cloven the earth with rivers that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under, as it were fire, that it might heat wells" merely, "and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind, only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountains only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven." Yet such was the sensuous creed of

that faithless generation but now gone by. It had no eye to see aught sacred in the mysteries of annual life bursting through the earth at the gay voice of early Spring, or of annual death unwillingly obeying the cold warnings of yellow Autumn. Nature became dumb and tedious to it. Never seeking to learn her vast symbol-speech, it rested content with counting the bushels of produce from tilled fields, and murmuring over the yearly computation. Flocks were only valuable for the wool on their backs; herds for their skins, and the daily food they afforded; the world-wide ocean was to them a pound of fish; the ever-burning stars beacons for ships; the pale, night-loving moon, a faithful tide-keeper; and man, immortal man, a mere labourer for so many copper-pieces a day. Yet who could not see the self-contempt of all this? Who could not see how low, earthy, degrading, infinitely unworthy it was? But it is impossible amid the eternal whirl of countless wheels, and the ceaseless din of steam-engines, to hear or listen to the still voices of better things. The pandemonium of voices maddens, and the poor wretches laugh at their bitterness, and ask, "Where is enjoyment and happiness like this?" Where, *indeed*, brother of earth? It is a melancholy question, that one of thine. God's most exalted creation, thou wert not born, O child of immortality, merely that thou mightest wear thy fingers with the shuttle, or weary thy brain with the whirling of machinery, however perfect, or grow pale and thin and diseased as the slave of wealth,—lose thy late-sought repose in anxiety for the first dawn of a coming day in all things like the last—that thou mightest grow more earthy and sensual with thy growth, and fall, unheeded, unnoted into thy tomb. There are nobler machines by far than the spinning-jenny. Of these it behoves thee to learn well the use and purpose—machines made by no hand of man; to wit, this vast universe of God, and thine own wondrous nature. These are the things, which not to know, were ruin to thee indeed. Little will it matter to thee one day, when the shadows close around, and all time is for thee becoming one immovable past, whether the identical spinning-jenny, with which thou didst busy thyself, be somewhat out of order or no; but it will matter to thee much, nay everything, if that infinitely complex machine, thine own nature, should be out of order; for with that only wilt thou then have to do.

And yet, how were it possible that any should be thus instructed in what it behoved them of all things to know, when every class in society was running but for one prize, the wretched gifts of Mammon? In what respect was not the rich man worse, and more heartily to be pitied, than the poor man,—the employer than his workman? If the one spent their life in vanity, surely they *worked*. And work, hearty work, has always a reward, whatever that work may be. But what did their masters effect? Where was their purifying toil? In what respects did they, aye, do they for the most part now, answer to the final cause of their being? on what grounds can they claim a higher place than their servants in the varied orders of human excellence? They boast, indeed, of a greater number of pieces of precious metal, stamped with a very genuine stamp, and altogether current in the realm. But heap up such till you fill twenty Banks of England with your piles; and what then? They will give you food, and drink, and raiment; nay, more, (let us not be chary in giving riches their due honour,) they will procure servants, many, well-powdered, and gaily clothed, houses rich and luxurious,

estates beauteous and vast; perchance too effeminacy, greedy vanity, and self-glory. This is literally true. Such gifts does wealth bestow. Yet all this brings not near in excellence to the common labourer, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, if only amid his daily toil he uses himself in a habit of love and wonder at the book of creation ever open to his affectionate and earnest heart, and learns to look forward with childlike awe to that of which nature is but a feeble type? What advantageth it, that riches such as the mines of Potosi could not afford pour into our treasury, if, to obtain these, we must give up our high vocation, and wear down our minds day and night to the level of an arithmetic-table? Riches are *a means*, not to be despised in their way, yet never surely *an end*; and if, at the close of life, a man's only account of his labours should be, that he has by so much increased his stores, and to this one object has devoted his time and faculties, he has as much inverted the natural course of things, as the eccentric boy who walks perseveringly on his head; and though he may not suffer an apoplexy quite like his, yet he will full surely suffer a more fatal though less apparent apoplexy of the heart—an utter paralysis of its nobler functions, and an insensibility to its higher aims.

It does not follow, nevertheless, O most logically consistent objector, that all pursuits should be neglected, save philosophy and the liberal arts. There is a wide difference between doing the work allotted us, because it is our lot, and setting it and its results before us as our chief aim. "Engagements are our own portion, but pursuits are for the most part of our own choosing. We may be engaged in worldly business, without pursuing worldly objects." But when we sit up late and rise early to make money, when our thoughts are ever set on money, and we make friendships, value acquaintances, cement marriages, by the standard of money. we have no time, no inclination, for the culture of the heart, and our own life is useless alike to ourselves and others—an empty, worthless blank. Yet what but this was the general aim of the last century, especially among our own people? Did not class press upon the heels of class, all striving to clamber up into high place, and *better* themselves (as they call it) by the influence of their coffers? Where was true worship here? What had the heart to do with such a life as this? How could the concordant harmonies of nature, and whispering voices from afar, more solemn still, be heard amid the eternal rattle of guineas, or the soul be trained to look upward, while eyes mental and bodily were chained ceaselessly to the ledger or the day-book? Man, they say, is unlike the beast, in that he is made upright, and can lift his eyes to the Infinite above him. Is it not a very shame that we should of our own free will seek to share the Nebuchadnezzar curse, and strive not unsuccessfully to face the dirt with brute things that perish? Let such an one clothe himself in the finery of mammon, let the accompaniments of wealth be heaped upon him, friends, place in society, fashionable sons-in-law, plate, and game, in what respects is he not less a man than the poor savage, naked and ignorant, who falls down in terror before the sun's eclipse? Awe and veneration, even though they be not illumined by the use of globes, or the aids of differential calculus, conic sections, and so forth, are worth something. Self-seeking, self-esteem, and no-worship, even though fed with newspapers, literary institutes, and altogether scientific duodecimos, are worse than very nothingness. It is

better to exceed in veneration, and, if so be, become superstitious (bad as this is,) than to be without it, and have no worship at all. In the one case the heart can be directed aright, for it has noble capacities, in the other it must be recreated. Yet such is the tendency of the covetous temper. Where it scrambles after any knowledge at all, it is that sort of knowledge which may do its part in puffing up, and tying the sandals of wealth, leaving truth to shift for itself; which, by-the-by, it can very well manage to do. Yet what a pitiable perversion of infinite capabilities is this! Can we not join heartily in the exclamation of a great writer, "What a hollow, windy vacuity of internal character this indicates; how in place of a rightly ordered heart, we strive only to exhibit a full purse; and all pushing, rushing, elbowing on, towards a false aim, the courtier's kibes are more and more galled by the toe of the peasant; and on every side, instead of faith, hope, and charity, we have neediness, greediness, and vain-glory; all this is palpable enough. Fools that we are! Why should we wear our knees to the bone, and sorrowfully beat our breasts, praying day and night to Mammon, who, even if he would hear, has almost nothing to give? . . . Fools that we are? To dig and bore like ground-worms in those acres of ours, even if we have acres; and far from beholding and enjoying the heavenly lights, not to know of them, except by unheeded and unbelieving report! Shall certain pounds sterling that we have in the Bank of England, or the ghosts of certain pounds that we would fain seem to have, hide from us the treasures we are all born to in this the 'city of God?'"

And can men blind their eyes to these things? Dost thou not know, O pitiable, groping gold-seeker, that there is a stamp upon those pieces of gold of thine, other than that which the mint, the temple of thy desires, has affixed thereto—a stamp, which claims them for another treasury, and gives them a weightiness hardly endurable even by the vigorous and daring, and generous? Heap up thy gold-dust, and die. Poor fool! thy son shall perchance enjoy its fruits, such as they are; thou for ever its responsibilities. Whose then is the gain?

And was this in very truth the mental history of an age? Was it not? Seek we our answer in the relics which that age has left. What was there which was not made to subserve the poor purposes of wealth? Science no longer busied herself with abstract truth, free and unfettered, greatly to be loved in and for itself; but it was only tolerated, so far as it ministered to the wants and luxuries of outside life, if life it could be called. So physical science, a very good thing in its way, but not altogether the highest of sciences, began to shut out of sight her elder brethren; and "we, the philosophers," was a title claimed exclusively by commentators on electrical machines, and lightning-conductors, and prosy expounders of the wonders of acoustics; and what is yet more droll, the claim was allowed by the gaping world, as far as it cared about the matter at all.¹ Art, too, was required to do her work in the service of Mammon, and her noblest triumphs in these aforesaid times, were not for quite the noblest objects. In short the whole history of events shows how entirely the god-like, and noble, and disinterested, had gone from among men. Think you that the vain old quasi-philosopher of Ferney would have enjoyed a Parisian

triumph, and a right joyous theatric coronation by an applauding public, if that generation had not blinded their eyes to all that is worthy of worship? Could it be conceived that Franklin (and I do not mean thereby to depreciate his respectable services) would have been received with a whole nation's glad rejoicing, and the ringing of bells, and the gathering of crowds, except that there were no real heroes left for it to *apothecize*, and it was obliged to play a mumming with a counterfeit? And what was the secret of that terrible French revolution, and its after resolution into the tyranny of Napoleon? was it not the fierce struggle of a sensualized, but newly-aroused people to escape from unreality and conventionalities of whatever kind? And how was it that men could so unwisely think that a panacea for all these things was to be found in your "quadruple alliances?" How could they not perceive that all "balances of power" for mutual convenience, and let-alone systems for encouragement merely of trades and manufactures, will tumble to pieces under the least external pressure. Mere quackeries of a sham expediency can be of no avail; indeed, what can be of avail, when the human heart is shut up in the narrowest cage of an insurmountable Bastille? Least of all, then, can such triflings as these succeed. The soul of man complains with a tolerably audible voice,—

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?"

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

Mammon has spell-bound our race; and by his wand has transformed men into very pigmies. There are no giants in these days. He has blinded the blue face of heaven with the smoke of manufactories, but what gain we by that, save dusted calicos and cheap ware? He has netted the earth with iron, and brought panting engines into the once secluded country, but how much nearer any truth are we, because we are fast forming ourselves into one vast sea-girt city? Let us open our eyes, and behold. All these things are good in their way, and cannot be reversed. But they are not *all*. The one object of our life is not neared even, much less gained, by the construction of ten thousand railways, or the erection of any number of manufactories. It is of course worse than child's talk to talk of undoing all these things. They are *facts*; and whether good or bad, must remain. But what we *can* and *must* undo, is the spirit of trusting to them as *ends* not *means*; the setting them up over us; the worship of all that ministers to luxury, and wealth and influence, while the soul is left to pine away under an undeniable atrophy. Old forms and prescriptions will not do. They have become obsolete. Old *principles*, if you please, under new forms, will answer; the more, the better. After winter the earth requires the life of spring, to recreate and to reinvigorate the beautiful and the good. So likewise does a dead and barren generation. We must aim at the good, the true, the beautiful; and not only, or chiefly, at the expedient, the useful, the practical. Be we *practical*, in its best and only true sense as much as we can; we cannot exceed. But we must not turn machines into idols, means into ends. Clothes, and furniture, and household conveniences of all sorts, and quick travelling, are useful in their way, indeed somewhat necessary, though not to the extent which the many would have us suppose; but busying about these to the end of time will never answer to the wants of our nature.

(1) There were of course exceptions to this general decline, more especially in that great land of thought, Germany, where a wondrous constellation of geniuses rose in the very thickest of that long night.

Virtue, love, heroic constancy, faith, hope, magnanimity, these are our needs. Where have they rested hidden for so long time?

(*To be continued.*)

MARGUERITE OF PROVENCE.

CHAP. I.—THE STRANGER.

THE sun had scarcely gilded the barren mountains which surround the town of Marseilles; it was rising slowly over the beautiful blue sky of Provence, so sweetly sung by the poets, when a boat, in which were two men, of whom one rowed, whilst the other, standing erect, looked pensively around him, entered the large bay, and landed at the foot of the staircase of the ancient and splendid palace of the Counts of Provence.

The man who had been standing in the boat, and whose youthful and noble beauty was heightened by the stately air which seemed to belie the plainness of his dress, bore upon his hand one of those royal birds named falcons, much in vogue at that time (it was in the summer of the year 1231), and used by lords and ladies for hunting. He, however, was apparently neither a noble nor a falconer;—his dress was composed of an ample upper garment, lined and bordered with a dark-coloured fur, which fell upon his shoulders so as almost entirely to cover them, and a tunic underneath, sufficiently open to allow the whiteness and fine texture of his plaited shirt to appear.

The stranger had taken but a few steps upon the marble pavement which extended from the sea to the palace, when a guard approached him, and asked what he desired.

"I bring," said the stranger, "a falcon to the Princess Marguerite, the daughter of Count Beranger the Third;" and at the same time he presented to the guard a paper, before the seal of which the man inclined respectfully.

The man with the falcon then ascended the broad marble steps, entered the vestibule, crossed it, and turned towards the gardens, as one who was perfectly well acquainted with the place, or who had received the most accurate instruction even in regard to the slightest details of this immense edifice. On entering the gardens, he hid his bird in the folds of one of his wide sleeves, and perceiving a building at some distance, which, from its arched windows of painted glass, was evidently a chapel, he walked towards it. The entry was obstructed by a crowd of people, and from the interior of the temple issued the sweetest pealmody; it was the voices of young girls; one, in particular, of enchanting purity, attained the highest diapason; the other voices, though not so powerful, possessed that truth of tone and youthful freshness which charms and delights.

"What exquisite tones!" said the stranger, involuntarily, as he endeavoured, but in vain, to pierce the crowd.

"Who sings well if not the daughter of the Count of Provence and her two cousins, who are taking to-day their first communion?" said a person, whose remark adapted itself so well to the stranger's exclamation, that she at once attracted his attention. It was an elderly woman; her brown and white striped petticoat, worn above one of blue, the two short enough to show the red stockings which clothed her legs; and her large black beaver bonnet, bordered with gold lace, marked her as a peasant.

"You say, my friend," said the unknown to this woman, "that it is the young Countess Marguerite de Provence, whose tones—"

"Or Marguerite de Bar, or Marguerite de Ligny," interrupted the peasant; "have I not told you that there are three Marguerites?—Marguerite la Brune, Marguerite la Blonde, and Marguerite la Blanche; or Brunette, Blanchette, and Blondette, as they call each other familiarly. Push on a little, my young stranger, for by your headgear I see that you do not belong to these parts;—there, now, turn to the right, and tell me, do you see them?"

"I see," said the stranger to his blunt but obliging companion, "three young girls kneeling.—Stay, do you also come forward, as you seem to know them, and tell me which is the daughter of Count Beranger."

"Ask me who I am," replied the peasant, in so singular a tone that the unknown looked at her to see if she spoke simply or ironically, "and I will tell you that I am called Misé Millette, widow of José Marquet, waterman; but as to which of those three young ladies who are communicating yonder, is the princess, marry, I know no more than you; however, I imagine that a princess ought to be taller, fatter, and handsomer than a peasant; now, if that be the Marguerite that you ask for, my opinion is, that it is the one in the middle, whose fair hair falls below her veil."

Here Misé Millette was obliged to close her observations and suppositions, for the stranger, gliding from column to column, till he reached the one nearest the high altar, was already too far to hear or reply.

The singing still continued for some time, then the ceremony was concluded; the priest left the altar, the spectators withdrew, either dispersing themselves in the gardens, or returning to the palace, and soon, of all the noble and brilliant assembly which had filled the chapel, there remained but the three communicants; they had expressed a wish to remain alone to pray, and every one had retired, respecting this pious desire.

The unknown alone, hidden behind a pillar, remained in the chapel.

CHAP. II.—THE THREE MARGUERITES.

In looking attentively at these three young girls, it was easy to divine which was named Marguerite la Blonde, from the beautiful golden hair of the first of this charming trio.

Marguerite la Brune, the second, brown both in hair and complexion, deserved her name, as did also Marguerite la Blanche, to whose ebon hair was joined a skin whiter than snow. But which was the daughter of Count Beranger? It was impossible to tell; nothing, no particular ornament distinguished one from the other. The fashion had not yet appeared (it came in some years after, and lasted two centuries) of having the armorial bearings of the family embroidered on the robes; so that these three young girls, dressed simply in high white gowns, fitting closely to the figure, and falling in ample folds in the skirt, had one sign only of their high birth, a sign common to all three—the veil; which, instead of ending at the shoulder, as that of commoners did, reached to the ground, as it was borne by the wives and daughters of chevaliers. Two of the three, La Blonde and La Brune, were, each in her style, of remarkable beauty; the third, small, thin, badly made, had at the first glance nothing which attracted

attention—nothing which pleased. It was necessary to observe her closely, to examine her minutely, to remark the aristocratic perfection of her hands and feet, the exquisite grace of her movements, and the thoughtful sweetness of her smile.

After having been engaged in prayer for some time, kneeling on the steps of the altar, the young communicants rose, and, moved by the same impulse, they each took the hand of the others, and pressed it affectionately.

"Blanchette and Brunette," said the Blonde Marguerite, speaking the first, "I ask your pardon, if any word of mine has, before this blessed day, offended you; I ask it of you, above all, for my jealousy, which often makes me unjust towards you both."

"I also, Blondette and Blanchette," said the Brune Marguerite in her turn, "I humbly ask of you both pardon for my faults, and for the bad examples which I have given you."

"It is far rather I who should ask pardon of you, my dear sisters," replied the Blanche Marguerite, with tears in her voice and in her eyes,—"I, the most unjust and ungrateful of the three."

"You, the best of the three!" exclaimed Brunette and Blondette together.

"Yes, the most spoiled," said Blanchette, with one of those charming smiles which beautify any face.

"Come, let us forgive, let us embrace, and end it," said the Blonde Marguerite, gaily, opening her arms, into which the two other young girls threw themselves.

After remaining for a few moments locked in a silent embrace, they sat down, still holding each other by the hand, on the marble step where they had previously been kneeling.

"What a delightful day has this been!" said, with religious fervour, she who was called the Blanche Marguerite; "and how one would have wished to die, to ascend peaceful, pure and cleansed from sin, to the bosom of God."

"Oh! to die! not yet," cried Marguerite la Blonde, shaking her pretty fair head.

"At fifteen, the age of us all three, it is much too soon," added Marguerite la Brune.

"Yes, for you, dear cousins," said Marguerite la Blanche, sadly,—"you, who are beautiful, beautiful as angels; you, who will marry perhaps, as I shall, for political reasons, but whom your husbands will love; first, because you are beautiful, and that beauty charms the eyes, and then because you are good, and that goodness charms the heart;—but I, ugly and ungrateful as I am, what husband will ever love me?"

"Child!" said the two other girls, with affectionate tenderness,—"child, who thinks herself ugly because she has not grown so fast as we have, and thinks that husbands are taken by the snare of beauty, like little birds in the glue which is spread as a trap for them. No, no," added Marguerite la Blonde, "my mother has often repeated to me—and she is so wise that I believe her,—the man who wishes to marry seeks far less for beauty than for goodness; the one attracts, perhaps, but it passes away, while the other remains and attaches, believe me."

"Wisdom speaks by your mouth, my little Blondette," said Blanchette, laughing; "but, come, let us forget our beauty and our husbands,—those husbands who will take us from our dear Provence, from Marseilles, or Massalia, the capital of ancient Phocia, as that old bard, Antoine Vidal, who teaches me the history of the world, persists in calling it."

"It is not the history of the world that I should

wish to know," said Brunette. "My world, my universe is Marseilles. Who will tell me the history of Marseilles?"

"I, if you wish it," replied Blanchette, gently and with great simplicity.

"Oh! that would be so kind of you!" cried Marguerite la Brune. "Tell it me, Blanchette, pray; so that this evening I may repeat it to my mother, and she will give me a kiss for my knowledge."

"See Blanchette going to show her superiority over us," said Marguerite la Blonde, with an air of impatience and fatigue.

"To whom, little jealous one?" said Brunette, "are we not alone?"

"If Blondette does not like it, let us talk of something else," said Marguerite la Blanche, sweetly.

"I am, and shall be always, a wicked girl," said the Blonde Marguerite, with pretty earnestness, "and since Brunette wishes for the history of Marseilles, tell it us, Blanchette; there,—I am listening to you."

"Come, then, it shall be your punishment," said Marguerite la Blanche gaily, and she turned to begin her story.

(To be continued.)

FACTS IN THE EAST ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY. - No. I.

BY MRS POSTANS.

THE East! Reader, pause, ponder, if but for a brief space, the thoughts of mighty power that spring from that one word. Think of it, in all its significance; think of all the beauty, the glory, the truths, the histories, the morality, the religion connected with that one word. Think of it as the birth-place, the cradle of the human race; think of it as the point from whence sprung all our ancient knowledge, our ancient wisdom, our ancient faith. Think, as modern investigations of great interest prove, that by tracing back the lines of the principal races of men, and by comparing their languages, religions, and modes of calculating time, they are found to converge nearly to a point, and that point is on the confines of Hindostan. Think that it was on the Eastern soil that man was first placed, as congenial to his nature: that it was among the scenes of Eastern beauty that man drew his first thoughts of life, and walked in purity, communing with his Maker; that it was from the mountain of the East that Jehovah gave laws to man; that it was on the plains of the East that the God of hosts strengthened the powers of the armies of Israel. It was in the gardens and in the silent places of the East that God stood face to face with the works of his hand, and admitted man to his counsels; it was from the villages, cities, and deserts of the East that God incarnate brought life and immortality to light, and issued laws for the moral governance of the world, which have now reached not only our island, but the uttermost parts of the earth. Such are the mighty interests of the East. And it is impossible to consider it thus as the great scene of all most interesting to man, without desiring to know in how far its aspects may have changed, and what trace may yet be found among the manners and customs of the land in similitude with the past. This being a subject that has for many years formed an inquiry of deep interest to myself, I am anxious to attract to it

the serious attention of my reader, and bring him particularly to notice the interesting and valuable fact, that, as a result of the character of Oriental climes, the customs and manners of the people, to a very great degree, have remained unchanged during a period of more than three thousand years, so that a traveller of to-day in the East shall there see most of the ordinary acts of life performed by the people as did Abraham and the prophets, and last of all the disciples, in the Holy City.

These are facts which, during a long residence in India, and journeyings through various portions of the East, have often appeared to add much to my appreciation of the simplicity, nature, and beauty of many of the touching narratives of the inspired writings, and such having resulted to myself, I desire, according to my poor ability, to add such grains of information connected with this species of "external evidence," as the aspect of the East presents to the observant traveller.

The reader of his Bible, therefore, will not, I hope, consider it unwelcome, that, drawing on remembrance for my material, I endeavour to give, as an eye-witness, those facts connected with my own experiences in the East which tend to the illustration of various curious and interesting portions of the sacred writings; and the reader, desiring to aid my purpose, must suffer his imagination to form for itself, as a ground-work, as much idea as possible of Oriental climes, scenery, costume, and persons, either as he may have read of them in books, or seen of them in pictures. He must imagine a land glowing by day under the richest sunshine,—its lights all gold—its shadows all aye yst-coloured;—he must imagine the cities of its plains of sun-dried clay, and their flat-roofed houses half covered with a turbaned population;—he must imagine the shepherd classes of the hills and plains with their loins girded; their staff in their hands; their cloak of goat's hair; their rude tent, their property of flocks and herds, the wondrous beauty of tropical vegetation; the glory of the starlit canopy of heaven, that taught the Chaldean wanderer man's earliest science, constraining him to worship as he gazed, ignorantly indeed, yet with an inspiration of truth and beauty in his heart;—and having so imagined, the reader will allow me to draw his attention, without further preface, to the eighteenth chapter of the first book of Moses, in which is described the entertainment of the angels by Abraham. I once saw a native of Beloochistan that looked as one could fancy the patriarch might have looked;—the man I speak of was rich in flocks and herds, and came to visit us supported by his sons; his face was fair and handsome, though ninety summers had blanched the beard that flowed below his breast—a huge turban of fine muslin shaded his brow, and his dress was of goat's hair interwoven with coloured silk, and girded round the loins with a rope of camel's hair; his feet were bare, and his staff was in his hand. All the generations of his house dwelt with him, and ate of his bread; and his sons were herdsmen as he had been; and his sons' wives drew water, decked in all the bravery of gold, and silk, and gems;—and when a chief of the provinces passed by with a mounted retinue, they lodged at the old man's house, for he was the chief man of the city;—and as his aspect was, even so I fancied might have been that of the patriarch Abraham on the plains of Mamre.

At the first verse of the chapter in question, we read, that Abraham "sat in the tent-door in the heat

of the day." In all travelling in the East, or dwelling outside cities, a tent forms the general and convenient home. Its accommodation varies according to the wealth of its owner; I have seen the shepherd tribes of the Afghan mountains form a tented dwelling for wives and children, with a single goat's hair cloak supported on a bamboo pole, less in size than the white ant-hill by its side, the general class of whose insect architecture first gave perhaps to the desert wanderer his earliest idea of such a shelter. I have seen the Moslem noble, on his way to Mecca, with a tent of green and crimson cloth, surmounted by a gilded crescent, and surrounded by dwellings of the same form and material as his own, pertaining to his wives, friends, and followers; and I have, as a guest, sat in the tent of a prince in India, on the interior walls of which verses of the Koran were brodered with seed pearls and gold.

The tent of Abraham was probably the ordinary travelling tent, containing one apartment, with a door raised on poles, and being open at either side a current of air passes through, while the raised door as a sloping verandah, protects the ground beneath it from the sun. Many a pleasant hour have I passed, while travelling in the East, thus sitting in the tent-door, or doorway, at noon-day, watching the heated animals plunge into the neighbouring tank, or the weary traveller rest under the luxuriant foliage, shading the neighbouring well. And Abraham "lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him, and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door." Hospitality in the East is proverbial, the rich man goes forth to meet his guest, the poor man offers the refreshing smoke of his humble cocoa-nut pipe, or hubble-bubble, to comfort the weary traveller; the village damsel pours water on his hands, and the child proffers a morsel of dried fruit, a few dates, or a plantain. Abraham offered to the travellers on Mamre the refreshment most congenial to, and that always chosen by, Eastern travellers. The shoe of the East, whether it be the clumsy shoe of the Turk, and Mohammedan generally, or the rude sandal of the Arab and Hindoo, galls the feet, and impedes progress; the traveller, therefore, is seen bare-footed, with his shoes in his hand, or tucked into his girdle. The feet, having traversed perhaps twelve miles (about an ordinary day's journey) of heated earth, become sore and swollen, and the traveller uniformly seeks the river-side, the waters of a tank, or the neighbouring well, where he may bathe and cool them; after which he turns to the grateful shade of a peepul-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) as affording the most widely spreading canopy, draws forth from his little scrip or girdle the favourite *kaliam*, and thus "as one who on his journey baits at noon, though bent on speed," calmly rests, ere he thinks of food, or can prepare it. Thus, therefore, said Abraham, "Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree;" then Abraham hastened to Sarah with the words, "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it and make cakes upon the hearth."

Women in the East, of whatever rank their husbands may be, always prepare their food. I remember being on board a steamer for Beirut, where were the four beautiful wives of a pacha of the first class, on his way from Constantinople to Jerusalem. He had men-servants in abundance, but the evening meal of the pacha was uniformly prepared by the ladies of the harem in their cabin, and carried thence by the eunuchs and other slaves to the carpet of their master.

In the family of the Brahmin of highest rank in Bombay, Vindasch Gungadhur Shastree, Esq., his Hindoo wife always prepares his daily food: and he has explained to me, that as a Hindoo, he could not eat the mess prepared by any one else without losing "caste." And this domestic duty is by no means considered as more degrading to the Eastern wife, than we suppose it to have been to the obedient Sarah.

The "making ready" a meal in the East is a process of some labour, and occupies time; whence Abraham's desire, that it should be done "quickly." I have often observed the operation as performed by the wives of my own servants, and can therefore describe it. The grain is brought in the quantity required by the woman either in a small winnowing basket or in the corner of her veil. She then, standing in the open air, sifts it carefully. After this is satisfactorily achieved, the woman seats herself on the ground and carefully picks the grain, throwing aside all refuse, discoloured or otherwise; then placing it between the large stones of a handmill, she grinds it, singing as she works the "grinding song," known to every Indian woman, and which, while riding through an Eastern village I have heard in chorus from the doorway of every hut, long in advance of earliest dawn. The meal is now made "ready."

The housewife then brings a brazen dish, and a small vessel of water, called in India a *Lotah*, and putting the meal into the dish, moistens and kneads it with great care. The "hearth" is ordinarily formed under the shade of a tree, where a portion of ground has been cleared, levelled, and spread with manure, which, hardening, forms a convenient floor, where are placed three large stones between which a fire is kindled. The housewife separates the kneaded meal into portions, which are pressed into the forms of thin cakes by a rapid circular motion of the palms of the hands, between which she holds the dough, and they are then, one by one, thrown on a metal plate, which has become heated on the stones. As each cake is baked, it is jerked on the hearth, to dry and cool, until a sufficient heap is raised to satisfy the usual appetites of the family; and, in manner equally simple, did Sarah, we suppose, "make cakes upon the hearth."

But the hospitality of Abraham to the travellers on the plain of Mamre did not confine itself to giving cakes of meal, the ordinary food of the commonest of the people. He "ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hastened to dress it." It is very evident from the verse which follows, that the calf was dressed whole; and the manner of doing this was probably similar to that which I recollect having seen in Upper Sind, at an entertainment given by the governor in a garden near the city of Shikarpore. A convenient space had been cleared for the dancing women, story-tellers, and jugglers, whose talents were intended to add to the charms of good cheer, to honour those bidden to the fête, while silver dishes, piled with fine fruits, decorated with fragrant blossoms, and interspersed with vases of sherbet and rose-water, formed a rich contrast to the beautiful Persian carpets spread before the cushions of the guests;—beyond this great centre of attraction was the singular scene of culinary preparation, performed in the open air, by the turbaned followers of the Prophet, who, having slain the animals, fetched from the herd with deep "Bismillahi," now attentively watched the process of rendering them "savoury meat." A line of bamboo

stakes had been firmly fixed into the ground, and on each was impaled a calf, a lamb, or a kid of the goats, well stuffed with spice, ghee (clarified butter), and flour; on either side blazed enormous wood fires, that extended in double column the length of the line, and in this manner the animals were dressed, and then carried among the guests, who separated with their daggers such portions as they chose, each guest being provided with a platter of fig-leaves, fastened together with the thorns of the Neem tree. "And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat."

It is not remarkable, among tribes so essentially pastoral as the people of the East have ever been, that butter and milk should form so considerable a portion of ordinary food. The shepherds, indeed, find in them their principal sustenance, and the rich use them under the impression that they tend much to *embonpoint*, which, with an Asiatic, is synonymous with wealth, honour, and the golden opinions of all men. I have seen a grave Moslem, with moustachios and beard, of most flowing grandeur, swallow the contents of a bowl of milk with as much satisfaction as a child in an English cottage could have done;—and the ghee, or butter, is not alone a favourite sauce to their cakes, and their bowls of dry rice, but is considered necessary as a common and salutary article of diet, in connexion with all descriptions of food. As their host, Abraham "stood" by his guests, "under the tree, and they did eat."

More than once it has occurred to me to be the bearer of introductions from the chief of a province to the governors of his towns and villages, and to have been, on arriving at them, treated with the same etiquette as would have been observed towards the chief himself. In these cases, some delicate viands, sweetmeats, and pastry, prepared by the fair hands of the ladies of the harem, have been sent with great ceremony on a silver salver, covered with an embroidered napkin, and conveyed by an armed servant; and immediately after his arrival, the governor himself has appeared to honour his guest, by standing, if he had been permitted to do so, while we ate;—and when some trifle had been tasted, in due form, the host would himself present a napkin, and vase of rose-water for ablution, taking on himself the humility of a servant. The form generally ends by the host's presenting a few pieces of money on a plate, which the guest raises to his forehead and returns, the act being intended to convey that the governor desires to place all he possesses at the command of the guest he so delighteth to honour. Thus Abraham, in *standing* beside his guests, performed as a host the act of courtesy common in the present day among the people of the East, when desiring to confer honour on a guest peculiarly distinguished; and imperfect as it is, I think my present illustration of these few interesting verses will tend, in some degree, to prove the position with which I commenced this paper, *i. e.* that three thousand years have produced little alteration in the manners of the people of the East, and that, notwithstanding all that has been written of them by travellers of industry and information, our best text-book in this, as in all other things, are the Sacred Scriptures, in which we see, as in a focus mirror of surpassing brightness, all that was, and is, and ever shall be.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

PART II.

"Oh! dear are the fables of olden time!
So sweetly witching, so rudely sublime,
Are the strange wild marvels of olden time,—
The goblin bestrode the midnight blast;
The shrouded ghost through the cloister past;
And forms of beauty surpassingly fair,
Spread their gossamer wings on the viewless air;
And spirits from heaven, and angels bright,
Rose with dazzling sheen on the hermit's sight;
And fairie maids bore the brave knight away
To live in joyance and youth for aye."

In a former sketch we alluded to the variety of brilliant materials at the command of the writer of the Romance of Chivalry. The dark superstitions of the Gothic nations, the bright and fairy fictions of the Orientals, with the relics of classic mythology which still lingered in the public mind, all were, as time advanced, softened and adorned by the combined influence of chivalry, gallantry, and religion; those "three columns on which the fictions of the middle ages repose."

As we observed before, the earliest chivalric romances were metrical, but those to which our ideas in this day more immediately turn, are the vast gigantic tomes of prose fiction which were woven round the much simpler, much brighter, poetic germ. These prose romances, too, continued high in favour long after their poetical predecessors were in disgrace: it is to these prose romances that Milton refers with such warm regard; and it is from these alone that we shall deduce our examples, chiefly because the language of the metrical ones is somewhat obscure and fatiguing to the unaccustomed eye.

Most indispensable personages in all these romances are Giants and Dwarfs. The giants will be more or less prodigious or cruel, the dwarfs more or less subtle, and the heroes more or less magnanimous, according to the taste of the writer, the opinions of his age, and the habits of his country, but in some form or other they are inseparable from chivalrous romance. The German dwarf was subtle, dark, and often cruel; the French ones were natural and humble attendants on the knights; while those of Spain were fantastic sprites, who rode

"On the vivid lightning's flash,
To those dread realms, where, hid from mortal sight;
Fierce genii roam, or where, in bright alcoves,
Mild fairies reign."

The ministrations of attendant spirits (the descendants of the ancient dwarfs) has been a very general topic of belief, and in some parts of Wales, of Scotland, and Ireland, is not yet exploded. The Banshee, the Brownie, &c. are of this race. So also—and it is more to our immediate purpose as referring to the precise time in which these romances were more especially in vogue—was Orthone, the *familiar* of the celebrated Earl of Foix, whom Froissart describes at length. We have space but for a short extract.

"So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knight, that oftentymes he wolde coe and vysite hym while he laye in his bedde aslepe, and outhur pull hym by the eare, or els stryke at his chambre dore or wyndowe, to awake hym: and whan the knyght awoke, than he wolde saye, Orthone, let me slepe. Nay, quod Orthone, that wyll I nat do, tyll I have shewed the suche tidynges as are fallen a late. The lady, the knyghtes wyfe, wolde be sore afrayed, that her hair wolde stande up, and hyde herselfe under the clothes. Thanne the knyghte wolde saye, Why, what tidynges

hast thou brought me? Quod Orthone, I am come out of Englande, or out of Hungary, or some other place, and yesterdaye I came thens, and suche thynges are fallen or suche other. So thus thys lord knew by Orthone every thyng that was done in any parte of the world."

Giants are of every variety which an enormous size and horrifying countenance can admit. "A paynim hydeous and grete, massyf, stronge and felounouse, which better resemblith the devyl than any man or persone; he is as black as pytche boyled—and he had eyen al enflamed lyke fyre, his necke large and grete, his nose half a fote longe."

Again: "Th' admyral of Babylone had a geant moche terryble, that was of the generacion of Goliath: he had the strength of forty myghty men and stronge."

Another—for we quote from the romances themselves—was "twelve cubits high, his face a cubit in length, and his nose a measured palm:"—and Arthur of Little Britain "espyde a great giaunte comynge to himwarde, who was fiftene fote of length, betynge togeder his tethe as though they had been hammers strikinge on a stythy, who had in his hand a great axe, whereof the blade was well nigh three fote longe:"—and so on *ad infinitum*.

There is no circumstance in these romances which now strikes us as absurd, which was not fully borne out by the general belief of the time. The romance-writers merely embellished,—they did not create. "And zitt there shewe the, in the Rocke ther, as the trew Chayns were fastned, that Andromade a gret geant was bounden with, and put in presoun before Noes fode: of the whyche geant is a rib of his syde, that is *forty fote long*." This is from the pen of Sir John Mandeville, of whose book any page contains marvels enough for a romance. He was a traveller, a knight, and a gentleman of high honour and strict veracity, and be his narrations ever so absurd, they were at the time considered worthy of full credit. Moreover, modern discoveries have confirmed the truth of some of his, apparently, most extravagant assertions. "Travellers and naturalists," says Southey, "told of more monsters than the romance-writers ever devised."

But "it should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless; and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems—that some of them gave strength to the wearer, others made him invisible.—Therefore God gave art and wisdom to them, that they built them hollow hills; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms,¹ and thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time, it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And it should be known that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years, and that they were created to come to

(1) Dragons—serpents.

the assistance of the dwarfs against the unfaithful giants, the beasts, and the worms."

The animal creation were under the sway of our forefathers to a degree incomprehensible by the traveller

"Through the tamer ground
Of these our unimaginative days."

Ogier, the Dane, one of the most celebrated of Charlemagne's peers, in the course of one of his peregrinations, entered a saloon, where he found a magnificent repast set out. No way loth to partake of it, he looked around to see who should be his boon companions, but perceived nobody at table but a well-bred horse, who (and what could a well-bred Christian have done more?) immediately rose, proffered him water, presented him viands, and then hospitably conducted him to the chamber prepared for his repose.

From some such legend as this has been derived that charming tale, the delight of our childhood, and now, in our mature and declining years, by no means bereft of all its fascinations, the interesting and veritable "History of Beauty and the Beast."

But young Partenope, in his wanderings, enters a hall bedecked in most inviting style, where the good-natured meats come to him in turn of their own accord, and a golden cup fills itself with wine and approaches his lips in the most tempting manner—without the *visible* ministration of either horse or fair.

The Lion, whose battle with the Dragon, the valorous Guy Earl of Warwick, in the plenitude of his knightly zeal, undertook and achieved, followed his valiant champion, like a dog, faithfully and affectionately to the close of his own life. These majestic rulers of the forest have certainly a tender *penchant* for humanity, and show a due and becoming deference to the precepts of the two-legged portion of creation. For when the lioness was carrying in her mouth the young Esplandian, the infant of the fair and frail Oriana, as a delicate morsel for her cubs, she chanced to meet a hermit, and in obedience to the moral truths he uttered, she laid the child gently on the ground, and suckled him from her own teats; and after having duly and for a sufficient length of time performed the office of wet-nurse to the infant, she assumed that of dry one and preceptress to the boy, constantly attending his steps, and shielding him from danger.¹

The marvellous or magic swords are important adjuncts to the machinery of romance. So finely were the blades tempered, and so peculiarly were they fitted to each hand, that if dispossessed of his own sword, a hero had some difficulty to perform his devoir with another. The famous "Excalibar" was fixed in a stone from which the hand of the great Arthur alone could extract it; and when he received his mortal wound, he could not have even the relief of dying until his sword was flung on the magic lake, from which a hand emerged to catch it ere it sank. His namesake of Lytle Brytaine obtained his sword "Clarence" much in the same manner. Fyerabras would hardly have been overcome by Oliver (except for the special rule in romance, that giants are made to be worsted) had he not incautiously left one of his magic swords within his enemy's reach: and Pyramus, who was lineally descended of "Alysaunder, and of Hector and Mackabeus," had a sword, with which "whomsoever is hurte shalle never be

staunched of bledynge." The apostrophe of the dying Roland—the far-famed paladin of Charlemagne—to his sword approaches the pathetic.

"Under a tree in a fayr medowe, whan he sat down on the grounde, he behelde his swerde, the best that ever was named Durandal, whyche is as moche to say as givynge an hard stroke. He took it out of the shethe and sawe it shyne moche bryght, and bycause it shold chaunge his maister, he had moche sorowe in his hert, and wepyng he sayd in thys maner pytously, 'O swerd of valure, the fayrest that ever was, thou wert never but fayr, nor ever founde I thee but good; who may comrehende thy value? Alas, who shal have thee after me? whosomever hath thee shal never be vaynquysshed, alwaye he shall have good fortune. O my sworde, which hast been my comforte and my joye, which never hurted person that might escape from death; O my swerde, yf any persone of no value should have thee, and I knewe it, I shold dye for sorowe.'"

And this is but the poor attempt at embellishment of real history, literal fact. "The knight," says Mill, the historian of chivalry, "threw round his sword all his affections. In that weapon he particularly trusted. It was his *good sword*—his own *good sword*. He gave it a name. The sword was his only crucifix when mass was said before battle, it was was moreover his consolation in the moment of death."¹

The pharmacopœia of romance was as appropriate and excellent as its armoury. Fyerabras carried at his holster two little barrels of balm, by which, with a touch, the most deadly wounds were healed; and which, unluckily for him, had as beneficent an effect on his antagonist, Olyver, as on himself. That of Pyramus is more specifically described. "Thienne Syre Pyramus and Syre Gawain alyghed, and lete thene horses graze in the meadowe and unarmed them. And then the blood ranne freshly from thyr woundes. And Pyramus toke from his page a viol full of the *four waters that came out of Paradys*, and with certaine balme amointed theyr woundes and wasshed them with that water, and within an hour after they were both as whole as ever they were."

Arthur of Lytle Brytaine swallowed a certain drink, and "as soone as it was spread abroad in his vaynes he was thereby sodeynly all whole, and more lustyer than ever he was before, for than he thought yt his strength was doubled; and truely in a maner so it was, for by the vertue of these herbes he had ye grace, that from thensforth there was never man that could drawe oute of his body any blode." And this was a simple decoction of a few herbs gathered during the progress of that combat, by which he was all but annihilated.

The renowned Cid, being forewarned in a vision of his approaching death, prepared for it, and "calling for a precious balsam, with which the Soldan of Persia had presented him, he mingled it with rose-water, and tasted nothing else for seven days, during which, though he grew weaker and weaker, yet his countenance appeared even fairer and fresher than before." After his death, by virtue of the balsam, his body appeared fresh, fair, and rosy, as if alive, and so continued for *ten years*.

The well, or water, of youth and beauty is indigenous to the soil of romance. It springs even in the arid soil of early German fiction, which, founded, as we have intimated, on the gloomy mythology of the

(1) *Amadis de Gaul*, lib. iii.

(1) As a *crucifix*—the handle.

Scandinavians, does not exhibit any profusion of the lighter and brighter flowers of fable.

"Mirrour of ladies lovely,
fain would I be the near,
But alas! my form is laithly,
and black am I of cheer.'
To the loving youth she said,
'If beauteous thou wilt be,
In the flowing fountain
bathe thee speedily:
Fair thy visage will become,
as before a year;
Nobly, champion bold and brave,
will thy form appear.'
Black and foul he leaped
into the well of youth,
But white and fair he issued,
with noble form, forsooth."¹

This agreeable transformation is effected in Ogier the Dane by means of a ring which the enamoured fairy Morgana bestows upon him in her enchanted Castle of Avalon. In some form or other these indispensable requisites in heroes of romantic fiction—youth and beauty—were always at the beck of the tutelar deities of romance.

It would be endless to recapitulate all the minor ornaments and tools of romance. There are magic horns which can be sounded by none but chosen lungs; magic goblets which permit none but pure lips to approach them; magic girdles before which even the cestus of Venus must fade; chambers which can be opened by none but a predestined knight or maiden; and enchanted statues which utter all but unutterable things.

In their most marvellous descriptions the romance-writers never supposed that they were outraging possibility: all their marvels were founded on the belief of the day. Their geography is marvellous. Joseph of Arimathea passes without any difficulty from Judæa to Ireland, and the kingdom of Babylon is represented as having bordered upon Brittany. Their chronology is not less astounding.

"Some force whole regions, in despite
Of geography, to change their site,
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after."

The old romance-writers had not the ghost of an idea of any thing like dramatic construction, or of any unity of action. They introduce you to some primeval progenitor of the destined hero of the book, whose life with those of his successors being detailed in regular rotation, brings you in due time (or, as a modern would think, *undue*) to him from whom the book was named. The beauties of these works (which however have to be culled from a voluminous mass of wearisome matter) are striking: and consist of romantic and frequently touching incidents simply narrated; accurate descriptions of life and manners; and stores of fairy scenes,

"Where the silver fountains wander,
Where the golden streams meander,"

amid the tangled glades of the forest, or the flower-enamelled tufts of the verdant plains.

The code of morality in the romances of chivalry is faulty, very. Their code of honour, indeed, was refined and elevated, until it had a moralizing effect, and the laxity of the moral creed was in some points redeemed by the noble spirit which pervaded the knightly one. But maiden chastity and conjugal fidelity were lightly esteemed, and the female character, as exhibited in romances, can only be tolerated

because it is said to be a picture of the real life of those times; "to form a *just* idea of which, (says a critical writer) we cannot help thinking that the ancient romances should be read along with the labours of the professed historian."

Nevertheless, the romances of chivalry are imbued with a religious spirit, or rather, perhaps, we should say a strong *sentiment* of religion. On all occasions religion is honoured, and her votaries and servants are revered and loved. We have observed in a former sketch that the governing spirit of the time, Chivalry, was enveloped in religious obligation. Romances faithfully depicted that spirit, as they, in their turn, promoted it. We are told that the "custom was that the subgettes of Charles, that day, whyche shold fyghte, were confessyd and comuned wythout fayllinge, by men of the chyrche, which alway were wyth them." In the same spirit—"Whan the bataille was all ended the kyng (Arthur) kneld downe and thanked God mekely;" and his knights, amid all their wanderings over savage wilds, and through dreary and almost impenetrable forests, omit no opportunity of seeking ghostly counsel and advice from the hermits and holy men, who are represented—often beautifully—amid dreary solitudes and inhospitable wilds, devoting their lives to contemplation, to prayer, and to the solace of the wandering and benighted wayfarer, who, sure that no region is too savage for these humble votaries of peace and benevolence, strives ever to reach the anchorite's humble cell, "ere the bat hath flown his cloistered flight."

"And within a whyle they cam to the hermytage, and took lodgyng, and full hard was their souper, but there they rested him al nyghte tyl on the morne, and herde a masse devoutly, and tooke their leve of the heremyte, and Syre Tor prayed the heremyte to pray for him, he sayd he wold, and betooke him to God."

"So kyng Pellinore took this dede knyght on his sholders, and broughte hym to an hermytage, and charged the heremyte with the corps, that servyse shold be done for the soule. It shall be done, said the heremyte, as I will answer unto God."

"Thenne departed Gawayne and Ector, as hevy as they myghte for their mysaventure, and so they rode tyl that they came to the montayne, and there they teyed their horses, and wente on foote to the heremytage. And whanne they were come up, they sawe a poure hows, and besyde the chappell a lytyl courtelage, where Nacyen the heremyte gadred wortes as he which had tasted none other mete of a grete whyle. And whane he sawe the erraunt knyghtes, he came toward them and saluted them, and they hym agayne. 'Faire lordes,' said he, 'what adventur brought you hither?' 'Syr,' said Gawayn, 'to speke with yow for to be confessed.' 'Sir,' said the heremyte, 'I am redy.'"

The desperate exterminations of interminable, innumerable hordes of pagans, and their conversion *vi et armis* to the Christian faith, form marked features of the tales relating to the Round Table and to Charlemagne; and the theological disputes are perfectly original. The mental enlightenment of these pagans is at times somewhat sudden, but then, to be sure, danger is a great sharpener of the wits.

"After the paynim was smytyn and hurte mortally, and he seeing that he myght no more resiste, by the vertu of God he was enlumyned in such wyse that he had knowleche of the errour of the paynims."

"Wolfdietrich proceeded to the cathedral where he

(1) Book of Heroes.

(1) See Sharpe's London Magazine, July, 1847, pages 150, 183.

saw the tomb of Bechtung. He heaved up the stone and beheld the dead body of his beloved master. He called upon God to give him some token of his soul's welfare, and immediately the bones assumed a glittering whiteness."

"And when they had ryden a grete longe waye, they came into a grete wode of Buscage, in whyche they myght not passe annethe in two dayes, and yet wyth grete payne, and Charles thought to passe it in one daye, wherefore he and his hoost entred wythin the sayd wood, which was ful of dyvers wilde beestes, as gryffons, beres, lyons, tygres, and other beestes." They were in great perplexity, and Charles (Charlemagne) says his prayers so devoutly that "there came a byrde to his ere in the presence of everiche that were about hym, which sayd wyth an hye voys, 'Kyng, thyn oryson is herde.' And after that the kyng and his company wente and folowed the byrde, whyche conducted them unto the ryght waye, whyche they had lost the day tofore."

These mighty warriors and renowned chiefs are frequently represented as finishing their lives in the privacy of the monastery or the penance of the hermit's cell. All Arthur's knights so ended their days. And the cowl is made also the choice of a warrior equally renowned for valour, but rather less for benevolence and courtesy.

"At the very furthest end of Christendom stood the monastery of Tuskel, dedicated to St. George. Thither Woldietrich proceeded, laid his arms and golden crown upon the altar, and commenced his holy occupation. He became a monk, and led a most exemplary life." He seems, however, not all at once to have lost the prowess which had enabled him to slay dragons, hew down giants, and dispatch men of common size by fifties—for the heathens or pagans molested the monastery, and he seldom issued out without killing sixty of them. He continued for "sixteen years in this transitory life, and when his soul left its mortal habitation, the angels appeared, and conducted it to glory."

This seems to make good the old adage, "the greater the sinner, the better the saint," and the exemplary end of Guy Earl of Warwick, further illustrates and confirms the "wise saw." It must be remembered that in one of his battles "fifteen acres were covered with the bodies of slaughtered Saracens, and so furious were his strokes, that the pile of dead men, wherever his sword had reached, rose as high as his breast." And it will be borne in mind also that this, and numberless other exterminating conquests, were achieved, not like those of Charlemagne, for the Christian faith—not like Arthur's, from the love of glory—but as a tribute to the merits of a lady whose hand he could not otherwise obtain. He married her; and forty days afterwards, suddenly stricken with remorse for his past misdeeds, he retired to a life of penance and mortification. In a solitary hermitage in the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire, he was warned by an angel of his approaching dissolution. He immediately summoned his long-deserted but faithful wife, who received his parting breath; and who, surviving him but fifteen days, was in death reunited to him.

The least interesting of the chivalric romances are those which were composed on classical heroes. It is not that they are wanting in originality, for the best-read classic will perhaps yield them most applause on that score; but it makes one's very finger ends tingle to read of the "sister and consort of imperial Jove" as "*olde Juno*"—"false olde quene Juno"—

"cursed olde vyrago," &c. Neither can we fancy Alexander and Hercules improved by being converted into preux knights of chivalry.

"Syre," said Hercules, "I love the worship and honour of ladies. And ther ne is thing that I might do for hem, but I wold do hit unto my power."

"The frendes of Jason wolde that Jason shold be made knyghte. And for to do that, they presented hym to Hercules, whiche gaf hym the ordre of knyghtehode."

Hercules is represented as the "moste noble and vertuous man that ever had been," and after he "began to studie the scyence of astronomye, and the seven scyences lyberall," he became "the beste philosopher, and the most parfyt astronomyer of all the world."

But having thus rudely and unceremoniously broken the repose in which these ancient heroes of the romance-writers' pen have so long slumbered, it is fair that they should speak for themselves somewhat more continuously than we have hitherto permitted them to do.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title, in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

SUNDAY AT SEA.

D. P. C.

It was the Sabbath; but no voice of prayer
Was swelling round us o'er the trackless sea,
Borne by the steam-ship's restless energy,
We held our lonely course: the wild winds there
Did make most solemn music, and the waves
With loud according voices hymned His praise,
At whose Almighty bidding they upraise
Their giant strength, or seek their ocean-caves.
And sweet it was to think how, far away
In that dear land, which, from our straining view,
Melting in misty outline as we flew,
Full many a weary league behind us lay,
Lips that we loved breathed solemn Litany
"For all by sea or land that travellers be."

A MAN should know how to use his own genius; if he does not, he is just like some precocious child, who, with deep thoughts, and metaphysical shadows haunting him, is appended to them, rather than they to him; and who possess his own ideas only as a basin does water, by containing them.—*Christian Remembrancer*.

To say that there is neither right nor wrong, except in so far as positive laws enjoin or forbid, is equivalent to saying that before the circle was traced all the radii were not equal.—*Montesquieu*.

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An Irish Cabin.

DRAWN BY F. W. TOPHAM, ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DALZIEL.

THE IRISH CABIN.

(Vide Illustration.)

THOSE of our readers who have been accustomed only to the neat, trim appearance of the "homes and haunts" of our English cottagers would indeed feel surprise, not unmingled with pity, were they to behold the sad reality which that picturesquely-sounding habitation—an Irish cabin—presents to the eye of the spectator. We quote the words of one of the best and most graphic delineators of life in the sister island. He says, speaking of the aspect of one of these buildings, "It was a low mud hovel, with a miserable roof of soda, or scraws, as they are technically called; a wretched attempt at a chimney occupying the gable, and the front to the road containing a small square aperture with a single pane of glass as a window, and a door which, notwithstanding the severity of the day, stood wide open, to permit the exit of the smoke, which rolled more freely through this than through the chimney. There was no vestige of any furniture in the interior of the cabin. A pot was suspended over the wet and sodden turf by a piece of hay rope; and an earthen pipkin, filled with water, stood beside it. The floor of the hovel, lower in many places than the road without, was cut up into sloppy mud by the tread of a thin, lank-sided sow, who ranged at will through the premises. In a word, more dire and wretched poverty it was impossible to conceive."

THE ENCHANTED NET.¹

BY THE EDITOR.

COULD we only give credit to half we are told,
There were sundry strange monsters existing of old;
For, without our disturbing those very large bones—
Which have turned (for the rhyme's sake, perhaps) into
stones,

And have chosen to wait a
Long while hid in strata,
White old Time has been dining on empires and thrones—
(Old bones and dry bones,
Leg-bones and thigh-bones,
Bones of the vertebrae, bones of the tail,
Very like, only more so, the bones of a whale,
Bones that were very long, bones that were very short,
They have never as yet found a real fossil merry-thought,
I'erchance because mastodons, burly and big,
Considered all funny bones quite *infra dig.*)
Skulls have they found in strange places imbedded,
Which at least prove their owners were very long headed;
And other queer things,—which it's not my intention,
Lest I weary your patience, at present to mention,
As I think I can prove, without further apology,
What I said to be true, *sans* appeal to geology,
That there lived in the good old days gone by
Things unknown to our modern philosophy,
And a giant was then no more out of the way,
Than a dwarf appears in the present day.

Sir Eppo of Epstein was young, brave, and fair;
Dark were the curls of his clustering hair,
Dark the moustache that o'ershadowed his lip.
And his glance was as keen as the sword at his hip;
Though the enemy's charge was like lightning's fierce
shock,

His seat was as firm as the wave-beaten rock;
And woe to the foeman whom pride or mischance
Opposed to the stroke of his conquering lance.
He carved at the board, and he danced in the hall,
And the ladies admired him—each one and all:
In a word, I should say he appears to have been
As nice a young "ritter" as ever was seen.

He could not read nor write,
He could not spell his name;
'Towards being a clerk, Sir Eppo his + mark
Was as near as he ever came.
He had felt no vexation
From multiplication;
Never puzzled was he
By the rule of three;

The practice he'd had
Did not drive him mad,
Because it all lay
Quite a different way.
The asses' bridge, that bridge of sighs,
Had (lucky dog!) ne'er met his eyes.

In a very few words, he expressed his intention
Once for all to decline every Latin declension,
When persuaded to add, by the good Father Herman,
That most classical tongue to his own native German.

And no doubt he was right in

Point of fact for a knight in

Those days was supposed to like nothing but fighting;
And one who had learned any language that is hard,
Would have stood a good chance of being burned for a
wizard.

Education, being then never pushed to the verge ye
Now see it, was chiefly confined to the clergy.

'Twas a southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
For aught that I know to the contrary;
If it wasn't, it ought to have been properly,
As it's certain Sir Eppo, his feather-bed scorning,
Thought that *something* proclaimed it a fine hunting
morning;

So pronouncing his benison
O'er a cold haunch of venison,
He floored the best half, drank a gallon of beer,
And set out on the Taunus to chase the wild deer.

Sir Eppo he rode through the good green wood,
And his bolts flew fast and free;
He knocked over a hare, and he passed the lair
(The tenant was out) of a grisly bear;
He started a wolf, and he got a snap shot
At a bounding roe, but he touched it not,
Which caused him to mutter a naughty word
In German, which luckily nobody heard,
For he said it right viciously;
And he struck his steed with his arm'd heel,
As though horse-flesh were but iron or steel,
Or anything else that's unable to feel.

What is the sound that meets his ear?
Is it the plaint of some wounded deer?
Is it the wild-fowl's mournful cry,
Or the scream of yon eagle soaring high?
Or is it only the southern breeze
Waving the boughs of the dark pine-trees?—
No—Sir Eppo, be sure 'tis not any of these:

And hark again!
It comes more plain—
'Tis a woman's voice in grief or pain.

Like an arrow from the string,
Like a stone that leaves the sling,
Like a railroad train with a Queen inside,
With directors to poke and directors to guide,
Like the rush upon deck when a vessel is sinking,
Like (I vow I'm hard-up for a simile) winking,
Sir Eppo sprang forward, o'er river and bank all,
And found—a young lady chained up by the ankle,—
Yes, chained up in a cool and business-like way,
As if she'd been only the little dog Tray;
While, the more to secure every knight-errant's pity,
She was really and truly excessively pretty.

Here was a terrible state of things!
Down from his saddle Sir Eppo springs,
As lightly as if he were furnished with wings,
While every plate in his armour rings.
The words that he uttered were short and few,
But pretty much to the purpose too,
As sternly he asked, with lowering brow,
"Who dared to do it!" and "Where is he now?"

'Twere long to tell
Each word that fell

(1) From German Ballads, &c. (Turns.)

From the coral lips of that demoiselle;
 However, as far as I'm able to see,
 The pith of the matter appeared to be,
 That a horrible giant, twelve feet high,
 Having gazed on her charms with a covetous eye,
 Had stormed their castle, murdered Papa,
 And behaved very rudely to poor dear Mamma,
 Taken French leave with the family plate,
 And walked off with herself at a terrible rate;
 Then, by way of conclusion
 To all this confusion,
 Tied her up, like a dog,
 To a nasty great log,
 To induce her (the brute,) to become Mrs. Gog;—
 That 'twas not the least use for Sir Eppo to try
 To chop off his head, or to poke out his eye,
 As he'd early in life done a bit of Achilles [pill] is),
 (Which much better than taking an "Old Parr's life-
 Had been dipt in the Styx, or some equally old stream,
 And might now face unharmed a battalion of Coldstream.

But she'd thought of a scheme,
 Which did certainly seem
 Very likely to pay—no mere vision or dream.
 It appears that the giant each day took a nap
 For an hour (the wretch!) with his head in her lap:
 Oh, she hated it so! but then what could she do?—
 Here she paused, and Sir Eppo remarked, "Very true;"—
 And that during this time one might pinch him or shake
 him, [him,
 Or do just what one pleased, but that nothing could wake
 While each horse and each man in the emperor's pay
 Would not be sufficient to move him away,
 Without magical aid, from the spot where he lay.
 In an old oak-chest, in an up-stairs room
 Of poor Papa's castle, was kept an heir-loom,
 AN ENCHANTED NET, made of iron links,
 Which was brought from Palestine, she thinks,
 By her great Grandpapa, who had been a crusader;
 If she had but got that, she was sure it would aid her.

Sir Eppo, kind man,
 Approves of the plan;
 Says he'll do all she wishes as quick as he can;
 Begs she won't fret if the time should seem long;
 Snatches a kiss, which was "pleasant but wrong;"
 Mounts, and taking a fence in good fox-hunting style,
 Sets off for her family seat on the Weil.

The sun went down,
 The bright stars burned,
 The morning came,
 And the knight returned;
 The net he spread
 O'er the giant's bed;
 While the eglantine, and hare-bell blue,
 And some nice green moss on the spot he threw;
 Lest perchance the monster alarm should take,
 And not choose to sleep from being too wide awake.

Hark to that sound!
 The rocks around
 Tremble—it shakes the very ground;
 While Irmengard cries,
 As tears stream from her eyes—
 A lady-like weakness we must not despise—
 (And here, let me add, I have been much to blame,
 As I long ago ought to have mentioned her name)—
 "Here he comes! now do hide yourself, dear Eppo, pray;
 For my sake, I entreat you, keep out of his way."

Scarce had the knight
 Time to get out of sight
 Among some thick bushes, which covered him quite,
 Ere the giant appeared—oh, he was such a fright!
 He was very square built, a good twelve feet in height,
 And his waistcoat (three yards round the waist) seemed
 too tight;

While to add even yet to all this singularity,
 He had but one eye, and his whiskers were caroty.

What an anxious moment!—will he lie down?
 Oh, how their hearts beat!—he seems to frown,—
 No 'tis only an impudent fly that's been teasing
 His sublime proboscis, and set him a-sneezing.

Attish-hu! attish-hu!
 You brute, how I wish you
 Were but as genteel as the Irish lady,
 Dear Mrs. O'Grady,
 Who, chancing to sneeze in a noble duke's face,
 Hoped she hadn't been guilty of splashing his Grace.

Now look out. Yes, he will!—No he won't!—by the
 powers!

I thought he was taking alarm at the flowers;
 But it luckily seems, his gigantic invention
 Has at once set them down as a little attention
 On Irmengard's part, done by way of suggestion
 That she means to say "yes" when he next pops the
 question.

There! he's down! now he yawns, and in one minute
 more—

I thought so, he's safe—he's beginning to snore;
 He is wrapped in that sleep he shall wake from no more.
 From his girdle the knight took a ponderous key—
 It fits, and once more is fair Irmengard free:
 From heel to head, and from head to heel,
 They wrap their prey in that net of steel,
 And they weave the edges together with care,
 As you finish a purse for a fancy-fair,
 Till the last knot is tied by the diligent pair.
 At length they have ended their business laborious,
 And Eppo shouts, "Bagged him, by all that is glorious!"

No billing and cooing,
 You must up and be doing,
 Depend on't, Sir Knight, this is no time for wooing;
 You'll discover, unless you progress rather smarter,
 That catching a giant's like catching a Tartar:
 He still has some thirty-five minutes to sleep;
 Close to this spot hangs a precipice steep,
 Like Shakspeare's tall cliff which they show one at Dover;
 Drag him down to the brink, and then let him roll over;
 As they scarce make a capital crime of infanticide,
 There can't be any harm in a little giganticide.

"Pull him, and haul him! take care of his head!
 Oh, how my arms ache—he's heavy as lead!"
 "That'll do, loye,—I'm sure I can move him alone,
 Though I'm certain his weight is a good forty stone."
 Yo, heave ho! roll him along,
 (It's exceedingly lucky the net's pretty strong);
 Once more—that's it—there, now I think,
 He's done to a turn, he rests on the brink;
 At it again, and over he goes
 To furnish a feast for the hooded crows;
 Each vulture that makes the Taunus his home,
 May dine upon giant for months to come.

Lives there a man so thick of head
 To whom it must in words be said,
 How Eppo did the lady wed,
 And built upon the giant's bed
 A castle walled and turreted?
 We will hope not; or if there be,
 Defend us from his company!

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE (ORIENTAL).

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE MOONSHÉE.

IN a large antechamber, spread with fine Chinese
 matting, on a bright-coloured Persian rug, and seated
 on his heels, we may imagine a fine-looking Moha-
 medan of some forty years of age, the Moonshée, or
 native interpreter and writer of the chief civilian of

the district. He wears a dress of white cotton, and a turban of fine muslin twisted round a Bokhara cap of red quilted silk worked with gold; his slippers of yellow cloth are by his side, as also his inkstand of Chinese lacquer-work, his paper scissors, and his coarse bladed knife. On his knees are several strips of yellow-looking native paper, on which he eagerly writes with a reed pen, describing Persian characters, and writing from the right hand to the left, muttering to himself as he does so, and labouring much in composition, for it happens that his master has directed him to write a letter of ceremony to a chief, and the moonshee works hard, therefore, to get up—

“—A fine specimen, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call rigmorale.”

The object of the letter is to request an order for procuring camels for conveying treasure. But the first three sheets of paper must be filled with assurances of friendship, expressed in the most poetical and hyperbolic terms; of comparisons between the deeds of the ancestors of the chief and all the heroes of the Eastern world, with praises of his personal ancestry, the sun, moon, and stars. Now a good deal of imagery is required to do this well, but at last it is done; the fact of the camels is briefly added, gold-dust is sprinkled over the wet ink, the paper is carefully cut at the edges, and folded like a book-marker, and then the house tailor is called, who proceeds to make one little bag of crimson satin worked with gold of the brocade called “Kinkaub,” and another little bag, of fine sprigged muslin, after which the letter is first placed in the satin bag, and then is shaded by the muslin envelope. A silken cord secures the mouth, and is fastened with a heavy seal, about the size of the stand of a wine-glass. At this juncture a man starts up from the group that surrounds the moonshee, armed to the teeth—match-lock, sword, dagger, pistols, powder-flask, kreeze, all are there,—and if the messenger could but use all his glittering arms at once, a horde could not withstand him; but, as it is, they are apt to prove better for show than service,—and, combined with the shield of rhinoceros hide, and the coat of quilted cotton, that would turn a musket-ball, they rather impede decided bravery; and this our friend knows full well, so that if a mounted marauder came with spear in rest too swiftly over the plain, our man of war, without a doubt, would trust to his spur rather than his sword. He has done so before, and lives to tell the tale; not of how he fled, however, but of how he fought, and *conquered* these same “men in buckram.” Now, however, with great zeal, he seizes the letter from the moonshee, raises it to his forehead, wraps it in a muslin scarf, and tucks it in his waist-belt; with a mighty clatter he then seeks his horse, that has been screaming and roaring as only an irregular horseman’s ignoble steed can scream and roar, for the last hour, and clambering into the well-stuffed saddle, the rider dashes through the gates at furious speed; but the moment the residency walls are hidden by the neighbouring gardens, the letter-bearer draws his rein, takes out his *Kaliun*, and does his duty in a very easy pleasant way. Our moonshee meanwhile turns to other duties. As fast as they can be read he runs over petition after petition, in the Mahratta or Guzerattee languages,—his master, perhaps, writing to a friend the while, about a tent, or a horse, or a pic-nic; and at the end the moonshee briefly explains one or two, and a letter is directed to be written—a very ordinary letter, without gold-dust, or compliments, or brocade, or muslin bags, or large seals

either; and the civilian signs it, and the moonshee smears the surface of a silver signet with Indian ink, and draws the end of the document across his tongue, and stamps the signet on the paper; and as he reaches the anteroom again, and seats himself upon his carpet, scores of people press round to gain his favour. Farmers engaged with boundary disputes, cultivators questioning the right by which they are taxed, and others, all seeking earnestly the favour of the moonshee. With faces pressed against the windows of the room are those whose claims are either not deemed important, or whose turn for being heard has not yet come. Among them are aged crones; young mothers, with their infant brood; a haughty, stern-looking man of middle age, obstinate and perverse—a man who would rather thus wait from sunrise to sunset, day by day, than yield one tittle to his neighbour, or bear the encroachment of an inch upon his land-mark. And this man knows the value of the moonshee—the power that representation can give to a careless ear; he knows how petitions may be produced or evaded, how words and idioms may be brought in—not quite heard or understood, perhaps, by the weary listener; and the petitioner has proved his knowledge in many ways, and others with him, or the moonshee, on five pounds a month, would not possess shawls, and silver fire-cups to his kaliun, and a horse of blood and trappings worthy a chieftain’s stud. No, no! as the civilian passes out to take his evening’s drive, a hundred voices shriek aloud for justice; and many a poor oppressed but honest man runs behind, in the dust of the carriage-wheels, who, having no bribe to offer, has waited all day, with this one hope—and will so wait to-morrow and to-morrow, till his heart breaks; but the wiser, richer pleader, satisfies himself with paying the homage of a low salaam, then turns back to chat with his friend the moonshee, and the chances are that another sunset sees him in his village a triumphant and contented man. Sheikh Ooluf-oo-deen was a person of no common ability, however, and perhaps among all the moonshees of all the public offices in India, it would have been difficult to find a man who could erase a word so neatly, imitate the old writing of a deed of grant so perfectly, copy a signature so exactly, or take off the impression of a signet so cleverly (if worth his while), as Sheikh Ooluf-oo-deen. But moonshees are of various classes, not all so able or so influential as the individual described, and yet characters in their way. I knew one, Kurree Khan, a Persian, for instance, who prided himself on his poetry, and knew nothing either of that, or of anything else in the world. It was his pleasure to wear the ancient Persian dress, consisting of a white turban, a muslin vest, and light blue body dress with hanging sleeves, lined with red and yellow chintz; he delighted in strolling about by moonlight, sitting at early dawn surrounded by the green blades of a field of damp jowarree (species of corn), and wrote execrable verses on all the most common-place incidents of his very uninteresting life. His days were passed in mingled idleness and ineffable self-conceit. With a pair of striped cashmere socks, and shagreen slippers from Caubool, with iron heels decorating his feet, he strolled about, reading his verses to every one he met, and refreshing his mind and body, at certain intervals, with larger quantities of pillau, curried bajee (spinach), and sweetened rice, than one would have thought it possible any “true believer” could have discussed with comfort.

Another moonshee, also a character in his way, might be classed as the melancholy moonshee. He was very pale, and very thin, wore spectacles, and a tall black lambskin cap with a scarlet bag, according to the fashion of such things in Bokhara, and he was wiser than Kurreem Khan; he did not believe that an eclipse was caused by the sun and moon fighting together, nor was he sure that the earth was supported on the back of a tortoise, nor was he quite satisfied that the sun was obliging enough to go back under the earth every night, to be ready to rise in the east in the morning; he had doubts on these subjects, but he had no doubt of the tree in Mahomet's paradise, that blossoms twice a-year with full suits of winter and summer dresses for the faithful; nor did he question that it was from the heat-drops that fell from the brow of Peer Mungul, that all the alligators sprung that abound in the tank near Karrachee. These were his favourite matters of faith; beyond them he never speculated, but sat on the floor of the tent all day, with the gulistan upon his lap, looking intensely miserable, and whenever news was told him, even of the most stirring kind, he would but ejaculate, in slow and right dismal tones, "God is great," and relapse into his previous state. I never saw Lootij really cheerful till he got among the tombs at Tattáh, a city of tombs in Lower Sindh, but when lounging about among them he became stimulated and communicative, told us how one was erected over the tooth of a mighty prince of the Talpur dynasty, how another was nightly guarded by a dervish in the form of a tiger, and so on, till in the end, having escaped being poisoned by snakes, or buried under a crumbling dome, or stung to death by wasps, all which were very likely to have happened, the melancholy moonshee was attacked by fever, and despatched by the earliest boat to the mouths of the Indus, an incident rather agreeable, perhaps, than otherwise, as miseries always seem to be a sort of comfort to dismal people. Then in our varieties one must not omit Zowkeram, the warrior moonshee! Poor Zowkeram! I know not if the better part of valour may have saved him in the Sindhian wars, but the banks of the Indus could not produce a more amusing character. He was a Hindoo, as his name informs us, *Ram* being a noted hero in their mythology; yet, being under a Mohammedan government, he adopted the Mohammedan costume, tied his body-coat on the left, instead of the right side, a very important distinction; and when he became excited, as he very often was, and passing wrathful, he would pour invective on invective against the individual object, in such a torrent of words as no ear could follow, and end quite exhausted, with the powerful desire, "May your father be burnt;" just as if he were a good Mohammedan, indulging his national antipathy to idol-worshippers and their ways, though everybody round knew perfectly well that Zowkeram's father himself had been burnt, and that at an expense of five hundred rupees, feasting, confectionary, and all, to the eternal honour of his loving family.

Zowkeram was more honest than most of his class, I doubt if he would have taken a bribe; but those who desired to oblige him were wont to make little cadeaux of matchlocks, particularly long in the barrel; two-edged Arab swords; pistols to carry seven bullets; and little matters of that sort; so that Zowkeram's armoury would have quite delighted Sir Samuel Merrick for the variety and rarity of its specimens. And his great delight was to be sent across the desert of Cutchee with orders to the governors of the towns

at the foot of the Bolan pass. From the moment the order was given, Zowkeram forgot every title of his learning. He forgot that he had ever learned to trace a Persian word to its Arabic root; that he had ever written letters to Dost Mahomed and the Khan of Khelat that in their several durbars had been considered marvellous specimens of rhetoric and penmanship; he forgot his talents for negotiation and political chicanery, he almost forgot how to abuse a Mohammedan, and thought only of the wars of Lanka, Devi's fights with the giants, and the horsemanship of Roostum. His white cotton dress was exchanged for a quilted body coat of green cloth, lined with Manchester chintz, and edging the robe, as an English peer would use ermine. His Arab sword depended by cross belts from his shoulder, his shield occupied the space between his horse and his turban, a pair of cavalry pistols protruded from his waist-shawl (the seven-barrelled weapon reposing in his bosom), and in his hand he carried an immensely long and keenly tipped spear. Boots of untanned sambur skin, brodered with coloured silks, reached above his knees, at the heels of which were a pair of racing spurs, that had once won the day for the first Delhi jockey. Such was the outward aspect of the worthy Zowkeram when about to mingle with the illiterate desert hordes: but the inward man was not panoplied with courage, as the outward man with steel—war was his taste, not his nature; and, in strict confidence with the reader, it must be confessed that, perhaps, in all Hindostan there could not be found a greater coward at heart than worthy Zowkeram, the warrior moonshee. He rode forth through the deserts of Cutchee like one of the valiant, but it was because a band of irregular horsemen, a troop of cavalry, and some hundred sepoys, hedged him in on every side; and I strongly suspect that if his village had been made the object of a night attack by three cultivators determined to punish the grain-sellers for roguery, Zowkeram would have been the first to have rushed forth, Hindoo as he was, with a Koran on his head, and to shout *Aman, Aman!* (mercy, mercy!) He boasted much of his prowess, as all cowardly people do. He loved tiger-hunting, too, when he could sit snugly among the branches of a tree; and battue-shooting, when he could be second in line behind a file of matchlocks. I well recollect a tiger-hunt with elephants, that formed the princely sport of Meer Alli Moorad: as part of the cortège, caracoling about the tents, none more brilliant, none more excited, none better armed, than Zowkeram, but the hunt once on foot, the moonshee was nowhere to be found. The tigress and her cubs were brought in slain, and a brief space afterwards, with drawn sword, unfolded turban, and face disfigured by many wounds, rushed up the moonshee; he had fought desperately, thrice had the tigress leaped on him from her covert, and thrice had he risen to renew the strife:—it was too absurd; but yet over the crackling fires that same night, did Zowkeram repeat the tale to wondering listeners; and the particulars he gave were so distinct, and his own bruises so apparent, that I, like others, was half inclined to cry *Shah Bash!* thou man of courage! until a Sindhian, who had seen the facts, told them in confidence to my head servant: the moonshee had quietly retreated to smoke his kalium in the quiet bed of a rocky water-course, and the hunt had gone that way, a hard-pressed cub had sprung from the bank, and leaped across, fear and surprise flung the moonshee on his face, and the rocky soil dealt harshly with him; happily, both for

the contusions and his character, blood flowed, and thus, though his descent was not noble, the moonshee still, as we see, prided himself upon his blood!

The acquirements of provincial moonshees as linguists are not of a very high order, and even those of Bombay will not bear a comparison to the City of Palaces. Their chief employment at our presidency is to finish the course of instruction for young men desiring to pass examinations in the native languages; but in the sister presidency of Calcutta, men of this class devote their abilities to many abstruse and interesting questions in the religion and antiquities of the country, although, very unfortunately, their aid to those pursuing such inquiries is not always to be relied on, as some of our first Orientalists have found, to the negating of a life's labour on a particular subject. They are very adroit, these moonshees, discovering, with the peculiar quickness of the native mind, exactly what is required, and not hesitating to employ any means likely to gratify their employer. A word or figure is easily changed in an Oriental MS., and a moonshee must be clumsy indeed, who, in the employ of a statistic-hunter, a numismatist, or in any other branch of the arcana of antiquity, cannot discover in some old grant or Persian history exactly the one stone required to knit a clever hypothesis together.

Still the moonshee must be respected, for he is the doorkeeper to all the interest and real acquaintance the sojourner in the East can hope to gain, connected with the people and their land; and the successful aspirant to distinction, whether civil or military, is ever the man who, day by day, has hailed with pleasure the advent of his "moonshee."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.¹

T. N. H.

June 22d.—I have hardly ceased laughing ever since yesterday, when first I met that dear couple. Oh! the gaunt house is nothing to them. I won't describe madame, save only to hint that she is somewhat given to a good-humoured corpulency. I had the felicity, somehow or other, of handing her in to the dishes, which she greatly admired, with the silent admiration of a very practical appetite. "You are at the College," she said, addressing me. "I was, madam, some few weeks ago." "Yes, Mr. Hutchins was also; he took his degree (that is the right name, I believe,) at the College of Surgeons." I was soon interested; for the poor woman had evidently made him her earthly ideal. No one was so handsome, no one so clever as he; and it was half-amusing, except for another different sort of thought, to see how reverently she listened to every word he spake, while she gazed on his very plain face with a tender fondness, as if it were too good for her—more in fact than she deserved. So it was, poor woman, but in a different sense. A fleshy, turn-up nose, bull-dog neck, skull in which the bump of self-esteem, as phrenologists say, was pretty largely developed, sandy hair, what there was of it, approaching almost to red, a coarse complexion, vulgar hands and feet, and a very tall, lusty, thick-set body, with high shoulders, which was poised in air upon two bowed legs, formed his main attractions. I had a good opportunity of knowing him, for he decidedly came out after dinner—talked physical science, and adopted a sceptical line. But Montague was too much for him. He quietly exposed him, and when he got boisterous and hot, kept silence. So Mr. Hutchins

brought his wine-glass over to me to make me his confidant. Behold a specimen of his talk, "You saw the schools to-day of course—have done a deal of good—made the Church felt. I—er—I—er," with a beautiful diffidence, and modest, downcast eye, "I started the notion, I believe, and the gentry round were very liberal. I wrote to two or three of them myself." "Indeed," said I, "you must have been of some help indeed. But I should have thought it was rather out of your way from your previous conversation." This confused him. He looked very ugly indeed. I thought at the time it was odd he had not mentioned the Rector, who I knew had borne more than half the expense, and had himself drawn the plans. I learnt afterwards, that all this story of the Doctor was a work of his own glowing imagination; as the schools had been entirely set on foot by Mr. Montague. However, Mr. Hutchins soon recovered. "There is a very nice young child there. Her name is Edwards—a little girl with a pale face, rather tall for her age. They say she is the cleverest girl in the school—I am so very glad, for I induced her mother to send her there. I did not know at the time that what I had said would have had such an effect. I simply spoke of the goodness of Church schools." This last bit was a piece of late humility, such as it was. "By the by, can you tell me, sir, what I can do in a little matter that rather annoys me just now. I am visiting a poor woman (of course for nothing) who is very uneasy in her mind. She begged me to let her disclose her troubles to me, and to give her advice, as she had heard some of the good things I had said to some of her neighbours. What can I do?" "Of course, refer her to the clergyman of the parish," I answered. "That I did; 'But you know, sir,' she said, 'how kind you have been to me, indeed I don't know what would have become of me else, and I had rather you should talk to me than the parson.'" "Then that woman is not the person I should encourage;" and so saying, I turned on my heels, and joined the ladies. The egotistical, vulgar fellow! self the beginning—self the middle—self the end. I wonder whether the peacocks in his garden are a piece of symbolism? Query for Durandus?

Worse and worse in the drawing-room. First did he stand in front of the fire-place, as if warming himself in imagination, with his face towards the tea-table, and with his hands in his coat-pockets, which diverged on either side, like two wings in an atrophy. After this he seats himself on the sofa, resting one leg upon it, with the other firmly planted on the lowest bar of a chair close by, much to the horror of the poor maid-servant, who was making herself useful with the bread and butter and the kettle. Montague could not stand it; and, rising with a look of unconcealed disgust, gently hinted to him in an under tone, at the same time touching him to attract his notice, that "it was not usual to lie down in drawing-rooms." Not at all abashed, he became cruelly vivacious, and suddenly asked Miss Montague whether she knew why opium was like yellow soap? He absolutely roared with laughter, till in mercy to his muscles the lady requested the answer, which was, "Because it's a soporific (soap-horrific)."¹ He was asked to sing, and gave vent in a dismal succession of discords to a comic song about old boys who weren't married, because they wouldn't, and old maids who weren't married, because they couldn't, ending up with a glowing exhortation to the young to get married, while singing which moral, he looked round, and nodded and winked patronizingly and confidentially

(1) Continued from p. 21.

to Miss Montague. She laughed very, very much; not, however, as she afterwards told me, at the song, as Mr. Hutchins fondly supposed. His good wife did, however, which was as good. Her admiration at the aforesaid riddle was uncontainable; and she secretly confided to the younger Miss Montague, that "Mr. H. was a droll creature. It was his relaxation. He had so much work, poor man! To-day he had a case of—of—" but unable to remember the hard word, she appealed to her husband, "Henry, dearest, what was that poor woman's case you went to to-day?" "What should women know about such things?" was the *dearest's* gracious reply, uttered in a short, gruff sort of snarl. I looked at his wife, and saw a sly tear hiding itself up in a corner of her eye, and a shade passed over her, but it soon vanished, as some more of his humour (such as it was) rolled out.

"A dog, a woman, a walnut-tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be."

Sosays the proverb; so acts Mr. Hutchins, apparently; for there are worse thumps you can give a woman than thumps with your fist—thumps much harder to bear, and more acutely felt. If a woman lose her husband's sympathy, for whom she has given up all she has and is, hers is indeed a pitiable isolation, too sad for tears. To what else can she look in this world? The very dependence of her lot makes her solitude of heart more rayless and irremediable. And is not this the cause why one sees youthful gaiety and lightheartedness metamorphosed by marriage, as one often does see, into that dull, tearless, passionless, stony, icy, insensate grief, which walks about in life as if it had nothing to do with it, had no interest in it—a grief, which shows its work like the water dropping on the stone beneath in the course of years—the living coffin of hope; that most painful, most heart-lacerating of sights—the death-life of widowed duty, working and toiling, like a galley-slave, without a heart? But I am getting sentimental.

After Mr. Hutchins' song, at my particular request the Miss Montagues sang a beautiful duet, from *Norma*, and then, "at her father's desire," Miss Montague sang one or two of the Jacobite songs, "Charlie is my darling," "Welcome, royal Charlie," (with a sly look at her brother), and another, the subject of which was the gathering of the clans. It was delightful to see Mr. Montague's usually still, pensive eyes light up with a sudden fire, as his daughter sang these songs in a wild, half-plaintive, half-ardent way, which so well embodied the spirit of the words. I could not resist a remark that the English did not seem to me to make such account as they ought of music in National Education, that they hardly seemed aware of its effects on the young mind. And I read in support of this a passage which I had, only a day or two before I left Oxford, copied into my common place-book.¹ While I was reading the passage, I was sitting opposite to Mrs. Hutchins, and I saw the good old lady (she was some years older than her husband) raise her eyes in some

little astonishment; at last she could not contain herself, and on my ending, said, "Really, really," (it needed not this iteration to convince any one that the old lady was in earnest,) "I cannot at all agree, Mr. Freeman, with your views about education. Is not one of the worst evils we have to contend against, a spirit of romance and poetry, which leads young people astray in all directions? I have seen the evil of it, in my day, I can assure you. To what must we attribute the elopements—hasty and unequal marriages—broken hearts, which so often make domestic life a misery, but to this? Once give way to the imagination, and it is impossible to say what it will end in. All the proper domestic duties are neglected, the household left to itself; all the useful things which a housewife ought to know, are despised, and a wife is turned into a lady who can sit at the head of a table, and sing, and in the end ruin her husband. I cannot, for my part, see the use of music, unless one has a particular taste for it. I don't see any practical good in it. It is much better to learn how to take care of a household, and to limit its expenses, I am sure. It is ridiculous to see people sitting down to a piano, who cannot even spell their own language, filling their heads with fine thoughts which they can never realize." A smile passed over the good old Rector's face, but he was too religious to laugh at simplicity of head like this, and he quietly said, "But you know, my dear Mrs. Hutchins, the two may possibly go together. A young lady need not altogether neglect grammar, no, nor even the science of family economy, because she cultivates her love for sweet sounds." "Ah! Mr. Montague, we, who are sobered by experience, may think so, but these giddy things," and here Mrs. Hutchins, in a very matronly way, and with a good easy smile, patted the cheek of the younger Miss Montague, who was sitting close beside her, "you know, will spend their time in what they like best, and are too apt to neglect that which is useful for what is more showy. People ought to be practical first, and then, if they have time, acquire some of these accomplishments, if they have a taste for them." "Well, after all, Mrs. Hutchins, you must not be frightened, but I do not think the knowledge of domestic economy—a useful thing as it is in its way—the most necessary part of a young lady's education, or even of what is required for a wife; and I really very much question whether a thorough education in music would not of the two, if I were obliged to choose, have my vote." The old lady positively almost gasped for breath; she stared at Mr. Montague, as if she were really afraid he had suddenly gone mad, and was about to put her excited feelings into words, when her husband, in a harsh, snubbing tone, suddenly cried out from another part of the room, whither he had dragged Charles Montague, "We had ears given us as well as stomachs, Mrs. H., hadn't we? And what are they for, if it isn't to use 'em?"

I confess I never felt so disposed to adopt Mrs. Hutchins's opinion as now, and I ventured to remark

(1) From Dr. Moore's *Use of the Body in relation to the Mind*.
"The universal disposition of human beings from the cradle to the death-bed, to express their feelings in measured cadences of sound and action, proves that our bodies are constituted on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movements of the several parts being timed to each other, and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being put out of tune. Our intellectual and moral vigour would be better sustained, if we more practically considered the propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for we should thus see and feel that every affection which is not connected with social enjoyments, is also destructive of individual comfort, and that whatever tends to harmonize, tends also to pro-

mote happiness and health. There is every probability that a general improvement in our taste for music would really improve our morals. We should indeed be more apt to detect discords, but then we should also be more ready to avoid their causes, and should not fail to perceive that those feelings which admit not of cheerful, chaste, and melodious expression, are at war both with soul and body. A wholesome musical education is perhaps a necessary part of high religious cultivation, and it will be far more valuable to children than the catechistic familiarity with great truths, which being committed to memory as a task, are alas! too apt for ever after to be associated with dark ideas, instead of directing the soul to the Maker of illumined worlds." This, though expressed in loose and rhetorical speech, implies a deep truth.

(much more I confess from opposition than because I thought so), "But there is a danger of dreaming away one's life, especially in the case of young ladies, if they are encouraged too much to neglect the daily duties before them." Of course this was true, but it was common-place, and out of place too, for this is not the danger *now*, at all events; and I felt heartily ashamed, when Montague, who had now joined the circle, said in a tone which I knew by heart, "Yes, people should not forget, you know, Mrs. Hutchins, that they have bodies. They may have musical ears, and fine fancies, and all that, and fall in love, and run away with captivating young gentlemen without a shilling, or a chance of getting one. But *we* know," and here he looked with a dubious smile into the old lady's admiring face, "that all this fine romance will soon evaporate without money. Money's the thing, I say; you can do anything with that; you can buy love, and music, and all the other things, but what can you do without money, eh?" "Well, I don't quite agree with you there, Mr. Charles. I think people are very foolish who marry without a comfortable settlement to begin with, but they must have something else beside. The wife must know how to maintain her establishment, and to have an observant eye over the servants (which is a great thing), and to make her husband's home happy and comfortable, and to order her family aright. But I quite agree with you that this will not do *without* money." The conversation here ended with Mr. Hutchins saying to his wife, "Charlotte, are you going to stop here all night? Do you know what time it is?" Whereupon poor Charlotte rose from her chair, and, preceded by Miss Montague, went upstairs to robe. They shook hands and left; Mr. Hutchins with a gloomy, sour scowl on his face. Something had evidently put him in a sulky humour. Immediately on their leaving, Miss Montague began to amuse herself most unmercifully at their expense, yet evidently without the smallest particle of malice, but out of pure spirits. Whereupon old Mr. Montague, rising, said, "I am sure you must be very tired, young ladies; so permit me to light your candle." The two glided to him, and twining their arms round him, both kissed him on his forehead and left the room. Thus ended this memorable evening.

June 23d.—This morning at breakfast there was a running conversation about the great subject of yesterday. Old Mr. Montague, in confirmation of what he had said to Mrs. Hutchins, told us of an institution at Hamburg, for the education of children, taken from among the worst of the population. The most important instrument is music; and it has never been known to fail in the end. One boy was at first quite insensible to the treatment. No amount of kindness affected him; and at last he set fire to the master's house, in which lay a sick bed-ridden mother. The boy knew this; and fancied that he could thus effectually rouse his master, who had never yet shown himself harsh towards him, by burning the helpless old woman. The fire was with much difficulty quenched. The boy was sent for, and of course expected severe punishment. Instead of this, the master led him to the organ, and played a touching and plaintive strain to him. The boy was subdued to tears, and was eventually reclaimed. "Of course," said Mr. Montague, "this must be in close connexion with religion, if it would succeed in the long run; but I am sure we neglect a great gift of God, most powerful and most mysterious in operation, when we put it so

in the back-ground. It should, by rights, be employed as much as possible in religion and in education, and be intermingled with the vital forms of the state. In this the ancients judged more rightly than we of this day." "Only fancy Mrs. Hutchins hearing you say that, papa," Miss Montague remarked. "It was as well therefore, was it not, Mary, that I did *not* say it before her? She means well, but does not quite understand these subjects, which circumstances have rather pressed on the consideration of this generation. It is a terrible thing, even on so small a subject, to puzzle and bewilder, without the prospect of some great good. A word may often be necessary, as a witness to truth; more, a sin. But you must pardon me, Mr. Freeman, for indulging in a family homily. I do not often do it, I believe.—I am afraid you must have thought oddly of this same lady." I said, "I thought she was a little weak in her head, and very prosy." "Yes, that she is, undoubtedly," he replied, "but she's a good woman, and very liberal. You saw the worst of her last night. She is very simple, and devotedly fond of her husband." "Which," said I, glancing at Miss Montague, where I knew I should have sympathy for what I was going to say, "proves her *simple* indeed." The Rector made no reply, but looked very grave. Not so, Miss Montague. "That husband of hers is a perfect bear. One does not know whether there is most to laugh at, or despise in him: is he not a character, Mr. Freeman?" "Will you give me another cup of tea, Ellen?" interposed her father, "and let me know your plans, as I think I can manage to join your walk to-day, if you do not go far away from the village." He thus effectually stopped the conversation in his quiet way. It was arranged that we should call on Miss Hawknor, only sister of Colonel Hawknor, with whom she lives.

We did not go in the afternoon to call on the Colonel and his sister, as at first proposed, because Mr. Montague would rather walk with us the half-day he had to spare than go visiting. I half fancied that the complaint about the bells, and other similar things, had very much to do with this expressed wish of the Rector.

Young Montague took us a walk to as beautiful a little peep of scenery as one can well see. We pursued our way along a quiet lane, with high banks on either side, till it was finished by a gate, which opened on a path leading down to an old farm-house, which lay in the midst of a valley, backed by an amphitheatre of rising ground, covered by a copse. We passed through this gate, and thence into another to the right, which brought us to a steep eminence, running along the whole length of two fields, which sloped down almost perpendicularly to a very narrow and rapid river, whose serpentine windings we could see for a great distance, like a silver thread in the green grass. The eminence was so steep, that it was not easy to go down it without the assistance of a stick or something of the sort. Half way down there was a clump of elms, under the shadow of which we sat, while I read to them part of one of Shakspeare's romantic comedies. We were quite shut out from the lane by a very high quick-set hedge, so that we were enjoying the completest solitude of nature. It was almost a shame to break it by reading. The most startling sound we heard was the occasional splash of some water-rat into the stream.

We all had an invitation awaiting us on our return, to dine with Mr. Hutchins on the 28th. Another such evening!

THE LAST AGE.¹

BY THOMAS NORTON HARPER.

SUCH things was I revolving in my thoughts as I wandered one fine evening in Autumn on the seashore. The place was a wide bay, defended on either side by dark rocky cliffs, which were at the time half veiled in the glowing mist of a clear October sunset. The nearer headlands stood out in sharp outline against the pure sky, and were fringed at their base with a white border of foam; while in the distance the coast gradually softened into the purple sky of commencing twilight. The sun was pillowing himself in the calm bosom of the ocean, and, in departing, left a deep blush where the unclouded sky mingled in indistinct union with the horizon of waters. This, and the tender primrose tint, as it melted off into the deepening blue, threw their mingled brightness on the steepa, relieving their frowning gloom with a softness and unearthly repose. The air was motionless, and the gulls, as they floated with unfluttering wing over the surface of the deep, echoed the peaceful voice of Nature. Not far away, in green sloping pastures, visible from the long sandy beach, I heard the soothing tinkle of the sheep-bell, and near about the musical voice of the farm-house boy, as he drove the cattle home to their sheltering sheds. All things came upon the human soul with the breath of peace. It seemed as though Nature, tired with the noise and petty squabbles of the narrow-minded town, was being lulled to rest, like a weary infant, in the cradle of Love.

I gazed on the clear green surface of sleeping Ocean, and dreamily pondered on the mysteries of the book of holy symbols open before me; and I wondered more and more at the wretchedness of a utilitarian age, which could find no time, and feel no taste, for studies such as these. And suddenly a faint ripple stole upon the near surface of the sea, and streams of golden light danced like gems of heaven on the curling wavelets, and a soft wild whisper of unearthly music floated around me. A shining cloud rose dripping from out the womb of waters, and I trembled with awe, mingled with fear and expectation. Gradually the dewy cloud dissolved into human shape, and one like unto a woman of immortal beauty stood before me. She was robed in dazzling white, and round her waist glowed a bright rainbow. Hair, such as I never gazed on before, flowed wildly around her, and a fragrance, as of a garden of flowers, breathed sweetest incense upon me. I stood motionless—abashed and wondering. And a voice like the sound of a wind-harp, awaked to life by the breath of summer zephyrs, floated towards me on the charmed air.

"Mortal of earth, I have seen thy many thoughts, which thou hast had with thyself in thy wanderings beside my wide home: for to me the inmost thoughts of men are as clear as are the countless ships which pass over me, while I rest in the coral caves of my birth. This is one of the precious gifts granted to our race. Thou marvellest, doubtless, who it is that speaks with thee. Behold in me one of the many Mermaids, with whom great Neptune, our sire, has peopled the depths of the ocean. Many ages of men have already passed since he fashioned me; and yet more shall come after them. But I remain till the curtain of creation is rent in twain by our great elemental foe; for such is my fate. Thus much I tell thee. As to the thoughts of thy mind,

they are good; for no more degenerate race has been born on this gross earth, than that which has but now come to an end. I will relate to thee much that will give light to what I say.

"I was many centuries back resting in a hollow cave of the Ægean (as they call that sea which rolls between the lands of Greece and Asia), on my way to the central palace of our common father. And Æolus, in the wildness of caprice, suddenly led a fierce cohort of winds against our hoary sire. It was no common battle. Neptune sent out his voice of fury, and heaved exceeding tumultuously, while howling Æolus laughed hoarsely at his rage, and the sea grew white with foam. At such an evil time was a ship from one of the fairest of earthly cities (Athens, men called her) midway on the deep. And the tempest poured out its fury on it, and it sunk with all that were therein, near to the cavern where I was eyeing them with pity. They were brave men that were in that ship, and their spirits, while they waited to be led to old Charon, talked with me. One there was among them of nobler and more generous mould than the rest: he was, they said, their leader; and they had been sent under his rule to found another city on the eastern shore, like to the old one they had left. And there was armour on their backs when they sank; and a dating, even in death, rested on the faces of their bodies. They had given up a home for which their sires had fought and bled,—in which they were born, and where they had lived to years of manhood; and they were then on their way, in the spirit of adventure, to settle in some unknown place. They talked much of heroes, and dire battles, and of noble temples, and of their dear fatherland. Yet they wept not, but yielded sternly to their fate. And in their ship they had nothing save necessary raiment, and common food which mortals require, and sacred vestments for their priests, and vessels for the service of their temples. There was so little money that they could scarcely find wherewith to pay the old ferryman his customary obolus. But I saw a wonder. Amid the various scattered pieces of the wreck, lo! there was a flame of fire burning. It was pure, so as no water could quench it. It had been kindled at the perpetual flame which ever burned on the Prytaneum of the mother city; and they were bearing it with pious care to their expected place of rest. The Gods willed not that a flame of such sacred devotion should suffer damage; wherefore it burned clear and bright beside me. Close by were many writings also. They were copies of the laws and customs of their fathers.

"It was many centuries after this that I was in the same parts, in the changeless waters of the great sea which lies between Europe and Africa. And there were many ships upon the surface; most of which belonged to the race of the Franks, or of your island fellows. They were on their way to the holy land of Palestine, and were hoping to assist in the siege of Acre, which was then in the hands of Moslems. The night was pitchy dark, without a star to give light, and in the darkness two vessels of your English people dashed with great violence against each other, and sunk in a moment with their crews. And the mortals in them, too, were cased in armour, and many weapons of war were with them, and on their vesture was marked the symbol of their holy faith. Little else was there to behold. They talked much of Richard their lord, and of Philip Augustus the Frank, and the fierceness of one Saladin, a mighty

(1) Continued from p. 41.

infidel; and they spoke sadly of the city of Jerusalem, and wept. Many told of wives and babes whom they had left behind. And one, young and glorious to behold, whispered his father's name with quivering lip, who was, he said, looking out for his soon return. I comforted him by a promise to reveal his blissful end, if I were permitted, in a vision of the night. Beside the most of them there waited a bright angel. And I soon missed them; for they passed away in company. There was, however, one of whom I took much note. He was spare of body; and his soul was more bright and dazzling than the rest. Beside him was a holy book, which he had clasped to his bosom as he sank in the waters, together with a plain cross glittering with tear-drops. He was a minister of God. And their swords rusted not, for they were of heavenly temper; and their bodies were fresh and bright, for they had been wonderfully changed even on earth in a way I wot not of.

"Again some centuries passed, and I was nearer this your land, in the wide sea-plains of the Atlantic. Up above me was a large island, with rough broken coast, much like this which you see behind you. Against a large sunken rock near that island a ship, sailing from your shores, struck; and, through the leak which was made, the sea poured in. Those on board used the pumps, while they could; but still the vessel filled, and at last plunged headlong to the bottom. A few tried to escape in an open boat, but the sea presently took them, and they joined the rest. Oh! it was a strange sight! Puny mortals were these, full of fear and agony of soul. And they looked dark and dwarfish. All their talk was of bank-notes, letters of credit, bills of lading, the prices in the markets, lists of sales, and bankruptcies. Some sailors were among them, and they were swearing,—all save one. He was speechless with terror. There was one worse than the rest, who was but half-conscious, and awaking from a drunken revel. It was their captain. Spread around were bales of cotton, and casks of wine, and packages of goods; a great number of papers also, but they were covered with figures, and with lists of various articles. Much money there was, too, scattered here and there, and much food. In the bottom of a box I spied a solitary Bible, but it was filled with patterns of cloths. And speedily many sea-serpents, and large worms, such as the eye of living man never saw, gathered round, and crept over these bodies, and things that lay about. And all began to moulder, and be loathsome. I heard, too, a dull sound, as of clustering vampyres, and . . . but it is too horrible for mortal ears.

"Once more I was in the far-off waters of the Southern Pacific, and a great storm arose, and a vessel full of human souls sunk close to where I was floating in the hidden depths; and all therein were in miserable plight. Coarse they were of body, and the souls of the most were stained with heavy evil doings. The hands of many had the mark of a deep red ring at the wrist; and their words were hardened and sensual. They talked of thievish feats, of the prisons in which they had been lodged, the events which had happened at their trial; and all things human and divine were made food for jests and vulgar ribaldry. As before, there were sailors, and one who was their captain; and he had rule also over the multitude, both over those who had the mark of the ring, and the others. There was little in the ship, save the commonest things for dressing, for eating, and drinking. But there were spirits in great plenty. These were men who had broken the laws,

or poor starving vagrants, who had no choice but to leave their land, and women of the basest of their kind. And these were sent out to people a colony! There was no flame here; no thoughts of heroism, and self-forgetfulness; *no Cross*. In the place of all this there was a shipload of vice. Such was the English notion of colonization.

"The sea therefore bears its witness, mortal thinker; and its deep could teach many a wise lesson to the men of your generation. But I have done my bidding. Thou shalt now see me no more." So saying, my teacher passed in a cloud, as she had appeared at her coming, and vanished in the clear green waters.

"And what hope have we for the future?" I asked myself, as I turned to go back to the town in the gathering shades of hasting night. "Will this Age profit by the history of its predecessor? Surely there are signs of the birth of deeper principles in the throes of many nations. Deep questions are being anxiously raised in more places than one, and by many voices. And these questions must needs have an answer;—who shall answer them? There are tokens of new enthusiasm;—who shall direct it? It cannot be stayed; such an attempt were neither wise nor practicable. The reanimation of a half-drowned body is too painful for a man to risk drowning afresh. A relapse into former torpor would be fatal indeed. A night long and pitchy dark, and stale, has for a while brooded over the earth; but the jocund smile of a holy morning even now peeps over the distant hills. And the night passes away, and a day of promise dawns; and sweet voices of better things rise on the wind."

Thus did I meditate, when from afar I heard a voice say, "Stranger, come and see." And my eyes opened on a new earth; whereon grew only the myrtle and the laurel, intertwined with roses and lilies. And I spied a passion-flower. I saw, too, golden cities, jewel-clad, shining as the sun. And I heard purest melodies of ravishing sweetness; and bright-phantom visions of things beautiful, noble, generous, flitted by on wings as are those of birds of paradise. And there was peace. And there were no storms, nor clouds, but heavenly light of sunshine; and birds sang merrily; and strange voices floated in the air in jubilee,—whence I knew not. And there was One . . . But I could endure no more; for I was not pure enough, and words fail.

I passed on, and it was as though I had rested in the dim solemn light of a quiet church.

WHERE IS THE KEY TO THE FUTURE? LET THE SEERS ANSWER.

MARGUERITE OF PROVENCE.¹

CHAP. III.—THE ORIGIN OF MARSEILLES.

"It is a charming history, I assure you," said Marguerite la Blanche. "France was formerly called Gaul: it was invaded by several nations, but since Brunette wishes that I should speak of Provence alone, I will only mention the people who came to establish themselves here, the Ligurians.

"The large bay which the sea forms in Marseilles existed at that time, but there were no houses, or even cottages: it was a wild, uncultivated land, belonging to a territory situated at some leagues distance, and which I have good reason to suppose was the town of Aix; it was called Segobregia. A king, named Nannu, reigned over this people, and

(1) Concluded from page 42.

I will tell you something which in my opinion does honour to the manners of the country, and especially to the wisdom and good sense of the young girls of that epoch, and that is, that it was they who chose their husbands. The parents limited their authority to assembling at a banquet on a certain day the young men whom they considered suitable to their daughter, and she signified her choice by presenting a drinking cup to one of them.

"Now, 600 years before Christ, that is, as I calculate, 1834 years from this, a Phocian vessel landed at this coast, at that time uninhabited. Euxenius, the commander of the vessel, was the only one of the crew that left it, and he advanced alone to explore the country. After walking a long time he reached the territory of the Segobregians. He had but just entered it, when he saw a poor old woman who had fallen from her mule; he raised her and lifted her upon her beast, but having had a leg broken by the fall, she could not sit upright. The young Phocian then took her in his arms, and the old woman pointed out her dwelling to him; it was that of King Nanu, at whose house she was almost like a member of the family, because she had nursed the king's wife, Queen Mabb.

"As they went along, the old woman told Euxenius that that very day the young and beautiful Gypsis, the king's daughter, was to select a husband; and at the same moment, and as Euxenius, still bearing his charge, approached the king's palace, he saw a tall and beautiful girl, attended by several servants, advancing towards them. It was Gypsis, who having seen from a distance the accident which had befallen her nurse, was flying to her assistance. She expressed her acknowledgments to the young Phocian, whom the attendants hastened to relieve of his burden; and Euxenius returned musing on the graceful salutation, and the air, at once majestic, kind, and simple, of the charming Gypsis.

"King Nanu ranked hospitality among the virtues which should be practised by the great, and having heard that strangers had landed on his coast, he sent to invite Euxenius and his Greeks to his daughter's bridal banquet: they came. To the great disappointment of Euxenius, Gypsis did not appear at the repast, but towards the close she entered the room, holding in her hand a cup filled with wine. She glanced rapidly at the assembled guests, then advancing with graceful timidity, she presented the goblet to Euxenius: and then, as all the young men murmured, for they were enraged at her preference of a stranger, she, blushing at once with modesty and pleasure, related the touching incident of the morning. 'He who respects old age and weakness,' added she, in conclusion, 'can never be otherwise than a good husband, a good father, and a good king.'

"That was a strange conclusion," interrupted Marguerite la Blonde, "to marry a man because he had picked up an old woman!"

"Nay, Blondette," replied her cousin, "it was because Euxenius had by this action given proof that he was possessed of a kind and good heart."

"I see," said Marguerite la Brune, "that Blondette would not have been fascinated by it."

"No, truly," said the Blonde Marguerite; "in the place of Gypsis, I should have chosen the greatest man of them all, the most noble, the most courageous, — a king, if there were one among the number."

"I should have chosen the handsomest," said Brunette.

"And I should have done as Gypsis did; I should

have chosen the best; and King Nanu was of my opinion, for he approved with transport of his daughter's choice; he accepted Euxenius as his son-in-law, and endowed him with the lands surrounding the bay where he had arrived. Euxenius built on it, and founded the town of Massalia, now called Marseilles: and neither—neither,—my story is finished," added Blanchette quickly as she blushed and rose, for she had just perceived a man's hat behind the pillar, and two large black eyes fixed steadfastly upon her.

CHAP. IV.—THE BRIDEGROOM.

Seeing himself discovered, the stranger advanced towards the three young girls; but before he could approach and offer an excuse for his intrusion, they, like three startled doves, had taken flight across the gardens, and turning into the alleys shaded with sycamores and palm-trees they soon disappeared from the stranger's view. Still running breathlessly they stopped not until they met an old peasant woman, with whom we have already made acquaintance, namely, Misé Millette, who asked them with all the familiarity of an old and favoured servant (she had nursed one of the three Marguerites), where they were running thus scared and terrified.

The Brune Marguerite told her the cause of their alarm.

"So, then, you have seen Louis the Ninth!" replied Misé Millette.

"How! Louis the Ninth!" repeated the three young girls, in amazement.

"Yes, Louis the Ninth, the King of France, the son of Blanche of Castille, who is come to marry my foster-child, Marguerite of Provence, my little Blanchette," added she, deposing one of her great kisses, called with good reason nurses' kisses, on the forehead of Marguerite la Blonde.

"What! Blanchette is going to be queen of France?" cried the two other Marguerites together, but in very different tones;—Marguerite la Brune, with the regret of losing a friend, Marguerite la Blonde, with an accent of jealousy mingled with rage.

"And how do you know that, Nounou?" inquired the daughter of Beranger the Third.

"Do I not know everything? do they keep any secrets from me at the palace? and if you will keep the secret for me, my little angels, I will tell you all that I know."

"Oh! do Misé, pray," cried two of the Marguerites, the Blonde and the Brune.

"Cousins, cousins," remonstrated the daughter of the Count of Provence, "shall we be so dishonourable as to endeavour to find out this,—what my father has not thought fit to tell us? Oh! curiosity is always wrong."

"I will take it upon my own responsibility, little saint," said the nurse, longing to tell all, "for King Louis the Ninth wanted to play us a trick, but I took it into my Provençal head that it was he who should have his nose cut, as the proverb says. Know, then, that this fine prince wishes to look twice before he marries my foster-child; he wishes to see, to observe, to consider; it is not so much a princess that he wants, as a good woman, an amiable and sensible wife. Now, to this end, he came this morning to Marseilles incognito, and made his way into the palace under the pretext of offering a falcon to the princess; but I, warned by my son, who was on guard this morning, and who recognised the seal of the King of France on the permit which the false falconer showed him, followed his steps, and had just found him out, when he asked me, at the chapel door, which of the three

Marguerites was Marguerite of Provence: I did not tell him an actual falsehood, but I let him suppose that it was Mademoiselle de Bar."

"I!" said Marguerite la Blonde, crimson with delight. "And what did he say? did he think me handsome?"

"Could he think you otherwise?" said Marguerite of Provence, with affectionate earnestness.

"But, after all, what does it signify?" continued Mademoiselle de Bar, in a bitter, ironical tone. "This evening, when he comes to court, whether under his own or an assumed name, he will see, by your countess's coronet, that you are the daughter of the Count of Provence, and his choice will soon be made. For what signifies it, whether you please him, or I? a countess's coronet is always enchanting, and you will be Queen of France!"

"Dear Blondette," said Marguerite sadly, "the title of queen does not give happiness; and if with his crown Louis did not give me his heart, royalty would be only a burden."

"You will know nothing of it," said Mademoiselle de Bar, drily.

"Pardon me,—everything, if you will assist me," said Marguerite.

"Explain yourself," said Mademoiselle de Bar.

"Louis the Ninth," said Marguerite, "is here incognito; he is come to seek a wife. We are all three of good family, of royal blood; an alliance with any one of us would not blot his escutcheon. Let him choose then; let us be dressed alike this evening, as we were this morning; or since, thanks to the playful deception of my dear nurse, he thinks that Blondette is the daughter of Count Beranger, let us continue his error. Blondette shall this evening wear my countess's coronet; will that do?"

"Admirably!" said Mademoiselle de Bar, with eagerness.

"I will say a word to my father," continued Marguerite, "so that he may not betray us. That will be easy for him, the King of France being here incognito, he is not obliged to notice him."

Thus conversing, the three cousins approached the palace. As they entered, and were about to separate, Mademoiselle de Bar said, hesitatingly, to Marguerite of Provence,—

"If—supposing me the daughter of Beranger,—Louis the Ninth thought me handsome—and asked my hand—"

"Then you should be Queen of France," replied Marguerite, smiling pleasantly, as she left her cousins and went to find her father.

CHAP. V.—THE FALCON.

The court of Raymond Beranger the Third, Count of Provence, was then the most polished in Europe. Learning and science flourished there in all their primitive purity. The bards and poets assembled there; and the women, to whom the name of *bas bleu* had not yet been given, to intimate that their mind and talents ranked them higher than others, did not disdain sometimes to quit the spindle for the lyre, the needle for the pen.

Never had the assembly been more brilliant, more elegant, than on this evening, in which Mademoiselle de Bar appeared, adorned with Marguerite's bandeau of pearls; never had so much wit and gaiety animated such young and charming faces.

Louis the Ninth, brought up in camps, and accustomed to the severe austerity of his mother's court, was astonished at what he saw and heard. He dared

not display his rude warrior education amidst the refinement of the graceful courtiers; he kept himself apart, his eyes fixed upon the three young Marguerites, observing all three attentively, but addressing none.

Towards the close of the evening, as the cousins were about to withdraw, a little dwarf, who had been brought a short time before from Paris, and who amused the court of Beranger by his lively sallies and caustic raileries, approached the young countesses, and with the familiarity which was permitted to dwarfs and buffoons, he thus addressed them:—

"Fair countesses, I am come from a distance to marry one of you; but before making a choice, I should wish to know what is passing in your feminine brains,—supposing always that women have brains, which several ancient authors have doubted. To this end, I have taken the liberty, noble and gracious ladies, to steal from you that which touched nearest the place usually occupied by that which I wish to study; from you, Marguerite la Blonde, this rose-coloured knot; from you, Marguerite la Blanche, this blue knot; and from you, Marguerite la Brune, this gold-coloured knot."

Thus saying, the dwarf raised his three knots in the air, shook them, and gliding away among the guests, disappeared amid the bursts of laughter excited by his original behaviour.

The three cousins laughed liked the rest at this incident, and paid no attention to it, or considered it of any consequence.

The next morning, at sunrise, Marguerite of Provence, kneeling in her chamber, was addressing her angel-like prayers to God, when she was disturbed in her devotion by a light fluttering of wings against her casement. She looked, and saw her blue ribbon going and coming in the air. Astonished at this apparent prodigy, she ran to her window, opened it, and immediately a bird flew into the room. It was a falcon, and round its neck was passed the knot of blue ribbon stolen the evening before by the dwarf. The princess took the bird, which was perfectly tame, and untied the ribbon; a paper fell, and as in her surprise she let go the falcon, it flew away swiftly through the open casement.

Marguerite picked up the paper mechanically. It was a folded parchment, and the seal was impressed with the royal arms of France; on it was inscribed,

"To Marguerite la Blanche."

Her heart beat violently. If Louis came to marry her, she thought, why not address himself to her father? And if it were a refusal, was it to her that he should offer the affront? Agitated, uneasy, she was turning and re-turning the letter in her hand, when her nurse, Misé Millette, came all out of breath to tell her that her father had sent for her in great haste. The princess obeyed, she found the count in high displeasure.

"The King of France refuses your hand," said he, "and has even had the audacity to ask a private interview to inform me of a choice which he has made in my court."

"That is, no doubt, why he has written to me," said Marguerite, presenting her sealed parchment to her father, "and he wishes probably to marry Mademoiselle de Bar, who is handsomer than I."

"He would be a fool to choose merely beauty," replied the count; "and I cannot believe Louis the Ninth, so renowned for his wisdom, capable of such

weakness." Then suddenly, and reading as he spoke, he exclaimed, "But what means this? He refuses you, and proposes for you! Listen, my child.

"Mademoiselle,

Until now I have learned only to conquer and to govern. I cannot, therefore, write polished phrases, but I think I should soon learn to love, if you will consent to marry me.

'Louis.'

"That means, uncle," said Mademoiselle de Bar, who had followed her cousin, unperceived, "that I am punished for my silly vanity; that Louis refuses me, believing me to be your daughter, and that Marguerite's goodness has prevailed over my beauty."

Marguerite of Provence, married the 27th May, 1234, to Louis the Ninth, devoted herself to promote the happiness of her husband, and thus the felicity of both was complete. She accompanied Louis everywhere: fatigues, dangers, scenes of warfare, however repugnant to the feelings of the woman, were unable to daunt the love-inspired courage of the wife. In the expedition to Egypt, having remained at Damietta while the king was engaged in battle, the town was besieged by the Saracens. Marguerite learned that her husband was made prisoner; then, losing all hope of being delivered by him, she caused all her women to leave the apartment, and throwing herself at the feet of an old chevalier, a devoted servant of the King of France; she told him she would never rise till he had granted the favour she solicited of him.

The old chevalier having given his word to do so the queen added, shedding floods of tears, "My lord, what I implore of you, on the faith which you have plighted me, is this, that if Damietta is taken by the Saracens, you will plunge your sword into my breast, and let me not fall living into their hands."

Upon which the chevalier, a worthy servant of this noble queen, simply replied, "I thought of it, madame."

Three days after, she brought into the world a son named Tristan, on account of the melancholy circumstances attending his birth. While still suffering and confined to her bed, she heard that the garrison was about to surrender. She immediately sent for the principal instigators of the resolution, and spoke to them with so much wisdom and eloquence that she made them renounce a design which would have involved the ruin of the crusaders.

Some days after this, a faithful servant of Louis the Ninth's succeeded in entering Damietta; he was not the bearer of any parchment, but he carried to the queen, as a gift from the king, a little flower, which, notwithstanding the length of its journey, was still as fresh as if just taken from the ground, with this word only engraved upon the bulb, "Espère," (Hope.) This flower was unknown to the queen, but it had been the bearer to her of so much happiness that she preserved it during her whole life.

The following year, restored to her husband, to liberty, to tranquillity, to her country, she did not forget the little harbinger, whose rosy hues had been to her the first token of returning day amid that night of despondency and gloom. She planted the bulb of her flower in the earth, and soon saw it germinate, grow, and at last bear new red flowers; it was thus that the ranunculus was imported from Syria to France.

When Louis the Ninth, enfeebled in health, exhausted by the fatigues of war, and wearied with

government, wished to renounce the world, and embrace a monastic life, he was deterred by Marguerite, who observed to him, with that correctness of judgment which distinguished her, that the duty of kings did not lie in consulting their own repose, but in watching over that of their subjects; and Louis renounced his intention.

After his death, which took place the 25th August, 1270, Marguerite retired into the convent of the nuns of St. Claire, which she had founded in the Faubourg St. Marcel, and died there in the year 1295. She had been the mother of eleven children.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A PARABLE.

Two brothers were in a field; the sky stretched over head in all its vast and various beauty, and the grass beneath, of tender green, was jewelled with blossoms and redolent with fragrance. At one side of the field was a high brick wall of the neatest construction; the top was covered with a stone coping, and the surface was so even and so accurately laid out, that you could not detect the slightest variation in the size or projection of the bricks. The elder brother sat down and examined the wall; the younger roamed through the field and caught butterflies.

There came a soft wind laden with the breath of odorous furze; it swept over the earth, and tall plants and feathery grass stood up to greet it for a moment, and then bowed before it in joyful homage. The younger bared his forehead and unclosed his lips, as if to quaff some rare and pleasant beverage; then he bent his head as the flowers had done, and did reverence to the kindly breeze as if in gratitude. But the air around the elder was quiet and scentless, for he sat in the shelter of the wall.

On the far seas lay a broad stripe of sunlight, and the edges quivered and sparkled as though every ripple were breaking into a shower of stars. From the horizon came a boat with a single sail; white and shining was it in the distance as it caught the wandering sunbeams, but when it crossed that path of light it grew shadowy and sombre—just as the purest human soul seems dark when it is steeped in the lustre of divine truth. The younger stood still and gazed earnestly on the glowing sea and the shadowy boat; and his soul grew sad within him, for he longed for freedom and beauty, and though he was permitted to behold them, he might not as yet enjoy them. But his sorrow had a bliss in it which his sportiveness had never known. The elder saw not what his brother saw, for his eyes were fixed on the wall, and he had begun to count the bricks.

There came a bird through the air, and it alighted on the stone coping of the wall. Then it spread its wings as though it would rather be sustained by the air than the earth, and began to sing a heavenly melody. There was unrest in its song, yet did it ever suggest a repose deeper than slumber—it filled the ear and the heart, and seemed to lift the soul on its high-soaring notes, only to leave it conscious, when they ceased, that it had not risen and could not rise as they did. It seemed to show at once that exertion was fruitless and inaction miserable, yet its voice was so beautiful that if it would have sounded for ever, life might have passed away like a dream in listening to it. But even its fullest cadences foreboded a close. The heart of the younger throbbed

and swelled, and his eyes filled with burning tears. Hastily he brushed them away, that he might gaze more fixedly on the bird; he held his breath lest he should lose a single note, yet could he scarcely enjoy them because he feared each might be the last. He stretched out his arms as though he would have embraced the bird, but he dared not stir a step lest his movement should startle it away.

But the elder could not see it, though it was so close to him, for he had now looked at the wall so long that it seemed as if he could see nothing else. Over his face had stolen a solid but cheerful expression, as of a mind to which hopes, fears, and fancies, were alike unknown; tormented by no misgivings that there was sought real or valuable save that which it possessed itself. And his lips made so ceaseless a humming as he reckoned the number and calculated the size of the bricks, that the heavenly music was to him a harsh discord, and its place was not even supplied by the suggestiveness and solemnity of silence.

Into the skies came a quiet star, and its light was peace, mild as a mother's eyes, reproving as the voice of the heart in a solitary churchyard. He who looked upon it grew first sorrowful and then holy, and this was the preparation for happiness. But the younger could not look upon it, for his gaze was on the bird, and the bird was beginning to rise, upborne by its waving wings. He sprang forward with a mad eagerness, and lo! he had forgotten the existence of the wall, and he stumbled and fell violently against it, and sank to the ground wounded and bleeding.

"Alas, poor lunatic!" said the elder, as he looked over his shoulder at the prostrate form, and then returned to the study of his bricks.

The younger lay motionless in the soft grass,—his limbs were convulsed and his breast contracted with pain; and the voice of the bird was hushed, and his soul spoke to him through the silence and bade him despair. But the cool breeze which he had so loved still played upon his temples, and the clustering flowers pillowed his aching head, and the timid forget-me-not, dearest of all, looked on him with its blue child-eyes, as though it would comfort him. Nature pays ever love with love, and if her balms heal not, yet are they mighty to soothe. Above him shone the tranquil, unchanging star, and to this he lifted his straining and feeble eyes, till in gazing upon it, he had well-nigh forgotten his sufferings; and gradually there came into his heart the power of patience, which has this virtue, that as sorrows deepen it increases, so that if they should be deep and wide as the sea, they cannot avail to drown it. So he lay there, exhausted and mournful, but full of endurance, and not without hope.

And the elder still stares upon his wall, and more and more vacant is the glassy shine of his soulless eyes,—more and more unmeaning the ceaseless smile upon his stony lips. Safe is he in the shadow of his wall, and beside its faultless precision the universe seems a chaos. But, one day, that wall shall fall upon him and crush him, and when it is gone there will be nothing left for him upon earth, but a lonely and miserable death.

Reader, which of the brothers wouldst thou rather be? yet, is there not a way between?

WHEN once enthusiasm has been turned into ridicule, everything is undone, except Money and Power.—*Corinne.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

VILLAGE LYRICS.

NO. V.—THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

W. BRAILSFORD.

ALL the day, the summer day,
The water mill goes round,
And the river takes its way,
With pleasant dreamy sound.

The wild bee wanders over
Each fragrant bed of thyme;
And pauses to discover
New treasures in the lime.

All the day, the summer day,
A little maiden sings;
Never bird led life more gay,
Or bee with laden wings.
Very brightly shines the sun
On her favourite bowers,
And the maiden's love hath won
Perfume from the flowers.

All the day, at work or play,
She ever smiles and sings;
Care with her can hold no sway,
Or grief with drooping wings.
So the water mill goes round,
The wild bee wanders past,
Life hath no more pleasant sound
Upon its broad ways east.

Well the miller loves to hear
Each soft and gentle tone,
That seems unto his charmed ear
Some magic half unknown.
One song more, ere vesper hour
Shall bring the evening chime;
But aye, that cheerful voice hath power
To drown the notes of Time.

All the day, the summer day,
Oh happy, happy heart,
Cling to the rose-leaves while you may,
Ere hope and faith depart.
Last thy sweet rival in the tree,
His song has truth divine;
Thou canst not stay his melody
By any strain of thine.

Yet sing, and may thy woman's song
Aye glad the miller's home,
That so, each summer's day prove long,
To those who from thee roam.
Aye murmur stream, aye smile fair flowers,
In sunshine, and in shade,
And he your beauty through all showers
The brighter, sweeter made.

THE HEART'S LESSON.

A. H. T.

MANY years must pass away
Before the human heart
Can bear to render up its youth,
Can realize the mournful truth,—
The hour is come to part.

Many years must pass away
Before the heart can seem,
To wake as from a sleep, and low
To whisper to itself, "Where now
The glory and the dream?"

We do remember, in that hour,
How nearly it is night,
When lovely things are well-nigh gone,
And, standing in the world alone,
We watch the dying light.

We turn to those whose steps have long
Kept measure with our own,
But eyes which used to speak, are cold,
The heart within hath waxed old,
The light within is gone.

And voices, yet too dearly loved,—
Their melody is fled,
They are become so strangely cold,
Within, the heart hath waxed old,
Youth—feeling—all is dead.

"The beautiful" must all depart,
And we must learn at last,
From the dull darkness of our day,
Resignedly to turn away,
Back to the shining past.

Back to the land which is our own,
That golden world of ours,
Where life's illusions, long gone by,
Share the soul's immortality;—
Within the immortal soul they lie—
Those poor, long perished hours.

And thus, with the broad Heaven above,
The unchanging past within,
The heart may well its destiny
Serenely bear—to live or die
Content—so it may win
A place in the eternal years,
Where sighing cannot be, nor tears.

THE SHADOW FROM THE VALLEY.

S. M.

THE child upon the mountain-side
Plays, fearless, and at ease,
While the hush of purple evening
Spreads over earth and seas;
The valley lies in shadow,
But the valley lies afar,
And the mountain is a slope of light,
Up-reaching to a star.

He looks athwart the forest,
Where, like a shower of gems,
Bright drops of amber sunshine
Dance on the tawny stems;
He listens to the large grey thrush,
Slow flitting through its bowyer;
But the shadow from the valley
Creeps upward, hour by hour.

The stream that flows above him
Breaks into sudden gold,
Caught from the gorgeous banner
O'er the broad skies unrolled;
He looks where, 'mid the tossing clouds,
A thousand rainbows meet—
But the shadow from the valley
Hath risen to his feet.

Awhile, the lingering glory
Just gilds his wavy hair,
Then Darkness, like an armed man,
Hath seized him unaware.
The latest bird is silent,
And, with a wild Tu-whoo,
The white owl circles overhead.
—Ah! child, what canst thou do?

Wilt thou, in hopeless wonder,
Wring thy faint hands, and weep,
Roam aimlessly a little while,
Then sob thyself to sleep?

Or wilt thou rise, and journey
Thy drear and toilsome way,
A pilgrim through the shadow,
Seeking the dawn of day?

There shall be stars to guide thee,
There shall be sounds to cheer,
For the air is full of angels,
And God is ever near;
And softly from thy distant home
One tiny spark shall glow,
Brightening as thou draw'st nearer:—
Take courage! rise, and go!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SINAI.

"We were exactly two hours and twenty minutes in reaching the point of our destination; but we might have accomplished this task in a shorter time had we not ever and anon stopped to survey the interesting scene above and around us. The usual resting-places are at a spring of delicious water, about twenty minutes from the convent; the chapel of the Virgin, a small and plain oratory, commemorative, it is alleged, of a ridiculous miracle said to have been wrought by the Virgin in behalf of the monks, to deliver them from a formidable plague of vermin; a double gateway, formerly used as a confessional for the testing of pilgrims; and a small but agreeable wādī, extending across the mountain for about half an hour, and separating its northern and southern peaks, and in which are a well and cypress tree, and the chapel of Elijah, where, according to tradition, the prophet reposed when he fled from Jezebel. The steepest part of the mountain, perhaps, is between this place and the summit: and it usually occupies in the ascent about half an hour. The body of the mountain, like almost all the heights adjoining it, is of a deep red or flesh-coloured granite, the grains of felspar being not so large as in the Theban granite. At the highest point, however, it terminates in white granite, extremely fine in the grain, and containing comparatively few particles of hornblende or mica. It is thus literally, as well as poetically, the 'grey-topped Sinai' of Milton. A small sprinkling of the débris of porphyry or clay slate, or thin layer of the clay slate itself, resting upon the granite, is visible at one or two points as we go up. The mountain, when looked upon in the mass, appears to the eye almost entirely destitute of vegetation; but a good many plants and small bushes are discovered as you proceed over its surface. In some of the crevices and ravines we found patches of snow, the first on which Mr. Smith and I had trode for many years."

He that is most *practical* in Divine things, hath the purest and sincerest knowledge of them, and not he that is most *dogmatical*. Divinity, indeed, is a true efflux from the Eternal light, which, like the sunbeams, does not only enlighten, but heat and enliven; and, therefore, our Saviour hath in his Beatitudes connexed Purity of heart with the Beatifical Vision.—*Smith's Select Discourses*. 1660.

He that runs against Time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties.—*Johnson*.

He that wants true virtue in Heaven's logic is blind, and cannot see afar off.—*Smith's Select Discourses*.

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The Disappointment.

DRAWN BY ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DALZIEL.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

(See Engraving.)

HER bright eyes dance with happiness,
Smiles round her red lips hover;
Scarce can her trembling hands unfold
A letter from her lover:
Flutters her fond heart tremblingly,
Like wild bird o'er its brood;
Oh! is he true? and will he come
To cheer her solitude?
And will her cruel doubts prove vain?
Sad thoughts, that love may change—
That time may loose affection's bond—
That distance may estrange?

She breaks the seal—reads—starts—then shrieks, "Ah me!
The wretch!—HE'S GONE, AND MARRIED FANNY LEGH!"

FACTS IN THE EAST ILLUSTRATIVE OF
SACRED HISTORY.—No. II.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE 24th chapter of the book of Genesis contains the beautiful and peculiarly graphic description of the embassy of the servant of Abraham, to Nahor, a city of Mesopotamia, to seek a wife for his son Isaac; and the earnestness of the patriarch in this matter is expressed in the second verse of this chapter, "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh." This mode of adding force and solemnity to an oath is very usual among the mountain and desert tribes between India and Affghanistan. On the borders of Beloochistan, where I have been present at large assemblies of the chiefs of tribes, brought together for the purpose of cementing desired alliances, or commanding cessation of hostilities, I have often seen two noble-looking men, with heavy turbans, flowing robes, matchlocks in hand, and girdle bustling with arms, rise from the carpets on which they had been seated with their followers, and advance to take the required oath of friendship or forbearance; and ever the words were accompanied by this action. Each chief in turn placed his hand under the thigh of the other, and very commonly also on the inside of the arm, under the hanging sleeve of the body dress; and so, "the servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master, and sware to him concerning that matter. And the servant took ten camels of his master and departed." It is usual in the East for certain numbers of camels to travel together; and singularly enough, commonly in uneven numbers. One man takes charge of a certain number, and if less be required, he takes the extra animal or two, even if they go unladen. In travelling from city to city, these camels move slowly along in strings, the nose-cord of one attached to the tail of the other, and the camel-man leads the foremost of the van. During the heat of the day, the animals are turned loose to browse on the jungle shrubs, the camel thorn, the bastard cyprus, and the under branches of the young trees, and at sunset they are brought back, to be reloaded, or led onwards. The camel-driver considers the camel to be a creature of reasoning powers, and treats him accordingly; talks to his charges very confidentially on the road, and when about to start on a journey, uniformly tells them where they are going, and the object of the move. If the camels appear ready to go, the driver sets out sure of good fortune and success. And when

Abraham's servant arrived at Nahor, "he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water." The wells of Eastern cities are always without the gates. In some places of great luxury and size, such as Grand Cairo, or Delhi, beautiful reservoirs and fountains decorate the interior of the city, usually in connexion with the mosque of some great and venerated saint; but the wells for use in all general cases are without the city, as at Nahor, and reasonably so; for as the population of the East is dense in inhabited places, the custom of drawing water universal, and the streets narrow, to protect them from the rays of the noontide sun, the ways would be rendered impassable in the vicinity of a well, by the crowding of men, women, and animals around it. Thus, the camels of Abraham knelt by the well without the city, at the time "that women go out to draw water." The scene here described I have witnessed so often in the East, each an exquisite picture of life and beauty in itself, that to particularize is almost beyond my power. We must imagine it evening, the sun just sinking on the horizon, the sweet fresh breeze, reviving all nature, till now exhausted with the burning heat of noon: we stand by a well, around which the grass springs freshly, and over it falls the shade of a fine clump of luxuriant trees, while by the trunk of one rests a sculptured stone, decorated with wreaths of fragrant jasmine, and pomegranate buds. Not far beyond it are groves and gardens, filled with orange, lime, and citron trees; and among them are seen towers, and mosques, and minarets, with here and there a crimson flag. Between the city and the well, with slow and graceful step, each poising her burnished water-vessel on her head, come forth in troops the women of the city; and as they advance we hear their sweet voices in merry converse, catch the music of their ringing laugh, see the glitter of their jewels, and note the beautiful and varied hues of their graceful sarrees, (veils). Here and there, by beaten tracks comes a water-carrier, driving his little bullock before him, and the bullock has a sprig of oleander on his forehead, and his master another in his dark-blue turban: on the other side come droves of cattle from their pastures to the fold, and lines of camels slowly rocking forward, they having left the nearest city a little after noon, this being their last day's march. And while in a cloud of dust the cattle enter the gate, the women, and the water-carriers, with chance wayfarers, group around the well. And the camels kneel down beside it, as those of Abraham did at the well of Nahor. It is but a short time since, that I witnessed this gathering at a well now described, at Aurungabad, in Western India, and I remembered it in consequence of the extreme loveliness of the women in this now fallen city of the once mighty Aurungzebe. Morning and evening do the women of the East, "the daughters of the men of the city, come out to draw water." And they do so in all their bravery of apparel; their hair braided with flowers, their arms laden with bracelets, and silver anklets sounding musically from beneath the richly-coloured borders of their sarrees.

These groupings are among the most beautiful and interesting that the East presents, and dwell long and pleasantly on the memory of the traveller. We are told, when the beautiful daughter of Bethuel came forth from the city, "that she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up." The principal wells of the East are of two kinds, one called in Hindc-

stan a *koor*, the other a *blowree*. Both may be found near all large cities of the East, whether in Egypt, Palestine, or India. The largest *koors* I have seen are in Bombay, and consist simply of the well itself with a circular wall of masonry round it about four feet in height, on the outside of which the people stand, and let their vessels by ropes into the well: for purposes of irrigation a trough is fitted to one side of the *koor*, and the water raised by a Persian wheel, worked by a camel or bullock.

The *blowree* is often one of the most beautiful portions of the architecture of an Eastern city, and one eminently so is at Junaghur in Western India. This magnificent well is built of granite, every portion of which is richly sculptured with each variety of architectural ornament known in India; with figures of heroes, and dancing girls, animals, flowers, bells, chains, and tassels. It contains three stories of open arcades, supported on light pillars, and is descended by three flights of wide and handsome steps. The women must, one would think, undergo much fatigue in remounting from these wells, bearing often three water-vessels poised on the head; but it is a labour that practice inures them to from childhood.

It was probably from a well of this description that the daughter of Bethuel "came up," when met by the servant of Abraham, and the action described by which she "let down her pitcher upon her hand," deserves remark, as the invariable action of the Eastern women.

The servant of Abraham, in progressing with his mission, as we see in the 22d verse, "took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold." Such are the presents commonly offered in cases of betrothment; and personal ornaments in the East are valued for their substance, not for their delicacy of workmanship. The women in the province of Cutch, in Western India, wear ear-jewels, or rather plates, of gold, that cover the ear and touch the shoulder, but they do not depend from the ear itself, but are supported by silken braids twisted into the knot of hair at the back of the head. Thus with a nose-jewel also: the hook passes indeed through the nostril, but the jewel is prevented from dragging on it by a chain of gold or pearls, that crosses the cheek, and hooks into the hair behind the ear. In the 31st verse Laban bids the servant welcome, saying, "I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." All houses of respectable persons in the East have their guest-chambers; for although each city, town, and village, has its *dhurrumsaulah*, or *serai*, an open sort of verandah to afford shelter from the noontide heat to the wayfarer,—who may sleep therein, smoke his *kaliun*, and eat his frugal meal,—the better sort of people are bidden as guests to the house of an inhabitant, and the fakirs, priests, and wandering religious mendicants, seek the courts and porches of the mosques and temples. There was also "room for the camels." Such is found generally in the courtyards of the houses of the East: large spaces, never planted as with us, but intended for the accommodation of animals: and we will suppose, as I have often seen such scenes, that at night a huge fire was lighted in this court, and the camels knelt round it "ungirded" of their heavy wooden saddle and many pads of cloth and leather, the "straw and provender" scattered round; and among them groups of men—the grooms, herdsman, and armed followers of Laban and Bethuel, smoking their *kaliuns*, and telling strange tales, perhaps of Sodom and Gomorrah, which would have

been the wonder of their day; and the men of Abraham's servant may have told how "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." It is at such times as these, by the crackling fire of thorns blazing on the forms of kneeling camels and reclining men, each on his little carpet, with sword, and match-lock, and *kaliun* beside him, wearing away the cool starlight nights of the beautiful East, that traditions descend for ages, and become the histories of a people. The great changes of dynasty, the heroic acts of men, the natural phenomena of nature, become invested with all the charms of poetic imaginations, and are thus sung and recited from age to age,—fabulous, perhaps, in their ornament, but true in their facts, and always valuable, as characteristic of the mind of man in its progressive stages.

In the 59th verse we read: "And they sent away Rebekah their sister and her nurse." A nurse or confidential servant is to be found in all families of the East. She is often a slave, whose ancestors may have been in a family for centuries, and her own child has probably been the foster-sister of her mistress. In the family of the Nuwaub of Junagarh, each wife of the prince had her "nurse," a favourite slave, who wandered about to collect news for the amusement of her mistress, sat constantly in her presence, exercised very dreaded authority in the household, and, wherever her mistress went, would certainly have accompanied her, as she had before done from her father's to her husband's harem. I recollect also an instance of heart-touching fidelity in a woman of this class, the "nurse" of the Ranee, or Queen Mother of the Prince of Cutch. The lady was the daughter of a chief of a desert tribe on the island of Puchum, the oasis of a salt desert, whose women are celebrated for their beauty. The Prince of Cutch sent for her, as Abraham, on behalf of Isaac, sent for the daughter of Bethuel, by his *cheila*, or favourite servant. The lovely daughter of the chief became the wife of the Cutch prince, and the mother of the present lord paramount, Rao Daisuljee; and when she died, her body was burned, and the ashes placed in a splendid mausoleum; but as I rode past the spot where the funeral pyre had blazed, I saw a whitened water vessel, and the people told me the Ranee's nurse had there buried herself alive, in her grief and her devotion for her mistress.

At the 61st verse, we read that "Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man." In the East, women commonly ride on camels in preference to horses, occasionally on quilted saddles, but more commonly in what is called a *kajarah*, a pair of large boxes of wood or wicker-work, padded and lined, and swung in equal balance on each side of the camel-saddle. I have seen long processions of this kind on the plains of Sindh, when the dwellers of the towns above the passes have moved down to avoid the snows of the mountains and to seek pasture, bringing with them their wives and children, and men and women servants; and it is most probable that Rebekah, as a beautiful and delicate woman, so travelled, the camels of the cavalcade following the man, as I have before remarked is customary in Eastern journeyings. To this manner of advancing the camels are early trained; for not alone is it necessary that the animals should move thus in lines while passing through the crowded streets of a city, winding through mountain defiles, and crossing ferries; but, from the manner of loading them, nothing could equal the mischief and confusion that would ensue were the animals to move

abreast of each other, as is common with horses, mules, and elephants. And Isaac, we see, "went out to meditate in the field at eventide." After the heat of the day, when in the East the houses of cities, and the tents of the plains, until the evening breeze has cooled them, remain distressingly hot, their inhabitants stroll forth, either to meditate, to chat with their neighbours, or to bathe in the waters of any river that may be near. The people of the East are an essentially meditative people. The climate induces to this condition; and I have seen men for hours seated perfectly still, their eyes fixed on the ground, and their every faculty absorbed in meditation. With the people of the East this abstraction is a duty; it is fulfilled at certain times. Chance incidents do not, as with us, give rise to reflection; but men go forth to meditate, and this usually at eventide, perhaps in a field, as Isaac did, but very commonly—at least as I have seen them—beneath a spreading tree outside the city; and such is the respect felt for this habit, as for prayer, in the East, that let a man so sit in meditation by the wayside, no gazer turns to look on him; and so abstracted does he become, as to be unconscious of the presence of aught save the images of his own imagination.

When the daughter of Bethuel found that the man who walked in the field was Isaac, she not only "lighted off the camel," as we read in the 61th verse, as a motion of respect always observed in the East by an inferior to a superior, but "she took a veil and covered herself." In Upper Sindh I have had frequent occasion of remarking this particular etiquette of lighting down before entering the garden even of a superior. The Governor of the city of Shikarpoor was a man of very considerable importance, but inferior, of course, to the British Resident; and although he had occasion to present himself at the Residency daily, and sometimes in great haste, summoned on matters of pressing emergency, arrived at the gate, he ever dismounted with great state and etiquette, walking up the avenue, while two grooms led his horse by his side, and a retainer bore his sword. Thus Rebekah, in "lighting off her camel," did it in acknowledgment of her inferiority to Isaac; as in the East, great as her influences are, and ever have been, in social observance, man ever asserts his supremacy over woman. The veil of the women of the East, whether seen in Syria or India, with the Jewish women or the Cashmerians—and I have seen it on the fair forms of these, as well as enveloping the Afghan and Persian ladies—is, in fact, a cotton or silken scarf (white or coloured), some three yards in width, and the shortest thirteen in length; this is wound round the form of the wearer, and one end thrown over the head: the figure, face, and dress are thus completely shrouded, and the graceful management of this drapery is an art in which the women of India excel. The wearing the veil is also a mark of respect; and thus, although the lady of Nahor travelled without its encumbrance, surrounded by her servants, we see that in the presence of Isaac, her betrothed lord, "she took a veil and covered herself." And we observe throughout the whole of this beautiful chapter, even until Rebekah becomes the wife of Isaac, that the incidents described are precisely similar to those which might occur in our day, were a prince of the East to send forth his favourite servant to seek for his son a wife among the daughters of his kindred in a distant province, with presents of gold, and silver, and raiment, according to the customs of the East in all such cases of marriage and betrothment.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. V.

CHAP. I.

THE broad slopes of Beechwood Park were swept by many passages of green light, many a tree-shadow lay smooth and sharply cut upon the sward, and the foliage was burning with the myriad hues of sunset and autumn, which, like the graces developed in the soul by time and discipline, tell of springtide and morning departed—of night and decay drawing near. Edith sat with Mrs. Dalton at the foot of a huge oak-tree, and from the shadow of that natural cloister looked forth upon the brightness of the world as a spectacle in which her soul took no part. She was out of tune with the harmonies of nature, and the discordant voice of her heart was not yet so put to silence that she could listen to the strain in which she was unable to join. Her face and attitude seemed the very embodiment of weariness without repose. One restless hand was busied in plucking the moss and harebells which grew beside her, the other lay idly in her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon a group of couching deer in the distance, with a steadfast vacance which betokened that the soul had interposed some image of its own between them and the object on which they seemed to gaze. Woe to those to whom nature is but a mirror wherein they see themselves reflected! How can the antidote avail if we persevere in mixing with it the very poison which it is intended to counteract? Yet we must not throw it from us in despair, but rather wait patiently, and purify it by degrees, if we desire to obtain our cure from it. We are like persons who look out upon the night through the windows of a gaily-lighted drawing-room. At first we see nothing but the candles and the open work-boxes on the table, but if we gaze steadily, by degrees the shapes of the solemn hills, and the dim whiteness of starlight, come into view; we discern the clustering of trees and the level space of lawns, and at last the moon soars up from the horizon and shakes silver light from her wings, till the earth shines with a pure and mellow glory, like the brow of a risen saint. After this, can we go back to the candles again?

"What an evening!" cried Amy; "the repose of moonlight without its coldness—the glow of day without its heat and bustle! I never seem to feel the life of Nature so acutely as at sunset—one hears the very pulses of her great heart beating on the silence like a curfew bell."

"But one must stop the very pulses of one's own heart in order to hear them," returned Edith, a little abruptly; "I don't know what is meant by the life of Nature. I could much sooner fancy in her a deadness so oppressive as to make her chiefest beauties of a melancholy rather than a joyful character."

"Nay," said Amy, "but the whole of Nature is a mystery; and where there is mystery there can be no deadness."

"Yet death is the greatest mystery of all," suggested Edith.

"Only because of the life shut up in it. Gradual decay, and final dissolution, were a sight easily comprehended, though strange and sad, if we could separate them from the idea of a life which, once begun, must needs continue. The most complicated and accurate machine that ever was constructed is but a puzzle easily explained, because the source of its action is not a living principle within it. The meagre corpse—the machine which does not and cannot act at all—is a profound mystery, because there has been

life in it, and the life is gone, and we know not where it is."

Edith sighed heavily. "If there be a heart in Nature," said she, in a light but bitter tone, "it is a very unsympathizing heart; perhaps it is more human for that very reason. You go out among the woods and fields when you are happy, and the quivering lights and dancing shadows—the blue sky fretted with bars of silver cloud—the low symphony of bees and waters, bearing up, as it were, the exulting vocal chorus of birds—all these things delight you and tell you that the earth is rejoicing with you. Go out when you are sorrowful, and not a light shall be quenched, not a cloud deepened, not a bird silenced. You are neither missed nor welcomed; there is neither scorn nor sympathy; there is a quiet, changeless indifference to you and all your troubles; and you may die, if you please, and of a broken heart too (if people ever do die of such a disease), and this Mother Nature, as she is satirically called, cares nothing for it. She is just the same—and perhaps while your coffin is being let down beneath her greensward, she renews the very same magic effect of light and shade—the same transparent gleam of perishable beauty, which caught and chained your eye the last time you visited her in life. No, no; if I were unhappy I should wish to live in a little dark room, and never see the sunshine!"

"That would be a most scientific method of increasing your unhappiness," replied her friend. "Like the Irishman who said, 'I will be killed, I will be killed, and nobody shall help me.'"

"You may laugh at it if you like," cried Edith, with unusual petulance; "but ridicule, you know, is not argument. What possible comfort, now, could a man whose heart was really heavy derive from looking at a particular arrangement of forms and colours, or listening to a particular combination of sounds?"

"You might just as well ask what possible melody could be made out of the seven notes of the scale," answered Mrs. Dalton. "But it is folly to try to give a reason for all one's feelings."

"I do not understand you," said Edith; "I don't know on what principle you insist upon having reasons for some things and not for others. It was just the same with Mr. Thornton. Where art or feeling are concerned you seem to recognise mysteries beyond reason, and to believe without trying to understand; but it is not so in anything else; religion, for instance——"

"My dear Edith," interrupted Mrs. Dalton, rather warmly, "you could not make a greater mistake than in attributing to me a want of faith. It is contrary to my nature to doubt. I live by believing. But religion, you know, must not be confined to a few narrow dogmas, or a single bald and oppressive system. It is made up of great ideas, which must pervade everything and be discernible everywhere."

"Yes," said Edith; "but it seems to me that you reverse the natural order. You make art include religion, if I may express it so. Now, I should have thought that religion, if it were true, must be the one great system which includes, as well as the one great idea which pervades, everything else. I can thoroughly understand making æsthetics religious; but I don't understand making religion æsthetical."

"It is æsthetical in itself," cried Mrs. Dalton. "It is not we who make it so. What can be so beautiful as truth? The goodness and mercy of God, his great purpose in working out the happiness of man by means of his purification, the full forgiveness of sin, and the gradual emancipation of the soul from its power as it

risks higher and higher in the scale of being, the victory of love, the reign of peace—these are the subjects of our faith. And are they not beautiful?"

"They are," replied Edith, gloomily. "But there are a great many other things in the world besides these, which you seem to leave out of consideration. There is the *painfulness* of obedience,—there is the *guilt* of sin,—there is the *shame* of penitence. If these three could be disjoined from their companions, life would be easy enough; but it is not so,—they are inseparable. And there is punishment, and grievous affliction, and desolation of heart: these have no place in your system, and yet they are very real. You put away all truths which are not beautiful; and yet it seems to me that you ought to reject all beauties which are not based upon truth."

"Nay," said Mrs. Dalton, "the soul is like the body; it needs medicine as well as food, and sometimes even it needs a painful operation. But these, however distressing in themselves, are only the means of restoration to health."

"Follow out the comparison," said Edith. "There are other pains besides those which are sent for restoration. There are diseases which begin in agony and end in death. May not the soul be subject to these also?"

Amy turned her eyes upon her friend's face with an anxious and inquiring expression, struck by a course of thought so unusual and so sombre. Edith's colour changed as she added, with a forced laugh, "Why do you look at me so? The idea is yours, not mine, I was only completing your simile."

"It is certainly possible," said Amy, "to look so exclusively at the dark side of life as to lose sight entirely of the lights and colours; but it seems to me an unnatural and ungrateful task so to do. Only look around you for one moment, and then doubt, if you can, that God meant his children to be happy!"

Edith lifted her eyes; the pomp of sunset had departed, and earth was donning the novice robe of twilight ere she betook herself to the silence and seclusion of night; she was enduring a separation from the life and splendour of day, as the only means whereby the quiet majesty of the congregated stars could be made visible to her. Through the black stems of the elms was seen a space of pale green sky, against which one tiny motionless cloud was suspended, dyed with a faint blush which still lingered from the last kiss of the sunbeams; the upper heavens were spangled with a thousand hues of wan and changeful light, passing through watery gold and soft lilac to the deep calm purple of the zenith, and kindling again into rose colour at the western horizon, where the departed sun had left his monument of glory, transient as human fame. Over the distance lay a lovely haze like that which hope weaves around the future, while nearer objects were clad in a mellow distinctness such as memory lends to the past. Streaks of gold glimmered among the foliage like fragments of light, caught and imprisoned ere sunset. The low murmur of a brook made the silence audible, like the breathings of a sleeping babe.

"Yes!" cried Edith, with that wayward vehemence which takes a kind of pleasure in recognising the omnipotence of sorrow; "yes, I can doubt it! This is all very beautiful, and very like happiness—that is to say, it is a thing which we see as a spectacle, but in which we have no part. It shows itself to us, and suffers us to study it, so that we may learn exactly how and where we are most capable of enjoying it, and then it passes by and leaves us."

"My dearest Edith," said Amy, drawing her friend's shawl closely round her, and gently embracing her as she did so, "you are not sufficiently recovered yet to brave the chilliness of an October evening. Let us go in. And remember," added she, caressingly, "we have a thousand schemes of enjoyment for your visit here. I am not going to be content with the shabby fortnight which you promised me. We are to read, and walk, and play together; and I am determined not to let you escape me till you have quite recovered your strength and spirits. Godfrey is coming next week, you know; and I expect that it will take at least a month of his society to make you exactly what you used to be."

Exactly what she used to be! How the words grated upon Edith's heart! Effacement—recovery—restoration—what mere sounds they are! Whateffaced stain can ever compare with the first unsullied purity? what healing of sickness is like the unfearing freshness of never-broken health? The eyes that watch the gradual progress, and compare it step by step with the point of lowest degradation, may fancy at last that the restoration is complete; but place the image of the unfallen beside the image of the restored, and the scars of closed wounds and the traces of cleansed stains are at once perceptible. The tree of knowledge bears its bitter fruit. We cannot make acquaintance with evil, whether in the shape of sin or of sorrow, and be afterwards as though we had never known it.

Perhaps Edith had never felt so utterly miserable as at that moment. The silent and delicate sympathy of her friend made her conscious alike that she had been petulant, and that she had in part betrayed herself. She felt grateful—and yet not softened or humbled, though her high spirit rose into a kind of indignant self-contempt. She defied and disdained her own mental weakness at the moment in which she was suffering from it most acutely. Never had she been farther from opening her heart—yet never so oppressed by the sense of spiritual loneliness. She felt that there was a bitter truth in her words, and she rather exulted in the impotence of the arguments that had been brought forward against it; they had satisfied her before, and seemed consistent and real, but the Ithuriel spear of sorrow turned them into shadows with a touch. She pressed Amy's hand, and thanked her, and then added hurriedly as they walked towards the house,—

"We have had a strange conversation for an evening like this, and I don't think, Amy, you have answered my questions satisfactorily. I am only talking speculatively, you know—one likes to turn one's thoughts about, and look at them from all sides. Now it seems to me that there are a great many places in the world, and a great many persons,—and the persons are all made so as to fit the places, but all are different, and somehow or other, all, or nearly all, have come to be mismatched. So that each unhappy victim who is fast fixed in his wrong place, with the angles running into him and pinching him, making him as uncomfortable as possible, has a pleasant prospect of the place which would exactly fit him, but into which somebody else has got, who, perhaps, is suffering just as much as he is. And there is no possibility of change or exchange. How do you like my allegory?"

"I think there is a great deal of disagreeable truth in it," returned Mrs. Dalton, as they paused on the edge of the sweep to allow a carriage to pass them, which had apparently just left its occupant

beneath the portico. "The only way left is to accustom oneself to an uneasy position, and to pad the sides of one's prison."

"And, without metaphor," said Edith, "how is that to be done?"

"By learning indifference and contentment," replied Amy, "indifference to inevitable evils, contentment with attainable pleasures—never of course intermitting the effort to procure as much of the pleasure, and get rid of as much of the evil as you can. Few people are such adepts in the art of being happy as I am: I am just like a child—unless I am actually interfered with, I can make myself happy with a stick and a piece of string."

By this time they had reached the hall-door, where they were met by a servant, with the message that Mr. Dalton was arrived, and had sent him to say that it was ten minutes past the usual dinner-hour, and he begged Mrs. Dalton to make haste. Amy accompanied Edith to her room, and hovered about her, talking of a thousand different things, selecting and criticising her costume for the evening, and examining all the little arrangements made for her comfort and convenience.

"I always pester my favourite guests with a vast deal of superintendence on the first day of their arrival," said she; "afterwards I shall leave you to the bliss of perfect independence, unless you ask for the contrary. Now, Davis, don't be in a hurry—you are not arranging Miss Kinnaird's hair so gracefully as usual." She took the comb from the maid's hand, and began to smooth Edith's abundant tresses herself.

"Oh, never mind!" said Edith; "I am afraid of being late."

"Nay, it is scarcely seven o'clock yet—besides, your toilette will be over before mine, at any rate; and I am determined that you shall look your best. My reputation as a connoisseur depends upon it, you know. There! Davis shall finish your hair, while I tie up your bouquet."

A vase of hothouse flowers stood on the table, and from these Mrs. Dalton proceeded to select the most beautiful, some of which she wreathed around Edith's head, while the rest were arranged in a cluster for her bouquet. She did not go to her own toilette till her friend's was nearly completed.

Edith had never seen Mr. Dalton. She had been ill—too ill to come to Beechwood at the time originally intended, and on the morning of her arrival he was absent. He had gone to some agricultural meeting. She tried to interest herself about him, and to fancy what he would be like, and whether she should like him—she tried, in short, resolutely, and with a temporary, but delusive success, to take it for granted that she was not unhappy—that she could be interested in her friend's concerns just as if nothing had happened to herself—that, in fact, nothing *had* happened to her, which was to engross her thoughts, and subdue her spirits. With a heart out of which every atom of sunlight was gone, she tried to persuade herself that she could see as at noonday; her light was made darkness, and she shut her eyes steadily, and maintained that the darkness was light. There was something pitiable in the utter helplessness which this voluntary self-delusion betokened. It was like a child hiding its face in fear, that it may not see the rock which is about to fall upon it; the rock falls just the same, and crushes it.

She remembered all the little incidents which had led her to believe that Amy's husband was uncongenial to her, and admired the philosophy

which made her friend so light-hearted. She wondered whether it was perfectly real, yet instantly dismissed the doubt, and reproached herself for having entertained it.

"No," said she to herself, "all that she has said is perfectly true—of her. She can bear being in the position that does not actually suit her, and she can suit herself to it. The alchemy of her temperament extracts gold from everything that is submitted to it. How could I answer her as I did? How superior she is to myself! I will watch her closely, and try to grow like her." And in this frame of mind she descended to the drawing-room.

Several persons from the neighbourhood were assembled, but they were strangers to Edith, and she felt no interest or curiosity about them. A momentary thought did flit across her mind as she passed to a seat in a quiet corner of the room, that Amy's habitual disregard of all etiquettes but those which precisely suited herself, was a curious exemplification of her theory of getting rid of as much evil and obtaining as much pleasure as possible, and the question suggested itself, whether in all cases the pleasure was to be sought for yourself without regard to the evil to others; but she had no time to follow out the idea, for Mr. Dalton, who was making the agreeable to a hungry squire and an exhausted dowager, with a face expressive of a most unsuccessful effort to subdue impatience, carrying on a conversation in short starts, perpetually on the look-out for an interruption, came towards her, and introduced himself in a very friendly manner. He was a gentlemanlike man, about forty-five years old, rather portly, and a little fussy, but not sufficiently so to suggest at once the idea of underbreeding. His forehead was bald and ample, and his features were well cut, so that the general contour of the face was intellectual, though perhaps the expression could scarcely be so designated. There was all the formal cordiality of an Englishman in the manner in which he shook hands with Edith, welcomed her to Beechwood, and began the business of small talk; yet he was not thoroughly pleasing, even on first acquaintance. He gave you the notion of a man who was perpetually undergoing a kind of self-drill—a very different thing from self-discipline. He seemed satisfied if only he succeeded in making himself different from what nature intended him to be, without troubling himself to examine into the character of the difference. Superficially, he was a hearty country gentleman, covered by a dubious sort of deposit, left by the course of London society, redolent rather of blacking than of polish; yet his joviality seemed a little too elaborate to be genuine, his seriousness a little too self-important to be dignified. In fact, there was an uneasy consciousness about him, betokening peculiarity of temperament, or want of practice in society, and in either case occasioning a contagious awkwardness which prevented a sensitive person from feeling quite at ease in his company.

"You have scarcely had time yet to see anything of our beauties," observed he. "The park—I hope Mrs. Dalton—the park has some fine views. The park is small—but—didn't I hear?—it has fine views. Fine views. Did you walk to—eight o'clock!—the western side of the hill? Major Fellowes, I believe we are fast."

His eyes wandered in all directions during the delivery of this rather difficult speech, every clause

of which was produced with an effort, and a manifest disconnection from the preceding one. The interruptions were accompanied by slight springs forward, as he fancied he heard his wife's step approaching the door; and the final words were addressed apologetically to a very stern and yellow officer who seemed to him to frown more than usual, as the sonorous bell of the clock resounded to eight fatal strokes. Edith wished he wouldn't try to talk to her till he was more at ease. She felt relieved when Amy made her appearance, looking perfectly cool and quiet, and dressed with so much simplicity as to put it out of the power of the crossest of her guests to say that she had kept them waiting for the sake of her toilette. She was glad when they moved into the dining-room, but she had not been seated five minutes ere she began to feel hopelessly weary of Major Fellowes's efforts to amuse her, and to watch the progress of the repast with a nervous impatience for its conclusion. In the drawing-room she withdrew from the circle, and occupied herself with a book of prints, but she caught Amy's eyes wandering towards her, and, afraid of betraying herself more than she had already done, she came desperately forward, and plunged into conversation. There is nothing like habitual intercourse with society for teaching a woman how to suppress and conceal her feelings. For the sake of those she loves, she may indeed, and does often subdue them, and avoid all indulgence of them, but it is hard for her to hide their very existence from eyes which are waiting to weep with her, it only she will let them. But where she is sure of not meeting with sympathy, and would scarcely value it if she found it—where she lives among conventionalisms, and shows, and coldnesses, the difficulty to one who feels acutely is not so much to hide the appearance of tenderness as to avoid that of hardness. Physical weakness generally saves her from the latter supposition; but if her nerves be strong and her heart sensitive, she is pretty sure to pass before the world in general as a sober pattern of chilly gentleness, who is neither to be kindled nor melted. Edith *got through* the evening, as the phrase is, wonderfully well. She talked, laughed, listened, played, and sang, and was universally pronounced to be as agreeable as she was beautiful. And then she went up to her bedroom, looking round her as she entered, with a kind of fear, as though the thoughts kept at bay during the day were lying there in wait, and ready to spring upon her. Let us leave her for the night, and not inquire how much she slept, nor of what aspect were her dreams.

MR. F. W. NEWMAN'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.¹

THE well-known adage of old Falstaff, that "Discretion is the better part of valour," has seldom recurred to our minds so frequently as in reading this remarkable discourse;—remarkable alike for its arguments, its imagery, and its sentiment. Brave Mr. F. Newman undoubtedly is; the courage of the individual who starts at this time of day on a war of extermination against those venerable institutions which have been for centuries the nursery of all that is noble and true, the safeguards against all that is mean and false among us—which are rooted in our hearts like the yew-tree at the church door, at once the shelter and the ornament of the building from

(1) Delivered at the opening of the Classes of Arts in London University College, Oct. 13.

which it derives its special sanctity—can scarcely be called in question. He is, in truth, the leader of a most forlorn hope. His discretion is equally unquestionable, though in a different sense. We do not inquire concerning the quantity or quality of that, of the existence of which in *any* quantity, how minute soever, we have no reasonable assurance. Let us, however, dismissing as beyond the scope of an article like the present the discussion of the *casus belli*, examine for a moment the plan of the attack and the nature of the weapons employed.

There is an elaborateness of preparation which led us to expect great things:—a kind of clearing of the ground before starting which seems to imply that Mr. F. Newman intends to go at a tremendous pace when he is once fairly off; and this is, perhaps, not unnecessary, as he appears from sundry indications to have projected taking a cursory view of all questions in science, art, and ethics, with a side-glance at theology, before he has done: our only comment whereupon is, that the view is *very* cursory indeed—a rapid sketch, in what Mr. J. D. Hardinge, in his work on Art, expressly terms the “bad bold style.” Commencing with a contented admission of Bacon’s great aphorism, that “Knowledge is power,” and drawing therefrom the not very recondite inference that the intrinsic goodness of knowledge is in nowise implied in this assertion, he proceeds to charge the absence of such inference upon Lord Bacon and his followers as a sort of crime, turning round upon them with a very unexpected air of triumph, as though he had caught them in a dilemma; reminding us of the indignant magistrate’s rebuke of poor Mr. Winkle for calling himself Daniel when his name was Nathaniel, the mistake having arisen solely from a slight difficulty of hearing in the worthy gentleman himself. Before Lord Bacon can be rebuked for not asserting that knowledge is necessarily and intrinsically good, it must be proved that he believed it to be so. This radical confusion of ideas runs through the whole of Mr. F. Newman’s reasoning. In fact, it is almost impossible to discover what he is fighting against. Setting out with the assertion that all knowledge is good, you presently find him in hot pursuit of an ideal theory of some imaginary band of opponents, that knowledge is necessarily evil, which having caught, demolished, and hung up, quite to his and our satisfaction, we are not a little amazed to see him proceeding on the assumption, that by this said demolition he has proved the truth of his original assertion. There is no *contending* against such logic as this: it is only necessary to *expose* it, lest the unwary reader, deceived by his placid exultation, and omitting to compare the conclusion with the commencement, should go away with the idea that he really has proved his point. When you see a man composedly establishing himself in an easy chair, you are apt to take it for granted that the chair has legs to stand upon.

Two graver fallacies pervade this portion of the discourse, which we shall simply indicate, and leave it to the reader’s discrimination to detect more fully. The first is forgetfulness, or implied denial, of the great truth that we have an unchangeable and unerring standard of right and wrong, not erected by any succession of efforts on our own part,—not developed out of the working of human sciences and systems,—but given to us by God as a trust for which we must answer, and a test by which we ought to try our actions here, as they will assuredly be tried by it hereafter. The question, therefore, whether direct

religious and moral instruction shall or shall not be an integral part of national education, is not, to Christians, a question of wisdom or folly, but simply one of faithfulness or unfaithfulness to duty. And this seems to be the real answer to Mr. F. Newman’s second fallacy, which is at first sight somewhat more plausible. It is the old principle attributed to the Jesuits in another shape,—the judging the means by the end. He points to admitted and deplored immoralities, and taxing them upon the system employed for their prevention, demands the abandonment of that system. Just as though you should counsel a farmer not to sow this year because last year’s harvest was unproductive. Not so: labour we must; and if our labour fail, we must not diminish or intermit, but, on the contrary, double it. It is true we must examine diligently, lest the cause of the failure lie in the inefficiency of the labourers; we must concentrate and regulate our efforts; we must arrange our plans and economize our power. But we must never fold our hands and sit idly; neither must we waste all our time in enriching the soil, and trust to Providence to sow the crops. The seed is in our hands, and woe be to us if we sow it not! The reverse side of this argument is likewise employed by Mr. F. Newman, and it is equally fallacious. Apparent good may arise out of the abandonment of duty, just as apparent evil often springs from adherence to it; but the duty remains unaltered.

In judging actions and their results we are too apt to forget that Providence is constantly working to bring good out of evil; the good result is of the mercy of God, the evil action was of the guilt of man, and he is just as responsible for it when it is overruled for good as when it is allowed to produce evil. The character of the pupil may remain uninjured by the defects of his education, but this does not take from the guilt of the teacher. We have a standard set up—a task imposed, and we have no right, for any reason of expediency, how plausible soever, to forsake the one or neglect the other. Where the result seems inconsistent with the means employed, either in good or in evil, our business is to take it as a trial of faith, and go quietly on, doing our duty in the best manner we can. It may be as well, however, to mention that Mr. F. Newman, having announced with oracular decision that the former excesses of our universities were chargeable upon their system of moral and religious instruction, or rather were occasioned by the fact that they gave moral and religious instruction at all, proceeds, with a cool adjustment of cause and effect which would make the fortune of a natural philosopher, to assure us that the present improvement of tone and conduct has nothing whatever to do with that system, and must not be supposed to have any connexion with it. Now really this seems a little unfair, even in Mr. F. Newman. The most virulent nurserymaid that ever aggravated infancy, would not maintain a child was always naughty on purpose and never good except by accident. The redoubtable Mrs. MacStinger herself is the only embodiment of this species of reasoning that we have met with, before Mr. F. Newman. After this, sneers at blindness, bigotry, or prejudice, come with rather an ill grace from his pen.

The next paragraph which demands our attention contains a vivid and poetical sketch of the miseries of mediæval barbarism, for which Mr. F. Newman, having *more suo* assumed the fact, proceeds *more suo* to assign the cause. This he conceives to have been the prevalence of sorcery and the malignant temper of

the enchanters by whom the weapons of the Black Art were wielded. We were a little startled by the novelty of this view, and felt disposed to inquire for a moment whether we were not reading a fairy tale or an allegory, instead of a speech delivered at the opening of a great educational institution. But the happy delusion did not last. The manner in which our author applies the lesson, derived from this mode of contemplating the past, to our own times, is so striking that we must indulge ourselves in an extract.

"If the study of sorcery had been public and free to all, it could not much longer have seemed evil; but while it was uncertain how many possessed this wonderful science—what was their relative proficiency—and up to what limits their power extended, no man could speculate even on the probability that the bad designs of the one would be checked by the virtue or the interests of the other. Thus it was not the knowledge, and the power derived from it, at which human nature shuddered, but the appropriation or monopoly of it by a few, who constituted a *secret brotherhood, perhaps in league against the rest of their species*. Such *precisely* is the nature of the dangers to be feared," &c.

The italics are our own. This idea is very awful. It is impossible to contemplate without trembling the nearness of a danger so mysterious. A secret brotherhood in league against the rest of their species! It makes a reviewer's flesh creep to have to copy such a sentence. And a few lines lower, the prophet speaks more plainly, and gives us a straightforward warning against turning "the academic clergyman into a professor of the black art." Heaven forbid that any Englishman should ever make such an attempt! We can fancy the consternation of the reverend subjects of the metamorphosis, as the prospect of their probable fate begins to open upon them. What nerves must the man require, to whose gifted eyes the terrific vision just revealed itself! We wonder whether Mr. F. Newman ever sleeps nights.

Our fears are, however, relieved by the smiling picture which our orator presently offers us of the Utopian felicity of these favoured times. Man, who began life as a monkey, seems to be fast developing into an angel. Wars and tumults have ceased, and their renewal is no longer within the limits of probability. The reign of Peace, Love, and Liberty, has actually begun upon earth. Stay—was there not a faint cry from Algeria? Has opium so effectually soothed the Chinamen into slumber, that they have no voice to protest against the conclusion? Is Canbul forgotten? Are there no stiffened corpses of slaughtered Sikhs drying in the Indian sun? Away with such unsavoury reminiscences! Mr. F. Newman is ready with his answer—somewhat allegorically shaped, as usual. "The British Association," says he, "is the great fact which typifies—(what?)—which typifies THE STATE OF THINGS." With this delicious vagueness we are quite content. It must mean something, and as we are quite unable to discover what, we gladly accept it as meaning whatever Mr. F. Newman may please.

By this time we are pretty well accustomed to the lecturer's manner of dealing with fancies as facts, and facts as fancies, and are, therefore, not quite so much astonished as we otherwise should have been at his next grand *coup de théâtre*. He is overtaken in a metaphor, and he makes the most of it. We give the passage entire:—

"Break down the walls of exclusiveness; let the wind of heaven play through the dark chambers of pretension; pour the natural light into the desks and drawers of

official technicality; and a healthier, sweeter breath soon comes forth from professional halls, when scholastic and traditionary lore is forced to endure the gaze of strong native intelligence. ALL THIS IS NOTORIOUS."

The last sentence of the quotation is the one which amazed us. It is not then, as we at first held it to be, a somewhat clumsy complication of metaphorical expressions: it is a simple description of something which has actually happened, and which is now matter of notoriety. We are a little puzzled by the phraseology, but we endeavour to receive it with that absolute submission of the understanding which must always be the first step required of Mr. F. Newman's pupils. What a subject for a picture! Imagine the ancient walls of Cambridge levelled with the ground, and the venerable master of Trinity, fit representative of "scholastic and traditionary lore," confronting Mr. Francis Newman, the allegorical embodiment of "strong native intelligence," among the ruins! We wonder which of the two would first stare the other out of countenance. Yet, if all tales be true, Dr. Whewell has a vigorous mode of repelling intruders from the precincts of his dominions, which might lead Mr. F. Newman to think twice ere he encounters it.

One word more, and we have done. Mr. F. Newman says that he dares scarcely allude to the beneficial action of increasing knowledge on religious sentiments, "lest he should offend against the proprieties of the place." The expression is singularly well chosen. There is, we hope, scarcely a place to be found in England, against the "proprieties" of which an exposition of the "religious sentiments" which could lead to such principles as are propounded in this discourse, would not offend. And among the many causes which, under God, have conduced to this state of public opinion among us, we hold that the tone and temper fostered by the system of collegiate instruction, bequeathed to us by our fathers, and very imperfectly followed out by ourselves, stand in the foremost rank. Long may they continue as they are; the only change which we wish to see is a fuller Restoration!

We have no quarrel with Mr. F. Newman, beyond the subject of the present article. His personal character may be blameless, and his talents of a high order. But it is absolutely necessary to show, that when a man sets himself to oppose the first simple dictates of conscience and the plain law of God, no degree of amiability can render him respectable, no amount of genius can save him from being ridiculous.

L.

A TALE OF FLORENCE:

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE YOUTHFUL LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

"Dante was born at Florence, in the year 1265. He met in boyhood a certain Beatrice Portinari, a beautiful little girl of his own age and rank, and grew up thenceforth in partial sight of her, in some distant intercourse with her. All readers know his graceful affecting account of this."—CARLYLE, *Hero Worship*.

It was on one of the first days of spring, in the year 1274, that a festive meeting of friends was gathered together in the palace of Folco Portinari, one of the richest citizens of Florence, then exulting in the strength and life of her new-found liberty.

Allighiero Allighieri, with his youthful son Durante, (by consent of the world and his nursery *Dante*,) formed part of that joyful assembly. The site of the palace to which they hastened through the narrow, tower-crowded streets, which lie unchanged between the Cathedral and the dark mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, may to this day be traced;—memory lingers on the spot. Not far from it yet stands the house which the boy left on that morning; the doorway through which he passed bears the proud inscription, at which the Florentine crowd now gazes with love and wonder, —*Here was born the Divine Poet*.

Florence, we have said, was then free, already worthy of the name of "the Beautiful," not unlike Athens in her earlier days. Here, however, the influence of Christianity on the mixed Teutonic and Southern elements of her population had given to the life of her citizens a more free and yet a purer development. It was a place and a time worthy to elicit greatness; and like a star shining forth at some solemn conjuncture of the heavens, the great poet of the middle ages had now entered on the life over which the events of that spring day were to exercise so strange and so mighty an influence.

So greatly increased is intercourse with the Continent, that we are not without hopes that the attention of many, especially of the young, may be turned at last to the great writers of neighbouring nations, whose works they may study, not merely by the painful aid of lexicons and learned guess-work, but by the guidance of those who have been themselves brought up in the language, and are proud of the great names of Schiller, Gothe, Ariosto, or Dante. We are in hopes also that in this case the little work, or rather song, of Dante's, recounting his first meeting, and all that in this world he saw of his Beatrice, of which we now propose, in our "fainting and inefficient periods," to give some short account, may not be without its fit audience.

This book, called *Vita Nuova*, or *Youthful Life*, (not *New*, as some have rendered it,) which has been named by Shelley "the idealized history of that period and of those intervals of Dante's life which were dedicated to Love," seems to have been composed by him about 1291, when the violence of his grief for the death of his beloved was calmed into an intense and life-long affection. An unfeeling reader might remark on the absence of any striking or romantic incident in the simple history contained in the "*Vita Nuova*"—a few sonnets and other lyrical poetry set in a prose narrative, relating merely to the interviews of Beatrice and the youthful Alighieri; to her early death and his overflowing sorrow,—such is its simple foundation;—but to those who retain the freshness and untiring admiration of childhood, the inexpressible ardour of affection breathing through every line, now sinking in low notes to express the almost unendurable recollections of the thronging past, now rising with no uncertain hope for the future,—will raise feelings but of delight, admiration, or sympathy.

We may add, that the Italian language possesses few more beautiful prose writings than the "*Vita Nuova*" of Dante, which is itself one of her earliest efforts;—the language throughout displays that intenseness and purity, whether expressing the stern or the gentle, which is ever characteristic of Dante. In the story itself, the thoughts and feelings of the poet are so intimately blended with the facts which he relates, and both are told with such vividness and earnestness of feeling, that it is with difficulty they are distinguished; the ideal mingles with the real;

the fact is united to thought, and the thought is placed before us with the vividness and precision of fact.

Alas! but faintly is it that we can call up to memory across the waste of years the dark high-walled palace of the Portinari, its pointed windows, each divided by a slender shaft,—the graceful cressets beside the lofty portal; far less the gay company which five hundred and fifty years ago met within the brightly painted rooms, to celebrate the first days of a forgotten spring-time. But from the simple story of the great Florentine, the mind's eye may still view the earnest, speechless glance of the youthful Dante—(*alter ab octavo jam te tum ceperat annus*)—yet a child in nothing but years and purity of affection; the expressive eyes and movements, the graceful form, the "noble and praiseworthy demeanour," as Dante suddenly found her,—standing a little apart, as we may suppose, from her youthful companions,—of that *Angiola giovanissima*, Beatrice Portinari.

It is with this picture that the book opens. A belief in astrology and visions was, as every one knows, common in those ages, and Dante, after mentioning that the number nine seemed to rule his youthful life, and expressing in his strange figurative way, that

"All the colour of his after-life
Would be the shadow of to day,"

and influenced by this mysterious number passes over the next nine years, and relates the further progress of his love.

We have next a beautiful picture of his meeting Beatrice with two older companions: he tells the dream and vision which then peopled his solitary room, and thus his first sonnet, addressed to the famous "troubadours" of that day, and requesting an explanation of the vision, is introduced.

The events which follow each other in the course of the Life are simple and unmarked, and would hardly bear the rude process of analyzing; it is in the mind of the great poet that the storms and calms, the conflict of passion, of timidity, of grief, arise,—his spirit casts a hue of sunset glow and melancholy over the little events of daily life in Florence, and invests them with superhuman beauty and interest. We find him at one time commemorating the death of a friend of Beatrice; he sees her lying lifeless, and wept by many, and, as his wont was, offers sweets to the sweet in a few graceful lines:—

Weep, lovers, weep; Love weeps:—and at the woe
Which draws his tears, oh! let not yours be dry.
He weeps that gentle ladies' grief should flow
In sorrow vain, and lamentable cry.
For cruel death, with loveless enmity,
Hath spoiled of life the loveliest, gentlest breast,
And all, save spotless fame, that cannot die,
In one fair dame hath utterly oppressed.
Mark now by Love how honoured was her rest:—
In present form I saw him where she lay
Mourning that form whence life had passed away;
And oft towards heaven he looked in sorrowing quest,
Where joyed in her bright throne that Spirit blest,
That lady once so lovely and so gay.

At another time, excess of grief when travelling at a distance from Florence called up before him Love, dressed as a pilgrim on his journey, and as he went, casting his eyes on a stream running by the road-side, such as may often be seen in Tuscany, *bello, corrente, e chiarissimo*. We quote the sonnet to which this vision gave rise:—

On toilsome journey bound as forth I rode,
With weary sameness and sad thought oppressed,

Love met me there, in midmost of the road,
 In the slight habit of a pilgrim dressed.
 His mournful semblance to my eyes addressed,
 Power lost, and broken rule appeared to rue,
 Thought filled his anxious mind, and sighs his breast,
 With downcast eyes, as shunning human view.
 By name he called me, nearer as I drew,
 And said, From distant land I make my way;
 Where was thy heart, my sovereign will to do,
 And bear it my new pleasure to obey.
 Then was I one with him, so strangely blended,
 I knew not when or how the vision ended.

Many more such little scenes follow, all filled with a strange ancient beauty, and celebrated in those graceful lyrics which excited in after times the admiring emulation of Petrarch and Boccaccio. Everywhere we see the noble nature of the great poet revealing itself, though as yet displayed only in the most deep and trembling tenderness:

"Had he never loved so kindly,
 Had he never loved so blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 He had ne'er been broken-hearted."

This earnest loving character runs through his whole life, and to it we trace his bitterest sorrows. He was a man too just and too loving to be an inhabitant of this earth; he was weighed down and oppressed by its sorrows and its fearful riddles. In all his works, when describing his early life, or addressing with indignation his unworthy countrymen, as they wasted the precious days of freedom,—in Hell, in Purgatory, or in Heaven,—in every line of his strange expressive features, we read the man at once most loving and most severe, most just and most pitying,—the energy of hate and the might of love,—in earnest affection a child, in intense impartiality like an angel of justice: such was he whose life of life was now suddenly broken; for her whom he had watched from the wayward steps and trustful glances of her infancy to the modest and staid gracefulness of womanhood, had the summons of the Angel of death appeared. In a dream, he tells us, he had foreseen already her death, heard her reception among the songs of angels, whilst the joy yet lingering on her features said, "I have entered into the beginning of my peace." And now the end had come;—the vision had told but too truly; she had fled in the morning of her life,

"Like some frail exhalation which the dawn
 Robes in its golden beams;"—

she had fled;—fair Florence, in the eyes of her great poet, seemed to *sit desolate and widowed*; but though since that 9th of June, 1290, five hundred long years and more have passed—yet still

"Like an autumnal night, that springs
 Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
 The golden day,"¹

to those who will read and feel, the song of the poet arises, wildly lamenting what she was whom he had lost, and how she was taken from him.

But it is enough. We would hope that some of the readers of this attempt to gather a few of the flowers which the poet has with such profusion scattered through the garden of his love-story, will be encouraged to turn to the little work itself, and will perhaps excuse the weakness of their guide, if they feel that he has not led them untruly. To those who know the "Vita Nuova" of Dante, our words—this vain

attempt at description—must seem faint and meaningless. May they but excuse the weakness of this endeavour,—they who feel the difficulty of the task,—as they read the lines which "unseal the inmost enchanted fountains" of the deep heart of man.

Yet, before closing the book, we would quote from it two short passages, in the hope that their subtle and volatile beauty, which in the crucible of translation would fade and pass away, may excite one or two of the listless to the easy and well-rewarded task of gaining acquaintance with the treasures of the *dolce lingua*.

SONETTO.¹

Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore,
 Per che si fa gentil ciò ch'ella mira:
 Ov'ella passa, ogn'uom ver lei si gira,
 E cui saluta fa tremar lo core.
 Sì che bassando il viso tutto smore,
 E d'ogni suo difetto allor sospira;
 Fugge davanti a lei superbia ed ira:
 Ajutatemi, donne, a farle onore.
 Ogni dolcezza, ogni pensiero umile
 Nasce nel core a chi parlar la sente,
 Ond'è beato chi prima la vide.
 Quel ch'ella par quando un poco sorride
 Non si può dicer nè tenere a mente:
 Sì è nuovo miracolo e gentile.

Si levò un dì quasi nell'ora di nona una forte immaginazione in me: ch'è mi pareva vedere questa gloriosa Beatrice con quelle vestimenta sanguigne colle quali apparve prima agli occhi miei, e parcammi giovane in simile etade a quella, in che prima la vidi. Allora incominciai a pensare di lei; . . . e si rivolsero tutti i miei pensamenti alla loro gentilissima Beatrice. E dico che d'allora innanzi cominciai a pensare di lei sì con tutto il vergognoso cuore, che li sospiri manifestavano ciò molte volte; però che quasi tutti diceano nel loro uscire quello che nel cuore si ragionava, cioè lo nome di quella gentilissima, e come si partio da noi.

The following must be considered as mere ghosts of translation.

SONNET.

Love in her eyes my lovely lady bears,
 Whence all is lovely that she looks upon:
 All gladly towards her turn as on she fares:
 Whom she salutes, with trembling takes the boon;
 Trembling and pale, with countenance cast down,
 For his own faults he sighs with sorrow and fear.
 Anger and pride her blessed presence shun:
 Aid me, fair dames, her praises to uprear.
 Sweet humble thoughts, all other joy surpassing,
 Spring in his soul, who that loved voice may hear:
 Oh happy he, who first beholds her passing.
 But when she smiles with amiable cheer,
 Nor mind may bear, nor tongue may represent,
 That passing miracle of wonderment.

(After the death of Beatrice.)

There was a day on which about the ninth hour imagination worked strongly in me; for I thought that I saw the noble maiden Beatrice, clothed in crimson, as she first was beheld by my eyes; and she seemed to me young again, as at the time when I first saw her. And then I began to call her to mind: . . . and as of old my thoughts all turned to their much-loved Beatrice. Then at once all my repentant heart went with my thoughts of her, so that sighs often and often, bursting forth, betrayed my mind:—for they all seemed to utter forth, as it were, that of which my heart was speaking—the name of my beloved, and how she had gone from among us.

(1) We quote from the Florence edition of 1839, by P. J. Fraticelli:—(Dalla Tip. di L. Allegrini e G. Mazzoni.)

(1) Shelley, "Adonais."

TOO HANDSOME.

A TALE.

It is quite possible for a man, or woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that this is an original remark, springing from our own sapient brain, because our conscience forces us to acknowledge the working. Nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore, we intend to enter the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration, it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough "to frighten the crows," as country children say; but decidedly such is not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "over true tale," as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale,—nothing but a commonplace love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no "heroism in humble life," will be found therein, therefore, gentle reader, it is useless to seek it. And, after this exordium, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau *par excellence*,—the Adonis, Apollo, Narcissus, of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome. We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject. Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to, or diverge from, this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each fair one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for everything. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off a bush;" he was "a man of infinite humour," as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round;—wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses,—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so,—a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble for ever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow; and, wonderful to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else, that was certain; and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless,—oh! that was quite impossible, too; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing colour, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gaiety; meeting constantly, and furnishing

for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich nor poor,—well matched, as the gossips said: but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it; paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm without ever really loving or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's dereliction, as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant: he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for every-day wear.' And," continued Miss Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote,—he is, in truth, *too handsome* for me!"

Perhaps Margaret's feeling was natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted, and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room, the admired and admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character; and Margaret was right when she said, that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one never particularly welcome at any time,—the news-retailer of the place, a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of London visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicious twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes, which showed she was brimming over with news; and out the information came, at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What, not about the fire at Farmer Western's, and young Mr. Heathcote, and his accident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known,—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed;—almost."

Both the ladies started; and, to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all

sights, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance, but too late. The house was wrapped in flames; and the farmer's aged mother was still within: no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness, he was found to be fearfully burnt, one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home by the grey morning twilight disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised towards a rejected, or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lay on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him sent to inquire after the poor young man, for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manor-house where he lived, all had forsaken him except one or two kind souls who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester; and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or somewhat else, warmer still, led him thither, the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident, excepting his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognisable, for the deep scars left in his face; and his finely-moulded figure and elastic gait were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock; such as none but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage he could not repress many a bitter pang, as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened, and Margaret entered, he could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colourless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said in a frank, earnest, friendly tone, that went to Philip's heart, "I am very glad, indeed, to see you here again, Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened, so that Philip's dread and embarrassment wore off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's

eyes fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home, certainly happier than he had often been in the days of his bloom and gaiety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said very little; but that night she heard the old church-clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's reappearance in society caused the usual nine days' wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he had shone so brilliantly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the *belles* who had so often gazed delightedly on his handsome face, now passed him by with a slight recognition or an audible, "Poor fellow—how handsome he *was* once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the "*has been*" grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society, in a great measure, pleading as his reason the ill-health which he really did still labour under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She too was changed; not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round; treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humbled and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this; yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days," he often thought, "surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor sick, lame, ugly fellow like me." And he would look at himself with disgust; and turn away from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart! We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years, because a heavy affliction—it was deprivation of hearing—fell upon the lovely girl he was to have married; and we have also heard others of his sex justify him in so doing. Such love is not like woman's; she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error; and how that clearness of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them with delicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blissful existence did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him! He counted all he had lost as nothing in comparison to the prize which his sufferings had won for

him. Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that 'it was due to his altered character; for men look at the outward form, while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in intense happiness; for Margaret, the timid, retiring, but loving Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from church; Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged!—and this once the gossips were right—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village church beheld them made husband and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor-house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, nor feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness. Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a mother's pride and fondness—

"Is not our boy handsome, Philip?—he will grow up almost as handsome as——"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes with intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once——"

"When you said I was too handsome?" cried the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days, I did not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote. "And so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.'" D. M. M.

THE ECLIPSE.

ASTRONOMERS were anxiously watching the predicted eclipse, when the eagle, in her cry on the cliff, said to her young ones, "Look at the sun; I see a dark spot on his surface." "Look at the sun," repeated the mole to the bat who lurked in the cavern below, "as if any body ever *could* look at the sun!"

Ye moles and bats of society, will ye never allow the eagle to see better than you do?

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

SOLUTION OF CHARADE

(In the October Part of "Sharpe's Magazine," p. 416.)

Oldmou.

VISIONS bright of days gone by,
Float ye now before mine eye.
Fancy—wander light and free
Back to times of chivalry.
Forth from yonder gallant bark,
Wafted o'er the waters dark,
From their distant island home,
See the mail-clad warriors come.

On their pious breasts, the sign
Of their sacred faith divine
Tells that they are outward bound,
To plant the cross on holy ground;
And, but pausing here awhile,
For needful rest, in Malta's isle,
With the morning's early dawn,
To the church of good St. John,
Now in lengthened files they pass,
There partake the solemn MASS,
So our Ladie speed them on.

* * * * *

Ave Maria! thou wilt keep
These Christian warriors on the deep.
'Neath thy guardian care they sleep.
Star of the bright and boundless sea,
Safely guided on by thee
Their gladsome galley gaily braves,
With flashing prow, the dark blue waves.
Morning breaks—before their eyes
ACRE's turrets proudly rise.

* * * * *

Sinks the past in shadowy maze,
Other scenes, and other days,
Are before us now; no more
Red-cross warriors throng the shore.
Yet is many an armed band
Gathered on the holy strand.
And the battle's dandy roar
Rings along the Syrian shore.
Hush! the fight is ended now.
Who is he with eagle eye,
Frowning 'neath yon stern cold brow,
Who dooms the brave to die?
Could not e'en the death-shot's rattle,
'Mid the carnage of the battle,
Cannon's roar, and sabres' glance;
Suffice Thee, tyrant child of France?
And must a deadlier agent still
Be found to work that warrior's will?
Warrior? what has warrior true
With such hellish deeds to do?
Deeds—that make the blood run cold,
When to the scarce believing ear,
The dark and tragic tale is told
Of Jaffa's fearful MASS-ACRE.

SONNET.

BY GRACE.

ALAS! a wish that would encompass earth,
And like a mailed guardian Angel stand,
With searching eyes all-careful, sword in hand,
To shield from danger one beloved—has birth
In the fond heart of some lone mortal—strong
In love, but powerless in all else; and lo!
May wear life out with wishing, yet ne'er move
Fate's car-wheels from the course they roll along.
Yet weep not, Love; thy strong desire pour out
In prayer—unceasing, truthful prayer; and then
A mightier aid is with thee, do not doubt,
Than thou couldst win from angels or from men.
And thou and thy beloved that aid shall share,
For double blessing waits on earnest prayer!

NATURE.

BY F. B.

"All thy works praise thee."—PSALM cxlv. 10.

How beautiful the earth appears,
How lovely Nature's face!
Look where we will, on dale or hill,
Its Maker's hand we trace;
The waving corn that decks the fields
With its rich golden hue,
And every little flow'et there,
Proclaim his goodness too.

The towering oak that stands so firm,
 The forest's ancient pride ;
 The willow-tree that loves to bend
 The little brook beside ;
 The meadows all, so fresh and gay ;
 The lily of the vale ;
 The violet, with its fragrance rare ;
 The early primrose pale ;
 Whatever shines on hedge-row green,
 Or blossoms in the dell ;—
 Alike, as with one heart, unite
 His love and power to tell.
 Oh, while all Nature thus combines
 Its Maker to proclaim,
 Is it not strange that man alone
 Should slight his glorious name ?
 O Lord, incline our wayward hearts
 To thee, our God, to turn,
 And let us from each little flower
 A useful lesson learn.
 And while all Nature shows thy love,
 May we our voices raise,
 And tell thy goodness and thy grace
 In sweetest songs of praise.

MUSIC.

BY F. B.

THE six days' work was ended :—He who made
 Pronounced it good, and bade the worlds rejoice.
 The morning stars caught up the gracious voice,
 And in their courses adoration paid.
 Round the young earth awhile its sweetness played,
 Then travelled through th' infinity of space,
 Until it centred in that glorious place,
 Where standeth God's own throne ; and there it stayed.
 But still its echo soundeth through the spheres,
 And ever and anon we catch a strain,
 And call it Music, and would hear again,
 So wondrously it falleth on our ears,
 And, being breathed from heaven, our spirits move,
 To hear the voice of home attuned with love.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing Desk.

DEAR READERS,—As it would occasion me no slight expenditure of time and trouble to write every one of you a short chatty note, (seeing that you consist of many thousands,) not to mention the fact that ere I had affixed a penny portrait of her most gracious Majesty to the envelope of each epistle, I should be in a fair way to become a ruined man, I shall address you all collectively, and shall appropriate a column of Mr. Sharpe's Magazine for that purpose. Moreover, as I think it possible I may often have a word or two to say to you, being of a social and (among friends) conversational turn, I propose, with Mr. Sharpe's permission, to devote the same space monthly to this purpose. The chief thing I have to say to you at present is, that I, your old acquaintance Frank Fairleigh, am about to appear before you in a new character : Mr. Sharpe has persuaded me (great powers of persuasion has Mr. Sharpe, I can assure you), to undertake the Editorship of the London Magazine. In his address to you in the last number of the October part, our spirited Proprietor has told you all the hitherto unimagined and unimaginable exertions he is about to make to render the Magazine worthy your extended patronage ; while, in the preface to the fourth volume, I have stated the views with which I am about to enter on the interesting, but somewhat arduous, duties of Editor. On these points, therefore, it is needless to say more, but before I quit the subject, let me express a hope that all those who have derived pleasure or amuse-

ment from the adventures of "Frank Fairleigh," as a private pupil and a Cantab, will show their good-will by according him their support as Editor. And, be it observed, the only practical and efficient way of proving your kindly feeling, is by taking in the Magazine yourselves, and recommending it to your friends ; and if each of our readers (particularly our Lady Readers, whose bright eyes and eloquent smiles render their pleading so irresistible) would but undertake the easy task of gaining us one new subscriber, they would, according to Cocker, exactly double our circulation, and render Frank Fairleigh a proud and happy Editor. To my Cambridge friends (and I rejoice to say that I can number many dear and valued friends in and near the good old town), I especially look for encouragement and support. But we have other than friends at Cambridge ; we have a real live Critic located there,—ay, and a savage and ferocious animal it is, too ; one which shakes and mangles our Magazine, engravings and all, in true critic-like style. Who he may be (albeit he has favoured us with his name, rendered the less intelligible by reason of an inopportune blot), we have not the most remote conception, but, from his close acquaintance with the infantine configuration generally, and his overpowering indignation at the mode in which one of our Artists has treated certain small children, we set him down as the father of a family, and not, as a friend of ours to whom we showed his letter imagined him, "a first-rate classic in a state of perfection at the Duck and Trumpet." Be this as it may, however, there is nothing more useful (or less pleasant) than to be told of one's faults, and we therefore beg our self-constituted Critic to take notice, that we hereby solemnly confirm his appointment, and that henceforth he is entitled to take rank and precedence as the Critic of Sharpe's London Magazine, and we prescribe for him a diet of India pickle and bitter beer to nourish his critical acumen. Moreover, as he growls so savagely at our poetical department, we should feel obliged by his sending us some *original* specimen of what he may be pleased to consider poetry. One word more ; as Notices to Correspondents appear, for some mysterious reason, never to attract the attention of those to whom they are addressed, let me here state that, with the best intentions, it is often impossible to avoid delay in answering communications ; that anonymous contributions are *never inserted*, but on the contrary immediately destroyed ; that we do not undertake to return rejected papers ; and that where the article sent is not original, we beg always to be informed of the source from which it is derived. Any correspondent not attending to these regulations will incur our heaviest displeasure, and we intend setting our Critic to work to devise some grievous punishment for all such offenders.

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The Shepherds' Retreat.

DRAWN BY G. DODGSON. ENGRAVED BY J. COOPER.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE (ORIENTAL).

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE HAKHEM, OR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

READER! in your mind's eye, if an Englishman, the title of my sketch will present a graceful figure, of gentlemanly deportment, pale, but distinguished countenance, a manner full of suavity and courteousness, a voice of harmonious tone, and a hand of surpassing beauty, as the outward signs of the "family physician," and with truth. But, permit me now to present to you our *Hakeem*, and the contrast may prove amusing.

I knew a very good specimen of the class in an excellent, worthy person, known as Bud-r-deen Sahib, the resident physician of a Mohammedan family of noble blood. He was a small man—very, yet exceedingly pompous withal, as small men generally are, in all countries; his costume consisted of a white calico body coat, a huge cotton turban, and a narrow, spotted, muslin scarf, that he wore round his neck, the ends depending to the turned-up toes of his green morocco slippers, while on his little finger was a huge emerald signet, engraven with his name and titles in Arabic characters. Had the gem been a solid unflawed emerald, it would have been fit to be promoted as a crown jewel, or would doubtless have been bought up fresh from the mine for the great peacock throne of the Delhi sovereigns; but "general effect" being the object cared for in the East, this decoration of the worthy hakeem's was, like most such, a thin plating, as it were, of gem on a glittering foundation of very sufficient tin; but it answered the purpose, and looked of wondrous brightness whenever the worthy man stroked his beard, and of course added very much to the influence of his "Bismillahs" on all around. And all around both loved and revered our hakeem beyond description; to them his wisdom, his learning, his grace, his courage, stood univalued; and whether his noble employer were considered, the ladies of the harem, the Jemdar or butler, down to the grooms, and even to the little barber with his cunning eyes, compact bundle, and parti-coloured jacket, in the heart of all and each rested that degree of awe which he reputation for surpassing knowledge is sure to awaken. We have imagined the costume of Bud-r-deen, but not his eyes,—and they indeed seemed to form the idiosyncrasy of the man. Never were seen such eyes. They were grey in colour, consequently lighter than his complexion,—a fact which gave them a strangely glassy and glaring appearance; they seemed, moreover, to have no speculation in them, and they rolled in their sockets with so wonderful an organic mechanism, that 'twas little marvel the people believed he could look into futurity; for one could easily fancy he could look into anything with eyes that seemed to make an entire revolution in their orbits every time he spoke; this singular action forming, as it were, with the hakeem Bud-r-deen what a capital letter does in writing,—the sign of the commencement of a fresh sentence. As a teller of stories (not as a storyteller, for I believe, except when he spoke of the miracles of Mahomet, his veracity was unimpeachable) Bud-r-deen was a perfect *Feramoiz*; and after the evening meal, when the rich Persian carpet was spread in the moonlight that streamed through the plumed heads of the tall palm-trees into the perfumed garden, shouts of laughter, and exclamations of the most intense delight, would ring from the circle of which Bud-r-deen was the centre, and kaliums grew cold, and the sherbet was untasted, while the skilful

raconteur fascinated his audience with impromptu tales of kings, who, turning religious mendicants, wandered over the earth, seeking food and adventures where they might be found, and of those little harem *fracas*, so common where some hundred and fifty ladies are each determined to support her own individual rights. Far into the night did these merry mimicries extend, and the imaginative powers of the entertaining hakeem seemed never to desert him. One of the chief merits of Oriental fiction consists in its general absence of all plot, so that the narrative may be continued at any time, or renewed at any interval; a quaint conceit, or an absurd adventure, fitting one niche in the compartment of a story as well as another. The audience, too, lose little in these cases; the *raconteur* continues hour after hour with unabated breath, and the listeners come and go as their occupations may require; one man strolls away to refill his kalun, another to bathe his head, a groom to feed his horses, yet on the return of each nothing seems to have been missed, for the story proceeds with equal interest, whether at the first, second, or third part thereof; thus bearing no resemblance to a modern novel.

And then the riding of our hakeem!—in sooth he was a very Roostum. In all the Guicewar's cavalry I question if a rider of them, regular or irregular, could have matched him, by many a bound, and prance, and curvet. There was a grey, large-boned colt, a wild, unbroken creature, fresh from the Arab stables, with a wicked eye, a heavy shoulder, an unformed mouth, and a back-lying ear; the hakeem thought these things rather in the creature's favour, as they promised necessity for greater skill in the equestrian, and he rejoiced thereat in grave and solemn triumph. So soon as the sun was shaded by the feathery palms, the iron-grey came forth, held by two grooms, each of whom had long been satisfied, according to the Eastern belief in transmigration, that the soul of one of the most distinguished favourites of Siva (the destroyer) was incarcerated and having its wicked will in this same pleasant steed. So a sharp Mahratta bit was placed in his mouth,—a contrivance much resembling the barrel of a musical box; his head was tied almost to his knees with a standing martingale of crimson rope, strong enough to have pulled the alarm bell at the market-place at Naples; and stirrups dangled from the well-quilted demi-pique saddle, much like the sole of a shoe, set round with spikes. After much delay, during which the iron-grey spurred his sides, and cut his mouth,—as the smallest excitement inevitably caused him to do, thereby rendering him momentarily more vindictive,—our hakeem would come forth, and with him all the servants of the family, filled with wonder and admiration, anticipatory of the coming show. And then our friend would mount, and sit for a moment in dread calmness, not as if he were about to enjoy healthful and vigorous exercise, but to do a deed of desperate purpose; his eyes the while rolling, as only Bud-r-deen's can roll, and then with a dash of the stirrups against the sides of poor Bucephalus, away flew horse and rider, like an arrow from a bow. In a second the creature was pulled almost upon his haunches by the cruel Mahratta bit, and then came the grand *scena* of the piece. By right application of the hand and heel, the animal bounded, leaped, and turned on a space incredibly small, and then again rushed madly forward, scattering the dust about him, until rider and steed were obscured; and then the hakeem would turn the iron-grey, at a hand gallop, round

every palm-tree in the plantation, avoiding water vessels and kaliums with wondrous dexterity, much as one has seen accomplished waltzers practise with selected chairs as the centre of their circles. And then the lookers-on would cry, "Shah bash!" (Well done!) and the water-carrier's little bullock, who had been long intently looking on, would grow excited too, and slipping off the half-filled water bags, canter away himself into the woods, doing infinite mischief, and causing much shrieking from the fair Parsee women, bearing their well-balanced water vessels from the neighbouring *koor* (open well). After an hour so passed, our hakeem would bring back his panting steed, and receive the unqualified expressions of admiration of the lookers-on; and day by day would he repeat the exercise, never by any chance going beyond the limits of the shrubbery and grounds, or mounting any steed but that wicked iron-grey. In due time, the animal had his mane dyed a brilliant crimson, to match his saddle, by means of henna, a rule for the horses of all great men; and his mane was plaited with red silk and white shells, and a blue thread was tied round his throat, to keep off the evil eye, equivalent to the horse-shoe on an English stable door, to ensure the preference of witches for broomsticks over hunters for their moonlight rides, and the iron-grey was considered trained. After which he was led about for exercise with the general stud, the grooms, however, as the result of their own private opinions, always leading him in couples, each bearing a stout bamboo. But if the reputation of the family physician stood high as a horseman, how infinitely higher was his celebrity as an astrologer! By this, indeed, was he sovereign lord of all; for nothing in the household could be done with comfort unless Bud-r-deen declared the hour auspicious. I do not think a servant in the house would have had his hair cut or his mustachios trimmed without consulting the hakeem; if a rich curry disagreed with a luckless epicure, every body knew he had eaten it at an unlucky hour; if a horse fell lame, it was evident to all that the hakeem had not been consulted when the *nalbund* (farrier) shod him; and when it was necessary for his noble friend to pay a visit of ceremony, or one connected materially with his interests, the hakeem was invisible for hours, pondering over his horoscope; and I have been frequently diverted by watching the horses champing their bits, the party in full dress, and all patiently waiting till the hakeem was pleased suddenly to announce the arrival of the auspicious moment, when a hurried rush was made to the carriage door, the coachman and grooms mounted with a simultaneous movement, the people vigorously cheered, and the cortège dashed forth to fulfil the prognostications attending the lucky hour! And, strangely enough, there never appeared any dissatisfaction in the matter; all that happened was considered right, and "whatever is best," was ever the contented feeling after a particularly serious attention to the effects of the hakeem's astrological inquiries.

Bud-r-deen was a good Mohammedan too, and studied the Koran daily, and prayed three times a-day, with all the varied attitudes and genuflections proper to be observed; and he knew all the miracles of the Koran by heart, and a thousand others of the ridiculous kind that Moslem traditions have appended to the acts of Mahomet, quite unworthy, as they are, of the character of that earnest and clever man. And the hakeem knew some verses of the Koran by rote, and repeated them at times with great unction, stroking his beard the while, and wagging his head

from side to side, in a fashion worthy the moollah of the Jumma Musjid (Friday Mosque) himself; but if he could not scribble margins full of little Persian annotations, as his friend the moonshee did all day in the back verandah, nor write sonnets descriptive of the houris and fountains of paradise, as an idle young poet did, who lounged about the house and won the sobriquet of Hafiz; yet still, setting the moonshee on one side, the hakeem certainly was a miracle of religious learning. He earnestly desired to go to Mecca, not for anything to be seen or learnt there, but with a vague idea it was a proper thing to do. He was remarkable for not having a particle of observation: and although, as part of a Moslem nobleman's suite, Bud-r-deen had absolutely been in London, he knew little enough of Frangistan; for though it was in the dog-days, and in a peculiarly hot summer, he remained with closed shutters during the four-and-twenty hours, smoking a kalium on a Persian prayer-carpet, and rolling his eyes with much apparent agony at a little floating wick in a tumbler of oil, breathing, as he, poor exile! felt, the atmosphere of Hindostan. Poor man! no one who has never enjoyed the freedom of the East, of a life passed in the open air, surrounded by the glad sunshine, which casts on all around it that unimaginable glory which must be seen to be understood,—no one who has never felt the exquisite freshness of the morning air in the tropics, nor gazed on the bright "star galaxies" of the "deep blue noon of night,"—who has never experienced the delicious effects of the climate of the East in conferring physical enjoyment, and lulling all care to rest,—who has never gazed on faces animated with the intense interest produced by Eastern story, or the eagerness of social intercourse, can judge of what the Asiatic must feel in our cold land, caged in an apartment scarcely large enough, as he feels, for a bath-room, pressed on by an atmosphere of clouds, chilled into torpor by the climate, and receiving only the ideas of common-place existence in exchange for his poetic dreams and traditional story, which, fantastic as they often are, yet are filled with sunshine and splendour, with the glitter of spears, and minarets, and sparkling fountains,—with houris, brighter than the gems of Samarchand.

It was little marvel, then, that poor old Bud-r-deen preferred to revel in his dreams of distant India rather than to gaze forth on smoky London, or that the hakeem's eyes really rolled with some pleasure, inexpressive as they are, when he found himself once more seated beneath the feathery palms of his beloved land. The family physician, as we have seen, was a man of rare accomplishment, but, strange to say, of the healing art he was profoundly ignorant. He divided all diseases into "hot and cold." Remedies he never attempted; and the sufferers either wore out the disease with patience, or used the simplest aids that pleased them, the hakeem merely advising them of the most auspicious hours for their adoption. Thus, a man with a violent headach would smear his forehead with lime and water, which, tightening as it dried, relieved the pain, or would tie a blue thread round each wrist for rheumatism, or bind a fresh plantain leaf on the head for fever, or for lumbago, or cholera, sear himself with a hot iron, as a farrier would operate on a horse, or perhaps patiently excavate an offending tooth with a rusty nail,—it was all quite immaterial to the family physician. He wished them better, gave them lucky hours, rolled his eyes most wonderfully, but never attempted to bring his knowledge of *materia medica* or his skill as a surgeon—

dentist to bear upon the facts. The monsoon had set in, and it was wet and cold, and some native friends suffered severely from rheumatism. Bud-r-deen solemnly announced that the suffering had arisen from eating Guava ices, and the ice confectioner was half ruined in consequence, for he depended on the Mohammedan gentry of Bombay for consuming his consignment of ice before the arrival of the next American ship. On one occasion, I recollect, a boy in my service was taken alarmingly ill, by reason of having eaten some six pounds of Muscat dates, landed from an Arab boat, rather the worse for their voyage; and in much anxiety I appealed to Bud-r-deen for remedies. His face of wonder I shall long remember. I mentioned half-a-dozen drugs in vain. The old man smiled, salaamed, and rolled his eyes; the boy withered and screamed with agony.

"Had he any opium?" I asked at last.

"Oh, yes! affeem in plenty."

"Could the family physician weigh or measure it in solution?"

"By the beard of the Prophet, he could not." So, as a matter of mere chance, we gave the lad a great pill of opium, and he recovered, to fill the people with gratitude and wonder at the skill of the family physician.

The East is a favoured land. We see worked out among its people and in its scenes the great truth of all creation, that happiness and physical enjoyment is the rule, suffering and pain the casual exception. In the East, the effect of climate itself is to produce a quiet consciousness of physical enjoyment, and to lull the mind to ease with all about it, in a manner extremely agreeable. Trifling yet distressing ailments, such as are in northern climates the effect of cold acting on the skin and system, are unknown; the remedies of opium and hot-baths are at every body's disposal, with spices in abundance, and oils of the finest quality. The fevers caused by the decay of vegetable matter seldom affect the natives of the country very materially, unless after wantonly exposing themselves to such effluvia or sleeping on the damp earth; while this very decay becomes the cause of a lushness in the vegetation of the tropics that no other land can rival, and brings forth abundantly the plants and fruits required for the food, and shelter, and comfort of man. Cholera, indeed, devastates towns and cities, and fills with terror the heart of the observer; but the population of the East is a very abundant population, and death is its inevitable necessity. Life, while it lasts, is one of enjoyment, and its extinction, even by means of the scourge of the East, as it is called, is brief in its pains, and more to be desired, perhaps, than an old age of protracted suffering; soft air, pure water, simple plants, spices, and earths, are every where abundantly supplied, as remedies for the trifling sufferings of the people; a beneficent climate, a natural system of life, and a vegetable diet, preserve them from many of the physical sufferings known in our colder and more artificial land. And as the use and knowledge of their simple remedies are traditional, and no inflammatory symptoms ever follow the most extraordinary surgical practice, the general practitioner would enjoy a sinecure; and of Bud-r-deen, I have little doubt that his charming romances, his exciting horsemanship, his astrological predictions, and his kindly temper, served in more good ways than even *they* believed, the credulous and admiring friends of our "Family Physician."

FANCIES ABOUT ART.—No. I.

"I speak dogmatically, but it is only to save time, and because my humility is too humble to show itself."
The Rosicrucian.

"CHRISTIANITY came into the world," says Monsienn Guizot, freely translated, "not as a system to be learned, but as an idea to be developed." The aphorism has acquired a melancholy notoriety among us, but it is not with its theological application that we have now to do. It is one of those comprehensive phrases which a genius utters, perhaps once in a century, and which would rather seem to be the result of direct inspiration than the product of human thought, however laborious or profound; so brief are they, so simple in their outward structure, yet involving considerations and suggesting consequences of such vast importance and such manifold variety;—like the centre of a circle, which, though a mere point in itself, is yet the resting-place of every radius within the circumference. Substitute the word Truth for Christianity, and the sentence seems to be a canon of *all* truth, whether of Revelation, of Nature, or of Art; thus indicating an approach, though feebly and in the distance, to the mystery of that Divine Unity which lies at the heart of all things, and which it is not given to man to apprehend, though he may and must believe in it, if he would aim at being more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water in the outermost court of the temple of Knowledge. Perhaps the full appreciation of that unity is to be found nowhere save in the mind of Deity itself; yet we can scarcely doubt that a reverent contemplation of it in some form or other will be among the happiest exercises of our purified faculties in the future world. Numerous are the traces of it which rejoice the heart of the loving student even in this; the triumphal march of science is but the progressive resolution of many causes into few, and these into fewer still, pointing to the existence of some one unknown fundamental cause into which all shall be finally resolved. But, numerous as these traces are, they are also minute, fragmentary, scattered; all error (that is, all error which has in it any life and promise of truth) arises out of a premature and presumptuous effort to combine them, as all truth depends upon the belief that they are capable of combination. Herein, perhaps, is indicated the real evil of those crude and general theories of the universe wherewith the annals of science have all times abounded. They seem to be blunders rather than falsehoods—blunders made by impatient and self-confident men, whose feet nevertheless are or have once been in the right path;—men who out of their own scanty and careless gleanings dream that they are able to construct that Whole at which the noble labourers who brought to their work a life's devotion and a gigantic power of intellect, only presumed to guess. The meagre and distorted shadow which they offer us bears, nevertheless, witness to the reality of the undiscovered substance which it would fain represent; it were folly to trust to the one, it were mere fatuity to deny the existence of the other. Insurgents, be it remembered, testify to the greatness of the power which they are seeking to displace. Let us not, then, be over-wroth with these insurgents, but rather dismiss them with their gentle meed of merited contempt. They are but quacks in a higher, and consequently a more dangerous, walk than that of quackery in general; and the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" may, perhaps, be ranked as the head of that class whereof

Morrison the Hygeist and St. John Long are no unworthy specimens.

The true attitude of the student, then, is that of one who waits. He has struck the discord—he listens for its resolution. Never must the labour of his hands be suffered so to engross his soul as to break the repose of this reverent expectancy; but the labour must itself be ceaseless; and in the reconciling of these two requirements lies his main difficulty. Here, as elsewhere, faith without works is dead—works without faith are profitless. The severest study of detail must advance side by side with the most imaginative conception of the whole; by the neglect of the former he becomes, though perhaps unconsciously, an impostor; by forgetfulness, or incapacity for, the latter he is degraded into a mere gatherer of materials for other men to fashion. He is to the Philosopher what the colour-grinder is to the Artist.

But if, in the identity of the temper necessary to the student in all walks of knowledge, in the similarity of the grand principles by which all investigation must be governed and all truth approached, in the gradual simplification of processes and numeral reduction of elements in *separate* lines of study, we detect traces of that hidden unity into which we are not as yet permitted to look,—much more when we seem to discern glimpses, brief and dim though they be, of points wherein those separate lines are connected and appear to run into each other. We touch on the verge of the very mystery of Creation, and though the abyss be veiled in thick darkness, we attain to a giddy consciousness that it is at our feet. Strange analogies, wondrous relationships and interdependencies, beautiful revelations vouchsafed to the meditative gazer, wherein one entire body of laws and phenomena does, as it were, symbolically represent and enact before his eyes the constitution and workings of another body distinct from itself, strike us on every hand, and warn us of depths which we cannot penetrate, and sanctuaries which we may not enter. The nearness and reality of the spiritual world seem to become suddenly manifest—the impotence of reason, not to grasp but to touch these loftier truths, appals and humiliates us; for it is not by reason that we become dimly conscious of their existence, but rather by an instinct that feels and forebodes what it cannot define, nor even fully express. But to this feeling or foreboding we shall do well to pay reverent heed; we must listen to it because it is the voice of the highest part of our nature, if indeed it be not rather an echo from a region external to and above that nature; we must listen reverently, because if we presume to deal with these shadowy indications as though they were the solid brick and mortar out of which systems are constructed, we are sure to fall into the error alluded to above, and to satisfy ourselves with a sham erection which crumbles at a breath. We are learning, so to speak, the Alphabet of the Eternal Language; let us beware how we attempt to write before we even know how to spell. But I am wandering away from my text, and entering upon a field across whose wide and trackless extent the feeble lamp which I bear is all insufficient to guide me. Fully to gather and rightly to apprehend those far-spread and unsuspected marks of unity which are offered by the present state of human advancement, rejecting all that is fanciful, losing nothing that is real, would require the two characteristics of the student noticed above in their highest development and completest union. The industry which observes must be exceeded in intensity only by the genius which arranges,

and this latter must be of a fire so restrained and a temper so reverent, that although it is for ever panting to soar upwards, it plants not so much as a single step in ascent till the foundation of that step is secured and its tendency ascertained. For a labour such as this we need a Tycho Brahe, a Kepler, and a Newton in one. All that the present writer proposes is to put together a few thoughts,—perhaps they should rather be called dreams,—wherein this unity has seemed faintly to shadow itself to his mind in the region of Art. Let them be at once considered as dreams, and then the reader shall patiently suffer them to be discursive and illogical; and if he hold them likewise to be unreal, he can scarcely quarrel with them on that account, as it is in the nature of dreams so to be. Neither will the writer quarrel with him for any such supposition, but placidly commend him to his arithmetic and so take leave of him.

Art is in the world, then, not as a system to be learned, but as an idea, or an assemblage of ideas, to be developed. The moment that one of these ideas is forcibly severed from the rest, and made the basis of a system, the art degenerates, dwindles into a sickly and spectral counterfeit of its original self, and if the natural progress be not counteracted, it finally dies; the one true idea, which was at first the only source of life in it, being either dead by consequence of its unnatural isolation, or, as Schlegel says, treating of a similar process of decay in philosophy, "buried alive," and so, to all efficient purpose, dead. As long as that idea lives, there is life—though imperfect, diseased, and suffering life—in the system of which it is the centre; and there is also a strong power of deception, for the heart enamoured of the system, because of the piece of truth which is in it, ends too frequently by giving in its unconditional homage to the whole mass of falsehood by which that piece of truth is overlaid and eventually stifled. This, then, seems to be a state at once of danger and of hope. The danger has been already pointed out; the hope is, that the oppressed truth shall possess vigour enough to struggle itself into freedom from the dishonourable trammels of its false independence, and return to the true liberty of membership. And in this case it not unfrequently happens, that the individual truth acquires a definiteness, and a conscious power by the convulsion through which it has passed, which it could not otherwise have attained. Good comes ever out of evil,—creeds spring out of heresies; this is God's working, the evil and the heresy are man's, and for them he is accountable, whether their result be over-ruled or not. In art, however, the error once admitted, is seldom over-ruled, but runs its full course, descending ever lower and lower, defacing ever more and more the goodly materials on which it has laid its grasp, till it sinks into utter corruption and perfect inanity, and then, when the last stolen relic of a beauty to which it has no right, is abandoned, men suddenly awake, listen to their disregarded instincts, and proclaim that art has perished among them. Truly it has perished, vanished, and melted away, out of the false and inconsistent forms in which they had compelled it partially to embody itself; but **THE ART** itself is imperishable, and waits only for a fitting ministrant, that it may again reveal itself; and then follows an age of revival and restoration, such as that in which we are now living,—a state which is perhaps more trying to those who actually encounter it than the torpor which immediately preceded it. The re-awakening life shows itself everywhere, and plays a thousand fantastic tricks ere it has acquired sufficient power and consistency

to evolve out of the confused materials among which it is stirring a shape wherein it may worthily clothe itself. Here it is servilely imitative, there, grotesquely original; its action is spasmodic and interrupted, its quietude is rather the hesitation of unassured timidity than the repose of conscious power; it creeps and struts alternately ere it can learn the majestic walk which is its only fitting pace. For this life of which I speak is not a *beginning*, it is a *re-awakening*. It is not the freshness of childhood, wherein every blunder which the soul makes, as it tries its unmeasured strength, first in one direction, then in another, is graceful and has a special beauty of its own; but it is the painful restoration of faculties which have been obscured by torpor and impaired by disease, and which must needs struggle to regain what they have lost ere they can advance to further achievements. Safest are they, and fullest of promise, when they cling most closely to those forgotten and neglected forms of the far Past wherein they have now begun to recognise the mystery of an indwelling spirit; not that such adhesion is their final rest, but that it is the means and the discipline whereby they may attain to such familiar knowledge of that spirit as shall enable them to construct new forms, in which it may not disdain to take up its abode. It is a shallow philosophy which despises *revivals*; they are signs of the passage from darkness and corruption to light and life,—nay, they are the only signs which can scarcely mislead us. Goethe has made Euphorion the child of Faust and Helena; out of the embrace of the Present and the Past springs the winged genius of a heaven-soaring Future.

The subject may, perhaps, be illustrated by taking a few of what may be supposed to be the principles or ideas of beauty in art, and showing them in their gradual development while united, and in their separation and consequent decadence. And here it is perhaps necessary to remark that these observations, or dreams, have reference exclusively to Christian art, using the phrase in its plainest and most obvious meaning; that is to say, to art as it has appeared since the Christian era. To heathen art, symbolism in its high and true sense was necessarily almost unknown; its field was this earth, its conceptions were purely human, and its creations, perhaps by reason of the very contractedness of their sphere, attained in that sphere to an absolute perfection, which we with our immeasurably loftier aims can scarcely hope to approach. I call them perfect, because they were self-contained and unsuggestive;—Christian art being in its very essence suggestive, is, by a necessity of its constitution, imperfect. It offers to the heart no repose save that of faith, and faith implies expectation, not contentment. The highest development of which it is capable is that which most forcibly impresses the student with the idea of an unseen higher than the seen. It is impossible to conceive of art, since the Christian era, as uninfluenced and unmoulded, however indirectly, by Christianity, even when it has violently endeavoured (alas, that it should have done so!) to fling off its natural allegiance, and defy the new power, the very activity of the negative proves the reality of the thing denied. None but a lunatic draws his sword upon a shadow. And the instances in which it has attempted, so to speak, to heathenize itself and assume an indifference to, or unconsciousness of, its inalienable birthright and true vocation, are unworthy of more than a passing notice. The offence is its own condemnation; the art falls at once into a lower and more insignificant class; it is of the earth, earthy, and never rises except in those involuntary

and perhaps unconscious assertions of the origin which it has laboured to renounce, which it utters from time to time as a witness against itself.

Of the former of these two classes of error the poems of Byron and Shelley may be cited as examples, rich as they are in the gifts and eloquent with the breathings of the very spirit against which they arrayed themselves in mad rebellion: the latter may, I think, be illustrated by instancing the whole body of modern painters (not of landscape) till within the last few years. The degradation of the art is admitted by all, neither do I believe that in its revival it has yet advanced beyond the imitative period; the signs, however, are full of hope.

All such cases are, in fact, examples of various stages in the very process of deterioration to which allusion has already been made. The unity has been marred—the harmony broken; the beauty which still remains to attract us is a fragmentary and dismembered beauty, touching us perhaps all the more deeply because it seems to bear sorrowful testimony both to what it is and to what it might have been.

For it cannot be too earnestly asserted that the Beautiful, wheresoever it be found, is of divine origin, though it be quite possible to enslave it to the service of Satan. I deny not that it is often so enslaved; all I contend for is that it must be then considered as a captive, suffering under an unnatural and injurious constraint. God is as much the Author of beauty as He is of truth; as entirely the Creator of art as of nature: it is only the irrational absurdity of atheism which would exclude Him from any of his creations, because the traces of the fall are discoverable in all. Everywhere evil is the mystery at which faith staggers, and the trial whereby her strength must be proved; everywhere infidelity in one form or other, whether unconscious and practical, or deliberate and speculative, is the refuge of the cowardly and shallow mind, as theologian, as philosopher, or as artist. The same fallacious arguments, the same unreal objections are advanced by all, though clothing themselves in different forms, according to the difference of the matters with which they have to deal; and of these, one of the most plausible, most common, and most feeble, is that which from the misuse of God's gifts would deny that they come from God, and so rob mankind of their use. But it is a law of universal application, that there is nothing so absolutely holy in itself as to be exempted from the effects of man's fearful capacity for perversion and corruption. Truth itself may be made the ambassador of falsehood; the falsehood is received for the sake of the truth which is enveloped in it, and afterwards, when the falsehood is detected and discarded, there is danger that we fling away the truth with it. We need to be again and again reminded that the life of every false human system is the divine truth which it has seized and embedded in its depths; and that our business is not to destroy but to restore—to liberate the captive truth and convey it to the natural place from which it has been forcibly removed. The unreal superstructure will then crumble to pieces of itself; but there is no hope of its destruction so long as we obstinately refuse to recognise the divine element imprisoned in it, which without an effort we suffer it to retain, by which it is supported, and without which our own edifice must ever remain imperfect. The Christian soldier has two commissions; not only must he contend to the death against his Master's foes, but he must also reclaim from them the weapons of that Master

on which they have laid their unhallowed hands, and by which alone they can be enabled to withstand him successfully. If he refuse or neglect to disarm them, the hope of victory is lost.

We come, then, to consider Beauty in two ways; objectively, as it is in itself, the gift of God, the garment of Truth, the sister of Virtue; subjectively, as man is permitted more or less to pervert it, the servant (not the gift) of Satan, the disguise (not the natural vesture) of falsehood, enslaved (not akin) to evil. And Art, which is to Beauty what language is to thought, varies in the aspect which it presents to us as the idea of which it is the vehicle approaches to or recedes from its original purity. And the work of the artist seems two-fold: his first business is with the idea, and this is strictly a work of restoration, for the idea is in itself good, being received from God, not originated by man, and needs only to be released in order to exhibit its original goodness. This seems to be the true explanation of that difficulty which arises out of the observation, that art of a very high order does not necessarily indicate a corresponding elevation in the personal character of the artist. In one sense this melancholy and humiliating fact may be said to be a vindication of the true dignity of the art; as our faith in the divinity of the Christian mysteries is strengthened rather than impaired by the consideration that they suffer no loss through want of personal holiness in him who administers them. In so far as the artist is a true artist,—that is, in so far as he throws his soul into his art and out of himself, his evil is lost in the objective goodness and truth of the art, and he becomes unconsciously the minister of God; on the other hand, in so far as his art is subjective, it is imbued with the evil of his own character, and becomes either useless or positively noxious. Bad as a man, he may, at least temporarily, be good as an artist. That the large capacities and keen perceptions which constitute the artist should be bestowed on persons whose moral constitution is defective, is but one among many examples of God's bounty and man's perverseness; the treasure is in earthen vessels, the talent is hidden in a napkin. Great has been the privilege; doubtless the responsibility is equally great. That the productions of the artist should in many cases present us with an excellence which seems incompatible with the sins of the man, is no reproach to art, but rather a mercy of the Providence which is ever bringing good out of evil. No stronger example of this can be found than the great German Goethe, the *many-sided*, as his countrymen delight to call him. He has carried the character of the artist to the highest pitch of development which it is capable of attaining apart from the childlike faith of the Christian. Its greatness and its impotence are thus alike impressed upon us. Many jewels has he stolen from the treasury of his disowned Sovereign, and strangely does their scattered gleam reproach the tinsel wherewith he has mingled them. Strange, too, is it to see how his imaginative pantheism, half-true, half-false, at one moment scoffs with the veriest blasphemer that ever mocked the majesty of Heaven, at another puts a hymn into the lips of the Church; yet, in his loftiest moods (and they are but moods), we feel that there are thoughts which he could never interpret, seasons to which he could never be congenial, sanctuaries which he must never profane, even as artist. It is the objectiveness of his art which causes him to blunder upon ideas which in their true significance and real connexion he would be the first to deny.

The business of the artist, secondly, is with the vehicle by which his idea is to be conveyed to the minds of others; and this is strictly a work of development. The separate study of forms may be, and indeed is, necessary to him, as a means of acquiring power, but the actual moment in which the form is supplied to the thought is never so successful as when the choice is unconscious and intuitive. Here seems to be the great difference between Goethe and Shakspeare. We are at once struck with the perfect objectiveness of the art of both; it were impossible on a cursory perusal to deduce the character of the poet from his writings, far less to gather any circumstances of his life or hints of the mental convulsions through which he must needs have passed. But in the former, this seems to be the result of high finish and coldness of temperament,—in the latter it seems the working of a fiery and overmastering genius. Art to the one was a gorgeous mantle assumed and laid aside at pleasure; to the other it was a seed cast into the earth, which must needs develop into a plant, perfect in all its parts, but growing by an internal and unfathomable law of its nature. So the personality of Goethe seems to be concealed because he stands ever apart from his own creations; that of Shakspeare to be annihilated because he is lost in them. Both are illustrious witnesses to the truth, that art rises in character in proportion to the increase of its objectiveness; and, perhaps, this is one of the strongest proofs that could be adduced that the elements of its beauty are divine. Not that the individual human nature of the artist must be excluded from his works,—this were impossible and undesirable, for here too the elements of good are divine not human, and the purely human interest which is the struggle between good and evil is pre-eminently the subject of Art. We walk in an atmosphere of music, where we have but to stretch forth our hands to produce the grandest harmonies, and there are tones within us capable of being made to accord and respond to those harmonies; but if we first strike the notes of the heart, wavering and discordant as they are, and then strive to tune the outward melody to them, instead of tuning them to the outward melody, we are no musicians. We are like that king of Prussia, who first painted the portrait of his grenadier, and then painted the grenadier's face till it was like his portrait. The art of this king was eminently subjective.

But it is time for the first dream to close, and our examination of some of the ideas of beauty in detail must be deferred to another paper. Perhaps they may most easily be illustrated by a few references to Christian architecture. Here, if ever, if there be any analogy between the laws of Beauty and of Truth, we may expect to find it expressed and vindicated—here, if ever, symbolism must be of high significance and holy import. For the highest development of architecture is, admittedly, that which is devotional, so that the ground of observation is narrowed and the path cleared. And this seems to me in itself enough to place Architecture on the throne of the Arts; all are permitted and desired to hallow something for the special service of their God, but she is deemed worthy to consecrate her very self. She is the temple wherein the offerings of all the rest must be presented. She symbolizes the great system of Truth, wherein everything that is good or beautiful finds its place and office, and she is severed from the ordinary pursuits of man by a calm and silent space, full of reverent thoughts, like the grave-yard around some

solitary church. Let us for a little while turn our backs on the glare of reality, and busy ourselves with the quiet shadows of thought. We shall feel like one who steps from the noise and bustle of a street into the mysterious and eloquent quiet of a vast cathedral. It is but the opening and shutting of a door,—and lo! he is in another world.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No V.¹

EDITH KINNAIRD.—CHAP. II.

THE breakfast party at Beechwood was by no means calculated to soothe or cheer the depressed spirits of poor Edith. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton never absolutely quarrelled, but then they never absolutely agreed; and the ceaseless cavils—the small contradictions that seemed uttered only because the impulse was to differ rather than to acquiesce—the obtrusive independence of opinions and dissonance of feelings between the husband and wife, made their dejected visitor almost long for one hearty outburst, after which the natural shame consequent upon an overt breach of the peace might have kept the belligerent parties in better order for some time to come.

Edith's principal feeling was utter weariness; she had lost all energy—everything saddened or fatigued her; the most insignificant trial seemed too heavy for her fortitude to endure—the smallest trouble too great for her weakness to undertake it. She was disposed to sit still and let life pass by her as a pageant which she scarcely cared to look at. Yet her inaction was not repose, it was hopeless, helpless languor; her interest in this world was not superseded by a higher and nobler interest—it was extinguished by a miserable indifference which offered no substitute for the light which its cold fingers had quenched. The only vivid feeling of which she was conscious, was a desire to conceal the cause and nature of the change which had taken place in her. Mournful, indeed, was the thin veil of unnatural cheerfulness which she carefully drew around the dark fount of sorrow,—mournful, because it was so unreal and external. It differed as widely from the hope and faith which arise to beautify the gloom of affliction, first sustaining, and finally healing, the wounded spirit, as the trim walks and shaven lawns of the modern cemetery—where Death stands like a skeleton in a hoop and powder, all the more unsightly from the efforts made to polish away the awfulness of his aspect—differ from the grave in the shadow of the village-church, with the rough wooden cross at its head, and its surface planted with violets and forget-me-nots, telling of a love that looks back to the past, and forward to the future. She needed an atmosphere of peace ere she could even begin to recover, as a wounded limb needs to be covered and kept still, ere the work of healing can commence. This she found not, therefore her wounds remained in their first fresh openness, and it was only the strange apathy which had fallen upon her which saved her from a fever of impatience and disgust. Neither had she the questionable consolation of secretly indulging her grief, for her proud spirit disdained to admit even to itself how much it was suffering. Utterly unequal as she was to the contest, she stung herself into resistance from time to time, as a thoughtless rider spurs his horse to a leap for which it has not strength, and which, if it is

attempted, risks his own destruction; and her attitude even when subdued was still that of defiance. But her self-confidence was beginning to forsake her, and the first doubt which she felt of Mrs. Dalton's perfection was the first step towards its removal. Half unconsciously she had suffered a system to arise in her mind, based upon the pleasant and refined philosophy of that lady and her cousin, which supplied her with a standard of right and wrong so conveniently elastic that it almost excluded the possibility of self-condemnation, as it quite dispensed with the necessity of self-denial. Trying herself by this standard she had remained satisfied that she had done no wrong, and the whole blame of their separation was thrown on the supposed fickleness of Everard. Yet, as the irritation of temper subsided, and the wounds of pride healed, her heart had leisure to listen to that soft sudden whisper of truth, which steals upon us so often when we have forgotten duty and silenced conscience, and is surely none other than the voice of our guardian angel pleading with us. Ah! why did not the poor heart sooner listen to those tones! Once they were a psalm of life, warning against evil, urging to endeavour, encouraging hope—now they are but a dirge above the grave, and the dead arise not at the sound. The Present is the angel with whom we have to wrestle; and if we suffer it to depart from us ere we have wrung a blessing from it, we must prepare to meet a stern and vengeful Future.

"When do you expect Mr. Thornton, Amy?" said Edith, conscious that she had been silent so long as to bring her friend's inquiring eyes upon her face.

Mrs. Dalton coloured a little. "Next week, I believe," was her answer. Then turning to her husband, "Did I not tell you that Godfrey was coming next week?"

"No, indeed, you never told me a word about it. I wish I had known it. Not but what I am very happy to see Thornton at all times, but still one likes to be prepared for these things. I like to know whom I shall see and whom I shall not see when I come down-stairs in the morning. It is a feeling of mine, Miss Kinnaird—very likely an absurd one, but I have my peculiarities. Most people have, I believe. Indeed, the only rule by which happiness can be attained in domestic life is by a thorough observation of each other's peculiarities."

"How very happy most families must be!" said Mrs. Dalton quietly.

"Eh?—ah!—what was that?" cried Mr. Dalton, with an uneasy effort at good-humour, "have I said anything peculiarly ridiculous?"

"Oh! dear, no," returned his wife, and this time the double meaning entirely escaped him, though his manner presented a curious mixture of fear at his lady's talent for sarcasm, determination to hold his own opinion in spite of it, desire to assume an appearance of frank, good-natured indifference, and doubt whether he had at all succeeded in the attempt, with strong irritation at the bottom of all these feelings, and intense fussiness at the top.

"On what day do you expect Mr. Thornton? I suppose," with a deplorable struggle after jocoseness, "I may venture to inquire thus much."

"Really," said Mrs. Dalton, "Godfrey's coming is not like having a tooth drawn, that it should require such a vast array of fortitude to be got up to encounter it. He did not mention the day."

"So like his thoughtlessness," said Mr. Dalton between his teeth.

"I am very sorry," returned his wife, with a somewhat unexpected outbreak of submissiveness, "that I asked him to come at all. I would not have done so, had I thought it would have annoyed you."

"My dearest love, you know I am always happy to see your friends." (She rather shrank from the expression of affection.) "Pray do not let Miss Kinnaird suppose me such a tyrant. Let him come and go just whenever and however he pleases. I only ask for the common attention of being informed when he is coming or going. That is all. I don't think that is asking anything very unreasonable—especially as, after all, I am the person to receive him and bid him welcome when he does come."

"Oh! don't mind that," said Mrs. Dalton, with an arch look at Edith, "Godfrey will not care in the least about—his reception."

"Complimentary, is it not?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, his face flushing as he turned from his wife to Edith, and made another spasmodic effort at playfulness; "that fair lady wishes me to understand that it is quite immaterial to my guests whether I am glad to receive them or not."

He who has ever had the misfortune to be a bystander at a domestic squabble, carried on as if it were a joke for the benefit of the third party, and accompanied by frequent little appeals to him, which he must answer merrily, lest he should seem to think they are in earnest, and wisely lest he should embitter the strife, will know how to pity Edith at this moment. She felt very much ashamed, laughed a little, and said nothing.

Mrs. Dalton fixed her eyes for a moment on her husband with a reproachful expression, and then handed him his teacup with the air of a martyr. There was a short pause, which was broken by Mr. Dalton's saying, like a man who had made up his mind to be perfectly good-humoured and pleasant, "What are your plans for to-day, Amy, my love? We must show Miss Kinnaird a little of the country before Thornton comes down, after which I know there will be nothing but strolling, and sketching, and duet-singing from morning till night—nothing like a real expedition to see what is worth seeing in a regular manner. I assure you, Miss Kinnaird, we have a few things here worthy of your admiration."

Edith thanked him very politely, and Mrs. Dalton replied, "Oh! pray don't let us form any plans for the day. One never enjoys anything that is planned before-hand. I never like to prepare, except for disagreeable things, and then you may prepare as much as you please, but you are not ready to meet them after all."

"But if one does not make some kind of arrangement beforehand," said her husband, "one fritters away one's whole time without really achieving anything. Depend upon it, a map of the country is what we want—a map of the country is the principal thing a man ought to desire. I have found it so in my time. I remember telling Grandison the other day, when he was asking me how I contrived to get through what I do, that it was all done beforehand. 'I do it all,' said I, 'before I begin to do it.' He stared. 'Map out your day in the morning,' said I, 'as a man takes a map of the country through which he is going to travel, and the thing is done.' A homely illustration, Miss Kinnaird, but a very true one. A plain practical man may sometimes convey more truth in a homely illustration than the greatest poet could in a poem of ten cantos—though that fair lady

there will frown upon me if I presume to disparage poetry. I am not disparaging it; I can appreciate that in which I cannot excel. I am only saying that there are cases in which homely illustrations are better than poetry."

Edith felt that he was ridiculous; there was no escaping the fact, and she felt it keenly and painfully for her friend's sake. But when she glanced at that friend, and saw the expression of undisguised contempt in her beautiful eyes—saw that she was almost challenging her to a smile at the absurdity of the speaker, and that speaker her own husband, Edith was shocked, and looked down with a sensation of shame.

"Well," said Amy, with a bright smile, as if she were proposing the most satisfactory arrangement possible, "you shall have Edith quite to yourself till Godfrey comes. I will withdraw my forces, and you shall get through all your regular expeditions this week, without any of my erratic schemes to disturb you."

"No, no," cried Mr. Dalton, who, though defective in temper and not very wise, was both fond and proud of his wife, and never thought any party complete unless she were a member of it, "that will never do. I should be a poor substitute indeed for you. No, no; only say what you would like to do, and I will arrange that it shall be done."

Amy gave a weary sigh which seemed to express that she had tried every possible means to satisfy him without success, and then answered meekly, "Whatever you please."

"Nay, nay, it is not what I please, but what is pleasing to Miss Kinnaird and yourself. I am only your humble esquire for the day. I only want my orders. Pray let me settle some plan which shall give you pleasure. Shall we ride over to the new farm?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Dalton, with renewed animation; "and then, while you are superintending your labourers, Edith and I will walk down to the mill, and sketch the old church. You will like that, Edith, won't you?"

"Very much," returned Edith, scarcely knowing to what she assented, but glad of any arrangement which brought the discussion to a close.

"I will give business the cut direct for once," said Mr. Dalton, "and read aloud to you while you sketch."

Amy turned so very blank a look upon Edith, that it was impossible for its meaning to escape even the obtuse perceptions of her husband. He had not the self-command to restrain, or the delicacy to conceal, his natural annoyance. He rose abruptly.

"On second thoughts," said he, "I will not interfere with any of your plans, but will ride over to Hillfield by myself, and leave you to follow when and how you please. I think that will be the best arrangement for all persons."

Edith took advantage of this movement to consider the breakfast-party broken up; and murmuring something about letters for the post, escaped to her own room. The window was open, and the earth lay calm in the gorgeous robe of autumn and the glow of noon, like a queen asleep. Sunlight was woven into a soft network over the woods; it seemed as though you might put it aside with your hands in order to touch the foliage which was enveloped in it. The red berries of the mountain-ash burned like fire; and the leaves of the far beeches shone through the breezeless air with a steady light, like crystals of gold and amber. Not a sound was heard, not a movement perceptible: but it was the glittering silence of one

of those strange dreams which opium brings to the fever-stricken, rather than the quiet of natural slumber. Edith leaned far out into the beautiful stillness, and a feeling of expectation, almost of anxiety, came upon her soul. There was a semblance of preparation on the landscape, as though invisible hands had been making it ready for a festival. Yet the signs of decay were everywhere present, and the faint scent of the crushed and dying leaves oppressed her like the murmurs of a wounded spirit. Was earth then left desolate like her own heart, and were the glories of autumn to preface for ever the death of winter? Was the same dreary allegory to be for ever enacted by the seasons, and budding hopes, transient blisses, and bright memories, for ever to pass into the chill of disappointment and the darkness of mortality? This lying in state of the crowned corpse of Nature, ere the snow-shroud should enwrap her for her funeral, seemed grievous and strange to Edith. "Will it be always thus," thought she, "or will the King appear at length when the festival is made ready, and bid it last for ever? If the hands of angels foster these natural beauties, painting the flowers and clouds, and spreading the sunlight on the hill-slopes tenderly, as if stroking the hair of a beloved child, how sorrowfully must they give their darlings into their yearly grave,—how cheerless must be the lovely toils of spring when constant experience has taught them to look ever for the destruction of winter!" And a sudden gust shook the stem of a birch-tree which grew beneath her window, and robbed it of its last scanty covering; the severed leaves passed through the air with a sound like a low sigh, and the dismantled branches shivered as though in fear. The tree stood bare in the broad daylight, but its form was still beautiful and graceful. Will it be so with the soul when the shadows that soften it are gone, and the garments that enrobe it are rent away?

Edith leaned her cheek upon her hand. "There is peace here at least," she thought; "and though yesterday I was ready to chide Nature because she does not sympathize with man, to-day I could love her for that very reason. What should we do without a refuge from these petty strifes and unworthy troubles? Here, before the quiet eyes of earth, her children are ashamed of grief—how much more of irritation and bitterness! Why were we born with hearts which a wasp can sting or a thistle pierce? How have we the leisure to lament about little things, or to be angry at trifles? If great sorrow does no more, it at least does this; it lifts us above the details of life, and makes them dwindle in the distance till we actually forget them, because we do not see them. Well is it for those who can return into the midst of them with the temper engendered by this forced separation; well for her who can pass through the city tumult with so much as this of the nun-spirit in her heart!"

The voice of Amy calling her from the lawn interrupted this reverie, and Edith obeyed the summons in a kind of wonder at herself. She was beginning to be conscious of a change within her, though she could not define it. She knew that she was miserable; she was beginning to think that she might have been faulty, and this made her more miserable still, so she strove to repel the thought. But the sight of this loveless home, and the visible fruits of a system of self-pleasing, however innocent and lofty may be the tastes which are to be gratified, without self-discipline, weighed upon her spirits, and disturbed her faith in her former opinions. Then came the unanswerable question, why did these two persons marry? Unsited

in everything, they seemed to be living together without the mystery of love to render forbearance easy, or the enforcement of duty to make them practise it when difficult. But since they were married, Edith, spoilt child as she was, could not wholly justify her friend, though she tried hard to do so. She told herself that Amy was good-humoured, while her husband was irritable and impatient, but her conscience told her all the while that Amy's penetrative wit and delicate tact must have made her fully aware, that in every seemingly innocent speech she was tendering a provocation to his peculiar temper. Was this practising that system of adapting herself to her lot in life which she had so lately enunciated, and in which Edith had so firmly believed? Yet where lay the fault? Edith would not condemn her friend if she could help it; so she fixed her eyes steadily on the undeniable fact that Mr. Dalton was a bore, and then tried to satisfy her sense of right, by saying to herself that no woman of Amy's genius and refinement could be expected to tolerate such a companion, and that, under the circumstances, she behaved wonderfully well.

"Let us walk together," were Amy's first words; "Mr. Dalton has gone to Hillfield, and we shall have the whole morning to ourselves."

Edith wondered how this had been settled, but did not like to ask. Amy turned her speaking eyes upon her, and, after a pause, added, with a slight laugh, "You must not judge by what you see at first, Edith. Mr. Dalton has a very kind heart, but he has a nervous constitution, and an unfortunately irritable temper. These little scenes often happen; but, on the whole, we jog on very comfortably together."

Edith literally could not answer her. This was her ideal of female perfection speaking of her husband! When she remembered the husband, she could scarcely wonder at the tone; but *why* did they marry? She settled, in a parenthesis, that it must have been compulsory, and, leaving quite out of view the improbability of the supposition, suffered herself to give her entire compassion to the victimised wife. They walked together through the park, enjoying quietly the solemn beauty of an autumnal noon. The silence of a *l'été-à-l'été* is sometimes the most eloquent of all conversations. To those who have suffered from the inexorable rule of common society,—who know the compulsory effort to talk, or the grievous burden of listening,—how delicious is that freedom of intercourse in which the soul is suffered to pause in the abundance of its thoughts, and need speak only when the thoughts overflow! Such converse is as unlike the small talk by which those shallow familiarities sometimes called friendships are cemented, as the gush of the mountain brook, now leaping over its rocky bed, now reposing in some sweet natural pool, is unlike the regulated outbreaks and trim impetuosity of the water-works at Versailles.

A boy of about eighteen years old, in a groom's undress livery, met them, and, taking off his cap, smilingly presented Mrs. Dalton with a piece of moss. "It is the very species I wanted!" cried she, examining it with childish pleasure. "How glad I am! Where could Paul have found it?" She smiled, and nodded the warmest approbation, and, holding up the moss before the boy's eyes, seemed to inquire where he had found it. He pointed over the hill without speaking, and made gestures. Edith for the first time perceived that he was dumb. He held up both hands twice in succession, to imply that he had been

to a distance of twenty miles to seek for the moss. Mrs. Dalton again thanked him by signs, and directed him to carry it to the house, and to get some refreshment there; and with a bright look and a deep inclination he darted away.

"Poor Paul!" said his mistress; "he is the most grateful creature in the world. Mr. Dalton took notice of him when he was about five years old, and has provided for him ever since; he was first educated at a deaf and dumb school, and afterwards brought here, where Mr. Dalton has himself taught him to perform the duties of groom. Everybody said it was foolish and hopeless; but Mr. Dalton said the lad was intelligent, and he was determined to try what could be made of him. So the master was indefatigably patient and the pupil indefatigably docile, and now he is a most useful servant. Indeed, he has a strange gift for attaching animals; and Emir, my husband's favourite Arab, will scarcely let any one else touch him."

"What a strange life it must be," said Edith, "to live without language, which seems the natural weapon of the soul, and music, its natural food! How very strongly and clearly Love must burn in an air so unnaturally purified!"

"It does so," replied Amy; "he loves like a woman,—with his whole nature. Did you notice that he wore a knot of autumn flowers in his button-hole? He once told his master, in his quaint broken phrase, such as he learned for the conveyance of his thoughts, that 'flower-scents were his music.'"

"Amy," said Edith, pursuing the train of thought that to-day seemed to have arisen within her, "do you not think that the world of spirits may be to us what the world of sounds is to him?—very near—actually present with us, only needing a change in ourselves to make us conscious of it?"

A singular emotion was visible in Amy's face, like the rekindling of a quenched memory, and she made no answer.

"How sweet and how fearful," continued Edith, "would be the visible presence of an angel! Could we ever do wrong then? could we even be unhappy? Oh, Amy," she added suddenly, her voice faltering, "if human love only did not fail, would it not do all this for us, and more? Should we not be always strong, always happy?"

Amy passed her arm round her waist: "But human love *does* fail," said she, "and we must learn to live without it. Do not talk of it any more, Edith; some day you shall tell me all, if you will. But you have reminded me of a time—many years ago—a time when these thoughts, or thoughts like them, were first put into my mind. I was very different then. I was a very foolish, happy child; I believed just what I was taught, because it was taught me; and I had a friend then, who loved me, and whose love *failed*—do you understand?—or mine failed him; it is all the same." She spoke very hurriedly, and broke off with a forced sudden laugh, painful to hear. Soon afterwards she began to talk on indifferent subjects, and Edith followed her lead as best she could.

Strange seemed it to Edith that the evening which closed this day should pass as it did. Mr. Dalton volunteered to read aloud Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which he delivered with a pompous trepidation very fatal to the flow of the metre, to say nothing of the sentiment. You might have kept time to his declamation with a metronome, and counted his accents by beat of drum. Five notes had he in his natural

voice, and on these five he swung to and fro with a ruthless precision—now up, now down, as their turn came, regardless of the words which were crushed by his bass or tortured by his treble. Edith endured in silence; Mrs. Dalton interrupted him every two minutes, to question the accentuation of a line. This she did with perfect amiability of manner, and complete disregard of his visible annoyance; for it was clearly a sore subject. His deportment grew more and more sullen, and the last few couplets were delivered with an uneasy and uniform growl. When he closed the book, he began to defend his method of reading, and a bland, but harrowing, contest ensued, which lasted with a few intervals till they retired to bed. Edith tried to take interest in it, and to give her opinion when called for with due impartiality; but the graceful contempt of the lady annoyed her even more than the querulous discomfiture of the gentleman; and it was with a feeling of utter dismay, which would perhaps have been livelier had she been less unhappy, that she looked forward to the month which she had promised to spend at Beechwood Park.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS IN WINTER.

"WHEN do plants sleep?" the reader may exclaim with a sceptical frown upon reading the above title. The answer is, "Not in the *night*, when most animals take their rest, but during that season when tempests are active, and storms traverse the earth." The term *sleep* may appear to some far-fetched when applied to plants; but compare their winter state with the repose of animals during night, and we shall then discern a number of resemblances between the two. The sleep of animals occurs after stated intervals, so does that of plants; the former rest after the labours of each day, the latter after the incessant activities of a summer. In the sleep of animated creatures we have the external aspect of death, joined with the activities of the invisible life. So, in the repose of plants during winter, the form of death does but conceal the vital energies which lie buried beneath the frozen soil. Both rise to their former life after a fixed time, and resume their original agencies on land and water. It may also be said that the sleep of animals is *almost* as involuntary as the winter state of plants, no creature being able to resist the tendency to sleep, after fatigue has reached a certain point. Such resemblances may justify the application of the word "sleep" to the annual torpidity of vegetation. But there are also some singular diversities between the botanical and the animal sleep, as indeed all must feel who observe a sleeping bird and a reposing plant. In the sleep of the former, the visible form is not altered; the chief change being the substitution of quietude for energy, and the hush of the sensations for the activity of consciousness; but all is ready for action the moment sleep is over; while in the awakening of vegetables in spring, a fresh creation seems necessary ere the newly vivified plants can develop their powers; the leaves, those lungs of vegetables, must be waited for; in many cases a trunk is to be produced, and in all a series of the most important changes must precede the full exercise of the plant's life.

Thus the repose of the tree during winter suggests notions of death rather than of sleep, and the renewed life of spring bears a closer resemblance to

a resurrection, than to a waking from rest. And yet, to call this rest a botanical death would be singularly inappropriate; for the life of the meanest weed has not departed—it has only changed its locality, and instead of being fixed in the stem, branches, or leaves, has retired into the seed or roots, where it remains in a torpid state. Look at some oak-tree in winter, and ask for the abode of that strange living principle, which covered every ancient branch with massy foliage last summer. Life has not gone from the tree; it has but fled for safety to the deep recesses of the roots, the heart of the tree, where, sheltered by the loving earth, it scarcely feels the keen frost above, or the tempest which rocks the stately trunk. Or should we ask where is the life of those delicate flowers which gave such a rich beauty to our gardens, we find it quietly secreted within the fortified strongholds of bulbous roots, whence the first flush of spring will summon it with a timid look to gaze upon its former scene of summer life. Other plants may have totally disappeared, not even a single fibre of the root remains; but a part of the old plant is still in existence. In the seeds, and in the most sheltered cells, curiously protected by roofs and walls of cold-resisting matter, the vital principle rests. Thus the repose of Nature in winter is not death, but a species of torpidity thrown for a season over the homes of vegetable life.

Thus period of repose is not one of absolute inactivity; certain operations proceed in many plants, and changes are produced, essential to the future health of the vegetable. The woody part of trees is hardened in winter, and becomes more capable of supporting the growth of the following season, whilst other vegetables begin to exercise their powers long before the human eye can detect their hidden operations. This resembles in some degree the activity of digestion, and the action of other functions, in animals during sleep.

The length of winter is beautifully adapted to the duration of the sleep required by plants: another illustration this of the operations of infinite wisdom around us. Most vegetables in this climate are so organized as to require a winter of the present average duration; and if it were shorter the sap machinery would not be ready for the spring, whilst longer, the vegetables would begin to work before the warmth of the sun had duly prepared the atmosphere. In either case, a great destruction would fall upon the kingdom of plants. But this precise duration of our winter depends on the distance of the earth from the sun, and therefore the prosperity of the whole botanical kingdom is closely dependent upon our being neither more nor less than ninety millions of miles from the solar centre. Thus we see an intimate connexion between the opening of a little flower-bud and the arrangement of the planetary orbits; so closely are the greatest things in the universe linked with the smallest, all forming one harmonious system.

Few gardeners probably consider this connexion between the flower they train along some verandah, and the constitution of the planetary system. Whewell has well remarked in his "Bridgewater Treatise," that our earth *might* have been placed where Venus or Mars now moves; in either case, the present flowers and fruits would be unsuited to live upon the globe; for upon one supposition, the average length of the winter would be too short, and in the other too long; results which would produce a total disorganization in all botanical arrangements. But we find that the

duration of our winter is exactly suited to the various functions of vegetable life, and for securing the repose needful for trees, fruits, and flowers, by which we live in the midst of order and beauty, instead of confusion and ruin. If we consider each plant as a machine, then we find a number of delicately constructed mechanisms, full of the finest wheels and springs, so beautifully adjusted to another great machine, viz. the solar system, that all move as if acted upon by one spring. Hence the average return of our winter affords the same opportunities of repose for plants, as the stated recurrence of night does to the bodies of animals.

Some of our readers may feel that many vegetables cannot be said to sleep at all, their summer life being followed by as complete a death as can befall any animal. This seems the case with all the annuals, which in December do not retain a sprig of their June foliage, but are dissolved into undistinguishable dust. We will not say that such plants exist in their seeds, for this would be to substitute a figure of speech for fact. The father may be represented by the son, but the life of the latter is not the life of the former; so neither can the seed be considered as the actual living plant. Let it therefore be admitted, that *some* species of plants die each winter; this, however, is not the case with all. What shall be said of the oak in winter? that sturdy trunk is not *dead*; deep within well-guarded recesses sleeps the life of the forest giant, and when the violet looks on the blue of heaven, that very tree shall again rustle with its ten thousand leaves in the wind. So is it with all our forest trees, and thousands of our most delicate blossoms. How wonderful is the sleep of such flowers as the dahlia, or the tulip, the *life* of which is carried about in their unattractive roots from place to place! This may be called vegetable torpidity; but what is this but another name for the winter sleep? the torpidity of the reptile, the bird, or the insect, finds its parallel in the wide kingdom of plants. All material nature, indeed, exhibits the *law of repose*; for where is the organized existence which does not require *sleep*? The whole circle of animated nature demands it, and the kingdom of plants is not exempt from the operation of this universal law.

Thus the sleep of plants may direct our attention to the uniformity of the laws which reign supreme in all portions of Nature's glorious realm.

Now we are surrounded by myriads of leafless trees, for the brown leaves have fallen in a thousand forests, covering the silent valleys with their dying forms;—but let us not liken the earth to a burial-place: the fair children of summer are but sleeping till the storm has passed and bright spring-tide comes again. Of plants and trees it may justly be said, they will *awake* in the morning light of summer. W. D.

MIDNIGHT AT THE LOUVRE.

DURING the last annual exhibition of paintings at the Louvre, one in particular attracted universal attention. It was of immense size, and was placed at the farthest end of the gallery, near the colossal curtain, which, during the period of the exhibition, conceals the noble productions of the ancient masters. A crowd was daily assembled before it, and to judge by the sensation it created, one might have supposed it to be a proud and living canvass, signed by Delacroix, Verdier, or Müller. Admiration, however, was not the feeling which animated the circle of

spectators. On the contrary, it was mingled astonishment, ridicule, and contempt; for the picture was undoubtedly the vilest production that had ever disgraced the walls of a gallery. It represented the Pont des Arts at night; such at least was apparently the whole subject up to this period; but the part of the Louvre which fronts the end of the bridge, the *Palais Mazarine*, which rises at the opposite side, the bridge itself, the river, the night (since the catalogue called it night), were all so odiously bedaubed, that the universal amazement and hilarity were fully accounted for.

How such a production could have found its way into the Louvre was a puzzle to all. Some pronounced it to be the result of a wager, others that it was a snare which had been laid for the jury; various were the conjectures formed, but the general curiosity seemed destined to remain unsatisfied.

At length, one afternoon when the crowd was gayer and more dense, if possible, than the preceding days, a man rapidly forced his way through the group of satirists till he stood in front of the picture, which he began to examine, first with anxiety, then emotion, and at last with extraordinary excitement.

"It is that, indeed!" he cried, without perceiving he was listened to and observed. "Oh! yes, how could I doubt it? The bridge! the night! winter's night! And then this picture placed against the rails—and——"

Here his utterance seemed choked by emotion, and leaning on the frame of the picture for support, he sunk upon the bench beneath it.

After a few moments he slowly raised his head, and exhibited a countenance on which the strongest agitation was depicted.

The spectators were at first astonished, but this feeling soon gave way to pity, for they had no doubt but that the unfortunate man was mad. How, otherwise, could he be thus affected at the sight of a picture which in others excited only laughter and derision? With this idea, they amused themselves by jests upon his behaviour, and even rallied him upon his preference for this picture and his indifference to others more worthy of attention. But the object of their pleasantries appeared totally unmoved by them. When sufficiently recovered he arose, and recommenced examining the picture, the first sight of which had so greatly discomposed him, and continued his inspection until warned that it was the hour to depart.

This occurrence would probably have been forgotten, and attention again directed to the picture only, had it not been found that the man returned the next day, and the next, and the next, to enact nearly the same scene. Curiosity was now really aroused by this singular affair, and even the papers added to the celebrity of the man of the picture.

April, however, is a fickle friend, and one day the visitors of the Louvre found the weather an obstacle to the indulgence of their curiosity. After eight days of intense heat, came one of rain, lightning, and thunder. In such weather the Parisian remains at home, and spares the Roman mosaics of the ancient Louvre the honour of his muddy shoes. The Louvre received only some English, Danish, and Russian visitors come to enjoy the beautiful sky of France. At two o'clock the galleries were almost deserted,—one figure alone was to be seen—it was the man of the picture, who stood as usual contemplating his favourite painting. He was not destined to remain long undisturbed.

From the place where he stood, the extreme end of

that immense gallery, he was unconscious of the approach of a young lady, followed by her companion, both appearing less occupied in looking at the pictures placed on their right and left than in arriving at the object of their precipitate course.

"Is it he?" inquired the younger.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, it is the madman, I am sure; see his gestures, and how he folds his arms; it is he, without a doubt."

"Stay here, then, and wait till I return."

"I should have liked to have heard him talk a little."

"Another time," said the lady, gently; "now, I must be alone."

She then directed her steps towards the painting, and for some moments her attention appeared divided between it and the man who stood gazing upon it. Youth had not entirely left the features of this unfortunate being. It was evident that they had been very handsome, and the expression of his countenance was still noble and benignant. His complexion was fair, and the grey hairs mingling with the rest shaded the whole with varied tints of silver. His soft blue eyes were expressive and tender. One might have said that his appearance was angelic.

Eager and adroit in her two-fold curiosity, the young lady rose for an instant on tip-toe, and bent forward to inspect more closely a portion of the subject. This movement disturbed the attention of her singular neighbour, and obliged him to notice her. He yielded the more readily to the first impulse, since it was apparent at a glance that she who caused it belonged to the Indian race, among whom he had passed many years. She was one of those dark and slender daughters of Bramah, who have the tiger's melancholy eyes and the panther's suppleness of form; and to these, her active charms, was added an air of exquisite refinement, which spoke of the polished circles of the French capital. Even her dress—the light Parisian bonnet, and the cachemire shawl, seemed to indicate this union of graces.

After gazing at the picture for some moments, her small, delicate hand pointed out a minute detail in the scene, represented by the artist with less of talent, alas! than good-will. We allude to the painting which he had wished to represent as leaning against the rails of the Pont des Arts, in a thought much too subtle to allow itself to be readily divined. When the madman (he at least whom they called the madman) perceived this movement, he shuddered from head to foot, and fixed his gaze upon the young Indian's olive-tinted hand, and only turned it away to glance over himself with an air of pity, as if to say, "Is it likely that *she* can have anything to say to *me*?" But almost at the same moment he uttered a cry of astonishment, as he saw the finger, whose first movement had surprised him, leave its place, and point out where under the mass of shadow stood a group composed of two persons, which no one, not even one of those who had so frequently ridiculed the painting, had hitherto observed.

"Oh! Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "who told you? how was it that you noticed that? Do you know the painter? Oh! answer me, do you know him?"

The young Indian smiled.

"No, I see you do not know him. I am seeking for him; for a month I have been waiting for him here, and when I saw you point out the little picture, which he has placed upon the bridge, and the man issuing from the river with a child in his arms, I

thought you might know him,—but it cannot be. Misfortune is full of illusions. Pardon me, Mademoiselle."

"No, I do not know him, Sir," replied the young lady, with emotion, "but if you desire it I will tell you the cause of my curiosity in examining this painting—I have purchased it."

"You have purchased it! is it possible? but then you surely know the artist?"

"I have already told you, Sir, that I am unacquainted with him," replied the young Indian. "You see as I do that this picture is of unexampled inferiority."

"I see, Mademoiselle, that it is a piece of canvass, which to every one but me has lost all value since it was painted."

"Nevertheless, I have purchased it at the price of forty thousand francs, and to-morrow it will be removed to my house."

"Removed! purchased for forty thousand francs! Mademoiselle, you are granting many favours in one; if I dared I would ask one of you, and that is, your reason for paying so dear for a picture which can have no value but for me, and of which you are pitilessly going to deprive me."

"I deprive you of it, Sir? that is far from my wish; you shall see it at my house as often as you desire. You are a painter?"

"I am not," replied the stranger, with a heavy sigh.

"You are not?"

"No, Mademoiselle."

The young Indian looked at him with incredulity and surprise. "You have asked me," said she, after a moment's silence, "my true reason for purchasing at the price of forty thousand francs a picture which is not worth a hundred. I will tell you, but on one condition."

And here her expressive glance fell upon the countenance of her listener.

"I will tell you all," he replied; "there are only misfortunes, and no secrets in my life. You shall know all, Mademoiselle."

"Confidence for confidence, Sir. To-morrow then, at two o'clock, at the house of my aunt, the Princess of Knolis and d'Agra."

"Of Knolis and d'Agra!" exclaimed her listener, but the young Indian was already gone, leaving her card in his hand.

The next day, the disappearance of the famous picture, their favourite object of ridicule, caused, of course, great surprise among the visitors to the Louvre, but we shall leave them to their embarrassment and pass on to the more interesting actors in our scene.

A vague, but powerful and almost irresistible impulse impelled M. Jouvenal (for that was the name which our original had left in exchange in the hand of the Princess) to be punctual in his appointment with her.

At this period of his life, M. Jouvenal was very poor, and to complete his ill fortune he had no profession by which to gain a subsistence. It may be supposed that the sense of his humiliating position was made more painfully acute, when he found himself entering, as a visitor, the Princess's magnificent hotel.

"The Princess, my aunt, is not yet returned from the country," said the young Indian, as in her lofty and sumptuous apartment she advanced to receive him; "but that shall not interrupt our interview. To-morrow I will present you to her. In the mean-

time, here is our picture." As she spoke she pulled a silken cord, and thus drew aside a pair of crimson velvet curtains, embroidered with gold, and M. Jouvenal beheld the painting of the Pont des Arts. So much honour paid to this miserable dabb!

"Oh! Mademoiselle, when you know my history, since you desire to know it, you will see that the generous pleasure which you feel in looking at this picture, for which you have paid forty thousand francs, (for I know that you have thus saved a poor artist from want,) cannot be compared to the pain which I suffer in gazing upon it. And yet, there is a joy in the depth of this pain, a happiness beneath the misery—the happiness of self-approval."

"But here is my story."

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals, under the title, in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE ARMADA

BY TANA

"THE Armada!—the Armada!" and the fearful tidings fly
As swiftly as the thunder-cloud rolls o'er the summer sky.
"The Armada!—the Armada!" her ships are swift and strong,
Oh, nearer, nearer, nearer now they plough the waves along.
May God preserve thee, England! Alas! the ancient isle!
Go wrap thyself in sackcloth, farewell thy pleasant smile.
There's mourning in the quiet homes long cradled 'mid the
waters,—

Mourning for thine heroic sons, thy pure and lovely daughters!
Oh, woe to thee, fair land! they go to swell the vassal train,
To veil the brow and bend the knee beneath the pride of Spain.

But, the courage of the people roused, another spirit spoke,
As though from out the thunder cloud the fiery lightning broke,
And heut responded back to heart, eye flashed again to eye,—
As they gathered for their native land like those prepared to die.
Cheer up, ye noble Englishmen! sure God is with you now,
They say already o'er the sea His angry tempests blow
Belunk ye of the Red Sea shore—belunk ye of the day
When He bowed the pride of Pharaoh. To your ships, my men,
away!

"Sit down, sit down, thou aged man, a moment rest thee here,
Thy still beats thy trembling hand far better than the spear,
Oh, tell us how the day goes now,—if still our banners fly,
The dread Armada comes not yet—there's comfort in thine eye."
"Now wipe your tears, my bonny ones! this is no time to weep,
Our banners fly in the dawning wave as the sea-bird skims the deep—
I saw our bounding barks aloft, I saw their gallant band,
And the shout of thousands shook the sky as they parted from
the land

"And foremost there, with sword in hand, I saw the gallant
Howard,
And blessings on his noble head by old and young were shower'd.
God save thee, England's admiral! 'twere worth an Earl's
pride

To battle in his own good ship at such a Captain's side.
And daring Drake, and Froisher, to whom they say the sea
Is humble in its wildest moods as thy young babe to thee,
Have led to fight their stately ships, and giv'n their latest cheer,
They'll beat the Spaniard back again—away with coward fear!

"I saw a sight would stir the blood, tho' hundred years had cast
Then freezing snows upon the brow, each heavier than the last;
I saw our English chivalry, the glory of the land,
All clad in martial panoply, as chiefs for battle stand.
And there were our good yeomanry, all leaning on their spears,—
And the thought came rushing on my mind of Cressy and
Poitiers,—

I raised my bonnet from my brow, 'Huzza for England's might!
Now who shall stand before the men who combat for the right?"

"The shout went pealing up to heaven, like the pent ocean's swell,

Then suddenly o'er all the host a deep hushed silence fell,
For riding through the crowded ranks, with Leicester by her side,
Forth came our own Elizabeth in all her queenly pride
I've gazed on noble Captains in the battle field of yore,
But I never looked with such an awe on human face before,
There might be paleness on her cheek, but fire was in her eye,
And they who caught that glance stood fixed to conquer or to die

"Each word that kindly woman spoke was like a trumpet call,
It echoed so from heart to heart the bravest man of all
Felt tenfold strength impel his arm and he a countless knight,
Prepared a thousand Spaniards in her defence to fight
Now who will fight our foemen's might or bow the knee to Spain?
Nay come broad Europe at her call we'll turn them back again
The future brags upon my soul I hear I hear the cry,—
'All glory to the Lord of Hosts for England's victory!'

"Their beacons blazed on the shore, they watched them night and day,

Lill hope and faith in that stern calm alternate died away
Then rose the shout, 'Look seaward, ho!' and proudly o'er the main

The crescent squadron swept along the vanquished host of Spain
'Now has our brave ye to your ships, impatient Raleigh cried
And Cecil came, and Vavasour, and thousands at their side
The glad salute their bounding barks as eager for the fray
How gashed they for their native land the quaking foe that day

'In vain their floating fortresses towered high above the water,
The island warriors scale their sides—their decks are red with slaughter

The thunder-clouds of battle rolled thickly o'er the fight
And hid the useless, shattered sails theattering mists from sight

And when that fiery tempest's rage had hushed its life to sleep
Oh! fearful was the change I saw, that day along the deep!
No more the fleets rode proudly there, no banner mocked the sky

Joy, England! 'twas Jehovah's arm which won the victory!

"Now where art thou, proud Parma, thou art not to fight
The Island Queen is in the field her soldiers arms are bright
And hark thee home, Melina! thou art new to Spain
She need not see her sturdy bucks that never slacken
They're side with our brave sons and meet us at their tower
Go, tell thy good king how we have room for all his war
And 'tho' he that scaped our sailors' arms—'twas ours to spare the war

The wind piping a herald the sun Oracles

MAN S LOVE

BY JOHN

Oh! Lanny, do not sigh for me

I shall not sigh for you
With heart undivided, light and free,

I smile a last adieu

I though strewn with flowers the sportive hour

With I miss that flew by,

I could not stay another day,

For India's gold—not I!

For still my bounding heart is free,

And longs for something new

Then Lanny, do not sigh for me

I shall not sigh for you!

The bird that hath not built its nest,

Is not more free than I

The butterfly is not more blest,—

From sweet to sweet I fly

My pathway lies through sparkling eye,

I count them o'er and o'er,

Each downing light appears more bright

Than that which shone before!

For 'tho' to love them all I'm free,

(I'll use that freedom too!)

Then Lanny, do not sigh for me,—

I shall not sigh for you!

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

BY F. B.

In the green laughing earth, and the sea, and the air,
That plays softly around, every object is fair,
Below there is beauty, and beauty above,
But all would be nought if it wanted but love
Every charm would be dormant, for love is the soul
That sustains, and directs, and gives life to the whole

Those blithe little songsters that welcome the day,
Or disport in the greenwood, how happy are they!
What makes them so glad some? their songs have a fire,
A spirit that nothing but love can inspire
In each little bird is doth his influence move,
And they owe all their beauty, their sweetness, to love.

The green tree bends over the mirror like wave,
And loves in the glad dimpling waters to lave,
And the rich spread meadow land casts the gleam
Of a hundred bright flowers on the face of the stream
And the stream gives back the fun scene to the sky,
And then danceth onward, oh! right merrily

Each portion responsive, thus Nature combine
And love his sweet cord about all things entwines,
The harsh he will soften the stubborn subdue—
Reject what is false, and cling fast to the true
By him brighter hopes, purer wishes are given
And he paints this our earth with the fair hues of heaven

Oh! hard would our lot be to journey through life,
To mix in its cares, and its sorrows and strife
If we had not some kind heart on which we could rest
Where our hopes and our fears might alike be confest
To share on this earth, if our souls purest love,
And point us to yet brighter joys above

Miscellaneous.

I have here made only an inventory of cattle I saw, and have left it to the owner to put the rest of the list in them. *M. N. N.*

CHARLES I. A LITTLE SEEN IN THE LIFE OF WIGHT

Some few things I remember he said which showed the excellent Christian virtues in him which were rarely to be found among any sort of men, scarce ever among princes. For about the latter end of the treaty, finding it was like to be unsuccessfull, I wish, says he, 'I had consulted nobody but my own self for then, where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could have early been positive for, with I b, I would willingly have chosen misery than sin. I never saw him shed tears but once and he turned presently his head away, for he was then dictating to me somewhat in a window, and he was loth to be discerned, and the lords and gentlemen were then in the room, though his back was towards them but I can safely take my oath they were the biggest drops I ever saw fall from an eye but he recollected himself, and soon stifled them. —See Philip Warwick's *Memoirs of Charles I.*

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The Merry Gipsies.

DRAWN BY H. K. BROWNE. ENGRAVED BY JAMES COOPER.

THE MERRY GIPSIES.

WE Gipsies lead a life of ease
As through the world we roam ;
We pitch our tent where'er we please,
And there we make our home.

By day we traverse hill and dale,
Through shady lanes we go ;
And round our blazing fire regale
When midnight tempests blow.—*Old Glee.*

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. V.

EDITH KINFARLD—CHAP. III.

EDITH could not sleep, and with the first break of morning she rose, dressed herself, and went out into the park to cool her fevered cheeks and aching forehead in the pure dewy air. She was scarcely to be pitied for her wakefulness. "No greater grief," says the poet, "than to remember the happy time, when we are miserable."—But there is a grief yet greater; it is to dream of the happy time and awake to find it gone for ever. If dreams did not renew the past, and re-sensitise the dead, they might perhaps avail to refresh the soul as they do the body; but all who have endured the awakening from such dreams shrink from indulging their poisonous sweetness again. They are the image in the desert of life, making its dryness intolerable to the fainting pilgrim.

Edith walked listlessly over the green-sward, scarcely heeding whither she went, but feeling a kind of satisfaction in the idea that she was the only person astray in those tranquil solitudes. She was full of bitterness, and ready to fall into that which has been called the most immoral of all infidelities—a distrust of human nature. The mist clung around her as closely and closely as a painful remembrance, and the low wail of the wind seemed like the voice of the Future warning her to turn away from it if she could. The only sign of promise in her heart was that its bitterness was as strong against itself as against others. The past years lay before her like corpses, pale, withered, lifeless, and her conscience shrank from inscribing an epitaph upon their tombs; the coming years crowded to meet her, like hungry children, and bade her give them food lest they perish like their brethren. "Alas! what shall I do?" said she within herself; "I feel that I have lived to no purpose; a cold hand has brushed the bloom of childhood away, and grayness has fallen upon my heart. Is it my fault? How could I have done otherwise? Why do my thoughts look back and find no resting-place? Is there no power by which the moments can be bound over to minister to future comfort? But, what shall I do? I have lived only to myself, and now that I would fain do better, I have no one to live for. Well did Amy say that all love fails." She had reached a small side gate that opened into a lane beyond the grounds, and pausing, as is so natural when full of thought, at the first trivial obstacle which presented itself, she leaned on the low boundary wall, and covered her face with her hands. A footstep close at her side startled her; she looked up and saw the poor dumb lad whose story

had so much interested her on the previous evening. With a deep reverence and eager smile he held the gate open for her and pointed along the lane, and Edith, not to seem ungracious, signified her thanks as best she could, and followed the direction of his finger; she was a little surprised to find that he, too, left the grounds, and continued to walk at a few yards distance behind her.

They advanced along a winding lane partly embowered by trees; the hedges were covered by showers of the graceful clematis, and the banks feathery with various kinds of fern. No sound broke the silence of morning but the note of a church-bell, swinging upon the air with a measured and still cadence that seemed the very breath of consolation. There are certain dispositions of sounds and accents which possess a mysterious power of subduing and soothing the feelings, by a sudden but gentle process quite as inexplicable to him who is the subject of it as to any body else. It is as though a voice said unto the raging sea, "Peace, be still!" and the mandate were instantly obeyed. Indeed the whole of our relation to sounds and tones does, perhaps, more than any other of the phenomena of our existence make us feel that the prison of the body is shutting us from the spiritual world, but that we are, nevertheless, in the midst of it. The feelings on which they depend are so intensely vivid, yet so absolutely indefinable; they seem to affect the soul through the body, yet does their passage so spiritualize the body, that one could almost believe them to reach it through the soul; their vehicle is furnished by a science so minute and elaborate; their essence is so impalpable and incommunicable; the profoundest silence seems but their temporary sleep, for we know that they live for ever; the grandest harmony seems but their crude and imperfect embodiment, for it ceases, and dies, and ever suggests something beyond itself, so that they may be said to forebode, if they do not represent a nature above the human; to be the beginning of a faculty which requires eternity for its development.

Some such thoughts as these were present to Edith's mind, though scarcely perhaps in so definite a shape, as she listened to the low pulsations of sound, soft and regular as those of a devout and subdued heart, and her eyes glanced from time to time upon her speechless companion. A turn of the lane brought them unexpectedly in view of the church whence the gentle summons was issuing. It was a small and ancient building, with many traces of original beauty visible through long neglect and grievous defacement, and with not a few signs of present care—not a few symptoms of the beginning of restoration. Even in its worst days the tapering spire had ever pierced the blue skies, the low-browed doorway had ever symbolized the mode of access to that upward path; and now it was evident that loving hands had been busy in guarding the foundations from damp, and the walls from decay,—in repairing what had been broken, and replacing what had been lost. The door stood open, and Edith saw that her attendant was pausing for her to enter, in order that he might follow her; she obeyed the silent invitation, went in, and yielding to the vague impulse of self-condemnation just awakened within her, kneeled down in the place nearest the door, and, bowing her forehead upon her hands, joined in the service with the feelings of a penitent. The deaf-mute was not far from her, and she could not help being struck by the reverence and apparent devotion with which he followed the movements of the congregation, and by the expression of

his upturned face, almost childish in its serene simplicity. When she rose, and looked round upon the small band of worshippers, a strange sensation came over her, as though she had made a discovery of something unknown before. Like all persons of keen sensibility, she had been ever aware of an inner, unseen life of feeling and thought carried on apart from, and unsuspected by, the life of the world; now she seemed to be obtaining a glimpse of a life of acts and habits, as separate, as secret, as continual. With a kind of awe she looked upon the faces of those who passed her on their way out, and her heart said to her, "What must the day be when the dawn is thus consecrated?" Alas, for the deep significance of the question! Alas, that it could only be suggested by the newness of wonder! Alas, for the answer which it must too often and too surely find!

But a feeling of timidity roused her from her involuntary musings; by twos and threes, those strangers to whose closest and most hidden thoughts she had just been associating herself by the bond of mutual confession, prayer, and thanksgiving, were separating and moving away. There seemed a presence in the holy place which she dared not encounter alone, and she turned to quit it.

As she crossed the churchyard, she was startled by the sound of her own name pronounced in a low, hesitating voice; she looked round and beheld Alice Brown, who seemed shrinking at her own audacity in having ventured to address her. Edith returned the greeting most cordially, and, actuated by a sudden and very earnest desire to increase their acquaintance with each other, joined her in her walk towards the town of Beechwood, and expressed her wish with the freedom natural to one who was accustomed to find her attentions welcomed as favours.

"I am so glad to see you again," said she; "may I walk home with you?"

"Will you come to breakfast?" returned Alice, with bashful earnestness. "I was almost afraid to ask, but I should so like to introduce you to mamma."

Edith readily acquiesced; she looked round for Paul, charged him with a pencil note to Mrs. Dalton, explaining her absence, and, smilingly returning his bow, passed her arm through that of Alice, and walked away with a sensation more nearly approaching to pleasure than any which she had for some time experienced.

"Do you know that poor boy?" said she, beginning the conversation, as we always do when we feel deeply, with a subject of which she was *not* thinking; "does he often come here? I wonder whether he at all understands why he comes."

"I scarcely think his understanding it signifies," returned Alice; "his imperfect worship is probably far purer than ours. He has been a daily attendant here for more than a year; and I can fancy that I read in his face the history of the silent change that has gradually been wrought within him during that time."

"Has there been a change, then?" asked Edith.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "he used to be very passionate, and subject to fits of gloom and seeming jealousy, for his affections were always most tender. These paroxysms were scarcely noticeable in him as a child, but they increased to a great degree after his education was begun."

"That seems strange."

"Do you know I think it is quite natural; for, you see, at first he must have lived in a kind of unconscious state, very difficult to imagine; less advanced

even than childhood—a perpetual infancy both of heart and mind. And then they awakened his reason and his devotional feelings, but these must have acted strangely and separately from each other. For no quiet habitual exercise was provided for such beginnings of religious perception as he was capable of experiencing—no actual daily obedience demanded; he was still cut off from all union with others; he was made to understand dimly that he was responsible; and yet he did not find himself living under a law."

"Oh, pray go on," cried Edith, as her companion stopped, apparently somewhat ashamed of speaking at so much length, "I do not quite understand. Surely, the moment he was taught to know right from wrong he found himself living under a law."

"Yes," returned Alice; "but there always seems to me to be such a difference between a law of that kind which you are taught in theory and which comes into action when temptation assails us, and one which forestalls temptation, and pre-occupies the ground by prescribing a round of duties and suggesting a course of thought. Only just think! If we could but keep an angel within the heart, it seems to me that evil spirits would flee away faster and farther than if we had only barred the door against them."

"Like filling every corner of ground with flowers, so as to have no room for weeds," said Edith. "Ah, if we could only do so! But suppose the weeds have grown up without our heeding them?"

"Then I think there is nothing for us but hard work," answered Alice. "We cannot have a virgin soil twice in our lives, can we?"

"No, no," said Edith, bitterly, "and therefore it is useless to try. There are not two mornings to one day, nor two childhoods, nor two spring-times! 'Once gone, for ever gone,' is the inscription written on each hour of life."

Her companion looked at her wonderingly, and presently said, blushing very deeply, "I know that is all very true, but still is it not a little severe to say that it is useless to try? I often think that charity must be the most difficult of all duties to those who are not weak, foolish, and faulty as I am; to those whose strength has never, or very seldom, failed them. When one is very, very often wrong, and yet not without hope, one learns to feel that there is no one who may not hope too."

"Oh! my dear Alice!" exclaimed Edith, grasping her hand, "you did not understand me! If I exclude *anybody*, I exclude—but never mind what I really meant. Only remember, that I did *not* mean what you thought I did.—And now let us go on with poor Paul's history. He, it seems, had all this hard work of which you were speaking, for he had to conquer a violent and sullen temper."

"It seemed to be rather displaced than conquered," answered Alice; "you know the case of a creature so unfortunate, would be no rule for others. I cannot suppose there was much actual guilt in his outbreaks of passion. However, they are over now, and he seems quite happy. I think his chief comfort was, that he began to feel, perhaps unconsciously, that there was one sense in which he was not the isolated, solitary creature he had always seemed to be. *Here*," and she looked upward to the white spire still visible above the trees, "he felt that he was a member of a body,—that he was one with those among whom he worshipped. And I have sometimes almost thought," she added, dropping her voice, and hesitating a little, "that he may see the angels worshipping with us—his upward look is so bright and steadfast. You know

it is not impossible that God may open his eyes to see them as a compensation for the privation of his other senses."

Edith felt almost awe-struck at the simple expression of an habitual *faith* in that which to her had been the conjecture of a moment of highly-wrought *feeling*. After an instant's pause, Alice continued, "And now it is beautiful to see how his whole life seems to be made up of love. Gradually he has made acquaintance with all those whom he is in the habit of meeting here, and there is not one to whom he has not endeared himself—not one in whose prayers he has not a special remembrance. He often waits for me in the porch with a nosegay of flowers from his own little garden at Beechwood Park. But his chief intimacy is with three little children who live in a cottage about half a mile off, and come to this church every morning. He takes such care of them; in wet weather he always brings an umbrella and takes them home himself, sheltering them so anxiously; and he stops them in the doorway, as they come in, to see whether their feet are wet, and wraps them up so tenderly when they go out; and they play with him and caress him, as I have seen a kitten play with a great Newfoundland dog, making him understand everything they want to express by their gestures and coaxing looks."

Edith had fallen into thought, so that she scarcely listened to this little history of poor Paul and his friends. Suddenly rousing herself, she said with some abruptness, "And now tell me about yourself, Miss Brown—Alice, if I may call you so. I want to know how you are going on."

The face of Alice was instantly covered with the deepest crimson. Averting it, she answered hurriedly, but very gently, "Thank you, dear Miss Kinnaird—I quite understand what you mean. I am wiser now, I hope, than I was when I last saw you, and you were so kind to me. Oh! how kind you were! I have often thought of it, and wanted to thank you; at every moment of this conversation I have been wishing to tell you how grateful I am—but—you see—it is a subject of which I am ashamed, as I have reason to be, and so I did not like to begin it."

"Pray, pray, do not thank me," said Edith; "you have as little reason to thank me as to blame yourself. I was very heedless—I am afraid I have given you pain."

"No, indeed," replied Alice, again turning her face to her companion, and speaking with animation. Tears were in her eyes and on her cheeks, but the emotion was perfectly quiet, and only a slight quivering was discernible in her voice. "I am very glad that you spared me the effort of speaking first. Thank you for feeling an interest about me. I have several pupils to whom I teach music, work, and—drawing—only the beginning, you know. I have not a day unoccupied, and I earn quite enough for mamma and myself to live upon very comfortably. Is it not delightful that I am able to do so? I ought to be quite happy."

"Quite happy!" thought Edith; "and this is how the destruction of the hope of a life *may* be borne! Felt, too, so keenly at the time—so keenly, even now," she added, as she met her friend's tearful smile, "and in the midst of poverty and wearisome labour!"

"Alice!" she cried, yielding to an irresistible impulse, "I wish from my heart I were you!"

Alice looked at her with undisguised astonishment. "I am sure I should be well contented with the change," said she, playfully. Then, with the delicate

tact which nothing but keen sympathy can give, perceiving that some new and deep sorrow lay at the bottom of so strange a wish, and divining from Edith's sudden embarrassment that it was one which could not be uttered, she began to speak of other things, to describe her manner of life, to tell of the various shades of character and talent among her young pupils, seeking to win Edith's interest for things so simple and so personally connected with herself, that it seemed like pleading for such a further advance of friendship, as might, ere long, entitle her to confidence.

How common a mistake it is for those who feel keenly and are anxious not to betray their feelings, to suppose that the silence, or the unwary word, or the change of subject, or the indifference of tone in him who listens, proves that the secret is still unguessed! How often are all these only the shyness of sincere love which waits for leave ere it will tell how much it knows! How often are they the result of a sympathy so profound and so perfect that it forebodes what it does not know, but with the modesty of true friendship, shrinks from assuming more than the will of the friend has accorded—shrinks even from seeming to suggest or to desire what that will has not spontaneously originated! Thus may the very delicacy of affection pass for coldness—but it is a coldness, which, like that of the polar regions, burns like fire if you grasp it unawares. Strange is it, brother mortals, that our hearts are not suffered to touch each other, so as to reveal the undiscovered harmonies which sleep among their chords! Oh! thou who despair'st of life and man, who hast found no sympathy or comfort among thy fellows, and hast taken desolate self-dependence and cold distrustfulness for thy bosom companions, put away from thee this natural bitterness, and think within thyself of that fair morning in Paradise, when many spirits shall gather round thee and say, "I wept for thee—and I remembered thee in my prayers—and I watched thee, and grieved for thee, and knew what thou hadst to suffer—and thou knewest it not!" If the open treasons and chilly repulses which we encounter at the hands of our brethren must needs be remembered, let not the unknown sympathies be quite forgotten!

They were now entering the town of Beechwood, and a very few minutes more brought them to Alice's humble dwelling. With eager, but somewhat timid hospitality, she conducted Edith up-stairs, assisted her in removing her bonnet and shawl, and, having quickly completed her own simple toilette, ushered her into the one small sitting-room, where Mrs. Brown was awaiting them at the breakfast-table. Alice's mother was very unlike the person that Edith had expected to see. Her countenance and manners were full of subdued vivacity; and the former was still so exceedingly lovely, though more than sixty years had passed over it, that it contrasted strangely with her daughter's, which, as we have before said, was wholly without attraction, except from expression. She had that peculiarity sometimes to be observed in persons who have suffered many sorrows, but whose temperament is naturally buoyant. Her face in repose, or in its ordinary expression, was bright and cheerful; but her smile was melancholy itself. There was in it a flash of exceeding joyousness, so tremulous and so transient, that you involuntarily expected it to end in tears. She welcomed Edith very kindly, and the momentary annoyance which she evidently felt at having no better entertainment to offer her,

passed away almost before it could be perceived, in her gratification at her daughter's pleasure, whose pleasures were so few.

"You must put off your pupils for one hour to-day, Alice, darling," said she.

"Oh no, mamma," was the answer, "Miss Kin-naird will, I am sure, excuse me for going as soon as we have breakfasted. It would be a great indulgence to stay," she added, turning to Edith, "but I must not break an appointment, must I?"

"Don't ask me," said Edith, "if you want to be confirmed in doing an unpleasant duty; I have a very expansive conscience in such matters, and I shall certainly advise you to stay."

"But your head ached yesterday," interposed Mrs. Brown, looking at her daughter with that indescribable expression of anxiety which indicates a habit, not a mood; "and, indeed, you are looking tired. Do stay, Alice—to oblige me, my love."

"Well, mamma," returned Alice, kissing her, "if you make a personal favour of it, I suppose I must, but I do assure you I am perfectly well, and you know I must be in a strange state of health, indeed, if an hour more or less could make a difference to me."

Mrs. Brown suppressed a sigh as she turned to the breakfast-table, and began to converse with her guest; and Edith's heart felt oppressed by the ideas which this little scene had awakened. Alice did, indeed, look sickly, though not absolutely ill; and she pictured to herself the daily sufferings of the mother who was obliged to see her child daily taxed to the utmost of her strength, perhaps a little beyond it; and whom the despot Poverty actually prevented from doing anything to retard the gradual sacrifice.

But Alice seemed to feel that her mother's eyes rested wistfully upon her from time to time, and she answered their silent inquiry by assuming a degree of liveliness unlike her usually shy manner. She talked and laughed, ran from one subject to another, and contrived to lull all suspicion by her unwonted gaiety. Edith was struck by the unusual simplicity of character apparent in all she said; her talk was as unlike the ordinary rattle of a girl of nineteen as it was possible to conceive. And this not because it was more intellectual, for there was no appearance of talent about her, but rather because it was more childish. Flowers, of which even in that small room, and at that unfavourable season, she had a goodly show, and books, were her principal topics; the former she exhibited to Edith with unfeigned delight, expatiating on the past beauty of those which were now withering with as much enthusiasm as could have been demonstrated by the faded belles themselves, had Nature gitted them with tongues; the latter she discussed with at least equal animation, speaking of all the imaginary characters in poem or tale exactly as if they had really lived, and she had known them personally. Edith took pains to discover her tastes, and could scarcely help smiling at the eager sparkle of happiness which came into her face when, in Mrs. Dalton's name, she offered her access to the library at Beechwood. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when Edith, having parted from her new friend with many promises of visiting her again, walked slowly homewards, her thoughts were so fully and so deeply occupied, that she could scarcely shake off her abstraction sufficiently to escape comment from her host and hostess. No bitter words, no gloomy sentiments, broke from her lips that day; she could not have uttered such

without enduring the keenest self-condemnation. What then? Was life brighter to her than it had been? Not so; the darkness, rather, was more visible, and she had gone farther into it. But she was beginning to suspect that there might be a reason for the darkness, and to hope that there might be a light beyond.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD "COCKNEY."

FIRST PAPER.

"I advise thee, Gurth, to leave the herd to their destiny, which can be little else than to be converted to Normans before the morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool—swine," said the herd, "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swine-herd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba, "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French, and so, when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name, but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle hall to feast among the nobles? What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth?"
Ivanhoe, vol. 1.

And what would my readers think were I to continue my quotations? And yet the words of our great novelist point to an important principle in our language, which an Englishman might well be pleased to examine. How many, for instance, walk the streets of London, unheeding their names as they pass along, and careless of the history which lies on all sides before them and round them,—the tales of the former life of their country, engraven in legible characters on the very walls of their houses! How many tread daily the crowded thoroughfares of the "East and West Chepe," listening to the measured sound of the bells of Bow, yet think not of the meaning of the phrase, familiar in their ears as "household words," "to be born within the sound of Bow Bells?" And yet surely it is not well wholly to forget names or words which carry us back into past ages,—to days when, if not so copious as now, our language was at least more concise, more vigorous, and more thoughtful. Who knows but that among these names there may be fragments of that elder Saxon tongue our wise forefathers knew how to prize so highly, and which linger even to this day among the purlieus and by-lanes of our metropolis? Who is there, that loves his country's story, but would gladly rescue these neglected children of the olden time, from the overwhelming influence of the Norman and the carelessness of a forgetful age?

I have felt, therefore, that I may not, perhaps, consult ill for my readers if I attempt, in the following pages, to illustrate and explain one, at least, of those words which have in the lapse of years faded from our memory and fallen into an unmerited obscurity.

The name whereby the citizens of London have for ages been proverbially called naturally occurs first to my mind; the more so, that as yet, though many scattered notices of it may be found in different works of antiquarian repute, no one consistent account of it has, so far as I know, been given to the world.

What, then, is the meaning of the word *Cockney*? Whence its derivation? and wherefore has it been applied, *par excellence*, to Londoners?

Now, on turning to the many passages wherein it, or some form of it, is found among our earlier writers, two leading ideas will be observed as generally running through them. According to the *first*, the name is referred to the word *Cocaigne*, an imaginary land where many wondrous things were supposed to take place. According to the *second*, to the French *coquin*, or to some form more or less modified from it. The *first* gives it a *local*, the *second* a *personal* origin; at the same time, it will appear that these ideas were not kept at all distinct even at the first, while in later times they were so blended and confounded together, that, even if originally distinct, their separate derivation was soon lost, and in the end altogether forgotten.

The "*land of Cocaigne*" is often met with in the older dramatists, and in all cases conveys a notion of a place where there was much luxury and sensual pleasure. It is, probably, the same as what the Germans call *Wunderland*, the French, *La Coquaine*, the Italians, *Cocagna*, and the English, sometimes *Lubbertland*; where, according to the old proverb, "the pigs run about ready-roasted, and cry, 'Come and eat me!'" Its derivation is not so obvious, yet I imagine it was transferred from the Italian to the French in the early part of the middle ages, there having been for many centuries a celebrated Christmas festival at Naples known by the name of *La Cocagna*. To this allusion is probably made in a mock-heroic poem composed by Giov. Battista Basile, published at Palermo in 1571, in which *L'alma città di Cocagna* is described in the following lines in the Sicilian dialect—

"S'è Cocagna sulla un montagna,
Di formaggi in grattata di havi in cima
Di macaroni una candara regna."

Nares, in his "Glossary," quotes a passage from Balthazar Bontiacus, A.D. 1586, who speaks of "*Regio quædam quam Cocaniam vocant, ex abundantia panis, quæ cruce Illyricæ vocatur*;" "There is a certain region which is called *Cocania*, from *cruca*, an Illyrian word for bread,"—a passage so far to the point, that it implies a country or district in which there was an abundant fertility; and which, therefore, affords a connecting link with many other notices which I shall hereafter adduce. Boileau, in his Satires, speaking of Paris, says that it is "*jêche pour un pays de Cocagne*;" and Boyer (Dictionnaire Français) explains the words, "*pays de Cocagne*," by "*Pays fertile et abondant où on fait grand chère*."

If, then, as I think cannot well be doubted, the phrase was used for any place where luxury was great and universal, we should expect that it would be appropriated in an especial manner to great cities; and of this, as will be seen, we have many instances. Thus Halliwell, to mention one such instance, quotes a ballad, preserved in the Roxburgh Collection, entitled "*An Invitation to Lubbertland—the Land of Cocaigne*," and adds that *Lubbertland* was a burlesque name for *London*. Now, if it be granted that *Cocaigne* was ever used as a nickname for *London*, it will not be hard to believe that *Cockney* might be

used as a nickname for those who dwell there. And so the following passages demonstrate, where the name is evidently so used, and without any inference deducible from them, whether the appellation was at first, as in after times, a term of contempt. Camden, in his "*Remains*," gives some lines, attributed to Hugh Bigot, and applies them directly to London and its inhabitants. He says—

"Were I in my Castle of Bungey
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cokeney."

And Dugdale, in his "*Origines Judiciales*," gives a long and interesting account of a festival enacted at Christmas-time by the benchers and barristers of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, in which entertainment the leading character was termed the *King of Cockneys*,—a festival the more curious from its remarkable analogy with that of the *Cocagna* at Naples, from whence it is not impossible that it may have been copied in name no less than in character. It is, indeed, not a little striking in what an Italian garb are almost all the lighter pieces of entertainment towards the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century; our poets and imaginative writers ever looking to Italy as the bright land of their dreams and imaginings, and weaving their poetic fancies, masques, and interludes, upon a pattern singularly Italian. The account Dugdale gives is so curious that I shall venture to quote it at some length. It seems that it was usual at such festivals to choose some one as King of the Revels—much as even now, in the games of Twelfth-Night, our children are in the habit of "drawing for King and Queen." In order that the young gentlemen should learn to go through the ceremonies properly, the Marshal was ordered to sit as *King* on New Year's Day, and to have like service on Christmas-day, and the Master of the Revels was to supply the Marshal's place during dinner time.

He adds:

"Moreover the *King* of Cockneys on Childermas Day should sit and have due service, and that he, and all his officers, should use honest manner, and good order without any waste or destruction-making in wine brawn, chely, or other vitails; and also that he and his marshal butler and constable-marshal should have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of the officers of Christmas, and that the said *King of Cockneys*, no none of his officers, medyl neither in the buttery nor in the stuard of Christmas his office, upon pain of 10s. for every such meddling."

While, in order that there should be no tumult or confusion, it was enjoined,

"That *Jack Straw* and all his adherents should thenceforth be utterly banisht, and no more be used in this house."

It is not clear what was the precise office of the *King of Cockneys*. It may be, that he occupied the place of the *St. George* in other similar pageants; and that *Jack Straw* was banished as an *anti-masque*, or representative of popular and plebeian ceremony, as the *King of Cockneys* was of the higher and more aristocratic classes. Such performances were, it is well known, very common in the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I., and one of them has this additional interest as the origin of a performance, of a higher and very different cast, once the most popular of its kind, and still never to be forgotten by those who have had the happiness to share in it or witness it. In January 1564-5, the

boys of the "*grammer skolle*" of Westminster enacted a Christmas interlude; and, in 1573, the "children of Westminster" performed another, entitled "Truth, Faithfulness, and Mercy." These simple amusements were the glorious ancestors of the well-known "Westminster Plays," which all those who have seen them will be glad to learn are not doomed to share (as was reported) the fate of Eton Montem.

The connexion between *Lubberland* and the land of *Cockneys* was probably in the mind of Shakspeare when he was writing "*Twelfth-night*," for in the fourth act he makes the Clown say:—"Vent my folly! I am afraid this great *lubber* the world will prove a *Cockney*,"—a phrase not in itself very intelligible, and which has led to a curious suggested alteration of the words on the part of one of his late editors, who, supposing the Clown to be laughing at the magniloquent language of Sebastian, would have him say, "I am afraid this great *lubberly word* will prove a *Cockney*." Be this, however, as it may, the application may easily be that suggested here.

And so much of the word *Cockney*, on the supposition that it is derived from *Cocagna*, or at least connected with it. On the other name for Londoners, alluded to before, namely, those who are "*born within the sound of Bow bells*," it may be remarked that, though not a very ancient nickname, it is by no means one of modern origin. The daughter of Touchstone, in the comedy of "*Eastward Hoe*," printed in 1605, says she used to "stop her ears at the sound of Bow bells, lest she should be thought a *Cockney*;" and Beaumont and Fletcher call those who were born within their range "*Bow-bell-suckers*." The phrase may have arisen from Bow Church having been one of the most central places of the city of London, or from the importance of the acts immemorially performed in it. The Bell of Bow is celebrated in the early history of the city. In 1469, there was an order, that the bell should be rung every night at nine of the clock; and we know from Stow, that one Donne, an opulent mercer, bequeathed, in 1472, two tenements in Hosier Lane for its due maintenance; while some satirical verses are preserved, in which the apprentices complained of the late ringing of the bell which was to suspend their labours for the day. They complain to the ruler:—

"Clarke of the Bow bell, with the yellow locks,
For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks."

And the Clerk replies:—

"Children of Chepe, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow bell rung at your will"
(*To be continued*)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XVIII.

TEARS AND SMILES

READING law did not get on very well that day, De Lolme on the Constitution might have been a medical treatise for aught I knew to the contrary, Blackstone a work on geology. After a prolonged struggle to compel my attention, from which I did not desist until I became suddenly aware that for the last half-hour I had been holding one of the above-named ornaments to the profession the wrong way upwards, I relinquished the matter as hopeless, and, pulling my

hat over my brows, sallied forth, and turned my moody steps in the direction of the cottage. Feeling unwilling in my then humour to encounter any of its inmates, I walked round to the back of the house, and throwing open the window of a small room, which was dignified by the name of the study, and dedicated to my sole use and behoof, I leaped in, and, closing the sash, flung myself into an easy chair, where, again involuntarily resuming the same train of thought, I gave myself up a prey to unavailing regrets. On my way I had encountered Freddy Coleman going to shoot wild fowl, and he had accosted me with the following agreeable remark,—“Why, Frank, old boy, you look as black as a crow at a funeral,—I can’t think what ails you all to-day. I met Harry Oaklands just now, seeming as if the Bank had failed; so I told him your sister was going to marry Lawless, just to cheer him up a bit, and show him the world was all alive and merry, when off he marched without saying a word, looking more grumpy than ever.”

“Why did you tell him what was not true?” was my reply.

“Oh! for fun; besides, you know, it *may* be true, for any thing we can tell,” was the unsatisfactory rejoinder.

In order the better to enable the reader to understand what is to follow, I must make him acquainted with the exact locale of the den or study to which I have just introduced him. Let him imagine, then, a small, but very pretty little drawing-room, opening into a conservatory of such minute dimensions, that it was in point of fact little more than a closet with glazed sides and a sky light; this again opened into the study, from which it was divided by a green baize curtain, consequently it was very possible for any one to overhear in one room all that passed in the other, or even to hold a conversation with a person in the opposite apartment. Seeing, however, was out of the question, as the end of a high stand of flowers intervened,—purposely so placed, to enable me to lie *perdu* in the event of any visitors calling to whom I might be unwilling to reveal myself. On the present occasion, the possibility of any one in the drawing-room seeing me was wholly precluded, by reason of the curtain already mentioned being partially drawn.

I had not remained long in thought when my reverie was disturbed by some one entering the outer room and closing the door. The peculiar rustle of a lady’s dress informed me that the intruder was of the gentler sex; and the sound of the footstep, so light as to be scarcely audible, could proceed from no other inmate of the cottage but Fanny.

Even with the best intentions, one always feels a degree of shame in playing the eaves-dropper; a natural sense of honour seems to forbid us, unnoticed ourselves, to remark the actions of others; yet so anxious was I, if possible, to gain some clue to the state of my sister’s affections, that I could not resist the temptation of slightly changing my position, so that, concealed by a fold of the curtain, and peeping between two of the tallest camellias, I could command a view

(1) Continued from p. 55.

of the drawing-room. My ears had not deceived me; on the sofa, up to which she had drawn a small writing-table, was seated Fanny; her elbow was supported by the table before her, and her head rested on one of her little white hands, which was hidden amid the luxuriant tresses of her sunny hair. Her countenance, which was paler than usual, bore traces of tears. After remaining in this attitude for a few moments, motionless as a statue, she raised her head, and throwing back her curls from her face, opened the writing-case, and wrote a hurried note; but her powers of composition appearing to fail her before she reached the conclusion, she paused, and, with a deep sigh, drew from a fold in her dress a letter, which I instantly recognised as the remarkable document produced by the joint talents of Lawless and Coleman. As she perused this original manuscript, a smile, called forth by the singular nature of its contents, played for an instant over her expressive features, but was instantly succeeded by an expression of annoyance and regret.

At this moment a heavy footstep sounded in the passage, and Fanny had scarcely time to conceal her letter ere the door was thrown open and Harry Oaklands entered.

The change of light was so great on first coming into the room out of the open air, that, not until the servant had withdrawn, after saying "You will find Mr. Fairleigh in the study, sir," was Harry able to perceive, that, excepting himself, Fanny was the sole occupant of the apartment.

"I hope I am not disturbing you," he began, after an awkward pause, during which his cheek had flushed, and then again grown pale as marble. "The servant told me I should find Frank here alone, and that you and Mrs. Fairleigh were out walking."

"Mamma is gone to see the poor boy who broke his leg the other day; but I had a little headache, and she would not let me go with her."

"And Frank?"

"Frank went out soon after breakfast, and has not yet returned; I think he said he was going to the Hall,—he wanted to find some book in the library, I fancy,—I wonder you did not meet him."

"I have not been at home lately; my father carried me off to look at a farm he thinks of purchasing; but, as Frank is out, I will not interrupt you longer; I dare say I shall meet him in my way back. Good—good morning!"

So saying, he took up his hat, and turned abruptly to leave the room. Apparently, however, ere he reached the door, some thought came across him which induced him to relinquish this design, for he stood irresolutely for a moment, with the handle in his hand, and then returned, saying, in a low voice, "No, I cannot do it!—Fanny," he continued, speaking rapidly, as if mistrusting his self-control, "I am going abroad to-morrow; we may not meet again for years, perhaps (for life and death are strangely intermingled) we may meet in this world no more,—since you were a child we have lived together like brother and sister, and I cannot leave

you without saying good-bye,—without expressing a fervent wish, that in the lot you have chosen for yourself you may meet with all the happiness you anticipate and which you so well deserve."

"Going abroad?" repeated Fanny, mechanically, as if stunned by this unexpected intelligence.

"Yes; I start for the Continent early to-morrow morning: you know I am always alarmingly hasty in my movements," he added, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"It must be on account of your health," exclaimed Fanny, quickly. "Ah!" she continued, with a start, as if an adder had stung her, "that fearful leap you took to save me—the exertion was too much for you; I knew—I felt at the time it would be so; better, far better had I perished in that dark river, than that you should have endangered your valuable life."

"Indeed, it is not so, Fanny," replied Oaklands kindly, and, taking her hand, he led her to the sofa, for she trembled so violently, it was evident she could scarcely stand, "I am regaining strength daily, and Ellis will tell you that complete change of scene and air is the best thing for me."

"Is that really all?" inquired Fanny; "but why then go so suddenly? Think of your father; surely it will be a great shock to Sir John."

"I cannot stay here," replied Harry, impetuously, "it would madden me." The look of surprise and alarm with which Fanny regarded him led him to perceive the error he had committed, and, fearful of betraying himself, he added quickly, "You must make allowance for the morbid fancies of an invalid, proverbially the most capricious of mortals. Six weeks ago I was in quite as great a hurry to reach this place as I now am to get away from it—" he paused, sighed deeply, and then, with a degree of self-control for which I had scarcely given him credit, added, in a cheerful tone, "But I will not thrust my gloomy imaginings upon you; nothing dark or disagreeable should be permitted to cloud the fair prospect which to-day has opened before you. You must allow me," he continued, in a calm voice, though the effort it cost him to preserve composure must have been extreme,—"you must allow me the privilege of an old friend, and let me be the first to tell you how sincerely I hope that the rank and station which will one day be yours,—rank which you are so well fitted to adorn,—may bring you all the happiness you imagine."

"Happiness, rank, and station?—May I ask to what you refer, Mr. Oaklands?" replied Fanny, colouring crimson.

"I may have been premature in my congratulations," replied he; "I would not distress or annoy you for the world; but under the circumstances—this being probably the only opportunity I may have of expressing the deep interest I must always feel in every thing that relates to your happiness—I may surely be excused; I felt I could not leave you without telling you this."

"You are labouring under some extraordinary

delusion, "Mr. Oaklands," rejoined Fanny, turning away her face, and speaking very quickly, "pray let this subject be dropped."

"You trifle with me," replied Oakland, sternly, his self-control rapidly deserting him, "and you know not the depth of the feelings you are sporting with. Is it a delusion to believe that you are the affianced bride of George Lawless?"

As he spoke, Fanny turned her soft blue eyes upon him with an expression which must have pierced him to the very soul,—it was not of anger,—it was not exactly of sorrow; but it was a look in which wounded pride at his having for a moment believed such a thing possible was blended with tender reproach for his having thus misunderstood her. The tormented feeling, however, was alone distinguishable, as, drawing herself up with an air of quiet dignity, which gave a character of severity to her pretty little features, of which I could scarcely have believed them capable, she replied, "Since Mr. Lawless has not had sufficient delicacy to preserve his own secret, it is useless for me to attempt to do so; therefore, as you are aware that he has done me the honour of offering me his hand, in justice to myself I now inform you that it is an honour which I have declined, and, without all chance of attaining that rank and station on which you imagined I had placed my hopes of happiness. You will, perhaps, excuse me," she said, rising to leave the room; "these events have annoyed and agitated me much."

"Stay!" exclaimed Oaklands, springing up impetuously, "Fanny, for Heaven's sake, wait one moment! Am I dreaming? or did I hear you say that you had refused Lawless?"

"I have already told you that it is so," she replied, "pray let me pass; you are presuming on your privileges as an old friend."

"Bear with me for one moment," pleaded Oaklands, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion. "You have not refused him out of any mistaken notions of generosity arising from diffidence of station? In a word—for I must speak plainly, though at the risk of distressing you—do you love him?"

"Really—" began Fanny, again attempting to quit the room, and turning first red, then pale, as Oaklands still held his position between her and the door.

"Oh! pardon me," he continued in the same broken voice, "don't me presuming—mad—what you will; but as you hope for happiness here or hereafter, answer me this one question—Do you love him?"

"No, I do not," replied Fanny, completely subdued by the violence of his emotion.

"Thank God!" murmured Oaklands, and sinking into a chair, the strong man, overcome by this sudden revelation of feeling, buried his face in his hands and wept like a child. There is no sight so affecting as that of manhood's tears. It seems natural for a woman's feelings to find vent in weeping; and, though all our sympathies are enlisted in her behalf, we deem it an April shower, which we hope to see ere long give place to the sunshine of a smile; but tears are foreign to the sterner nature of man, and any emotion

powerful enough to call them forth indicates a depth and intensity of feeling which, like the Sirocco of the Desert, carries all before it in its resistless fury. Fanny must have been more than woman if she could have remained an unmoved spectator of Harry Oaklands's agitation.

Apparently relinquishing her intention of quitting the room, she stood with her hands clasped, regarding him with a look of mixed interest and alarm; but as his broad chest rose and fell, convulsed by the sobs he in vain endeavoured to repress, she drew nearer to him, exclaiming,

"Mr. Oaklands, are you ill? Shall I ring for a glass of water?" Then, finding he was unable to answer her, completely overcome, she continued, "Oh! what is all this? what have I said? what have I done? Harry, speak to me;—tell me, are you angry with me?" and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, she gazed up in his face with a look of the most piteous entreaty.

Her light touch seemed to recall him to himself, and, uncovering his face, he made a strong effort to regain composure, which after a moment or two appeared attended with success, and taking her hand between his own, he said, with a faint smile,—

"I have frightened you, have I not? The last time I shed tears was at my Mother's funeral, and I had never thought to weep again. But what pain of body and anguish of mind were powerless to accomplish, joy has effected in an instant. This must all seem very strange to you, dear Fanny; even I myself am surprised at the depth and vehemence of my own feelings, but if you knew the agony of mind I have undergone since the night of that hateful charade—Fanny, did it never occur to you that I loved you with a love different to that of a brother?"

As she made no reply, merely turning away her head, while a blush, faint as the earliest glance of young-eyed Moriana, mantled on her cheek, he continued, "Yes, Fanny, I have known and loved you from childhood, and your affection has been one, unconsciously as it were, one of the strongest ties that render life dear to me; still I frankly confess, that till the idea of your loving another occurred to me, I was blind to the nature of my own affection. To be with you, to see and talk to you daily, to cultivate your talents, to lead you to admire the beauties that I admired, to take interest in the pursuits which interested me, was happiness enough.—I wished for nothing more. Then came that business of the duel, and the affectionate kindness with which you forestalled my every wish; the delicate tenderness and ready tact which enabled you to be more than a daughter—a guardian angel—to my father, in the days of his heavy sorrow,—sorrow which my ungoverned passions had brought upon his grey head,—all these things endeared you to me still more. Next followed a period of estrangement and separation, during which, as I now see, an undefined craving for your society preyed upon my spirits, and, as I verily believe, retarded my recovery. Hence, the moment

I felt the slightest symptom of returning health, my determination to revisit Heathfield. When we again met, I fancied you were ill and out of spirits."

"It was no fancy," murmured Fanny, in a low voice, as though thinking aloud.

"Indeed!" questioned Harry, "and will you not tell me the cause?"

"Presently; I did not mean to speak—to interrupt you."

"My sole wish and occupation," he continued, "was to endeavour to interest and amuse you, and to restore your cheerfulness, which I believed the anxiety and languor occasioned by my illness to have banished; and I flattered myself I was in some degree succeeding, when Lawless's arrival, and his openly-professed admiration of you, seemed to change the whole current of my thoughts,—nay, my very nature itself. I became sullen and morose; and the feeling of dislike with which I beheld Lawless's attentions to you gradually strengthened to a deep and settled hatred; it was only by exercising the most unceasing watchfulness and self-control that I kept myself from quarrelling with him; but so engrossed was I by the painful interest I felt in all that was passing around me, that I never gave myself time to analyze my feelings; and it was not until the night of the charade that I became fully aware of their true character; it was not till then that I learnt that happiness could not exist for me, unless you loved me. Conceive my wretchedness when, at the very moment in which this conviction first dawned upon me, I saw from Lawless's manner, that in his attentions to you he was evidently in earnest, and that, as far as I could judge, you were disposed to receive those attentions favourably. My mind was instantly made up; I only waited till events should prove whether my suspicions were correct, and, feeling utterly unfit to endure the sight of Lawless's happiness, in case of their turning out so, determined immediately to start for the Continent. Frank, who, taking me with my wretched looks, elicited from me an avowal of the truth, told me Lawless was about to make you an offer, Coleman (probably in jest, but it chimed in too well with my own tears for me to dream of doubting him) that it had been accepted. The rest you know. And now, Fanny," he continued, his voice again trembling from the excess of his anxiety, "if you feel certain that you can never bring yourself to look upon me in any other light than as a brother, I will adhere to my determination of leaving England, and trust to time to reconcile me to my fate, but if by waiting, months, nay, years, I may hope one day to call you my own, gladly will I do so—gladly will I submit to any conditions you may impose. My happiness is in your hands. Tell me, dear Fanny, must I go abroad to-morrow?"

And what do you suppose she told him, reader? That he must go? Miss Matineau would have highly approved of her doing so, so would many a modern Draco, who, with the life-blood that should have gone to warm his own stony heart, scribbles a code

to crush the kindly affections and genial home-sympathies of his fellow-men. But Fanny was no female philosopher; she was only a pure, true-hearted, trustful, loving woman; and so she gave him to understand that he need not set out on his travels, thereby losing a fine opportunity of "regenerating society," and vindicating the dignity of her sex. And this was not all she told him either; for, having by his generous frankness won her confidence, he succeeded in gaining from her the secret of her young existence,—a secret which, an hour before, she would have braved death in its most horrible form rather than reveal. And then her happy lover learned how her affection for him, springing up in the pleasant days of childhood, had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, until it became a deep and all-absorbing passion,—the great reality of her spirit-life; for love such as hers, outstripping the bounds of time, links itself even with our hopes beyond the grave;—how, when he lay stretched upon the bed of suffering, oscillating between life and death, the bitter anguish that the thought of separation occasioned her, enlightened her as to the true nature of her feelings;—how, as his recovery progressed, to watch over him, and minister to his comfort, was happiness beyond expression to her;—how, when he left the cottage, everything seemed changed and dark, and a gulf appeared to have interposed between them, which she deemed impossible,—how, in the struggle to conceal, and, if possible, conquer her attachment, she studiously avoided all intercourse with him, and how the struggle ended in the loss of health and spirits;—how, during his absence, she felt it a duty still to bear up against these feelings of despair, and to endure her sad lot with patient resignation, and succeeded in some degree, till his return once again rendered all her efforts fruitless;—and how she then avoided him more studiously than before, although she saw, and sorrowed over, the evident pain her altered manner caused him;—and how, always fearing lest he should question her as to her changed behaviour, and by word or sign she should betray the deep interest she felt in him, she had gladly availed herself of Lawless's attentions as a means of avoiding Harry's kind attempts to amuse and occupy her— attempts, which at the very moment she was wounding him by rejecting them, only rendered him yet dearer to her;—and how she had gone on, thinking only of Harry and herself, until Lawless's offer had brought her unhappiness to a climax, by adding self-reproach to her other sources of annoyance. All this, and much more, did she relate; for if her dimpled mouth did not frame every syllable, her tell-tale blushes filled up the gaps most eloquently.

And Harry Oaklands?—Well, he did nothing desperate; but after his first transports had subsided into a more deep and tranquil joy, he sat, with her little white hand clasped in his own, and looked into her loving eyes, and for one bright half hour, two of the wanderers in this vale of tears were perfectly and entirely happy.

FACTS IN THE EAST ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.—No. III.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of the book of Genesis we read of the death of the patriarch Abraham, "in a good old age, an old man, and full of years;" and we are told that his sons buried him in that same burying-place which, in the fourth verse of the twenty-third chapter, we find Abraham so anxious to possess on the death of his wife Sarah at Hebron. "And his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave of Machpelah."

The places of sepulture in the East are held of much greater importance than the palaces of its cities; as the ancient Egyptians excavated their magnificent tombs, painting and decorating these caves at infinite labour and expense, inasmuch as they deemed a palace but an inn, a tomb an everlasting habitation. The earliest idea of burial would connect itself with natural caverns, when the art of structural architecture was little known or practised; and in Egypt, from whence Abraham had come to Hebron, the practice of burying in caves was universal. The hills that surround Thebes absolutely resemble the interior of a beehive,—every cell a burial-place; and, in riding over them, my mule would constantly sidle away from a hole in the ground, as if made by the burrowing of some animal, but which was, in fact, an entrance to the caverns of the great Necropolis.

The hills of Upper Egypt present to the voyager on the Nile successions of natural caves; some used as sanctuaries for eremites of old, or persecuted Christians in later days, and others as places of burial for the dead. It will readily be understood, that, in a country such as the East, over whose plains the hyena and the jackal nightly scour, with loud, fear-inspiring cries, in search of prey, the feelings of the living would induce them to seek places of security for the burial of their dead; and nothing could present greater than a natural cave, its mouth closed by heavy stones, or guarded, as is frequently the case, by armed men, seated by night around a huge fire of thorns and stubble. In Egypt we find these caves improved and decorated according to the rank of the persons buried therein; from the tombs of the kings, (a series of caverns connected by galleries, and ornamented with the most elaborate and gorgeous fresco-paintings and granite sarcophagi of the most exquisite beauty and gigantic design,) to the cave filled with the mortal remains of the poor, swarming with bats, and its mouth choked with broken rock, sand, and the remnants of cerements. Many of these cave burial-places that I visited had been rudely carved, the blocks of stone squared into seats, and pillars formed, with here and there an ornamented capital; here men had rested and lived, but in the inner chamber was the pit,—the sepulchre,—where each might say, "I will bury my dead there."

The cave of Machpelah was not one of those found in hills, but was "in the end of his field," the property of Ephron, the son of Zoar. Such places may now be frequently seen in the East. Near the city of Poonah, I was cantering my horse over a pleasant piece of ground that had been ploughed for crops, when he suddenly shied, and swerved from an open space before his feet. I found it to be a cave, consisting of three chambers, the outer one sculptured with the idols of Hindoo worship (for the Hindoos burn their dead); but in Egypt or Syria this cave of the field would have been a place of sepulture, and

purchased as such from the owner of the field in which it was found.

On the island of Malta, a place twice conquered by the Arabs, I visited a spot that instantly brought to my memory the cave of Machpelah. It is now a field six miles from the city, and contains what seems to have been a temple of huge piled stones, with rude altars, and low square doorways, and within the court, and round its walls, are chambers of hewn stone; and from these, as I saw afterwards in the government museum, were brought human bones and skulls, and stone coffins, showing that here in "Hagiar Chem" had men been buried before the knowledge of architecture enabled people to construct mausoleums, and where the nature of the ground, itself a mere rock, rendered interment in the soil impossible. The sepulchre of Hagiar Chem must have been a place of importance and value, and princes of the land were probably laid in its rock chambers; for brought from it may be seen ornaments of gold, and vases of antique form, such as are found in the burial-places of the potentates of the East; and silver, perhaps, was given either to the priests or to the owner of the field, as Abraham gave to Ephron, "in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."

In the twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis and at the fifteenth verse, we read of the wells that the servants of Abraham had digged, and that the Philistines had stopped them, and filled them with earth." The digging of wells is one of the most necessary services in the East, where flocks and herds abound and where their owners travel with them from place to place in search of pasture, and where rain is unknown, or falls only at particular seasons. The digging of wells and the planting of trees rank as religious services, as works of atonement. A rich man, whose life may have presented a tissue of little but outrage and bloodshed, uses a large portion of the wealth he has violently acquired in digging wells, and the immense benefit that accrues to the people therefrom gives to it the value of the most meritorious act. Good men, eager in works of benevolence, in like manner expend large sums in digging wells; and the name of the finder of the spring is generally carved on a square block of stone, and inserted in the side of the masonry. The most curious system for irrigating a country is to be seen about Kandahar, where wells are dug at certain distances over the country, and channels from one to the other, at the water level, are formed of masonry on the surface of the ground. I have seen the same system in use at Ahmed-Nuggur, in Western India, and the wells are opened by turn for the use of the cattle.

We read that the Philistines had stopped the wells dug by the servants of Abraham, "and filled them with earth." This I have often seen done in the East, for the purpose of opposing the marching or encampment of an enemy; for, as we see that Isaac, so soon as he had pitched his tent in the valley of Gerar, "digged again the wells of water," so can none travel, nor encamp, nor halt in the East, unless there be a well of water. Whenever, on the plains of Cutchee, at the foot of the mountains of Beloochistan, troops marched, the first object was to ascertain the position of wells, and arrange the marches accordingly. And when one hill or desert tribe made war upon the other, the most ready-witted of the two would cast stones and earth into the wells, and the weary men, seeking water and finding none, would return discomfited. In the province of Cutch, where our

troops were employed, the Rajpoots poisoned the wells of water by throwing in grains of wheat, so that many men and much cattle died.

We find in the twentieth verse, that the herdsmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdsmen, saying, "the water is ours." If to marching armies, opposed tribes, and wearied travellers, the wells of the East are valuable, how much more are they so to the flocks and herds, who pasture far from the great rivers, in a country liable to droughts of terrible duration, the dews of heaven alone preserving the young herb and the tender grass! I have seen men strive for the water of wells for their own preservation, as well as for that of flocks and herds. But two years since, in a station of the Dekkan, drought and scarcity having made the famine sore in the land for three seasons, many of the wells dried up, and the reservoirs were emptied. Seals, with heavy stones, were put on all the wells near camp, one only being open daily for two hours, morning and evening, and a pass was required to draw water there, and each man could take but two pitchers full, and a sentry guarded the mouth of the well, and scores of cattle crowded round, and lapped the water that fell in waste upon the ground, and men "strove with" and buffeted one another, to get first to the well. And the water of those wells was pure and good; but in the city was an old well that had not been cleaned or used for many years,—an old Mohammedan well, richly carved, and overgrown with verdure, and the stench of the green water as one rode by it—for it stood at the turning to the "Jall Durwaza," or Red Gate,—caused me always to canter by, heeding nothing of its beauty. But soon that well was surrounded by men and cattle, and they drank of its fetid water, and cholera broke out, and carried away many the famine had spared, and there was wailing and lamentation in the fine old city of Nizam Shah, until the rains descended, the wells were unsealed, the fountains played, the reservoirs overflowed, the springing crops seemed to laugh with joy, and men no longer strove together, saying, "the water is ours."

In the twenty-seventh chapter we read that Rebekah, of the two good kids of the goats brought from the fold by Jacob, "made savoury meat, such as his father loved." Kids of the goats form the usual animal food eaten in the East; the Arabs always select it; and in the shops of the bazaars in India, in Mohammedan cities, quarters of goats are always exposed for sale. In travelling, whenever my servants have had a more fatiguing march than usual, I have been accustomed to order for them "kids of the goats," and the shepherds have brought them from the fold to our camp; there a Mohammedan, or a *Dair* (outcast Hindoo), has slain them; and in an hour every palankeen-bearer, tent-pitcher, and camel-man, might be seen squatting over a little fire, kindled between stones, surrounded by brazen dishes and cakes of unleavened bread, making for himself "savoury meat." The variety of these messes would surprise those unused to Eastern cookery. Some were made savoury with garlic, spices, and fresh cocoa-nut milk. Others preferred lentils and the juice of fresh limes, simmered with butter. Those who could afford it, would use raisins, blanched almonds, rice, sprigs of fine mace, with ghee and sugar. These were various tastes, but that all found their "meat savoury," none could doubt who watched each man retire from his little fire to some convenient shade, and there, with bare head and shoulders, after proper ablution, protract

his enjoyment of this welcome feast: now breaking a morsel from his thin barley cake, then dipping a few grains of rice into his savoury mess, smoothing his moustache between each mouthful, and too well content to note the hungry village dogs, who came slyly and crouching around, attracted by this unusual fragrance of "savoury meat;" and as the vegetation of Palestine and India resemble each other, affording similar condiments, it is probable that in manner much as I have seen did the wife of Isaac prepare the savoury meat from the kids of the goats ere she gave it, "and the bread which she had prepared, into the hand of her son Jacob."

In the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and the tenth verse, we read of Jacob's setting out from Beersheba to Haran, and in the eleventh "that he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set." In all journeyings by the people of the East, on foot more particularly, they never travel after sunset, but so arrange their march that they may arrive at a town provided with a *dhurmsaulah*, or resting-place for travellers, in good time; or, if none such are in the line, the traveller will seek a hamlet, and having made his evening meal, lie down by the side of a well, or by the roots of a large tree, drawing entirely over his head, feet, and body, a sheet, which during the day he wears as a scarf, the ends perhaps turned over the turban to protect the head more perfectly against the scorching rays of the sun. To travel onwards, notwithstanding the agreeable coolness of the night, would be imminently dangerous in a country, not only foraged over by animals of prey, and glided on by snakes and other venomous reptiles, but whose paths and roads are sometimes beaten by the hoofs of steeds bearing those not bent on any very honest work;—irregular soldiery, perhaps, of a native chief, to whom a gold bracelet, or even a good turban, never comes amiss; or by the foot-steps of men in the ochre-coloured garb of priests, the members, perhaps, of a bandit horde. I have often seen an endeavour made to send a horse-keeper some ten miles distance in the cool of the evening, with a favourite horse that the rider desired to find ready for his morning's canter to a picnic, but it never succeeded. Cunning, as it always does, became the auxiliary of the weak, and the order was evaded; either the groom started in the heat of the day, while his master was from home, or else he would go a very little way, to the first village, and ere daylight drag the horse on, or perhaps hide it to the required spot, and his master was surprised to find his favourite so spiritless on mounting; or, if compelled fairly to go, I have seen a tall, moustached man, with tears in his eyes, plead for escort, and, if this was angrily denied, lure a friend or two to come with him, on promise of a feast of rice and kid, and set out armed with his master's hunting-spear and a heavy club. Fear, indeed, of the objects of those who travel at night in the East is so great, that if by chance a cultivator is in his field, and hears a step, he immediately crouches down to escape remark; and the traveller may cry in vain for a guide at the gates of a village, for no prospect of reward will induce a reply from any of its inhabitants, who consider that if neither robbery, nor murder, nor mutilation, were intended, the traveller would have stopped at the last place, "and tarried there all night, because the sun was set." And we see that Jacob, who did so tarry, "took stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay

down in that place to sleep :”—an arrangement by no means uncommon with the Eastern wayfarer, who on such a pile lays the thick turban, no longer required as a protection against the sun, and sleeps so soundly, that a caravan of camels may arrive, the servants light their kaliums, kindle a fire, and talk in the loud tones common to people who live in the air, and the sleeper remains quite unconscious of the vicinity of the newcomers; and at dawn, when the crows and minars scream and chatter their *reicillé*, it is amusing to observe how calmly the traveller will arise, refold his turban, settle his covering on his shoulders, and, with staff in one hand and kalium in the other, quietly go on his way. But we read in the eighteenth verse that “Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.” Over the whole of India, in every part of it in which I have travelled, this same practice of setting up a stone as a pillar, to mark an event of interest, I have found universal. In Kattiawar, a large stone set up in the midst of smaller ones, a stone rough and unhewn, announces that here in a fray a man was slain. In Cutch, a heap of stones, with a larger one set up for a pillar, with a hand rudely carved on it, recalls the fact that on this spot a woman, according to the rites of her people's creed, was burnt, in the full pride of her youth and beauty, pressing in her arms the cold form of her dead husband. In the same province, a stone set up as a pillar, carved with a rude figure of an armed and mounted man, tells the passer-on that here a warrior was slain in battle. In Sindh, a rough block of smaller kind, simply the largest of those that could be collected round, but still set up as a pillar, shows that here a large party of Beloochees halted, and were refreshed. And on speaking of one such pile to my servant as we passed it, he carelessly replied, “That means, the people feasted well, and were *koosh*,” (comfortable.) “if a man only eats a good dinner, or finds sweet water, he sets up a stone, and pours the remains of the ghee over it before he goes on.” To Jacob no common event had occurred: he had dreamed a dream of such mighty import, that reverence and awe took possession of his whole being; and to commemorate this, he set up the stone for a pillar, “and poured oil upon the top of it.” The practice of pouring oil, or ghee, over all stones of memorial or worship in the East is universal. Any traveller, having prepared his meal by such a stone, will, as a matter of course, anoint it with oil before he goes forward. The cultivator, who sets a rudely-sculptured stone against the root of the one green tree in his field, to ensure good crops for it, making it the object of his worship as the symbol of the goddess of fertility, smears it daily with oil and cinabar ground therein, and wreaths it with fresh blossoms. Attached to a house I had in Cutch was a garden, producing quantities of the ornamental castor shrub, with its large crimson nut, together with delicate plants bearing the Indian jasmim, with its powerfully scented blossoms; and every day some poor woman, the wife of a cultivator or a shepherd, would beg with low salaam to be allowed to gather a veil full of the Mogree blossoms and a bunch of the castor-nuts, the one to grind for oil, the others to be strung together on a line of spun cotton, wherewith to anoint and adorn the pillar of stone which was to them an altar. And we observe that the wayfarer from Beersheba vowed a vow, and preferred a pe-

tition by the pillar that he had anointed, and having done so, “Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the East.”

STANISLAUS; OR, THE MILL OF MARIEMONT.

THE following narrative was related by Constantine, Count Sobieski, a descendant of John Sobieski, king of Poland, and who seemed to have inherited the spirit of that great monarch:—

In the year 1771, when instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were laying waste their country from one end to the other, and perpetrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants, a plan was laid for surprising and taking the king's person. Forty conspirators met at Czetschokon, and in presence of their commander, Pulaski, one of the most daring of these rebels, swore with the most horrid oaths to deliver Stanislaus, alive or dead, into his hands. About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves as peasants, and concealing their arms in waggons of hay which they drove before them, entered Warsaw unsuspected. On the 3d of September, 1771, they found an opportunity to execute their scheme. At ten o'clock at night they placed themselves in those avenues of the city through which they knew his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out, and surrounded us, commanding the coachman to stop, and beating down the men with the butt ends of their muskets. Several shots were fired into the coach; one passed through my hat, as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg, with a sabre, soon laid me under the wheels; and, whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouting into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king. It was then that our friend Butzon, who was at that period a private in my service, stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In an instant he received several balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time all the persons who had formed the escort were wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and, with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair, exclaimed, “Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!” and discharged a pistol so near his majesty's face that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with a sword, whilst a third, who was on horseback, laying hold of his collar between himself and another, at full gallop dragged him along the ground, all through the suburbs of the city.

During the latter part of this outrageous scene some of our frightened people returned with a detachment; and seeing Butzon and me almost lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The foot-guards immediately followed the track that the conspirators had seemed to take. In one of the streets they found the king's hat, dyed in blood, and his pelisse, perfectly reticulated with

bullet-holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death; and they came back, filling all Warsaw with dismay. The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town: finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, weakness, and wounds in his feet, was not likely to exist much longer in their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the attempt his horse fell twice, and, at the second fall, broke its leg; they then compelled him, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, than they threw his majesty down, and held him, whilst Lukwaski tore from his neck the ribbon of the black eagle and its diamond cross. Lukwaski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner that he quitted his charge, and repaired with his spoils to Pulaski, meaning to show them as an incontestable proof of his success. Many of the other plunderers followed his example, leaving seven only of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to conduct the unfortunate Stanislaus.

The night was become so dark that they could not be sure of their way, and their horses stumbling at every step over stumps of trees, and hollows in the earth, increased their fears to such a degree that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot: in doing this he literally marked his path with blood, his shoes having been torn off in the struggle in the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the skirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him became, at length, so much afraid that their prisoner would take advantage of these circumstances to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused, but their demands growing more violent and imperious, the king momentarily expected to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

As for myself, when I recovered from my swoon, and my leg was bound up, I felt myself able to stir, and questioning the officers who stood about my couch, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates, and yet were fearful by pursuing them further to incense them. I tried what I could to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate, to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback; and that neither darkness nor danger should be permitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the part of the nobles soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers, and my orders were instantly obeyed; but, I must add, almost as instantly disappointed; for in less than half an hour they returned in despair, showing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. It was rent in several places, but so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me declared it as his opinion that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body; for by the light of the torches he could trace the drops of blood to a considerable distance.

Meanwhile the king was driven before the seven conspirators so far into the wood of Biclancy, that, not knowing whither they went, they came to one of the guardhouses, and to their extreme terror were accosted by a patrol. Four of the banditti instantly disappeared, leaving only two with Kosinski;

who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound stillness. Notwithstanding all this precaution, they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men taking flight left Kosinski alone with the king. His majesty sinking with pain and fatigue, besought permission to rest for a moment. Kosinski refused, and putting his sword to his heart compelled him to proceed. The king obeyed in silence. As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor gradually seemed to forget his vigilance, till at last he appeared lost in thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving some hope he ventured to say,

"I see that you know not how to proceed; you cannot but be aware that the enterprise in which you are engaged, end how it will, is full of danger to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other: Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life as mine. Avoid this danger: and I promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Biclancy,—we cannot be far from it;—and then do you provide for your safety."

Kosinski, rendered desperate by circumstances, replied,—

"No; I have sworn; and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honour."

They continued to break their way through the underwood till they arrived close to Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to move another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored for one moment's rest to recover some power to move. Kosinski now consented. This unexpected act of humanity gave his majesty courage to employ the minutes during which they sat together in another attempt to soften his heart, and to convince him that the oath he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding to a brave and virtuous man.

Kosinski heard him with attention, and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected.

"But," said he, "if I should assent to what you propose, and reconduct you back to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken and executed."

"I give you my word," answered the king, "that you shall not suffer any injury. But, if you doubt my honour, escape while you can. I shall find my way to some place of shelter, and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose." Kosinski, entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty; and, imploring pardon for what he had done, swore that from that hour he would defend his king against all the conspirators, and would trust to his word for future preservation. The king then directed him to seek refuge for them both in the mill, near which they were discomfited. Kosinski obeyed and knocked, but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through the aperture begged succour for a nobleman, who had been waylaid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let them in, telling them that it was his belief they were robbers too, and if they did not go away he would fire on them.

This dispute had not long continued, when the king contrived to crawl close up to the window, and say,—

"My good friend, if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house, as to break this pane of glass; therefore, if you would not incur the

shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, let us in."

This argument prevailed, and the man admitted them. After some trouble, his majesty obtained writing materials, and addressed a few lines to me at the palace, which he prevailed upon one of the miller's sons to carry. The joy experienced at the receipt of this note I cannot describe. The words it contained were literally these:—

"By the miraculous hand of Providence, I have escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Send as soon as possible and take me away. I am wounded, but not dangerously."

Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard with his sword drawn. As he knew my person he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep, and lay in one corner of the hovel on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world thus abused by his ungrateful subjects, pierced me to the heart, and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and, in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, "I thank Almighty God that I again see my sovereign alive!" These words struck the simple family with amazement; they instantly dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened. The good Stanislaus, graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him substantial proofs of his gratitude. Soon after the officers of the detachment assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage; and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning. His majesty alighted at the palace, amidst the joyous shouts of the people, "The king is alive." Never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene. The great gate was ordered to be left open. Every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came to catch a glimpse of their rescued king.

The reader may perhaps like to know what became of Kosinski. The king presented him to the people as his preserver, they loaded him with demonstrations of gratitude, calling him the "saviour of their good king," but in a day or two, when the facts became known, he felt he might meet with different treatment, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. The king consented, and he retired to Senigaglia, in the Papal territories.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

GEORGE F. PEARSON

THEY rose together in the morn
Of childhood's early day;
They laughed together in the noon,
Mid the same flowers at play;
In one low hymn together breathed,
Beside the same loved knee;
Their voices broke the twilight calm,
In holy minstrelsie.

The gleaming locks which loosely hung
About their necks of snow,
Grew darker as their days passed on,
But kept their golden glow.

Together still they met the morn,
And in the hot noonday,
They smiled upon the sunny flowers
With which they used to play.
And in the deepening twilight hour
They said the selfsame prayer:
But her wan lips that taught the strain,
No longer worshipped there.
Life came, and sorrow over one
Hung darkly as a cloud:
But still that early childhood's prayer
Could pierce its gloomy shroud.
And mockly did it make her bend,
Till His best will should be
To bear her to another place,
Where she had wished to be.
And long from one surviving voice,
Rose up that lonely hymn,
When the day's restless toil was done,
And church and tree grew dim.
And sometimes voices seemed to rise
In that soft twilight gloom;
And fill, as oft of old they filled,
The stillness of the room.
And she would think that not alone
In this wide world below
Are gentle spirits left to strive
With doubt, and sin, and woe.
But those too often coldly deemed,
Passed from this earth away
Are standing yet in angel forms,
Beside us when we pray
And softly spirits here on earth,
And they that rest above,
Are mingling strangely in the same
Sweet harmony of love.
The thought some deem'd a vain and weak,
But it was ever by
And I seem'd to owe her strength to live,
And made a joy to me

THE VOICE OF MOONLIGHT.

CHARLES KINGS

I HAVE DRIFTED through the mist of life and death,
And I've drunk of the rainbow stream
Where the deep gloom of midnight the mountains shroud
I have laughed out my pearls of tears
And I've roamed along the path of the forest glade
Where the nightingale's song soft and sad
With the plaint of the breeze, and the distant rust
Of a dashing wild cascade.

I have silvered the crest of a reeling wave,
And sailed on it safe to the shore
And I tremulously crept through a cold dark cave,
Lasting the rude wind's roar
As the wild storm rose over the fathomless deep,
And the spray of the waves made my bright eyes weep,
And the fierce thunders marched down the quaking sky,
I laid on a shadow to sleep

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The Last Meeting.

FROM HASTINGS HIS CRY OF THE HEAVEN

DRAWN BY THE PUBLISHER, A.B.A.—LONDON. C. C. A. ZILV

THE LAST MEETING.

From Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages."

THIS week we give to our readers a design from the graceful pencil of F. R. PICKERSGILL, Esq., the first work he has done for us since he has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, an honour well and truly deserved. We feel proud in having ranked Mr. PICKERSGILL amongst our first contributors. Many are the beautiful designs of his that are scattered over the pages of *Sharpe's London Magazine*. The subject of our illustration is taken from the following passage in Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages:"

"Imilda di Lambertazzi, a noble young lady at Bologna, was surprised by her brothers in a secret interview with Boniface Giuremei, whose family had long been separated by the most inveterate enmity from her own. She had just time to escape: when the Lambertazzi dispatched her lover with poisoned daggers."—Vol. I. chap. 3.

FRANK FAIRLEGH:

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XIX.

A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

YET they were very happy, Fanny and Oaklands, as they revelled in the bright certainty of their mutual love, and, entranced by the absorbing contemplation of their new-found happiness, forgot in the sunshine of each other's presence the flight of moments, whilst I, involuntarily contrasting the fair prospect that lay open before them with the dark cloud land of my own gloomy fancies, had soon traversed in thought the distance to Bairstone Priory, and become immersed in fruitless speculations as to what might eventually be the result of Mr. Vernon's sordid and cruel policy. It was now longer than usual since I had heard from Clara, suspense and impatience were rapidly increasing into the most painful anxiety, and I had all but determined, if the next day's post brought no relief, to disobey her injunctions to the contrary, and once again make an attempt to see her. Oh! it is hard to be banished from the presence of those we love—with an ear attuned to the gentle music of some well-remembered voice, to be forced to listen to the cold, unmeaning commonplaces of society, and with the heart and mind engrossed and centred on one dear object, to live in a strange, unreal fellowship with those around us, talking, moving, and acting mechanically.—feeling, as it were, but the outward form and shadow of one-self, living two distinct and separate existences, present, indeed, in body, but in the only true vitality—the life of the spirit—utterly and completely absent. From reflections such as these, I was aroused by observing the deepening shades of evening, which were fast merging into night, and recollected that there were many things which must be said and done

in consequence of the unexpected turn events had taken. No human being is so completely isolated that his actions have not some influence on others, and in the present instance this was peculiarly the case. Sir John and my mother must be let into the secret, and poor Lawless must learn the unsuccessful termination of his suit. But now for the first time the somewhat equivocal situation in which accident had placed me presented itself to my mind, and I felt a degree of embarrassment, almost amounting to shame, at having to make my appearance, and confess that I had been lying *perdu* during the whole of the preceding scene. Accident, however, stood my friend.

"I wonder where Frank is all this time!" exclaimed Harry, in reply to a remark of Fanny's referring to the lateness of the hour; "I want to see him, and tell him all this; he was almost as miserable as I was about it this morning; he must be at the hall, I suppose, but I'm sure your servant told me he was at home."

"She only spoke the truth if she did," said I, entering the drawing room as coolly as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Fanny started up with a slight shriek, and then, glancing at me with a countenance in which smiles and tears were strangely commingled, ran out of the room to hide her confusion, while Harry Oaklands—well, I hardly know what Harry did, but I have some vague idea that he hugged me, for I recollect feeling a degree of oppression on my breath, and an unpleasant sensation in my arms, for the next five minutes.

"So you have heard it all, you villain,—have you?" he exclaimed, as soon as his first transports had a little subsided. "On Frank! my dear old fellow, I am so happy! But what a blind idiot I have been!"

"All's well that ends well," replied I, shaking him warmly by the hand; "they say lookers-on see most of the game, but in this case I was as blind as you were; it never for a moment occurred to me that Fanny cared for you otherwise than as a sister—indeed, I have sometimes been annoyed that she did not, as I considered, properly appreciate you, but I understand it all now, and am only too glad that her pale looks and low spirits can be so satisfactorily accounted for."

"Frank," observed Oaklands gravely, "there is only one thing which casts the slightest shade over my happiness;—how are we to break this to Lawless? I can afford to pity him now, poor fellow! I know by my own feelings the pang that hearing of a rival's success will cost him."

"I don't think his feelings are quite as deep and intense as yours, Harry," replied I, smiling involuntarily at my reminiscences of the morning; "but I am afraid he will be terribly cut up about it,—he was most unfortunately sanguine: I suppose I had better break it to him."

"Yes, and as soon as possible too," said Oaklands, "for I'm sure my manner will betray my happiness. I am the worst hand in the world at dissimulation. Walk back with me and tell him, and then stay and dine with us."

(1) Continued from p. 107.

"Agreed!" replied I; "only let me say half-a-dozen words to my mother;" and rushing up-stairs, I dashed into her room, told her the whole matter on the spot, incoherently, and without the slightest preparation, whereby I set her crying violently, to make up for which I kissed her abruptly (getting very wet, in so doing), pulled down the bell-rope in obedience to the dictates of a sudden inspiration that she would be the better for a maid-servant, and left her in one of the most fearful states of confusion on record, flurried into a condition of nerves which set camphor-julep completely at defiance, and rendered trust in sal-volatile a very high act of faith indeed.

While Oaklands and I were walking up to the hall, we overtook Coleman returning from shooting wild-fowl. As we came up to him Oaklands seized him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, Freddy, what sport, eh?"

"My dear Oaklands," returned he, gravely, removing Harry's hand as he spoke, "that is a very bad habit of yours, and one which I advise you to get rid of as soon as possible; nobody who had ever endured one of your friendly gripes, could say with truth that you hadn't a *rice* about you."

"For which vile pun it would serve you right to repeat the dose," replied Oaklands. "only that I'm not in a vindictive mood at present."

"Then you must have passed the afternoon in some very mollifying atmosphere," returned Freddy, "for when I met you some three hours ago, you seemed as if you could have cut anybody's throat with the greatest satisfaction."

The conscious half-cough, half laugh, with which Oaklands acknowledged this sally, attracted Coleman's attention, and mimicking the sound, he continued, "A—ha—hem! and what may that mean? I say, there's some mystery going on here which I'm excluded from,—that's not fair though, you know. Come, be a little more transparent; give me a peep into the hidden recesses of your magnanimous mind; unclasp the richly bound volume of your secret soul; elevate me to the altitude of the Indian herb, or, in plain slang,—Young England's chosen dialect,—make me 'up to snuff.'"

"May I enlighten him?" asked I.

"Yes, to be sure," replied Oaklands; "I'll go on, for I want to speak to my father. Freddy, old boy! shake hands; I'm the happiest fellow in existence!" so saying, he seized and wrung Coleman's hand with a heartiness which elicited sundry grotesque contortions, indicative of agony, from that individual, and bounding forward was soon lost to sight in the deepening twilight.

"And so, you see," continued I, after having imparted to Coleman as much as I considered necessary of the state of affairs, a confidence which he received with mingled exclamations of surprise and delight,—“and so, you see, we've not only got to tell Lawless that he is refused, poor fellow! but that Fanny has accepted Oaklands,—very awkward, isn't it?"

"It would be with anybody else," replied Coleman; "but I think there are ways and means of managing

the thing which will prevent any very desperate consequences in the present instance; sundry ideas occur to me,—would you mind my being in the room when you tell him?"

"As far as I am concerned, I should be only too glad to have you," returned I, "if you do not think it would annoy him."

"I'm not afraid of that," was the rejoinder, "as I wrote the offer for him, it strikes me I'm the very person he ought to have for his confidant."

"Do you think," he added, after a moment's thought, "Harry would sell those phaeton horses?"

"That's the line of argument you intend to bring forward by way of consolation; is it? Well, it is not such a bad notion," replied I; "but don't be too sure of success, '*Equo ne credite Teueri*;' I doubt it's being in the power of horse-flesh to carry such a weight of disappointment as I fear this news will occasion him."

"Well, I've other schemes to fall back upon if this should fail," returned Freddy; "and now let us get on, for the sooner we put him out of his misery the better."

"Where's your master?" inquired I, encountering Shrimp as we crossed the hall.

"He's up-stairs, sir,—in his own room sir, a-going it like bricks, if you please, sir; you can hear him down here, Gents."

"Stop a minute,—listen," said Coleman, "I can hear him now."

As he spoke, the sound of some one running quickly in the room over-head was distinctly audible, then came a scuffling round, and then a heavyish fall.

"What's he doing?" asked Coleman.

"He's a-tramin' of his-self for some match as must be a-coming off, sir; leastways so I take it, he's been a-going on like that for the last hour and a quarter, and very well he's lasted out, I say: he'll be safe to win, don't you think, Gents?"

"Out of the way, you imp!" exclaimed Coleman, seizing Shrimp by the collar, and swinging him half across the hall, where, cat-like, he fell upon his legs, and walked off looking deeply insulted.

"I can't make out what he can be doing," continued Freddy. "Come along!" so saying, he sprang up the staircase, two steps at a time, an example which I hastened to imitate.

"Come in!" cried the voice of Lawless, as Coleman rapped at the door, and anxious to discover the occasion of the sounds which had reached our ears in the hall, we lost no time in obeying the summons. On entering the apartment, a somewhat singular spectacle greeted our sight. All the furniture of the room which was a tolerably large one, was piled in two lines on either side, so as to leave a clear course along the middle; in the centre of the space thus formed were placed two chairs about a yard apart, and across the backs of these was laid the joint of a fishing-rod.

As we entered, Lawless—who was without shoes, coat, or waistcoat, exclaiming, "Wait a minute, I've just done it,"—started from one end of the room, and, running up to the chairs in the centre, leaped over the fishing-rod. "Ninety-nine!" he continued; then

proceeding to the other end, he again ran up to and sprang over the barrier, shouting as he did so, in a tone of triumph, "A hundred!" and dragging an easy chair out of the chaotic heap of furniture, he flung himself into it to all appearance utterly exhausted.

"Why, Lawless, man!" cried Freddy, "what are you doing? Have you taken leave of your senses all of a sudden?"

"Eh! I believe I should have if I had not hit upon that dodge for keeping myself quiet."

"A somewhat Irish way of keeping quiet," returned Freddy; "why the perspiration is pouring down your face,—you look regularly used-up."

"Well, I am pretty nearly done brown,—rather baked than otherwise," replied Lawless; "let me tell you, it's no joke to jump five hundred times over a stick three feet high or more."

"And why, in the name of all that's absurd, have you been doing it then?"

"Eh! why, you see, after I had sent our letter, I got into such a dreadful state of impatience and worry, I didn't know what to do with myself; I could not sit still at any price, and, first of all, I thought I'd have a good gallop, but I declare to you I felt so restless and desperate, that I fancied I should go and break my neck, well, then it occurred to me, to jump over the article till I had tired myself out,—five hundred times have I done it, and a pretty stiff job it was, too. And now, what news have you got for me, Frank?"

"My dear Lawless," said I, taking his hand, "you must prepare for a disappointment."

"There, that will do," interrupted Lawless; "as to preparation, if my last hour's work is not preparation enough for anything, it's a pity. What! she'll have nothing to say to me, eh?"

"Why, you see, we have all been labouring under a delusion," I began.

"I have, under a most precious one," continued Lawless, "regularly put my foot in it,—made a complete ass of myself,—eh! don't you see? Well, I'm not going to break my heart about it after all; it's only a woman, and it's my opinion people set a higher price upon those cattle than they are worth,—they are a shying, skittish breed, the best of them."

"That's the light to take it in," exclaimed Coleman, coming forward; "if one woman says No, there are a hundred others will say Yes, and, after all, it's an open question whether a man's not better off without 'em."

"Eh! Freddy boy, our fine letter's been no go, turned out a regular sell, you see, eh?"

"Well, that only proves the young lady's want of taste," replied Coleman; "but we had not exactly a fair start, you have more to hear about it yet, the article you wished for was gone already,—the damsel had not a heart to bestow. Tell him how it was, Frank."

Thus urged, I gave a hurried outline of the affair as it really stood, dwelling much on the fact that Oaklands and Fanny had become attached in by-gone years, long ere she had ever seen Lawless,—which I hoped might afford some slight consolation to his

wounded self-love. As I concluded, he exclaimed, "So Fanny's going to marry Harry Oaklands—that's the long and short of it all. Well, I'm uncommonly glad to hear it—almost as glad as if I was going to marry her myself,—there is not a better fellow in the world than Harry, though he has not regarded me with the most friendly looks of late; I was beginning not to like it, I can tell you, and meant to ask him why he did it, but I understand it all now. What a bore I must have been to them both! I declare I'm quite sorry; why, I would not have done it for any money, if I'd been up to the move sooner. Oh! I must tell Harry."

"You certainly are the most good-natured fellow breathing, Lawless," said I.

"Eh! yes, take me in the right way, I'm quiet enough, a child may guide me with a snaffle; but stick a sharp bit in my mouth, and tickle my sides with the rowels, and I rear up before, and lash out behind, so that it would puzzle half the rough riders in the country to back me; I always mean to go ahead straight enough if I can see my way clearly before me, but it's awkward driving when one gets among women, with their feelings, and sympathies, and all that style of article; I'm not used to it, you see, so no wonder if I run foul of their sensibilities and sentimentalities, and capsize a few of them. I've got pretty well knocked over myself though this time. Misfortunes never come alone too, they say, and I've just had a letter from Leatherley to tell me Spiteful got loose when the groom was leading him out to exercise, and trying to leap a fence staked himself so severely that they were obliged to have him shot. I refused eighty guineas for him from Dunham of the Guards only a month ago; I shall have my new tandem cart home, and no horses to run in it."

"How well those chestnuts would look tandem!" observed Coleman, carelessly; "I wonder whether Harry would sell them?"

"By Jove! I shouldn't like to ask him," exclaimed Lawless quickly, "it is too much to expect of any man."

"Oh! as to that," replied Coleman, "I dare say I could contrive to find out without exactly asking him to sell them."

"My dear fellow, if you would I should be so much obliged to you," replied Lawless eagerly; "if I could but get those horses to start the new cart with, I should be as happy as a king,—that is," he continued, checking himself, "I might become so,—time, don't you see,—resignation, and all that sort of thing—heigh ho!—By the way, how far is it from dinner? for jumping over those confounded chairs has made me uncommonly peckish, I can tell you."

"He'll do," said Coleman, as we separated to prepare for dinner.

It was easy to see by Sir John's beaming face, and the hearty squeeze he gave my hand when I entered the drawing-room, that Harry would not have to fear much opposition to his wishes on the part of his father. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, though even when the meal was concluded, and the

servants had left the room, no allusion was made (out of delicacy to Lawless) to the subject which engrossed the thoughts of many of the party. As soon, however, as the wine had gone the round of the table, Lawless exclaimed, "Gentlemen! are you all charged?" and receiving affirmative looks from the company in general, he continued, "Then I beg to propose a toast, which you must drink as such a toast ought to be drunk, *con amore*. Gentlemen, I rise to propose the health of the happy couple that is to be."

"Umph! eh! what?—what are you talking about, sir—what are you talking about?" inquired Mr. Frampton, hastily setting down his wine untasted, and speaking quickly and with much excitement.

"Do you see that?" whispered Lawless, nudging me, "he's off on a false scent; he never could bear the idea of my marrying Fanny, he as good as told me so one day—now be quiet, and I'll get a rise out of him." He then continued, addressing Mr. Frampton,—"You're getting a little hard of hearing, I'm afraid, sir, I was proposing the health of a certain happy couple, or rather of two people who will I hope become so, in the common acceptance of the term, before very long."

"Umph! I heard what you said, sir plain enough, (wish I hadn't) and I suppose I can guess what you mean. I'm a plain-spoken man, sir, and I tell you honestly I don't like the thing, and I don't approve of the thing,—I never have, and so once for all—I—Umph! I won't drink your toast, sir, that's flat Umph! umph!"

"Well," said Lawless, making a sign to Harry not to speak, "you are a privileged person, you know; and if Sir John and my friend Harry here don't object to your refusing the toast, it's not for me to take any notice of it, but I must say, considering the lady is the sister of your especial favourite Frank Fairleigh, and the gentleman one whom you have known from boyhood, I take it as particularly unkind of you, Mr. Frampton, not even to wish them well."

"Th! umph! it isn't that, boy,—it isn't that," returned Mr. Frampton, evidently taken aback by this appeal to his kindly feeling. "But you see," he added, turning to Sir John, "the thing is foolish altogether, they are not at all suited to each other; and instead of being happy as they fancy, they'll make each other miserable: the boy's a very good boy in his way, kind-hearted and all that, but he's no more fit to marry Fanny Fairleigh than I am."

"Sorry I can't agree with you, Mr. Frampton," replied Sir John Oaklands, drawing himself up stiffly; "I thank Mr. Lawless most heartily for his toast, and drink it without a moment's hesitation. Here's to the health of the young couple!"

"Well, I see you are all against me," exclaimed Mr. Frampton, "and I don't like to seem unkind. They say marriages are made in heaven, so I suppose it must be all right. Here's the health of the happy couple, Mr. Lawless and Miss Fairleigh!"

It was now Lawless's turn to look out of countenance, and for a moment he did appear thoroughly disconcerted, more especially as it was next to

impossible to repress a smile, and Freddy Coleman grinned outright; quickly recovering himself, however, he resumed, "Laugh away, Freddy, laugh away, it only serves me right for playing such a trick.—I've been deceiving you, Mr. Frampton; Miss Fairleigh is indeed going to be married, but she has had the good taste to choose a fitter bridegroom than she would have found in such a harum-scarum fellow as I am. So here's a long life, and a happy one, to Fanny Fairleigh and Harry Oaklands,—you won't refuse that toast, I dare say?"

"Umph! Harry Oaklands!" exclaimed Mr. Frampton aghast; "and I've been telling Sir John he wasn't good enough for Frank's sister,—just like me, umph!"

"My dear Lawless," said Harry, taking a seat next the person he addressed, which movement he accomplished during an immense row occasioned by Mr. Frampton, who was grunting forth a mixed monologue of explanations and apologies to Sir John, by whom they were received with such a hearty fit of laughing that the tears ran down his cheeks,—"My dear Lawless, the kind and generous way in which you take this matter, makes me feel quite ashamed of my behaviour to you lately, but I think if you knew how miserable I have been you would forgive me."

"Forgive you? eh!" returned Lawless, "aye, a precious deal sooner than I can forgive myself for coming here and making you all uncomfortable. Nobody but such a thick-headed ass as I am could have gone on all this time without seeing how the game stood. I hate to spoil sport; if I had had the slightest idea of the truth, I'd have been off out of your way long ago."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Harry, "and your friendship is a thing to be proud of. If there is any way in which I can testify my strong sense of gratitude, only name it."

"I'll tell you," said Coleman, who had caught the last few words,— "I'll tell you what to do to make him all right,—sell him your chestnuts."

"The phaeton horses?" replied Harry. "No, I won't sell them."

"Ah! I thought he would not," murmured Lawless, "it was too much to expect of any man."

"But," continued Oaklands, "I'm sure my father will join me in saying, that if Lawless will do us the favour of accepting them, nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see them in the possession of one who will appreciate their perfections as they deserve."

"Nay, they are your property, Harry," returned Sir John; "I shall be delighted if your friend will accept them, but the present is all your own."

"Eh! give 'em me, all free gratis, and for nothing!" exclaimed Lawless, overpowered at the idea of such munificence. "Why, you'll go and ruin yourself,—Queen's Bench, white-wash, and all the rest of it. Recollect, you'll have a wife to keep soon, and that isn't done for nothing they tell me,—pin-money, ruination shops, diamonds, kid-gloves, and bonnet ribbons,—that's the way to circulate the tin, there are some losses

that may be gains, eh? When one comes to think of all these things, it strikes me I'm well out of it, eh, Mr. Frampton?—Mind you, I don't think that really," he added aside to me, "only I want Harry to fancy I don't care two straws about it; he's such a feeling fellow is Harry, he would not be properly jolly if he thought I took it to heart much."

"Umph! if those are your ideas about matrimony, sir," growled Mr. Frampton, "I think you are quite right to leave it alone,—puppy-dogs have no business with wives."

"Now don't be grumpy, Governor," returned Lawless, "when you've had your own way about the toast and ale. Take another glass of that old port, that's the stuff that makes your hair curl and look so pretty," (Mr. Frampton's *chevelure* was to be likened only to a grey scrubbing-brush), we'll send for the new dog-cart to-morrow, and you shall be the first man to ride behind the chestnuts."

"Thank ye kindly, I'll take your advice at all events," replied Mr. Frampton, helping himself to a glass of port; "and as to your offer, why I'll transfer that to him (indicating Coleman), 'funny boy,' as I used to call him, when he *was* a boy, and he doesn't seem much altered in that particular now. Umph!"

This, as was intended, elicited a repaitee from Coleman, and the evening passed away merrily, although I could perceive, in spite of his attempts to seem gay, that poor Lawless felt the destruction of his hopes deeply.

On my return to the cottage, the servant informed me that a man had been there, who wished very particularly to see me, that she had offered to send for me, but that he had professed himself unable to wait.

"What kind of looking person was he?" inquired I.

"He was an oldish man, sir, very tall and thin, a't grey hair, and he rode a little rough pony."

"Did he leave no note or message?"

"He left this note, sir."

Hastily seizing it, I locked myself into my own room, and tearing open the paper read as follows:—

"Honoured Sir,—In case I should not see you, has my time will be short, I takes the liberty of writin' a line, and as much pleasure him informing you, as things seems to me all a-goin' wrong, leastways I think you'll say so when you hears all. Muster Richard's been back above a week, and he and the Old Un is up to their same tricks again; but that ain't awl, there's a black-haired pale chap cum with a heye like a nork, as seems to me the badest of the lot, and that ain't sayin' a little. But there's worse news yet, for I'm afraid we ain't only got to contend hagainst the benemy, but there's a traytur in the camp, and that in a quarter where you cares most. Meet me to-morrow mornin' at the old place at seven o'clock, when you shall here more from, Your unbel servant, to command,

PETER BARNETT,

"late Serjeant in the —th Dragoons."

Reader, do you wish me a good night?—many thanks for your kindness, but if you have any hope

that your wish will be realized, you must be of a very sanguine temperament, or you have never been in love.

THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

PART III.

"Then life was a wild and gorgeous dream."

HAVING in a preceding sketch briefly referred to the real history of Charlemagne, we will give a few extracts, showing how he is pictured in romance. The work (Archbishop Turpin's) from which we quote was "done" into English under the auspices of our immortal Caxton in 1485.

"Charles the noble Emperour, after he had taken moche payne for to mayntene the name of God, for tenhaunce the Crysten fayth, and to bynge al the world in one trewe fayth and beleve, and that he had gotten many contrees, he purposed never more to fyght ne to make bataylle, but to reste and lede forth a contemplatyf lyf in thankynge his maker of ye grace that he had gyven to hym in surmountynge hys enemyes. Nevertheles, on a nyght it happed hym, that he behelde the heven, and sawe a quantyte of sterres (stars) in ordie tendynge alle the nyghte one waye and one path, And they began at the see of Fysselond in passynge bytwene Alemayn and Ytalie, bytwene Fraunce and Guyane. And passed ryght the sayd sterres by Gascoygne, Basle Navarre and Espagne, whyche contrees he had thenne by hys puyssaunce and contynuel payne conquerd and maad crysten. And after the ende of the sayd sterres thus goynge in ordie cam unto Galyse where as the body of the holy apostle was, he nat knowynge the propre place. Every nyght Charles byhelde the waye of the sayd sterres, and thought moche contynnely what this myght be, and that it was not wythoute cause. In one nyght emonge the other that Charles thought on this waye, a man apperyed to hym in vysyon whyche was so laye so playsaunte and so shynynge that it was mervaylle whyche sayd to hym, 'What doost thou, my fayre son?' Charles beyng al ravysshed answerd, 'who arte thou, fayre Syr?' That other answered, 'I am James the Appostle of Jhesu Crist, the sone of Zebedei, and propre broder of Saynt Johan the evangelyst, and am he whom God choos to preche the crysten fayth—and my body abyedeth emongste the Sarassyns whyche have entreated it vylainously. Thou art chosen after the conduyte of the sterres to delyver my londe fro the hande of the mescreant Sarassyns and enemyes of Crystendom.'"

Of course Charles undertook the task, and on his first exploit after he "had fynysshed his oyson, the walles of the cyte whiche were of marble mervellously strong overthrew to the erth and fyl alle in pyeces."

"After that Charles had the domynacion quasi in al Espagne, he came to the sepulchre of Seynt James where he dyd hys devocyon and made devoutely hys prayers, and after came to a place in ye lond which was so feire that he myght goo no further, and there fyxed and pyght hys spere, and that place was called Petronium. And in that londe who that wold byleve in God, tharchebysshop Turpyne baptysed them, and who that wold not was slayn or put in pryson.

"And the Sarassyns had a great idol perched on the top of a lofty pillar and holding a key—legions of devils were enclosed inside, who received joyously the paynym worship, but a Christian coming before it was destroyed, or if a bird happened to perch on it, it

instantly died. There was a prophesy that a Kyng of France should be born before whom the idol should drop the key, and this was a sign that the power of the Sarasyus should be overthrown by this King." And so we are told the idol let the key fall when Charlemagne conquered Spain.¹

The person of Charlemagne is thus described:—

"He was a man wel faryng of hys body and grete of persone, and had hys syght and regarde fyerc and malycyous.—The lengthe of his persone conteyned eyght feet after the mesure of his feet which were merveylously long.—A fayr regarde and countenance had thys man. He had the face of a large fote brode, he had the eye like a lyon sparklyng lyke a cole by furyous regards."

His prowess as a gasteome might equal that of his far-distant and far-famed successor Louis XIV. the *grand monarque* of our later days.

"Whan he took hys repaste he was contente wyth lytel brede, but as touchyng the pytanee, he ate at his repast a quarter of moton, or ij hennes, or a grete ghoo, or a grete pestel of porke, or a peecok, or a crane, or an hare all hool (whole), he dranke wyn sobroly wyth a lytel water therem."

His qualifications as a combatant were not despicable.

"Of hys strengthe is not a lytel thyng to speke of. For he wold smyte a knyght armed wyth one stroke of a swerde and cleue hym from the toppe of the hede down to the sofel.—And moreover wyth one hande he wold take a knyght al armed and lyte hym up to the height of hys breste lyghtly."

The following extracts are collated partly from the "*Roman du Roi Artus*," Rouen 1488, but chiefly from the "*Morte d'Arthur*." This is a compilation from many of the most esteemed romances of the Round Table, which continued to be read with avidity long after the romances themselves were neglected. Southey speaks of a shattered and mutilated copy of this work as the very delight of his youthhood, and he showed his appreciation of it in maturer years by a republication of the work. This edition is in modern type, in two large, thick, and very closely printed quarto volumes, and is entitled "*Thy Byth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur; of his noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table, theyr merveyllous conquestes and adventures, Thacheynyng of the Sanc Graal, and in the end Le Monte d'Arthur, with the Dolourous Deth and Departing out of Thys World of them al*."

The achievement of the St. Graal, spoken of in the foregoing titlepage, is one of the wildest imaginations in the whole cycle of chivalric romance, and pervades more or less the whole of the Round Table romances, in some of them occupying a considerable portion. We refer to it only in its obvious meaning, not in that recondite one alluded to in a preceding sketch. It is founded on a tradition, that Joseph of Arimathea caught in a golden cup some of the blood which flowed from the wounds of our Saviour. This cup he brought with him to England, where, as tradition says, he built a church of wattled boughs at Glastonbury. But unhappily the precious vessel was lost; it got into the hands of sinners or infidels, and the recovery of it is the great quest of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

(1) It is curious to compare this tradition with one of much later date. Above the gate of the Alhambra was a bunch of keys cut in stone, with an inscription that the Moors would never be conquered until those keys fell into a hand beneath. When Ferdinand and Isabella besieged the place, the king, shooting with bow and arrow, struck the stone chain which held the sculptured keys; they fell, and remained in the hand underneath. In a few days Grenada was conquered.

They all devote themselves to its recovery, and one seat at the Round Table is kept empty, being solemnly appropriated to him who should accomplish the enterprise, or, in the language of romance, "should achieve the Holy Grail." By some supernatural influence letters of gold are suddenly found on the back of the seat, assigning it to him who should be successful, and warning unqualified persons not to attempt to sit down on it. Occasionally, however, a venturesome person does so, and always suffers either loss of life or limb for his temerity, whence the seat acquired the name of "The Siege Perillous."

First of the Round Table.

"I shall sende hym (sayd King Lodegreauc of Camyllerd) a gyfte shalle please hym moche more, for I shalle gyve hym the table round, the whiche Uther pendragon gave me, and whan it is ful complete ther is C knyghtes and lyfty.—

"Whanne Kyng Arthur herd, he said, 'these knyghtes with the round table pleasen me more than nyght grete rychesse.'—'Now, Merlyn,' said Kyng Arthur, 'god thou and aspye me in al this land I knyghtes whiche ben of most prowesse and worship.' Within short tyme Merlyn had founde suche knyghtes that shold fullylle xx and viii knyghtes, but no mo he coude fynde. Thenne the Bisshop of Caunterburye was fette and he blessid the syeges with grete Royalle and devocion, and there sette the viii and xx knyghtes in her syeges, and whan this was done, Merlyn said, 'Fayr Sire, ye must al aryse and come to Kyng Arthur for to doo him homage, he will have the better wil to mayntene yow,' and so they arose and did then homage, and when they were gone, Merlyn found in every syeges letters of gold that told the knyghtes names that had sytten therem. But two syeges were voyde.

"What is the cause," said Kyng Arthur, "that there ben two places voyde in the syeges." "Sire," said Merlyn, "ther shalle no man syt in tho places, but they that shall be of moost worship. But in the sege perillous then shall no man sytte therein but one, and yf ther be ony so hardy to doo it he shall be destroyed, and he that shalle sytte there shalle have no felawes."

"Thenne the Kyng stablysshed all his knyghtes and gaf them that weie of londes not ryche, he gaf the m londes, and charged them never to doo outragousite nor mordre, and alweyes to flee treason. Also by no meane to be cruel, but to gyve mercy vnto him that asketh mercy vpon payn of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of Kyng Arthur for evermore, and alweyes to doo ladyes, damoysels, and gentylymmen socour, apon payne of dethe. Also, that no man take noo batails in a wrongful quarel for noo lawe ne for noo worldes goodes. Vnto this were all the knyghtes sworne of the table round both old and yong. And every yere were they sworne at the hyghe feest of Pentecost.

"Also Merlyn made the round table in tokenyng of roundenes of the world, for by the round table is the world synefyed by ryghte. For al the world, crysten and hethen, repayren unto the round table. And whan they are chosen to be of the felouship of the round table, they thynke hem more blessid and more in worship than if they had gotten halfe the worlde."

Lancelot du Lac was one of the most renowned of Arthur's knights, and the romances written on his adventures are some of the most celebrated of those of the Round Table. His name is derived from the circumstance of a fairy having stolen him when an infant,—"le plus bel enfant

du monde & le mieux taillie et de corps et de membres." On his mother's attempt to rescue him, the fairy plunged with him into a lake beneath whose waters rose her own magnificent castle. Here Lancelot was trained up in the devoir of a knight, and gained also other acquisitions proper to a highly accomplished gentleman. His skill in music is highly spoken of. "Homme ne fut oncques si droit en sonestant et chantoit a merveilles bié quât il vouloit." This fascinating accomplishment was almost as indispensable to a knight of romance as to a troubadour of olden time. Syr Trystram, the "sorrowful borne child," son of King Meliadus, and a very noted knight of romance and of the round table, was however the most celebrated of all his compereis for his excellence in this beguiling art. His surpassing skill on the harp caused the gates of a certain castle to be thrown wide for him; which, had his identity been suspected, would have been doubly barred against him, or opened only to beguile him to his death. "Soo Trystram lerned to be an hapier passynge alle other that there was none suche called in no countrey."

To return to Sir Lancelot. In due time he was installed as a member of Arthur's Round Table.

"Some after that King Arthur was come, fro Rome into England, thence alle the knyghtes of the table round resorted unto the kyng, and made many justes and turnementes, and some there were that were but knyghtes which encreased so in armes and worship that they passed alle then felawes in prowesse and noble dede, and that was wel proved on many. But in especial it was proved on Syr Lancelot da Lake, for in al turnements and justes and dedes of armes, both for lyf and deth he passed al other knyghtes, and at no tyme he was never overcome, but yf (unless) it were by treason or enchantement."

His amour with Genevra, the queen of Arthur, occupies a large portion of his history, and at length, but not in a hurry, leads him into a war against Arthur. After the king's death, Genevra retired to a convent. Sir Lancelot also repents.

Sir Lancelot took his horse and rode alle that daye and alle that nyghte in a foreste wepyng. And at the last he was ware of an heremytage and a chappel that stode betwene two clyffes, and than he had a lyel belle synge to masse, and thider he rode and alighted, and tyled his hors to the gate and herd masse. And he that sange the masse was the Bysshop of Caunterburye. Bothe the bysshop and Syr Bedwere knew Syr Lancelot, and they spak togyder after masse, but whanne Syr Bedwere hadde told hym his tale, Syr Lancelots herte almoste braste for sorowe, and Sir Lancelot threwe abrode his armour and sayde, 'Alas, who may trust this world.' And then he knelyd doune on his knees and prayd the bysshop for to shive him and assoule him. And than he besoughte the bysshop that he myghte be his broder. Than the byschop sayde 'I wylle gadly,' and than he putte an habyte upon Syr Lancelot, and there he served God day and nyghte wyth prayers and fastynges."

Many of his knights-companions ride through England in search of him, and at length find him.

"And whan they sawe that Syr Lancelot had taken hym to such perfection, they had no lyst to departe, but toke such an habyte as he had. This they endured in grete penaunce sixe yeares, and thanne Syr Lancelot toke the habyte of preesthode, and a twelvemonth he sange masse. And there was none of the other knyghtes, but they redde in bookes, and helped for to synge masse and iynge

belles, and dyde lowely all manere of servyce. And soo their horses went where they wolde, for they toke none regarde of noo worldly rychesse. For whanne they sawe Syr Lancelot endure suche penaunce, in prayer and fastyng, they toke no force what payne they endured, for to see the noblest knyghte of the world take suche abstynance, that he waxed ful lene.

"And upon a nyghte, there came a vysyon unto Syr Lancelot, and charged him in remysion of alle his synnes to haste hym towarde Almesbury, and by thenne thou come there, thou shalt fynde Queen Guenever dead. And therefore take thy felawes wyth the, and purye them an hors bierre and bryng the corpse of her, and burye it by her husbonde the noble Kyng Arthur. Soo this vysyon came to Syr Lancelot thyes in one nyghte."

"Than Syr Lancelot never after ete but lytel mete, ne dranke, but continually mourned untill he was dead. For thenne he sykned more and more, and dyed, and dayned awaye. For the byshop nor none of his felawes myght not make hym to ete, and lytel he dranke, that he was waxen thenne by a cubyt shorter than he was, that the peple could not knowe hym. For evermore daye and nyghte he prayd, but nedefully as nature requyred southe he slombered a broken slepe, and ever he was lyenge grovelynge on Kyng Arthur's and Quene Guenever's tombe. And there was no comferte that the byshop, nor Syr Bors, nor none of his felawes coude make hym, it avaylled not.

"O ye mighty and pempous lordes, shynynge in the glorye transitorye of this unstable lyf, as in reynynge over radmes, grete and myghte countreyes, fortyned with stronge castels and toures, edified with many a ryche cite. Ye also, ye fierce and myghty chevaliers, so valyaunte in aventurous dedes of armes, Behold! behold! see now this myghty conqueror Kyng Arthur, whom in his humayn lyf all the worlde doubted. Yea also this noble quene Guenever, that sometye sate in her chayre adourned with golde, perles and preevous stones, now lye full lowe in obscure fosse or pytte covered with cloddes of eith and claye. Beholde also this myghty champion Lancelot, pyerles of knyghthode, see now how he lyeth grovelynge on the coide moule, now beynge soo feble and faynt that sometye was so terrible, how and in what manere oughte ye to be so desyrous of the mondayn honour so dangerous!—The more that God hath given you the triumphall honour, the meker ye oughte to be, ever fearyng the unstabylnes of this dysceivable worlde.

"But within sixe wekes Syr Lancelot felle syke and laye in his bedde, and thenne he sente for the byshop that there was heremyte, and al his true felawes. Than Syr Lancelot sayd wyth drety steven, Syr Byshop I praye you give me al my ryghtes that longeth to a crysten man. Soo when he was howselyd and enelyd, and had all that a crysten man ought to have, he prayd the byshop that his felawes myght beare his body to Joyous Garde.

"And when Syr Bors and his felaws came to his bedde, they fonde hym sterke dede, and he laye as he had smyled. Than was there wepyng and wryngyne of hondes, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morne the byshop dyd his masse of REQUIEM."

It remains but to inform those lady readers whose only experience may suggest a triad like that which

(1) This beautiful apostrophe has been often quoted.

issues from the Attic press of Bentley or Colburn, that such volumes do hardly give a fair idea of the outward appearance of the Romances on whose characteristics we have so largely dwelt. "*Perceforest*," one of the most esteemed of the class, was beautifully printed at Paris in 1528, in two folio volumes, each containing about a thousand pages, and each page being enriched with a double column of closely printed type, each column numbering fifty-four lines. The work would make probably between forty and fifty volumes such as we are now accustomed to lounge over, and our readers will bear in mind that it is only *one of a series*.

Surely in this instance it will be accorded to us that we do not close the subject from any lack of material.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.¹

T. N. II.

June 24th.—We all, with the exception of the rector, went to call on Colonel and Miss Hawkner. They lived in an old country-house close by the church, on the same side of the road. The house itself is old, and inside the rooms are wainscoted with oak. There is a large rookery between it and the church. The lawn, immediately in front of the house, was nicely kept; and the garden very tastefully arranged with well selected flowers, all, however, the work of the gardener. The whole was closely shut in on all sides except one, where there was a view of a large extent of country, with fine aged trees. The rooms were, as far as I could observe, handsomely and elegantly furnished.

On our entering the drawing-room, we found Miss Hawkner reclining easily on a sofa, with a popular religious newspaper by her side, which she had evidently just laid down as we approached.

"I am so delighted to see you, my dear Miss Montague," she exclaimed, at the same time rising to greet her visitors; "and how is our dear minister?"

"Thank you, papa is as well as usual," was the reply.

I had time, while this sort of polite tattle was going on, after I had been introduced, to survey this elderly spinster with attention. She was a hard-featured lady, with restless eyes, and a receding narrow forehead, which was half curtained by a front of dark brown hair. This had been so moved from its first position (as dancing-masters say), by her reclinings, I fancy, on the sofa, that sundry grey individual hairs, which really appertained to her pericranium, imperitently came into open day, as if on purpose to discover the deception. Her complexion was decidedly bilious; and her form was attenuated and angular. She was always in a fidget, apparently. Her dress was sumptuous, and made in the newest fashion.

"I have written a little note to Mr. Montague," she said, "only this minute, to beg him to visit a poor person whom I have discovered in the village. She has only recently come here, and I find her *sadly dark*, poor thing!" during the utterance of the last words of which she slightly raised her eyes towards the aforesaid front, and sighed vigorously.

"Yet, madam, we must not have a repeal of the window-tax duty," said young Montague; "it will not do to *make light* of the sufferings of these dear, petted, miserable poor."

This was said, especially the dubious finish, with a strangely satirical tone. Miss Hawkner did not see the purport, and in amazement began to conceive it possible that Mr. Montague, junior, might be as dark as the poor woman in question. "I mean, sir," she said, "that she does not know her sad state; she is not conscious of her wickedness. Her heart is not softened."

"Oh! indeed, madam, I do not know her. Has she done anything very terrible?"

"Dear no, sir, what I mean is that—that, you see—she is not—I mean she is unhappily unacquainted with saving truths. She dresses very much above her situation; in fact, quite out of character with her station in life."

"That is, to be sure, somewhat silly. But how can she procure money for all this finery you speak of if she is so poor?"

"Why, you see, sir, what she wears is not expensive, only it is—you see—I mean—it is just as if it had come from the laundress."

"Oh! I see, it was most indecorously clean,—an unpardonable fault!"

Miss Hawkner began at last to have a half-glimmering sense of Montague's intent, and answered rather sharply, "I dare say you may think this nothing, sir, but it's not all. I hear strange things about her former conduct to her husband, poor fellow! They say she was the death of him with her nasty temper; altogether, though she is a meek-looking person, if what I learn be true, she is no better than she should be."

"Do you read Shakspeare, madam?"

"No, Mr. Montague, I trust not; I have given over plays, and theatres, and balls, long ago, I trust, although I was once a giddy thing, alas! and fond of these vanities."

"Well, Miss Hawkner, even that profane writer was right when he wrote,

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lady,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; * * * * *
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

He has said, too, in another place, 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' But then the lady to whom that was said was *respectable*, and Shakspeare was too severe at the best; for he was very worldly-minded, and therefore a very bad hand at inventing or patronizing scandal."

All of us who were present were evidently uncommonly uncomfortable; for Montague had been unusually severe in his tone and manner, even for him. Miss Montague wisely changed the conversation, and as soon as possible rose to go away; a little embarrassed, as it would seem, yet withal having a half-smile about her lips, which she was with some little success endeavouring to pursue up into propriety. We saw nothing of Colonel Hawkner, for he happened to be out.

During the short walk home, the subject of conversation was, of course, what had occurred at the visit.

"Charlie, dear," said Miss Montague, "you were rather hard on our elderly friend."

"Well, perhaps I was, Mary, but I cannot stand the humbug of those canting, would-be-religious old women,—it's detestable. If I had my way, I would sweep the whole set of them into the Dead Sea."

"Why the Dead Sea?" said I.

"Because nothing floats there, and there would be no chance of their coming up again."

This amused us all excessively. Laughing heartily we reached the parsonage.

At dinner the scene at Colonel Hawkner's was detailed to the rector. He thereupon pulled out of the pocket of his cassock the note which had been sent him. The envelope, a pink one with lace edging, had been sealed with a wafer, containing within its little circle a text of Holy Scripture. The contents were a mere transcript of her conversation with Montague.

"And now," said he, and a momentary flush of anger glowed on his cheek and brow such as I had not seen before or since, "as you have heard Miss Hawkner's story of this poor woman, I will tell you the real one. Her name is Jewell. I heard of her sudden arrival in the parish, and went as soon after as possible to see her. I found that she lodged in a dirty sort of mud-hut, at the outskirts of the village. The upper part only was let to her. The filthiness at the entrance of the cottage, and in the floor below was, as far as I could see, disgusting. It was the first time I had been actually in; for the tenants had always refused to see me. But on entering up above, where poor Helen Jewell was, it was indeed different. It is true there was only a table in the room, and a three-legged stool, in the corner a pallet covered with straw, over which a sheet was laid. But the sheet was white; the floor was beautifully clean, and so was the table, and the stool too. The poor woman, evidently in the last stage of decline, was seated, when first I entered, on the stool near the window. She was about twenty five apparently, or thereabouts, tall and pretty, her dark eyes shining from beneath long eyelashes with a fatal brilliancy. She was slender, and very pale; and with an air of touching pensiveness in the expression of her face. She was, at the time, soothing a young child, unnaturally thin and gaunt for its age, and evidently clamorous for food, her dress was neat and beautifully clean, though simple; it had been patched in every direction, but so well that it was not very perceptible. Her eyes filled with tears as she turned them to me; (she knew who I was by my dress.) 'Well, it is kind for such as you, your honour, to come and see a poor creature like me; won't you take a seat?' saying which, she rose from the stool, and dusting it with her apron, placed it near me. I thanked her, but sat down on the pallet, making her sit down on the aforesaid stool by my side. After having asked her questions about her health, and other more indifferent matters, to make her as much at her ease as I could, I added, 'And now, Helen, (for you must let me call you so for the future) tell me if it is not too painful for you all your history, or as much of it as you like. I think I can see you have not always been in such distress as you now are.'

"No, indeed, sir," she said. 'I was once in London, earning a decent sum to help my dear husband. I used to work for a sloop-shop; and though I had to sit to it early in the morning and late at night,—for they only paid me threepence for making a shirt—yet I managed to get something. But things went wrong with us, your honour: my poor John was turned off from his place in a cloth-manufactory because trade was dull, and what I got could not support us all. We got worse and worse. The furniture went piece by piece—then our clothes; till at last we had nothing left, and we had hardly a thing

to eat of any sort. John got unhappy like; he did not hold up his head as he used to do: he would come and sit for hours by the fireplace without saying a word good or bad, his eyes fixed on the bits of stick and small knobs of coal on the hearth—I couldn't stir him. At last, one day, your honour—Oh, John, my poor John!—about a month ago—' and here the poor creature became hoarse with emotion; and, sobbing in the most convulsive way, said, almost inarticulately, 'He went into a stable-loft near—' again she buried her face in her hands, and her emotion brought on a violent fit of coughing. I fetched her a mug of water which happened to be on the window-ledge. The little child looked up in its mother's face, and stroked her pallid cheek with its little bony hands, and smiled on her. The poor creature, somewhat soothed by this, continued, as soon as the coughing would permit, 'Your honour, I shall soon go, too. Oh, poor John! he—he—hanged himself! and I was left alone with this dear, dear child. I was too ill to work any longer, so I set out to find my father and mother, who live at —; but I am too ill to go farther: here I shall die, I know; and, oh, God! what will become of poor Willy here, my own dear boy?' She clasped the child to her bosom, and moaned bitterly. I did what I could to calm and console her. She then showed me a letter which she kept in her bosom, (the last letter her husband wrote her, just before his terrible act of sin,) in which he said, that he could have endured his own sufferings, but to see her, who had always been such a loving, affectionate wife to him, and his innocent boy pinched with hunger, he could not stand, so he had determined to make away with himself, and might God have mercy on his soul!

"I then asked her if she had seen any one since her arrival here. She said, 'Yes, sir; I have seen a lady, who meant to be very kind, I am sure; but she asked me so many questions about what had come to me, and all about poor John, and was so cross-like about it all, that I was made more unhappy than I was before. She said I must behave better, and read my Bible, which I have always done, your honour, since I was taught to do so as a little girl in the parish school. And she lent me these two books. This one' (putting a tract called 'Mary Hobbs, or Vanity Punished,' into my hands) 'she gave me, and made me promise to think over it; the other' (it was 'Drops of Comfort for Sinners') 'she lent me, and told me to read it well, and not tumble or duty it, and give it her back again when I had done with it. It was very kind of her, to be sure, but I had rather she had never come.'

"And here the poor creature went off again into a violent fit of crying. I have taken both the tract and the book away, and mean to return them as soon as I can to Miss Hawkner."

The rector could scarcely continue this story at times from excessive emotion.

"That Miss Hawkner is a most abominable person!" said Miss Montague, turning towards the window as she spoke to conceal her tears; "if that is to be religious, I do not much care to be so."

"Hush! hush!" said her father.

"I think the best of the joke," said young Montague, "is, her leaving those two precious volumes to quench the poor woman's thirst, I suppose, and appease her hunger. They might very probably take her appetite away for the time. Rare charity! It reminds me of those lines of Hood—

'I love my neighbour, far too well, in fact, To call, and twit him with a godly tract, That's turned by application to a libel.'

"Rather a questionable authority, Charles, is he not?" said his father.

"Yes, perhaps, sir; but truth is truth, you know, whoever says it. Why should that poor woman need the tract so kindly lent her more than the person who left it? If vanity is what dictionaries make it out to be, and what the world generally understands by that word, I rather imagine that the elderly lady who dresses in satins and silks, with jewels and gold, and has rich, costly furniture about her house, and sumptuous dinners on her table every day, is more likely to be near that vice than a poor threadbare woman who is pinched with poverty. However, I suppose it's religious to think ill of one's neighbours, and the height of charity to distribute tracts with dirty brown paper covers, and the essence of humility to imagine every person to be in the dark but oneself. Precious lights they are! Something in the farthing rushlight line, I fancy."

"Rather a long philippic, Charles! I am afraid my story has excited you," said the rector, smiling quite lovingly. "But you must not be unjust. There is much cant and deception in the world, and never is it so loathsome as when that cant is about religious things. But, then, there are many who do what Miss Hawkner does, who are sincere enough, but err often from want of knowledge. We should remember that a lie is always the counterfeit of a truth; so that there is nothing wrong even, which has not some good to be extracted from it."

"Yes, doubtless, there may be some honest ones, who are like angels' visits,—you know what I mean, sir."

"I think we had better prepare for dinner. We are all naturally a little excited on poor Helen Jewell's account, and therefore not disposed to do Mrs Hawkner bare justice. She is certainly not likely to have mercy at any of our hands. But it is just five; so the sooner we retire to dress the better." So saying, the rector left the bread fast-noon, and we all followed him.

(To be continued.)

MIDNIGHT AT THE LOUVRE.

"TWENTY years ago I entered the studio of M. Vanderblanc,—not altogether as a pupil, for I had completed my studies in painting under the direction of a celebrated master,—but rather as an assistant, if that word may be permitted in speaking of the fine arts. And, indeed, what other could I employ when I think of the use which he made of my powers, and what he would then have called my talents?"

"But you told me yesterday," interrupted the young Indian, gently, "that you were not a painter."

"I am no longer one. I have lost the poetry of painting, and I have forgotten the art."

"Pardon my interruption."

"The difficult position in which the misfortunes sustained by my family had placed me, tempted me to submit to the kind of labour imposed on me by my employer, M. Vanderblanc, whose real name was simply Blanc. In order to induce belief in his pretended Flemish extraction, he had prefixed the syllable Vander. It was the same principle of deception that he practised in painting. This was

his trade, which is but too common in Paris, where there is cheating in everything, even in selling water. Timid and cautious in the beginning, M. Vanderblanc, whose trade was picture-dealing, retouched, or rather made me retouch, only minor parts of the French, Italian, or Flemish pictures which he sold. This alone was very blameable, but vice has many degrees. As for me, if I connived at a system of fraud, for which I internally suffered much, my misery brought some excuse. I earned ten francs a-day at M. Vanderblanc's, and I had to support my brothers, my mother, and my grandmother. Elsewhere, what could I have earned? What young painters usually earn—nothing. Emboldened, unfortunately, by impunity and success, my master ceased to limit his attentions to mere retouches. He sold, for instance, sea-pieces by Backhuysen, in which the sea and sky were mine, the rest having been spared by time, unluckily for Backhuysen: portraits by Van dyck, of which the outline only had remained, and which my pencil had completed: I have seen him receive six thousand francs for a Breughel, which had originally represented a forest scene. A single tree had remained of the design; I had painted all the rest. In my presence he has dared to accept fifteen thousand francs for a Mutius Scævola by an ancient master, upon which time had laid so heavy a hand that nothing but the finger of Scævola and a part of the armour were left. Ten or twelve figures had been painted by me in this picture sold for fifteen thousand francs! It appeared that I excelled in the trade.

"In a short time, as you will readily suppose, M. Vanderblanc acquired enormous wealth. He spent it lavishly. Whilst admirable artists frequently receive no more than the price of their canvasses and colours, my false Fleming, by selling false Van Ostades, false Teniers, and false Vandelys, to false connoisseurs, gained as much as a hundred and fifty thousand francs a-year. He squandered a great part of it in fêtes, soirées, and dinners. Naturally an epicure, he now spoke of nothing but liqueurs, fine wines, delicate fishes, truffled fowls, invitations to be made or accepted. His house was the rendezvous of all the gastronomes of Paris.

"I should not confess all," continued the narrator, in a softer tone, "if I did not here avow that another motive detained me, against my conscience, in the studio of M. Vanderblanc. He had a daughter named Madeleine, whom I had loved from the first day that I entered his house. She was very young then, for she was but eighteen when, five years after my inauguration, I dared to ask her hand. I was very poor, no doubt,—very obscure, but I was loved by Madeleine, and I had made the immense fortune of her father. Nevertheless, before risking my proposal, I wished to know if M. Vanderblanc esteemed me worthy of his daughter from my talent. During the little time which I had at my own disposal, I composed a picture which was entirely my own. Neither the colours of Teniers nor of Albert Dürer had been stolen for it. The subject, very simple, but poetical and new, was Bernard de Palissy seeking the secret of his wonderful enamels. Madeleine thought it charming, and that was sufficient for me. Madeleine had all the taste, all the poetry, all the imagination, all the depth that her father wanted. She was perfect, but with one enormous fault,—like all that is perfect."

"You will tell me this fault?" said the young Indian, as she hung with a sort of enchantment upon the artist's words.

"My picture," he continued, "although the time

of the exhibition was approaching, was not finished; it was, however, sufficiently advanced to be shown to M. Vanderblanc for the object that I have told you. 'My dear patron,' said I, placing it before him, 'what do you think of that?' 'By what master?' he immediately inquired. 'It is not by a master; but what do you think of it?' He was silent. 'Whose is it?' he said at length. 'It is mine.' 'Yours? then I offer you fifteen francs for it.' Fifteen francs!

"I said not a word; the blood rushed to my heart, to my brain, to my eyes. I took my picture, and ran with it to shut myself in my room. I threw it on the floor. On hearing the noise Madeleine came in.

"There is a picture," said I, spurning it with my foot, "for which your father offers me fifteen francs,—your father, who but for me would not possess a sous,—your father—but he is your father, and I will say no more, not from respect to him, but from love to you. No more hope now for me. Dare I ask the hand of the daughter from a father who estimates at fifteen francs the best picture I have ever made?"

"It is impossible!" answered Madeleine. "What is to become of us then? Are we to separate?" She looked down. "Yes or no," cried I, seizing a knife to destroy my painting.

"Listen to me," said Madeleine, pale as her patron saint, but resolute as those Roman empresses whose portraits her father sold with the false signature of Caravaggio; "Go to my father, tell him that you will leave him. If he wishes to retain you, name my hand as the condition for your remaining with him. If he will not consent, threaten to leave him."

"Coming from you how can I refuse to follow the advice? But if he should not consent?" I added, trembling.

"But he will consent," answered Madeleine; "do this, my friend."

"I obeyed. I went to Madeleine's father, and said to him, shortly, 'I have made your fortune, sir; the least you can do is to make my happiness. I ask of you your daughter Madeleine.'

"I give my daughter to a painter! I have been a picture-dealer long enough to know better than that. All the same,—idle, disorderly, extravagant—all."

"But it is to a painter that you owe your riches!"

"It is well," said he; "I see that you hold your pistol to my throat. Only, the pistol is not loaded. In the first place, you cannot continue your employment with me."

"I shall take care of that," said I, indignantly.

"For the future," continued M. Vanderblanc, "I shall leave off restoring Rembrandts and Watteaus. I am rich enough. I shall now turn my attention to statuary. As you are not a sculptor, you can no longer be useful to me. Therefore, as I said, your pistol is not loaded."

"What raillery could be more cruel—what refusal more hopeless? I related all to Madeleine the same evening.

"I have said that she had one great fault; it was this,—she was proud, and very jealous of the opinion of the world. Her love would have led her to consent to a marriage with a man repulsed by her father,—a man as poor as I, but never an obscure man. Rank of some kind she required, either that of birth or of talent. Judge if this was so.

"While yet a child, she fell asleep one evening on my knee. On awaking, she cried, clapping her hands, 'What a beautiful dream! Oh! what a beautiful dream I have had!' She related it to me, and so complete was it that I immediately painted it. Ma-

deleine in this dream had passed through all the brilliant phases of an aristocratic marriage.

"A young and handsome marquis had at first been presented to her. She received him graciously, and some days after he was invited to dine at her father's. He obtained her portrait, and soon she showed herself at the promenade leaning upon his arm. The intimacy continued through the winter balls, and walks in the Bois de Meudon, and strengthened with the soft impressions tasted in common in a box at the opera. In the end, the contract was signed, and the dresses were purchased. What robes of silk, of blond, of cambric! What bonnets! What cachemires! The sky of the dream was darkened by them. In fine, came the nuptial blessing, and the fashionable departure, which must immediately follow every aristocratic and wealthy marriage.

"Who would have imagined that Madeleine would one day ask of me, as the condition for bestowing her hand, a celebrated name, or the realization of this dream? Yet thus it was. But you will see that with her this sentiment of pride, springing from a pure source, did not exclude the most perfect sincerity of affection; for she said to me, 'Make yourself a name; only draw the attention of the public by the picture you are going to exhibit, and I will consent to be yours. I should think myself entirely justified in the eyes of my father and of the world, if, rich as I am, I choose a man of talent for my husband. But talent, reputation, must be your portion. Exhibit your picture, then, and all shall be as I tell you.'

"To-morrow will be the last day permitted to artists for entering their paintings," I replied, admiring her noble spirit. "Should I have time between this and midnight to-morrow to fill up the parts of my picture that are only sketched?"

"Madeleine was astonished at my answer. She had supposed the painting to be completely finished. This news cast down her hopes. She showed me that the loss of a year would be fatal.

"Well," cried I, "I will exhibit it. My picture shall be finished before midnight. In fifteen days I shall have made a name—"

"Which I will share with you," added Madeleine, offering me her cheek.

"No one knows the prodigies that love and zeal can accomplish. Oh! how I worked! how I laboured! It is when one has nearly finished a picture, that you begin to see its incompleteness. Here a figure, there an eye, there a curl to retouch. And when these are perfect, come a thousand and a thousand others. I neither ate nor drank that day, the next night, or the day that followed. I was excited, fevered, burning, and this internal fire fed me.

"At half-past eleven, that is to say half an hour before the doors of the Louvre were to close, I wiped my pencils, or rather I staid neither to wipe my pencils nor my brow, but with my picture on my shoulder I rushed into the Rue de Seine. Many others, coming like myself at the last hour, were hastening towards the Louvre. I ran like a madman along the quays, taking hardly time to look at the hour on the dial of the Palais Mazarin. It was thirty-two minutes past eleven. I had therefore twenty-eight minutes to cross the Pont des Arts and reach the Museum: it was three times more than I required. Nevertheless I redoubled my speed. The night was dark, and the fog so thick I could hardly distinguish the bridge. I had nearly crossed it when I heard a cry—a cry that I shall never forget."

The young Indian shuddered.

"I ran forward. A woman—a servant—a nurse, I know not what, but she was not a mother, or she would have thrown herself into the Seine—said to me, 'The child has fallen in there!' Her finger pointed to the river. I threw myself into the water, leaving my picture on the bridge.

"I plunged six times, and the sixth time was successful. The child still breathed. I swam, but with great difficulty! The fog was dense, and the river covered with large pieces of ice. At last, exhausted from fatigue and stiffened with cold, I reached the bank, and restored the little creature I had saved—the lovely little girl, to the woman, who stood upon the brink, wringing her hands in despair. She tried to thank me, but I heard nothing. I sprang upon the bridge. I ran—Fate had cursed me: midnight sounded from the Palais Mazarin—the door of the Museum was shut!"

The narrator of this touching history here became silent. The young Indian hid her face.

It was with a burst of laughter that, half an hour afterwards, the poor lover of the beautiful Madeleine thus resumed.

"It is a great error that of supposing that painters, more favoured than authors, carry their fortune with them. During the twenty years that I have passed far away from France, since the fatal event which precluded my remaining there, I have lived nearly an equal number of years in Turkey, India, and China, from which I returned one month ago in an English ship. Now, when I wished to exercise my profession of painting in Turkey, they told me that Mahomet had forbidden the representations of human likenesses, and that, consequently, if I were not an ornamentist or an architect, I should very soon have to quit my pencils and the country. In order to live, I was obliged to work as a street porter. With the money that I earned during five years, I went to India, which is, it is said, the cradle of the arts. After various fortunes, I found myself in the kingdom of Agra, and that is the reason that when I heard your name yesterday, I concluded you to belong to the princely race of that country."

The young Indian made a sign in the affirmative.

"I was not more fortunate in India than in Turkey when I attempted to exercise my art: there I found magnificent palaces, where every caprice of the imagination was brilliantly represented; but painting had not followed this rich development of architecture: it was still in all its primitive original simplicity. The great, the rich, the rajahs, ordered nothing of me but pictures of women with six legs and as many arms. This kind of work disgusted me so completely, that I became a palanquin-bearer in Calcutta. I preferred to degrade my shoulders rather than degrade my art, of which I looked upon myself as the guardian and priest. I left India, which still lies swaddled in the cradle which we have left, and went to China. I now began to believe that painting was not so universal a language as is pretended. Painting, however, was permitted in China, and this was what I did. During eight years I was obliged, the laws of the country interdicting me, as a stranger, from the honour of being a street porter, to paint nothing but eyes, or, to speak more correctly, an eye in profile. This exercise of eight years completed the work of the former twelve. I have totally forgotten my art; it is lost to me. Too old to learn another, I saw that there was nothing left but to quit a world—where every day it became more and more difficult to exist.

"Life had long been a burden to me. Before leav-

ing it, however, I had the weakness to desire to see once more France, Paris, the Louvre, which was shut for me once and for ever. I came. The time of my return was identical with that of the opening of the exhibition. Need I tell you the astonishment, the overwhelming surprise with which I was struck, when I saw the picture which retraces the horrible episode of my life, the event in consequence of which I have lost all that I loved,—my country, my art, and her who would one day have been my wife."

"And have you never thought," asked the young Indian, presenting her hand to the poor artist, "of the picture that you left on the Pont des Arts? You have said nothing of it?"

"No doubt a gust of wind carried it into the water, the river."

"Look!"

The young Indian touched a spring, and the picture which so strangely represented the Pont des Arts, and the sublime self-sacrifice of Jouvenal, turned, and exhibited on the other side the *Bernard de Palissy*. Jouvenal fainted.

When he was restored to consciousness, he found himself between two women, one of whom he could not see,—her face was hidden as she supported him. The other was at his feet—it was the young Indian.

"I was the child that you saved, my friend," said she.

"You!"

"Oh! yes; listen to me. The carriage in which I was with my nurse was overturned on the Quai du Louvre; our hotel was in the Rue Mazarin; the coachman advised the nurse to cross the bridge quickly to avoid the night air. By what imprudence of hers the accident occurred was never known. My mother only knew that a young man saved me: she took infinite pains to find you. She learned that the night in which you had snatched me from death, a picture had been found on the Pont des Arts, and delivered the next morning to the Commissary. Your picture was signed, as you see it still. The police, with this clue, discovered the house of M. Vanderblanc, where you had resided. M. Vanderblanc completed the story. But you were gone, where no one knew. My mother was in despair; she knew all,—your affection for Madeleine, and the cause of your separation from her. Her grief was so true and so deep that it lasted until her death, which occurred last year, when she left her whole fortune, which was immense, to Mademoiselle Vanderblanc, on the condition that she would never marry any one but you, under penalty of losing a revenue of two hundred thousand francs. And as my mother was as ingenious as she was good, she desired that every year an extraordinary, remarkable picture, made for the purpose of attracting attention, should represent your generous self-devotion, in order that if you should return to Paris, a sort of general cry should call you. Thank God! the mother has repaired the injury caused by her child!"

"And Madeleine?" cried Jouvenal, raising his eyes to heaven, and meeting those of her who supported him.

"She has waited for you, my friend!"

THE MEANING OF THE WORD "COCKNEY."

SECOND PAPER.

THE second idea, which would derive the word *Cockney* from a personal rather than a local appellation, is probably connected, though not immediately, with the former. In this sense,—that of a weak, con-

temptible, luxurious, city-bred person,—there is an evident similarity with the French *coquin*, itself derived, as I shall presently show, from the Latin *coquo*, to cook; while it is likely enough, that the usages and practices of the one may have suggested the meaning generally attributed to the other. If it be true, that the tendency of a life in towns is to make men effeminate and delicate, as, on the other hand, that in the country is to give energy and activity to the intellectual, no less than to the bodily frame, what so natural, as that an appellation, true originally only of the dwellers in cities, should in after times be applied generally to any weak and dastardly character?

And for this origin of the French *coquin*, it seems to me there is abundant proof. The words, *coquo*, *cook*, *coquinarius* (and probably even the English *kitchen*), have evidently a cognate meaning and a common origin. The *coquini* were fellows who hung about the kitchens on the look-out for any good things they could pick up. Thus Ducange, voce *Cociones*, (*pedlars*), says, “Cujusmodi sunt apud nos *coquins*, quos non pauci à coquinis nuncupatos putarunt, quod illius farinae homines tabernas et popinas circum-eant,” “Of which kind are those we call *coquins*, a word which many think is derived from *coquini*, because fellows of this kidney are wont to frequent the taverns and the stewes.” While the author of the *Life of Clement VII.* (ap. Bosquet) applies the same term in derision to the populace of Carcassonne and Thoulouse,—“Carcassonne et Tolosæ populares, quos vulgariter nuncupabant *coquinos*,” “The mob of Carcassonne and Thoulouse, whom they were used, in common parlance, to call *coquins*.”

The instances I shall now produce from early English authors confirm the truth of my theory, at least in the application which has been made of the word. With hardly an exception, the term *Cockney* is used as one of contempt, originally, perhaps, to such citizens as the Londoners or Parisians were supposed to be, but afterwards to any low or mean-spirited fellow: much as in the New World the word *Yankee*, originally the by-name of the populace of a particular district, has in process of time come to be applied as a contemptuous designation of the whole North American race. Thus Chaucer, “Reve’s Tale,” v. 4205, says,—

“And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be halden a daffe or Cokenay.”

Nash, in “Pierce Penniless,” published in 1592, says, “A young heir, or cockney, that is his mother’s darling, if hee have playde the waste-good at the innes of the court, or about London, falls in a quarrelling humour with his fortune, because she has not made him king of the Indies.”

Palsgrave, in his “Acolastys,” A.D. 1540, speaks similarly:—“To be dandlyd any longer upon his father’s knee, or to be any longer taken for his father’s *Cockney*, or minyon, or darling.” And in the Royal MSS. 12, B, a *Cockney* is defined to be “A spoilt and effeminate boy — puer in deliciis matris nutritus—Anglicè, a *Cokenay*.”

Decker, in “Newes from Hell,” A.D. 1606, says, “Tis not our fault, but our mothers’—our *cockering* mothers, who for their labours make us to be called *Cockneys*.” While Cotgrave, in his old French Dictionary, has the phrase, “*Coqueliner un enfant*,—to fondle and pamper a child;” evidently with the leading idea of bringing up a child in the soft, luxurious manner which suited the *coquin* of his day. Douglass, in his very curious, quaint, and unpoetical

translation of what he is pleased to call, in defiance of all grammar, Virgil’s “*Æneidos*,” uses the word in a similar sense,—lib. xii. v. 279:—

“And with a valiant hand from off his neck his gorget teare,
Of that same *Cocknie* Phrygian knight, and drench in dust his heare.”

And Drant, in his Horace’s “*Epistle to Mæcenæ*,” similarly says,—

“Phillip he smyled in his sleeve
And hopeth more to smyle,
Willing this *Cockney* to entrapp
With this same merrie wyle.”

While Burton, in the “*Anatomy of Melancholy*,” gives a somewhat more original sense when he says,—“Some, again, are in the other extreme, and draw this mischief on their heads by too ceremonious and strict diet, being over-precise, and *Cockney-like*, and curious in their observation of meats.”

Fuller, in the “*Worthies of London*,” gives two meanings of the word, the latter of which has been, I think, rather too hastily adopted by some modern archæologists. He defines it, *first*, as “One coaxed and cockered; made a wanton or nestle-cock of; delicately bred and brought up; so that, when grown men and women, they can endure no hardship, nor comport with pains-taking.” And, *secondly*, “One utterly ignorant of housewifery, such as is practised in the country, so that they may be persuaded anything about rural commodities; and the original meaning thereof, and the tale of the citizen’s son, who knew not the language of the *cock*, but called it *neighing*, is commonly known.”

Some instances occur in which neither of the two ideas suggested above will satisfy the meaning of the context; but a more technical, and in some degree uncertain, sense must be given to it. Thus Shakspeare, in *King Lear*, act 2, sc. 4, makes the Fool say, “Cry to it, nuncle, as the *Cockney* did to the eels, when she put them into the pasty alive;” where it would seem that *Cockney* must be taken in the sense of a *female cook*, unless, indeed, as has been suggested by one or two editors, on the strength of the following passage of the same speech, “Twas her brother that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay,” it is merely used for a simpleton, or daft person. In the first sense it certainly occurs in an old poem published by Bishop Percy, and called the “*Tournament of Tottenham* :”—

“At that feast were they served in rich array;
Every five and five had a *cokenay*.”

Again; Sir Thomas Elyot, in the “*Governour*,” fol. 69, uses the word in yet another sense—that of a *young cock*. He says, “I speak not this in dispraise of faukons, but of those that keepeth them like *Cockneys*,” and Davies, in the “*Scourge of Folly*,” has some lines, in which the word is probably to be similarly interpreted:—

“He that comethe every day
Shall have a *corkney*,
And he that cometh now and then,
Shall have a fat hen.”

Enough has, I think, been now adduced to show the general drift of the meaning of the word; and I hope the one origin of its twofold character may be considered pretty well established. Its changes, or rather modifications, of meaning, are certainly curious; and it is remarkable how strongly, from the first, the contemptuous expression was developed, and to a degree which it has at present altogether lost. Now, indeed, no definite meaning attaches to it; and it is hardly more than a simple nickname for

a Londoner, while, perhaps, not one in the ten thousand who have the word daily on their lips could give any rational or intelligible account of it.

Other views have been taken of its origin than those to which I have alluded; but the length with which this subject has already been treated deters me from doing more than to allude to them. Thus a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. vii. Jan. 1737, considers that *Cockneys* were so called as apes and mimics of French habits. But this does not seem to me at all probable, for in the early history of our country such imitation would not have been at all uncommon, nor have been considered in any way a disgrace. Again, Mr. Douce, in his learned Illustrations of Shakspeare, thinks that it was simply a term of endearment, and considers it to be analogous to the word *piggessnie*, and used in a similar sense of a lady; and he quotes a passage from Chaucer, "Canterbury Tales," v. 3267:—

"She was a primerole—a piggessnie,

* * * * *

For anie good yeoman to wedde."

But I doubt the correctness of this interpretation: the only thing which gives any probability to it at all is the form of the termination, *ie* or *ey*; and it is obvious that this is too slight a matter for even a professed etymologist to rely upon. It is curious, however, that the Romans had a similar use for *oculus*—the eye; and remote as the connexion may seem to those not accustomed to study the origin of words, it is not impossible that *piggessnie* may be derived from some similar idea—that animal having remarkably small eyes. Shadwell also, in his Plays, uses *piggessnie* and *bradnie* in a similar sense; and Congreve, in the "Old Batchelor," makes Fondlewife call his wife *Cockey*.

There is one use of the word which I confess I am quite unable to explain. Baret, in his "Alvearie," speaking of a child that was long in suckling, says that he used to be called "*a cockney after St. Augustine*." What St. Austin has or had to do with *cooks* or *Cockneys* is certainly not very obvious. Can it be that it is a relic of the ancient, and even at present not wholly forgotten calumny against monks and friars, as men above all others given to the sensual pleasures of the appetite? Can it be that the friars of St. Augustine's were popularly held to be fonder of the good things of life than others in their generation; and that the *lie of the day* has been perpetuated as a proverb long after the fall of their house, and the decay of their conventual buildings? Hickes, in his "Anglo-Saxon Grammar," quotes a curious MS. poem, sent to him by Bishop Tanner, the learned author of the "Notitia," which contains a very bitter attack on the monks for their immoderate eating; I quote it, as it contains the word which we have been considering:—

"Fur in bi Weste Spaynge
Is a lond ihothe Cokaygne."

And subsequently—

"In Cokaygne is met and drink,
Withute care, how and swink;
The met is trie, the drink is cleie,
To none russin and sopper."

And so much may perhaps be said of the word *Cockney*, which I have taken this time as my text, and on which I have preached a sermon my readers will, I fear, have long since nodded over. Yet, ere I finish my tale, there are one or two things connected with the name which I am unwilling altogether to pass over in silence. In Strype's edition of Stow's

"Survey of London," the learned editor speaks of an annual festival held at Stepney, and called the *Cockneys' Feast*, for the benefit of which he had often preached. The object seems to have been the collection of small sums of money in aid of the poor children of the district, chiefly, as it happened, those of mariners; and thereby to obtain a fund to enable the deserving ones to procure good situations in service. Lysons, in his "Environs of London," mentions a similar institution, and a society for apprenticing poor children to the sea-service, which had in 1754 acquired sufficient reputation for the two most distinguished admirals of the period, Montagu and Sir Charles Wager, to have been its stewards. It is not, I believe, generally known that the Marine Society, established in 1756, which has been of such advantage to the merchant seamen, was the direct result of this small and humble meeting.

Let us not, then, forget the good while censuring the evil, nor deem the *Cockney* altogether unworthy of our notice, or perhaps of our praise, because the term was one originally of contempt; let us rather hope that in this instance the good may have survived the more evil parts of our nature, and that, as even within the memory of our fathers, so now, London may boast its Society of Loyal Cockney Volunteers, ready to do battle for their country: cause, whenever that country shall call on them for their aid; and let not those who rejoice, not without reason, that the venerable bells of Bow did lull to sweet slumbers their infant cries, condemn the efforts of one, who, away in his youth from their tuneful harmony, has tried in these few humble lines to trace the story of one of their ancient names; let them rather give him hopes that he may labour, not unacceptably, if in some future paper he attempt to point out some of the peculiarities of their local dialect, and to show how it has oft preserved (it may be unheeded by themselves) some drops from that "well of English undefiled," which a genuine Englishman ought ever to love and cherish; remains time-honoured as those of his country's early architecture, and as the first rude, unpolished essays of its bards and minne-singers. Z.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

BY F. B.

A FETTERED spirit dreading to be free!
Sight passing strange! a soul that hugs its chains,
And hates to quit earth's tremblings, and its pains,
And loves the cloud that wraps in mystery
All that is worth the knowing—Can it be,
Since through death only life supremely reigns,
That man, who here unceasingly complains,
Dreads to cast off his dull mortality?
Death openeth life! and yet he fears to die.
What! would the prisoner see from afar
The dim light glimmering through his prison bar,
Not turn upon it a much longing eye?
And with the gates wide open would he say,
I love this gloom, and will not come away!

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The Old Soldier.

DRAWN BY T. F. MARSHALL. ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DALZIEL.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

It was on a lovely autumn morning that wandering through a quiet country lane, on turning abruptly round a corner, I came upon a cottage group which at once arrested my attention. At a rustic garden gate, an old man was seated on some stumps of trees, relating, as I imagined, some story of thrilling interest to a fair young girl who leaned on the gate and listened to his tale. He must have struck some key-note in the maiden's heart, from the earnest heed she gave him. Perhaps he told of distant scenes of suffering and sorrow where she, too, had some one dear to her, perhaps he had been a wanderer, and had returned after years of absence to the home of his childhood, and was describing to her how he had found that the friends of his youth slept under the sod in the village churchyard! I could not tell, but I saw at a glance that she was deeply interested. The old man's head was remarkably true and full of character, the plough-share of time had cut deep furrows in his brow, and strong were the traces of sorrow on his sun-burnt cheeks, while waving on his shoulders fell the few silvered locks that age had left him. I stood for some time an unobserved spectator of the scene, till as I perceived that the matron of the rustic household was bringing him some proof of her simple hospitality, I withdrew and waited a better opportunity of making the old man's acquaintance.— *Excerpt from an Artist's Note-Book*

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. V.¹

EDITH KINNAIRD.—PART III. CHAP. IV.

Edith's dejection rather increased than diminished, notwithstanding the light which had begun faintly to dawn upon her, and which continued, though slowly and interruptedly, to deepen. For this light, the more intensely it shone, showed her more and more of herself; and the contemplation was not cheering. With all the energy of her character, as soon as she admitted a new ideal, she turned in contempt and disgust from her former life, scorning its aimlessness, hating its self-worship. But how to do better?—that was the difficulty. At the thought of all that she had lost, a gush of tenderness, an agony of self-reproach overcame her, causing utter prostration both of soul and body. For, as the truth became visible to her, and the false supports on which she had hitherto leaned glided from beneath her, the heart returned to its natural habit of love and trustfulness, weak and yet crumpled away and was forgotten, and the only manner of atoning for the sin of past disbelief seemed to be a renewal of confidence in more than its original fulness. But her own act had separated them for ever; and this she had to bear. This was her bitter punishment—that where she would gladly have knelt in the dust to sue for pardon, she must not even testify repentance. With the strong reaction of a naturally noble heart, awakened to a consciousness of error, she looked upon herself only as guilty, upon Everard only as wronged. "Self-dependence had quite abandoned her; she longed for some one to comfort her; she felt completely desolate. She could not open her griefs to Amy, for, sure as she was of finding sympathy, she could not even seek it where she knew that it would not be accompanied by an implied condemnation of herself, a full exculpation of Everard. According to Amy's views, she had done no wrong, and her pride would be summoned to resent a groundless jealousy and an unjustifiable desertion. But all this she felt to be false and hollow—felt it with a strength of conviction which argument could never have imparted—and she shrank almost with terror from the possibility of being again deceived by it. In this extremity the idea of Aunt Peggy constantly recurred to her, till her thoughts grew to fasten upon it with that feverish earnestness so characteristic of an uncured sorrow, which is per-

petually presenting to itself some trifling change, some minute and apparently insignificant circumstance, as *the one thing* which must needs happen ere it can hope to recover peace. Perhaps, when the supposed good is actually attained, it only increases the desolation, for one hope more fails to the sufferer, and so he seems to be one step nearer to despair. Edith anticipated no such failure; Aunt Peggy seemed to her, for the time, the absolute embodiment of all comfort and sympathy; with Aunt Peggy, too, she should have leisure to be good, and help in learning to live by a new principle; and, with the invincible repugnance which a young energetic nature ever feels to submit to the afflictions which have crushed it, and, so to speak, to be reconciled to its own misery, she repeated to herself a thousand times, that, "if only she could grow to be self-denying and religious, she *knew* she should be happy." It *only*! a proviso of enormous significance. But of this she thought not. The same enthusiasm, which, three years before, had caused her to fix her eyes on the future day of reunion, overlooking the long intervening separation, came to her aid now, when that day of reunion had indeed come, and passed, and left her desolate: but it came to her in a saddened and purified form, full of self-distrust and self-reproach, and, therefore, less likely to encounter disappointment. It feared more, and so it had reason to hope more. Alas! that the needful discipline which brought this fear should have so dimmed the brightness of her soul! There is unspeakable pathos in the first great grief. When the sky is already streaked with clouds, a gathering and deepening of those clouds may be felt to enhance, while it alters the beauty; but if it be stainless blue, the tiniest speck seems a defacement. There is an instinctive love of purity in man, whether it present itself to him in the shape of childhood's innocence or of childhood's happiness; in either case, he so shrinks from the thought of its first deterioration, as, in some moods, to deem death preferable to it. Oh! why does love so lean upon the visible? When will it realize, as a feeling, that which it receives as a creed, and *be content* to give up its treasures rather than to witness their gradual pollution, even though that pollution end in such restoration and development as is possible to human nature? Who is there that loves, and would believe for a moment that such a giving up implies a separation? Well, indeed, may human love be called a mystery, though scarcely in the sense in which it is ordinarily so called. Its devotion and self-abnegation are easy enough to comprehend; they are its very nature and essence, and without them it would not be love at all. But its selfishness, and earthliness, and faithlessness—these are the inconceivable mysteries, these are the marvels and the difficulties. Yet, perhaps, we feel their strangeness only in proportion as we are susceptible of their force; and, perhaps, they too are necessary parts of love, even in its final purification. That yearning for the visible presence of the object beloved, which in one aspect may in some sort deserve the reproachful epithets just applied to it, yet which those who most strongly condemn it, do also most keenly feel, is, in another aspect, the very source and element of all spiritual elevation. "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is."

Edith wrote to Aunt Peggy. She did not tell Amy that she had written, for she anticipated an affectionate opposition to her wishes, very hard to

(1) Continued from p. 102.

withstand, and she waited to receive an answer before encountering it. This was her letter:—

"My dear Aunt Peggy,

"I have been very wrong, and am now very unhappy, and I want comfort; may I come to you? You see what I think of you by my asking this so boldly; but I know how you love me, and I love you, and long to be with you. I want to spend the winter with you quietly. I want that you should not make the slightest change in your way of living, but that I should come to your home just as it is, and be with you. I will tell you everything; I am not afraid of telling you my faults. I am very unhappy here, though I am with one of the kindest of friends; and I feel that I am ungrateful, but I cannot help it. I want freedom, and peace, and quiet, and to learn how to live usefully: in short, I want to be with you. You know when we parted you told me to write to you at any moment, and that you would always be ready to receive me; yet, now that I am taking you at your word, I am afraid lest it should be presuming or selfish to do so. Do not scruple to refuse me, if it is in any way inconvenient to you. Pray answer this note as soon as you can, and do not make any comments on what I have told you, till I have time to tell you all. Do not condemn any one but me; me you must needs condemn, yet I know how gently it will be. Good-bye, dear Aunt Peggy. Believe me always your most affectionate

"EDITH KINNAIRD.

"Forgive me if I have asked what I ought not to ask, and do not scruple to say, No."

When this letter was fairly despatched, she felt a momentary relief, succeeded, however, by a state of great impatience. So anxious was she for the arrival of the answer, that she could scarcely control herself so as to conceal from Mrs. Dalton that she had some more than ordinary cause of mental disturbance. It was the day on which Mr. Thornton was expected, (he had deferred his visit a little, and written, out of consideration for his host, to specify times and seasons rather more definitely than was his wont,) and Edith felt almost incapable of encountering him. To philosophize or to flirt with him, as she used to do, was, of course, out of the question; and she dreaded his observing the change in her, and attempting to discover the reason of it. Besides, his idea was interwoven with so many miserable recollections, that she could not think of meeting him once more without the acutest pain. What would she not have given to be already in her quiet retreat with Aunt Peggy!

After wandering restlessly about during the greater part of the morning, alternating between total indifference and morbid sensibility to all outward circumstances, she took down a book which she had offered to lend Alice Brown, and set off for a solitary walk to Beechwood. Mrs. Dalton promised to follow her in about an hour, and renew her acquaintance with Edith's humble friend, which she had for some time intended to do. When Edith arrived, she found Mrs. Brown alone, Alice being absent with one of her pupils. She almost forgot her own griefs for the time, in sympathy for the quiet anxiety and unobtrusive sorrow of the mother, who was evidently most uneasy about her daughter's health. She moved to the window, and, busying herself in the arrangement of Alice's flowers, was revolving in her mind the possibility of conveying to Mrs. Brown, in such a manner as not to wound her delicacy, a present which might enable her to enjoy an interval of relaxation

and change of scene, when she perceived the gentle object of all this care coming up the street, accompanied by two gentlemen. One of them, to her surprise, was Mr. Thornton, the other a total stranger. In another moment Alice entered the room, introducing her companions somewhat bashfully,—

"Mr. Verner, mamma, and Mr. Thornton. O, my dear Miss Kinnaird!"—perceiving Edith, and responding warmly to her greeting—"how glad I am to see you!"

"I little thought to see so old a friend to-day," said Mr. Verner, as he shook hands with Mrs. Brown; "I found you out quite by accident. I have not been in England above a week, and am on my road to Devonshire."

"Yes," cried Mr. Thornton, "it was a most curious coincidence. Verner and I were on the same coach; I recognised him directly, though he had quite forgotten me, for it is more than ten years since we met. I happened casually to mention your name, and it turned out that you were the very person he was most anxious to see. So we sallied forth to find you out, if possible, and had the good luck to meet Miss Brown before we had been five minutes walking."

"Mr. Thornton is so very kind, mamma," interposed Alice, "as to bring me an order to execute some botanical drawings for a work that is just coming out. The order is given on his recommendation. I am sure I don't know how to thank him."

"Pray say no more about it," returned Thornton; "you have already thanked me a great deal more than enough."

During the civilities which followed this speech, and the rapid interchange of question and answer among friends who had been so long separated, Edith had leisure to survey the new comers, the mention of whose name in a conversation at Selcombe Park she perfectly remembered. He was of middle age, of slight and insignificant figure, but gentlemanly in deportment, and refined in manner. His face was very striking, both as to feature and countenance; the character spiritual rather than intellectual, but this arose from the predominance of the former expression, and not from any deficiency in the latter. The brow was wide and fully developed, the eyes deep-set, finely cut, calm and contemplative, in colour a purplish gray; the nose small, but strictly aquiline in form, with that slight expansiveness of nostril which indicates natural energy, the lips delicately shaped, and firmly closed; when at rest, a little sarcastic, but, speaking or smiling, full of benignity. Edith felt certain, from a single look, that he was not the Verner who had ruined himself by extravagance, and afterwards married for money. His voice and manner were full of repose,—of that truest repose which seems rather an achievement than a gift; which implies both discipline and enthusiasm, if not passion; which is a perfected self-command, and not an easy self-indulgence.

From the conversation, it appeared that he had known Mrs. Brown intimately in former days, but, during a long absence from England, had quite lost sight of her. He was now returned, in consequence of ill-health, and, having been appointed to a small living in Devonshire, was going to take possession of his new home; he casually mentioned its name, and Edith felt a strange sensation of pleasure when she found that it was close to Aunt Peggy's present abode, which, indeed, was within the parish. She felt very desirous to know more of him, and then wondered at herself for the childishness of the feeling;—a wish,

however trifling, seemed a strange thing to her in her present state of sorrowful apathy.

"I shall have the pleasure of walking back to Beechwood Park with you, shall I not?" inquired Mr. Thornton, addressing Edith.

"I am expecting Mrs. Dalton to call for me," was her answer.

Mr. Verner turned suddenly towards her, as if about to speak, but checked himself. Edith summoned courage to address him. "You were speaking of Enmore," said she; "do you know a family named Forde resident there?"

"I knew them well many years ago," he replied; "the eldest daughter was my great friend, and I look forward to renewing my acquaintance with her with no little pleasure."

"What, Aunt Peggy?" cried Edith;—"Miss Margaret Forde?"

"The same," returned he. "Pray call her Aunt Peggy, the name seems to suit her exactly. If I may use a hackneyed phrase, hers was the most refreshing character I have ever encountered. You might call her a grown-up child."

"A grown-up child!" cried Mr. Thornton; "I don't know that that is a very charming description of a middle-aged maiden lady. I suppose, Verner, you agree with Novalis, who says that a maiden is 'an everlasting child,'—a poetical method of describing an old maid."

"Very," said Verner, laughing. "But you, and I, and Novalis, are thinking of quite different things; not but what Novalis and I are more nearly agreed with each other than either of us is with you."

"How do you know that?" inquired Thornton. "I don't like this vague, unphilosophical method of skimming over the surfaces of things. Come, now, I will bring you to the point. What on earth do you mean by a grown-up child? a spiritual dwarf—eh?"

"No; the reverse. But I confess I was talking rather at random. It was childhood of character, not childishness of intellect, that I meant."

"And pray," said Thornton, "how would a childish, or, if you prefer it, a childlike character know how to manage a full-grown intellect? Would it not be rather like the old fable of Phaeton over again?"

"I grant you," replied Mr. Verner. "But you know, happily, all people are not called on to manage themselves, and there is no obedience so perfect as that of a child."

Mr. Verner's manner so evidently betrayed an unwillingness to argue, that his antagonist was too well-bred to pursue the subject. He turned, therefore, to Edith, and said, with a smile, "How do you like this doctrine of the necessity of obedience? It is a very masculine mode of passing sentence upon a woman's character, is it not?"

"Oh!" cried Edith, from her heart, "perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had full confidence in the authority we were obeying."

Mr. Thornton looked at her with some surprise, and Mr. Verner with sudden interest. He was turning over a large portfolio of prints which lay on the table, and he now drew forth one, and held it up before their eyes. It was a lithograph, by some German artist, very simple and quiet in its composition. It represented a little child in the dress of a pilgrim, walking slowly along a narrow path, bounded on either side by a terrific precipice, the edges of which were hidden from him by a luxuriant thicket of fruits and flowers. Behind the child stood an angel, with tall, white wings, fading upwards into

the evening sky. The palms of the angel were placed lightly upon the shoulders of the little pilgrim, as if to retain him in the centre of the path; and the child, having closed his eyes, that he might not be able to see the tempting snares on either hand, was walking calmly onward, content not to know where he planted each step, so long as he felt the grasp of that gentle guidance upon him. "Beautiful!" exclaimed Thornton, examining it with the eye of an artist. Edith said nothing, but a different feeling was kindling in her face, and Mr. Verner, who had at first held up the picture in silence, said to her, with a half-smile, as he replaced it in the portfolio, "As long as we have such guidance at hand, we need obedience rather more than clear-sightedness. Don't you think so?"

Edith made no answer, but her face spoke for her. The feeling within her was so new, that she was bashful in expressing it; when afterwards it had grown into a habit, she was not likely to be more voluble, but the one silence arose from timidity, the other from reserve. There seem to be two different modes of acquiring, so to speak, new feelings; according to the one, you catch them as it were, seeing them first on the outside, being struck by them, busy with them, eloquent about them; the very earliest beginning is accompanied by consciousness, the gradual growth is a subject of observation. According to the other mode, the germ which has dropped into your heart develops quietly and silently; it is delicate, invisible, unsuspected; perhaps the first intimation which you receive of its existence is when in much wonder you hear the lips of another describe it with an unreal facility of expression, which instantly suggests to you, that you have got the original, and he only the counterfeit. You stand by like Cinderella when her sisters were trying on the glass slipper, and you feel almost tempted to cry out, "Yes it is very pretty, but it does not fit *you*, it fits *me*." The feeling confronts you at once in the shape of a habit, and as its acquisition was unconscious, so its life is a mystery. In this manner do all real changes of heart take place; mute and unobtrusive are they, as the workings of life in the earth-hidden root, known only by their result, when the mighty tree is fully grown. While the noisy and conscious self-analyzers are like children, who, having sown seeds in their gardens, are for ever pulling them up to see whether they are growing, and so effectually destroying the little life they may have originally possessed.

At this moment Mrs. Dalton was announced, and Edith stepped forward to introduce her to Mrs. Brown, out of compassion for Alice's shyness, which was too genuine to be mistaken. Mr. Verner, apparently as shy as herself, drew suddenly back as the new-comer entered, and occupied himself with a book in the farthest corner of the room. Thornton advanced to greet his cousin with his usual warmth, and to explain the cause of his not having come to her at once.

"I met a very old friend," said he, "and I thought I would indulge myself with an additional half-hour of his company, an excuse which I know would account to you for more than a mere breach of etiquette. By the bye, I think he is a former acquaintance of yours also.—Verner, I believe it is not necessary to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Netherby, now Mrs. Dalton."

Salutations were exchanged, with a coldness and brevity which did not speak much for the former intimacy of the parties.

"I am so very glad to make your acquaintance," cried Amy, turning eagerly to Mrs. Brown. "I have long wished it, and I intend to see a great deal of your daughter. She must come to Beechwood for change of air. I am sure she is not well. Godfrey, you will echo the praises of Beechwood, won't you? It is, I do believe, the healthiest spot in England. You must add your persuasions to mine, and then we shall be sure to carry our point. I mean to assemble a most sociable party around me—all congenial spirits; and since you are here for a holiday, and have no tiresome pictures to take up your time, you shall be entertainer-general. You shall give Miss Brown lessons in painting, and—"

She stopped suddenly, for the glow on Alice's face reminded her that she had touched a very painful subject. With an extraordinary deficiency in her wonted tact and readiness, she seemed wholly unable to cover her mistake, but remained perfectly silent, quickly passing her hand over her face with a half-laugh, as if at her own stupidity.

"I will do my best," said Mr. Thornton, "but I think you are far better qualified to entertain your guests than I am."

"Amy, you are ill!" cried Edith, starting forward. "You have walked too far; you are not used to these long rambles."

"Ill, my dear child!" exclaimed Amy, sharply. "Now pray, don't be fanciful about me, it is really absurd. I am a perfect Hercules. But I must cut your visit short, Edith, for I have an appointment at home.—No, no (motioning Mr. Thornton aside), I won't carry you away yet: we shall expect you to dinner. Good morning—good-bye—I shall call again soon; and I shall be delighted to see you at Beechwood."

Making her adieux with great rapidity, and taking Edith's arm, she moved away. Mr. Verner held the door open for them, and as they passed, Amy shook hands with him, but she was so busy in examining a small rent in her dress, that she did not once look towards him, and Edith could scarcely tell whether this parting courtesy was consciously offered or not.

FACTS IN THE EAST ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.—No. IV.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

IN the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis, and at the third verse, we have the introduction of one of the most touching, interesting, and instructive personal histories in the Old Testament—the history of Joseph, the son of Jacob, the slave of the Midianite merchantmen, and the governor of the land of Egypt. We are here told that "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colours." The Prince of Cutch, Rao Daisuljee, at the time I was fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship, was unblest with an heir to the *musnud* (throne),—a circumstance which not only excited every species of intrigue among the chieftains in Kattiawar and the Borders of the Runn, but even caused some anxious consideration for the succession on the part of the British Resident at his court.

As his *fourth* wife (for the Rajputs have a strange mixture of Hindoo and Mohammedan customs), Rao Daisul wedded Surya Bhye, a lovely girl, whose hand was the price of the cessation of hostilities towards her father, a chief of Kattiawar, renowned for

bravery and decision; and in due time the palace halls of Cutch rang with shouts of joy, the Resident was bidden to a feast, and a display of fireworks, with loud minstrelsy, announced to the people the birth of an heir! The amiable father, in the warmth of his joy, sent me presents of kinkabubs and muslins, and a letter written in his own hand, begging his "sister" to rejoice with him at what would spread peace throughout his kingdom. A palankeen was also sent, with a guard of horsemen; and a request that I would proceed to the palace to see the little prince. The courts of the harem were of course crowded with all the women of the city, and it required the assistance of the chief eunuch himself, a huge African, fully armed, to make way for my entrance to the apartments of the queens.

The prince so loved his boy that he could scarcely endure his momentary absence, and the infant and nurses were even then in the palace; but notice having reached it of my arrival, the little creature was sent back in the arms of a black nurse, a native of Zanzibar, with a guard of matchlock-men and eunuchs, and placed in my arms. He was a handsome little fellow, his eyes even then darkened with surmai, and a little golden ring about his ankle; but what attracted my attention in a moment was his being attired in "a coat of many colours." The vesture was of satin, sewn as patchwork, with gold thread, at the corners of each morsel was a seed pearl, and an edging of the same at the neck and cuffs; the little garment was lined with scarlet satin, and a cap with a large tassel of pearls corresponded with it. I inquired why the child had not been dressed in kinkaub, as most common in families of rank, and Surya Bhye looked surprised at my ignorance; "he wears this *Bhuot Rung Wallah* (literally "many-coloured") because he is a rajah, and his father is so *koosh* (pleased) at his birth."

But the little son of Rao Daisul did *not* wear a coat of many colours because he was a *rajah*, but because his father *loved him*; for my attention being drawn to the subject, I often observed among the poor people about me, that while one child remained unclothed, and another was clad in a vest of white calico, the favourite child, the youngest pet, was always arrayed in "a little coat of many colours," not formed indeed of satin, gold, and pearl, like that of the heir to the throne of Cutch, yet proving equally the love and labour which converted scraps of coarse cotton into the dress most expressive of affection in the heart of the fond mother, who so, like Israel, because she *loved* her son, "made him a coat of many colours."

In the forty-first chapter, and the second verse, we read of Pharaoh's dream. "And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine." In the heat of the day in the East, where at certain seasons hot winds blow, raising the loose sands, and carrying them careering over the plains, and insects of all kinds abound and annoy the cattle, instinct induces them to seek protection from such inflictions in the cool waters of a tank or river. Buffaloes, more particularly, gallop in droves to the rivers, and plunging in, so accommodate themselves to its depth, and seek its deep places, that little can be seen of them beyond their long black heads, and back lying horns; and in this lazy indulgence, the creatures will crouch for hours, until the heat abates, and they come up out of the river to seek for pasture, as did the fat-fleshed kine in Pharaoh's dream, when "they fed in a meadow."

The traveller in the East cannot but remark, with a feeling of pleasure, the general absence of fear

between man and the animals that his Creator destined for his service. The Arab horse gallops forward to meet his master at his call, its colt lies beside his children in their tent. The camel kneels by his owner's side untethered, and he informs the creature confidentially of the objects of his journey before he thinks it reasonable to expect that he will start. The mahout of the elephant tells him long tales, supposed to be very gratifying to his nature; and when a traveller sits under a tree, to make his frugal meal of grain or unleavened bread, every bird, that happens to have noted him, hops and walks around to see what is to be gained, with an absence of fear which very agreeably proves the general benevolence of the people to the lower order of creation.

Thus have I seen the buffaloes of an Indian village in the pleasant waters of its river quite undisturbed by the groups upon its brink. Brahmins arc, perhaps, performing their ceremonies of prayer and ablution; a group of women filling their water vessels; merry urchins swimming from bank to bank, now vaulting with shouts of laughter on the blue back, rising above the water, and then sliding down over the animal's snout, using the horns as supporters; the animals are, however, in no way disturbed by all this active life; they seem to understand that all are friends about them, that none there will slay them with cruel force or goad them to fury; and the *ghurree* (wagon) driver, seeking to cross the ferry, patiently makes his way among them, happy in shortened toil, if his advance can induce even one lazy, self-indulgent buffalo, to "come up" out of the river, and leave room for him to pass.

In the forty-third chapter, and the first verse, we read, "And the famine was sore in the land." It is scarcely possible to imagine any fact more touchingly sad, than that so beautifully and so simply stated. I happened to be in the province of Kattiawar, in Western India, when famine consumed it with all the countries adjoining. The richer people sought the coasts, and embarked, some for Bombay, some for the ports of the northern and southern Concan, where rice-crops are generally abundant, or is brought down by Bimjarra merchants to exchange for salt and cottons. Some of the artisans, with a little corn in a sack, mounted their families on half-starved ponies, and sought with tedious marches a land where there was bread. And it was a touching sight to witness the departure of these little groups from the poor huts in which their children had been reared, and in which their aged parents had wished to die, going forth they knew not where, with gaunt Famine ever on their track.

The thin-cheeked mother, her infant in her arms, and her two elder children clinging to her waist, a burthen almost too great for the hollow-eyed, staggering creature that bore it;—the aged man, leaning heavily on his staff, and slowly dragging onwards his nearly exhausted frame;—the husband, bearing on his back his poor old mother, whose grey hair falls over his breast as her head rests upon his shoulder. Such groups were, alas! too common, and the dread of leaving home, which exists so powerfully in the mind of an Asiatic, must be known in its full force before an idea can be formed of the agony endured by those so constrained to seek another land. But for these wanderers there is hope,—it may be life; they may not perish by the way, streams may refresh them, the berries of the forest may aid to support them, a more fruitful land may be gained, the cheek of the wife may recover its fair proportion, and

the aged parents even live to return to the poor hut of the native village they loved so well.

But others, poorer yet, others far more helpless remain, who must inevitably perish in their affliction, for the famine is "sore in the land." I was residing at this sad time in the house of the political agent, a gentleman beloved throughout the province for his true and tender-hearted benevolence; and scarcely a day passed in which some young mother did not bring her infant child to beseech him to buy it from her for a few pence, the price of a handful of grain! The bank of the river was strewn with the carcasses of the poor animals, who had not, in their failing strength, power to stagger to its brink, to seek in its few pools wherewith to assuage their burning thirst. Carrion birds hovered over them, and they alone seemed to rejoice, as incarnate fiends, that "the famine was so sore in the land." A poor shepherd, with his wife and son, and a drove of thirty head of cattle, attempted to cross the arid plain, and make their way to Cutch, where are many springs of water and herbage of wild thyme, but they made but a two days' march, that poor shepherd with his wife and child! The letter-carrier brought the tale. He had seen them lying dead in the bed of a dry water-course, and the cattle dead and dying all around them.

The grain merchants had stored grain abundantly, the granaries were filled; but what was that to the poor and starving? It was but the second year of drought, and the Baniyan traders expected a third, perhaps a fourth. They did not, in manner like unto the governor of Egypt, store the corn, "that the land perish not through the famine," but to enrich themselves from the necessities of the poor, and none would sell the grain they had so stored. The wealthy feared for themselves prospectively, and the famishing had no strength to appeal, so they laid them down, and died in the shadow of the walls which enclosed the harvests of those "years of great plenty" which God had given as a provision against the season of scarcity. And it is a well-known fact in the East, that seasons of unusual abundance *do* anticipate those of scarcity, so that, as it is of rain and other effects of nature, the average of a certain number of years uniformly produces an equal result. Many of the poor people, the cultivators of Kattiawar, instead of selling all their grain, except the few measures required for re-sowing (according to the usual practice), had buried some in pits. This was found in a half-decomposed, fermented, rotten state, yet the poor creatures ate it with avidity. The result was the appearance of cholera in its most fear-inspiring forms, and in the belief of the miserable Hindoos the black goddess Kali reigned alone upon the earth, and although there were no cattle left to offer sacrifice on her altars, the mass of the people were victims to the scourge, especially believed to be from the breath of her nostrils, and there was scarcely one person left to make lamentation; for this pestilence that walketh by noon-day is in the East (from causes readily imagined) a very common successor to famine, when it has been so "sore in the land."

In the forty-fifth chapter, and at the nineteenth verse, we read: "Now thou art commanded, this do ye; take you waggons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come." The very poor people in the East travel on foot; those a little more blessed with means of life, drive with them a pony, who carries the wife, the aged mother, or the young children with the scrip,

containing a little grain, and the favourite hubble bubble; men of the better class, merchants and traders, transport their families from place to place in waggons,—“hackeries,” as they are called in India.

About a twelvemonth since I was using the house of a Parsee merchant at Gora-Bundah, a village on the river Ferry, which forms the chief road of communication between Bombay and the large and once important city of Surat; the ferry boats plied twice every day, and to meet them travellers from the Presidency arrived in immense numbers, generally in waggons. These waggons, or hackeries, are small, low, and two-wheeled, without springs, but remarkably strong, as they require to be, to bear the wear of the stony, unmade roads of the East, where the friction of their wheels, cutting ruts on the sheet rock of mountain-passes, is often the only form of highway. Bamboo poles are fastened to the corners of these waggons, and mats of date-leaves, or canopies of coarse cloth, protect the travellers from the sun, while they are drawn by bullocks, in the Concan in pairs, but in the hill country in teams of four, or sometimes six; for the animals are small, and their burdens heavy. While at the house of this Parsee, the window of which equally commanded the ferry, and the *dhurmsaulah*, or room of reception for travellers, it was my frequent amusement to observe the varieties and numbers who composed a family dismounting from their waggons. I remember noting a file of seven of these vehicles arrive, all containing the family of one Banian; his wives, his son's wives, and their “little ones.” These waggons had first a layer of straw in them, and then the quilted bedding, commonly used, on this sat the women and children, closely huddled together, and by their sides walked the fathers and husbands armed with matchlocks. Beneath the waggons were swung vessels of water, and the driver sat on the pole, urging the bullocks with loud cries, and bamboos of no common size. The poor people had a long journey before them, but the women were decked in silk and jewels, and fresh flowers were braided in their hair; and as they scrambled from the hackeries, notwithstanding their crowded state, none seemed fatigued, for the system of transit is common to the people, and those friends they were about to join in Surat had probably called them in terms not very unlike those used by the governor of Egypt to his brethren, “Now thou art commanded, this do ye; take your waggons out of the land of Egypt, for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father and come.”

In the forty-sixth chapter, twenty-ninth verse, we see, that “Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father at Goshen.” The reverence for parents among the people of the East is one of the most beautiful points in their character. The son always supports his father in his age, if he be poor, and to whatever rank the son may obtain, he humbles himself in the presence of his father. In Cutch is a man of enormous wealth, and yet greater influence, the chief priest of the Khanphuttees,—a monastic establishment, in its objects somewhat resembling that of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. The prince of the land cannot sit in the presence of this priest, nor with propriety avoid paying him a yearly visit of ceremony in his monastery; where the priest receives him as his vassal. I visited this monastery, and the priest in his orange-tawny robes, decorated with jewels of great price, sat negligently on his musnud to receive us, scarcely

deigning to return our salutation; but among the crowd came in an aged man, in white robes, leaning on a staff,—the priest rose, passed the crowd, and bent his head to the earth before him:—it was the father of the proud priest who thus received his homage; and the action was a tribute recognised throughout the East, and due from father to son without reference to position. Joseph, we read, “made ready his chariot” to meet his father. This also is still a matter of etiquette in the East. Whenever a man desires to honour another, he goes forth to meet him. And it has frequently been my fate, when riding hurriedly forward to the gates of a city to escape the heat of the rising sun, to be assailed with shouts from the guard-rooms on either side, and told by my own horsemen that I must wait, for the governor was even then mounting to come forth to meet me. I recollect Rao Daisul in Cutch, going forth in a magnificent *Rut* (waggon of state), covered with crimson cloth, and preceded by horsemen and elephants, to meet his father Rao Bharmuljee, on the return of the latter from a hunting excursion, and when they met, the princes embraced in the Rajpoot fashion, and returned occupying the same carriage; so that Joseph perhaps fulfilled a point of etiquette, as well as followed the impulses of his reverence and affection, when he “made ready his chariot, and went up to meet his father at Goshen.”

In the fiftieth chapter, and the tenth verse, after reading of the rites of mourning observed by Joseph on the death of his father Jacob, we are told, “And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a very great and sore lamentation.”

Our idea of a threshing-floor in England, is that of the upper chamber of a barn, but in the East the case is widely different. I have seen a threshing-floor such as in all probability was that here mentioned, at which Joseph halted with his chariots and horsemen, “a very great company,” and will endeavour to describe it. The village to which it belonged was a Sindhian village, on the extreme edge of the deserts between that country and the mountains of Beloochistan; its neighbourhood was productive, and the revenue it afforded of much consequence, being superior to any other in the Shikarpoor district. As a result of this known fertility, it was constantly liable to attack and plunder from Beloochee hordes, and the trembling villagers erected little watch-towers of mud, in the direction of the desert, to avoid, if possible, being taken by surprise; willing to save their lives, if unable, as was too frequently the case, to protect their ripe crops from these merciless mountain robbers. A little out of the village was the threshing-floor of the principal cultivator,—a clear space in the centre of the plain, raised half a foot perhaps from the general level, and rendered hard by a coating of manure well dried. Sheaves of corn lay on it, and here and there were small pits to hold the loose grain, before it was put in bags. Around this threshing-floor, which would have contained some two hundred persons, were upright bamboos, placed at certain intervals into the ground, with ropes connecting them, thus forming a fence around the threshing-floor. On each division of rope was a huge seal, formed of clay, and stamped in Persian characters, with the name, and title of its owner. The horses belonging to the irregular cavalry who formed our guard were picketed round this threshing-floor; the camels knelt by it; between the cypress bushes of the plain rose the flame and

smoke of a score of little fires, kindled by our Sepoys and camp followers; camel housings of blue and scarlet cloth were thrown for protection over the ropes; matchlocks were supported against the bamboopoles, shields were hung upon them,—and glancing over the scene, I could almost imagine the wail of the mourners rising in the distance, so similar in its great characteristics did I fancy its aspect must be to that which attended the preparation for the coming of Joseph with his chariots and horsemen “to the threshing-floor of Atad,” when the governor and all the elders of Egypt, mourned there, “with a great and very sore lamentation,” the death of Israel in the land of the stranger.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.¹

T. N. II.

June 25th.—MONTAGUE came into my room this morning, and told me that he had planned to show me the place where he used to go to school when he was a boy, if I liked his proposal. It was within a ride; and he had routed out two ponies somewhere in the village. I of course assented, delighted with the idea, as it would give me a day with him all to myself.

“Freeman,” said he to me, as we were jogging quietly along, “what strange things childhood and boyhood are! I think there is something very wonderful about these states of existence.”

“Ye,” I replied. “Do you know what Novalis says?”

“No, I do not remember; what is it?”

“The first gaze of the child is richer in significance than the forecasting of the most indubitable seer. And this seems to me to open very curious secrets of the memory;—for why is it that the recollections of childhood are so vivid, and in the truest sense of the word poetical, but that the child’s gaze is a truer one than that of the man?”

“And that, I suppose, because it is a more loving one.”

“Truly so; the child simply looks upward, and believes wonders, not because he understands them, but because they are wonders. His eyes are pure: no dark, murky clouds hide the sun from his landscape,—he worships the unseen. I remember a story of a little boy, who looked up once into the night sky, with its bright net-work of stars; with

‘The Pleiads, rising thro’ the mellow shade,
Glittering like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid,’

and after gazing for some time, said to his mother, ‘Mamma, are these little gimlet-holes to let the glory through?’ Now that very notion, childish as it is and ought to be, seems to me to convey a deeper and holier truth than all the calculations, *by themselves*, which astronomers have ever made since the beginning of time. The fact is, that that child looked up to creation as a learner and loving disciple. The mere man of science looks down upon it as a self-created master. But the passport to truth is humility and awe.”

“But there is something more in the child than this,” said he. “There is a strange mysterious spirituality about it. It is as though it had come fresh from another land, but had been first made to drink of the fabled waters of Lethe, which had not quite taken effect; and the soul seems ever seeking

after its unseen, half lost. Who would not like to know the thoughts of an infant?”

“Truly. And all this continues, only in a fainter degree, during boyhood.”

“Oh! yes. How odd it is to visit a place, as I am now doing, which we have known as children! If we have left it during boyhood, and not revisited it till we have become confirmed men, what a disappointment do we endure!”

“And yet not unmixed disappointment, is it?”

“No. For the memories of childhood’s pictures of the place are recalled from the faint distance, and we enjoy again some little of youth’s fresh hope. Yet I think you must have felt how very much less your wonder and idea of the beauty of the various picturesque spots in the place have become, as life has carried you forward. Experience, which has widened the sphere of comparison, has, it seems, lessened the sphere of enjoyment. It is not the place, but our hearts, which have changed. The place has not become more barren, but our hearts more hard and practical (to use this much-abused word, as it is commonly understood). We have no souls for the music of nature, God’s mute prophet, because this requires that they should be free, disengaged. And man’s heart has been, nay, it may be, even now is, the seat of contending passions, which, though they may be subordinated, yet occupy thought and demand attention. Childish innocence pleads before God; and to its eyes the chariots and horsemen of fire are made evident. Thus each spot of country has its simple thought; and the whole Child-land is a vast book of symbols, which the child itself does not understand by reason, but knows, perchance, the more surely, by love.”

“Then which is better, think you, wisdom or love?”

“Oh! love, surely. For love is the life of adoration; wisdom, the life of self-dependence. Love is the faith of the heart; wisdom, the perfected habit of the mind. Wisdom has its boundary line; it is finite. Love has no bounds; and ever stands on this planet Earth, the witness for man’s immortality. And wisely, therefore, did the mediæval doctors place seraphim highest of all the angelic orders; above even the cherubim, who come nearest in dignity. For while these latter are ever rapt in holy contemplation, the former live in simple adoration, losing themselves in love. Both abide in the fathomless tranquillity of highest heaven. But seraphim continue in an unconscious existence, because they dwell out of themselves in the exhaustless outpourings of insatiable yet satisfied desire, holy, unperturbed, virginal.”

“Do then these visits to the haunts of our youth do us good?” continued he, musingly.

“Yes, surely. For they have the same effect on the hardened man, which the sight of the innocent child had upon the aged sinner in Moore’s Paradise and the Peri:—

‘There was a time, thou blessed child!
When young, and happily pure as thou,
I look’d and pray’d like thee—but now—
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood’s hour, that instant came
Fresh o’er him, and he wept—he wept!’

They set our former self in the character of a child before us, and voices from the cradle come back to us, like the plaintive notes of a lute in a silent summer eve, melting the thick incrustation which selfishness and a leaden experience have formed

(1) Continued from p. 124.

round our hearts. Thereupon, there results a marvellous resurrection, and the dead affections rise from their long-tenanted graves for a while, bound, though they be, hand and foot in their grave-clothes, and gaze on the golden pillow of the blushing sun in its setting, till the dews fall thick and fast on the wilderness, and, perchance, a garden of sweet scents and blooming flowers may arise in the very chills of late autumn."

"Well, Freeman, what you say is true, I suppose. I have wept," and here Montague's face suddenly flushed, and his eyes filled with tears,—“yes, I have wept over the memories of my boyish times. We, men, are none of us now what we were then. We get to be calculating, and careful, and anxious, and, what is worst of all, we have, as far as this world goes, for the most part lost a future. The past has daubed over my future with one unvarious coating of black."

"Do not think so," I replied: "for there is nothing of which it may be more truly said, that thinking makes it so, than this feeling about our future. Our recollections of childhood incline us of themselves to such morbid fancies. For the young years dawn so brightly and cloudlessly on the memory, that the dull phantoms of after days show themselves the more dark by contrast. They pass on, shivering in the cold of responsibility, and, pointing to each dark successive link in that iron chain, which binds us indissolubly to the chariot of the past, seem to laugh at our impotence; and the captive crouches terror-stricken at the vision of his self-inflicted captivity."

The weary pilgrim slowly wends his way,
Towards the sad death-place of the fainting day,
Where clouds and mist arise.
Nor looks he once, where, forth from thickest night,
The day-star rises, and the dawning light
Gives hope of summer skies.
Look, wanderer, backward to that distant East.
Thy fears are gone—thy heart released—
Attuned thy destinies.
"Tis thence thou shalt have rest.
Look upwards, and be blest."

"Oh! yes, if we dared do this! But it is hard to believe that the freshness and innocence of childhood can come back. And, surely, if it can, the memory of the dark night which separates the two mornings can never be obliterated. And if one had little, Freeman, of the joys of the child, compared with the most; if trouble and disappointment have made us very early into precocious men, that were an iron discipline. Such an one could never be—never—"

But here his voice trembled with the tempest of suppressed emotion, and for a moment the struggle was almost terrible, even in its outward expression. But high resolution conquered, and he passed with a deep, prolonged, almost sobbing sigh, into his usual outward impassiveness; and then immediately, half angry with himself for his short-lived weakness, (as he fancied it to be,) he said, in a low abrupt way,

"Bah! Idle dreams! unpractical, and so forth. It is astonishing how weak you make me, my dear Freeman, with your visionary speculations. What do you think of the weather?"

"Why be ashamed to hear your own heart speak once for all," said I. But he heeded not, or rather would not heed, but persisted in small talk about the weather, which now, indeed, began to look threatening for rain.

It was raining very hard by the time we reached the village to which we were going, although we

quicken'd our pace pretty considerably, for it was a long ride. Montague relapsed into entire silence, so that I did nothing but look about me as well as I could: for I know well, from my own experience, that nothing is so disagreeable as to be bored with a torrent of talk when you are in the midst of a brown study, as people call it. The village was at the other end of a long common covered with patches of furze. There were gravel-pits scattered here and there of some size, into which, as Montague told me on his return, it was his delight, as a child, to jump. Just at the end there was a clump of large trees and a pond. This also had its boy-history. The pond was the place where the elders of the school used to skate in winter, and drive off any of the village boys who should dare to intrude on their ice. Many a battle of this kind did he tell me about, especially one, where a smock-frocked youngster actually tripped him up while he was skating, and pushing him, sent him, in a sitting posture, sliding from one end of the ice to the other, to the infinite amusement of the village boys, and his own schoolfellows too. But he paid dearly for his joke, for Montague ran after him, and battered him so heartily, that he went home roaring, and rather sore with bruises. Close upon this clump the main road turns off to the right, and ends at a large iron gate, hanging on two stone pillars with balls on the top, where it joins another road which skirts the common, and leads to another village. Here was the school we had come to see. It was now uninhabited. The master was dead, and it had not been let again. We obtained the key, and went in. The front before the house was a lawn. The grass was now overgrown and rank. The flower-beds were choked with weeds, and the paths were green with grass and damp. A large blue periwinkle, which had once nearly covered the entrance, was almost eaten up with snails, many of which were creeping in undisturbed indolence about the walls.

"I remember the time when this was as prim and neat as labour could make it," said Montague, with a sigh. These were the first words he uttered after his prolonged silence. "It has changed, you see, with the rest of us."

We went into the house, which was an old place, full of odd corners, through a porch-entrance.

"This room was where we had meals," said he, as we entered by a door on the right, "and I sat here at the end of the table."—the tables still remained in their old places, "and William Cookesby, he sat next me here. A nice fellow he was—my greatest crony at school—very clever—generous to a fault! Poor fellow! *he's* dead! He caught the typhus-fever when he was walking the hospitals about four years ago, and died in three days. And there's an end of him. Precious little use his knowledge of medicine was to him;" and he gave a sort of coughing laugh to conceal a quivering of the voice.

On we went to the schoolroom. There he showed me the master's desk, still there in its old place, where for every small error in construing, or for looking off the book, if he caught a boy, he would administer sundry heavy inflictions on the hand with his cane. It was a sort of chivalry with the boys not to flinch or to wince under it, but to hold out first one hand, then another, as soon as possible, as if it were rather a joke than otherwise. Some mischievous boy, whose back was turned to the master, and so could do it with safety, would often perform sundry contortions of countenance, attracting thereby the

attention of the rest, who would be sitting with their thumbs to their ears, poring over their books with their eyes, but for the most part with very little else. Then there would be a suppressed titter, and some unlucky fellow, who could not manufacture a sober face in time, would be called up for castigation.

At the right, just before entering the schoolroom, was a door. This opened on to the play-ground, which sloped up to some little gardens at the top. These the boys used to keep and till; and not unfrequently they would in the spring-time pull up some of the large seeds which they had sown, such as lupins, of which they were specially fond, to see if they were growing. At the end of these gardens was an arbour, where the elder boys would secretly read novels when they could get them, and smoke ends of cane till they were sick. In the centre, in a paddock at the back, but still overhanging these little plots of ground, stood a large walnut-tree, famous for various thefts made on its produce. Halfway up was the playroom, where the boys kept boxes, in which all their tops, marbles, and so forth, were stored,—a sort of ambitious barn, assuming the airs of a dwelling-house. At the end of this play ground, on the opposite side to the arbour, was a gate opening into a field.

"Here," said Montague, "it was our great delight to break bounds, merely, of course, because it was forbidden. At dusk the more venturesome among us would run across the field, and go to that cottage you see there at the other end; and when we saw the *dip* light for the night, and the old man and his wife sitting quietly down to read or work, we would tap at the window, and enjoy with infinite delight their manifest terror. Then one of us would groan, and tap again, and then quietly steal away. The old man found us out at last, and complained. I shall not easily forget that day. We had a regular trial, and finely flogged we were, I among the rest."

On returning, he pointed out a wall which ran at the side of the play-ground, opposite the house and at right angles with the little gardens. "It was one of our punishments to have to march up and down this wall, a spectacle to all from the road who might happen to be passing."

We entered the house again by the same way. Opposite the door there was a sort of large cellar, which had been used for another kind of punishment. Almost every boy had been there. And Montague showed me the various initials cut: his was up in a corner, with the date of the year; near his were the letters, C. L.

"He," said Montague, "took a fancy to the sea; and I have not heard of him for years. He was a nice fellow, but so fond of fighting, that he was always quarrelling to get up something of the sort. He was red-haired, and very passionate. I was put in there, because— However, I do not want to sicken you with all the horrors of this place. How much lies at that man's door who was schoolmaster here, I cannot say. This I know, he nearly ruined my temper, and my mind too. It is strange that after all this I should so love to wander over this 'light of other days,' is it not? It is plain that no horrors can quite destroy the dreams of boyhood. No, Freeman, that I can tell you. For then the commonest bank was a lovely thing to me, and I eyed its little wild flowers with wonder and joy, and gathered the wild thyme to scent my school-books, and clambered up every hillock, delighted with every thing, now I wonder at little. I have got shiploads of knowledge

and experience,—how many grains more of wisdom? But! I would give it all back again,—yes willingly I would,—to be able to rejoice with the young heart of my boyhood. But you cannot undo the work of sorrow if you would. Men must be men. Let them make the best of it. I could not take pleasure *now* in running across the field to tap at the cottage window, but I *can* take pleasure in the memory of it at the time. For these things remain to us as rich legacies of our youth, and are to us what they were, not what they would be now.

"Come up these stairs here," said he, leading me to a door at the corner of the schoolroom, "and take care, for they are steep and dark. Here is the room I slept in. William Cookesby slept in a bed next to mine; and many a quiet chat we had about home when the rest were fast asleep. Well, he sleeps in his long home now, poor fellow! He used to tell me stories about his sister, who was such a pretty girl, he declared; and he wished my father would let me go with him, and they would have such fun there with me. Up there in that corner slept a large lout of a fellow, who used to snore dreadfully; whenever he did, first one of us, then another, would throw pillows, shoes, and all kinds of things at him, till he awoke. He was very good-natured, and used to laugh, and go to sleep again directly. It was often, too, a great pleasure to us to get out of bed, when the light was out, and make excursions to this window here, especially when the moon was up. The half-fear was itself pleasant, as all danger is when it is easily overcome; and then the moon shining on that ivy-covered outhouse opposite, at the end of the courtyard below, was quite a treat. Sometimes an old owl would *toohoo, toohit* about, and then the more nervous boys would put their heads under the clothes; for the owl's cry is very solemn and ghostlike to children. Bats were always flying about, and we got accustomed to them. But you must be tired, my dear fellow, with all this gossip, and it is time for us to be off, nearly. We will just take a peep at the village."

It was a beautiful place. We went into a little shop, where there was an old woman who knew Montague well. He used to buy apples and tops there when he was at school. We met an old man, hobbling on crutches, and bent nearly double, who, in answer to Montague's inquiries, said, "he had been plagued with rheumatiz six years come Martinmas." He blessed him with tears in his eyes; for he had, as a boy, often given him some of his pence, and had not forgotten him since. We got into the church, an old country specimen, not remarkable for its beauty. It was choked up with high deal seats; some lined with green baize, rather yellow in many places from wear, and fastened with brass nails; some bare, rotting with damp, and emitting consequently a very fusty smell. The pavement was quite green from damp. Yet even this place had a charm for Montague. After he had knelt in prayer, (as is usual in entering a church,) he asked me in a low whisper, whether I was satisfied; on my nodding assent, we left. After we were safely out, he said, "You observed that seat just in front of the reading-desk, Freeman? Well, there I used to kneel, and join in the service. Once I remember on a hot afternoon I fell asleep, and tumbling off my seat, made a thundering noise in church. I was to have had no end of a castigation, but the old clergyman got me off. He said it was very warm; that he hoped it would be forgiven that once. So I heard no more of it. However, we must be off, and ride sharply too, or we shall be late for dinner."

As we neared the end of our backward journey, we found we had sufficient time, so we slackened our pace, and Montague said to me, "Freeman, you often quote Carlyle in your conversation, and I know you are fond of his writings, and of the German school generally. You quoted one of them just now. Is this safe?"

"Do you then object to any sentence I have ever quoted?"

"No, all of them are beautiful, and harmonize with the inmost feelings of the soul. But this makes them in my opinion so specially dangerous."

"To any one whose principles were not fixed, most dangerous, I grant you. But no living writer scarcely can you obtain such necessary truths for these times, and so strikingly developed, as from the particular writer you have named. And such *eclecticism* is legitimate and of great profit, when we are about to build on a foundation already deeply laid. To trust ourselves to him without such foundation would be daring and dangerous indeed. Yet no one of our day appears to me to have rescued so many important truths from almost universal burial as he. It seems strange indeed, that one who has stood so long and so reverently, to all appearance, on the Vestibule of Truth, has been stayed from entering in, and from worshipping heart and soul in the glorious temple."

"There may be good reason for it. But to leave his particular case, is it not in the majority of such instances, that self-worship lies hidden in various forms at the bottom of inquiry, coiled like a large demon-serpent round the vast world of mental investigation? It is a very lowly portal that admits to that same temple of which you spoke, and the music of her chants pierces not, save to ears bending low to catch them."

"Yes truly, to quote one of these same writers, about whom you are so frightened on my account, 'the true philosophical act is *annihilation of self*; all requisite for being a disciple of Philosophy point hither.' This is true in an infinitely high sense. The hindrances to truth are for the most part *moral*, not intellectual; and this is one of the great truths which are so necessary for the men of this generation. However, this is too wide a subject for to-day. We may have another opportunity in one of our rambles."

On our return, in the evening, after dinner, Miss Montague again played and sang. She selected German songs, and they harmonized well with the sunset which they greeted. For the sun was going down in thin fleecy clouds, which were tinged with a roseate hue, and floated like blushing spirits, circled with bright gold, in the pale greenish yellow of a misty horizon. It was a pensive sky, smiling again after a season of tears. And the tender memories of that fatherland about which she sang, whispered in strange unison with the quiet slumbering of the weary day. The melancholy notes breathed soft and sweet; and they at times seemed to come to me as if from the old house I have just seen, and strangely raised before me the early histories of Life's young dreams; especially somehow or other in connexion with that school. And my soul whispered within me, "Where is the *true fatherland*, whence floats the music of perfect and mysterious harmony?"

I sat in silence, and listened; but far too deeply interested to manufacture civil speeches and empty compliments. I returned thanks by the earnestness of my attention. What a wonder is music, that "concord of sweet sounds?"

June 26th.—A rainy day, dull and windy. The rector said that Helen Jewell was very ill. He feared she

would not live much longer. She was prayed for in church.

(To be continued.)

WALMER CASTLE.

We had exhausted Dover and its neighbourhood. We had roved over all the heights and penetrated into most of the caverns. We had startled the echoes in the now vacant smugglers' cave near St. Margaret's Bay, and we had frightened the birds from their shelter by peeping over the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff, and found even now, after the crumbling away and gradual decrease of two hundred and fifty years,

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low,"

But, though still a dizzy and fearful height, it is somewhat difficult, even after all allowance has been made for the various landlips and the quick wearing away of its very friable materials, to imagine it as described by Shakspeare:—

"The choughs and crows that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers sulphure, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock, her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so low."

Decidedly Shakspeare's description appears exaggerated in this day, and was probably a *little* poetical in his own. Had the utmost flight of his imagination, however, suggested the possibility of a pathway for thousands being cut through the very heart of this mountain, the whole living and breathing world would have scoffed at the romantic absurdity of the idea. Yet so it now is, and when wars and rumours of wars kept the Doverites in hourly fear of invasion,—a time hardly yet so ancient as to have become history,—probably the frequent anticipation of the arrival of Napoleon and his fleet from Boulogne did not cause more excitation in the town than the blasting of the rock a few years ago for that excavation which is now the daily pathway of the busy world. Truly, it was a wonderful achievement of science, though these railways, spreading cancer-wise through the loveliest spots of the island, destroy, at a touch, those legends of romance and song wherein so many beautiful old haunts are enshrined.

To return: we had twice explored the coast to St. Margaret's Bay, and, roving home over the cliffs, had astonished the natives by our prowess, and bewildered coast-guard station men with our questions. We had admired the magnificent old castle—glorious in its associations and magnificent in its position, however fallen from its high estate of former days—we had contemplated it as it rose dark, stern, and frowning against the moonlit sky, as we gradually attained an opposite summit and descended to the glade below. From every position, and at all hours, had we admired the picturesque beauty of this ruin. Moreover, we had been initiated into its practical utility, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, its possible utility in case of invasion. We had pierced into the depths of its recesses—its mines and countermines, its trap-doors, sulphurous caverns, and revolving floors: we had ascended to the summit of

the keep, to the discomfiture of our petticoats, and absolute astonishment of our bonnets. The subterranean wonders of the sister hill, the western height, had likewise been displayed to our wondering gaze.

We had walked, and ridden, and driven in every possible direction. We had had tea and syllabub at St. Radigund's till even tea and syllabub failed to please: we had walked through the rich and clustering corn-fields to Guston,—had shuddered at the picturesque dampness of the church, and recorded the ancient epitaphs of the churchyard, especially the following most comprehensive one:

"My race is run—the prize is won—
Through God the Spirit of his Son."

Sandgate had been visited.—Folkstone explored—the Martello towers wondered at—nothing was left to be done. To abide at home was a desperate resource for a transient sea-side visitor, even if the military band had not been out of sorts, and the German band out of tune. Yet there seemed no alternative.

Suddenly a bright and happy thought inspired one of the party.

"Let us go to Walmer."

The motion was carried by acclamation, and to Walmer we went.

Walmer Castle, as all the world knows, is one of those built by Henry VIII. for the defence of the coast. This castle, and Deal and Sandown Castles, almost touch each other, being hardly a mile apart. Walmer Castle has long been an official abode of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and as such is periodically honoured by the residence of the Duke of Wellington.

The castle is circular, immensely substantial, having four round lunettes of very thick stone arched work, with many large port-holes. In the middle is a great round tower, in which is, or was, an arched cañon, bomb proof. The whole is encompassed by a fosse, with now a fixed bridge instead of the ancient drawbridge: and, whereas, anciently the deep ditch yawned frowningly, barren and black, it is now so clothed with verdant and richly cultivated gardens, that a visitor is quite tempted to explore its steep cavernous sides.

The castle is not large, and is, as we said, circular: the convenience therefore of the apartments for domestic use as to size and shape, we leave to the imagination of our readers to pourtray. Nothing can be worse. Assuredly King Henry VIII., of most domestic memory, never contemplated the possibility of ladies choosing it as a gay retreat and summer lounge.

Some of these rooms are half circular, some are narrow, almost like a passage and winding, some are snubbish and short, others slanting and long. Until of late many of them were lighted only from the roof, but the Duke has broken through sixteen feet of wall to throw out small windows, the approach to which, through the wall, forms almost a minikin apartment.

Yet to this unattractive mansion did our gracious Queen choose to repair a year or two ago, and enjoyed her sojourn there extremely. There is, we believe, one straight room in the castle, and this, of course, was devoted to her Majesty: the royal suite were less happily located; the best apartment that could be offered them after the necessary appropriations to her Majesty, the Prince, and the royal children, was one of no particular shape, and of most particularly uncomfortable dimensions and

belongings, having one small window cut in the thick wall, and looking on to another wall, painted white, at the distance of a yard and a half. In this interesting chamber did the lords and ladies in waiting attend her Majesty's pleasure during the live-long day.

The whole castle did not afford facilities for the accommodation of half the attendants of the Queen. They hardly numbered above ninety, the royal progress being without state, and several houses in the village of Walmer were occupied by them.

We were shown so many bedrooms, that we began to wonder whether the castle contained a parlour. One comparatively large and lengthy apartment, however, is divided into dining and drawing-rooms, and by means of screens neatly contrived in the centre, served the Queen as a breakfast parlour. As to all the other bedrooms, not being furnished with the modern appanage, now considered indispensable, of dressing-rooms, they are evidently meant to serve—not, indeed,

"As parlour and kitchen an' a',"

but certainly as bedroom, dressing-room, and private sitting-room.

The Duke's was winding and narrow, having a window at each extremity. There was the bed—not its modern imitations at Strathfieldsaye and Apsley House, but the genuine identical campaign iron bed—and oh! how uncomfortable it did look! And close by it was the painted deal cupboard in which all the shaving and washing materials are deposited after his Grace's morning ablutions. We did not absolutely see the cracked saucer in which Mr. Pitt, when warden, kept his shaving soap, and which the Duke has been only too happy to apply to the same useful purpose—but, doubtless, it was there—we hope it was. It were too bad that a crack in such a saucer should ever degenerate into an absolute fracture.

The Duke rises early—very; still adhering to his rule, that "when it is time to turn over it is time to turn out;" but he does not interfere with the usual household arrangements; he troubles no one but his valet, as we were told by his gardener. Whilst his Grace breakfasts, his bedroom is put in order, and hither he returns, and here he does all the work of the day—write, write, writing—sitting, standing, or on his knee, as it may happen.

The furniture throughout the house is meagre and common in the extreme. Each successive Lord Warden usually takes what has been left by his predecessor, and thus a heterogeneous assemblage of very common articles has been amassed; many of them such as, but for their most perfect cleanliness, would hardly be looked at in a third-rate broker's shop in London. But one peculiar circumstance, and one referable to the personal taste of the present owner is, that every window-curtain and every bed in the house is a bright yellow. No other is tolerated from drawing-room to attic; nor was the Queen—though walls vanished in a night and others rose in the morning to gratify her feelings and to do her honour—nor was she permitted other than the favourite colour. Her bed, her chairs, her draperies, were all bright yellow.

We well remember a maiden lady, elderly, and decidedly the reverse of handsome, at Whitehaven, who during the periodical visits of the noble family who represent that town, and whose influence has tended mainly to its uprise, always dressed in yellow—their political colour. Cap, bonnet, flowers, and gown; gloves, shoes, scarf, and parasol—all were bright

yellow. But her prejudice in favour of that colour might not be so purely disinterested as that of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

In what, by courtesy, is styled the drawing-room at Walmer Castle, just opposite the Duke's habitual after-dinner seat, is a beautiful Indian cabinet; the doors are wide open, but the interior displays nothing save a miniature ivory figure the size of your finger. On examining it, you perceive a finely carved model of Napoleon, in a position rather peculiar, but we should fancy very comfortable, from its frequent adoption by the "nobler gender" in their "hours of ease." The ex-Emperor is seated astride on a chair, his chin resting on his hands, which are crossed on the back of the chair. Thus seated, he confronts his immortal foe.

What may be the Duke's thoughts, as in his quiet, solitary, reflective hours he thus looks on the effigy of the extraordinary man whose destinies were so strangely interwoven with his own, but who, whilst he is enjoying a green and honoured old age, has long lain mouldering and half-forgotten in the silent grave!

We must not forget the garden, abounding in flowers not rare nor *recherche*, but rich, luxuriant, and abundant; and the pride of the lawn, a noble lime-tree, which the Duke declares is the finest in the world, and which, just bursting into flower when we saw it, will now be flinging its luxuriant aroma far and wide. Still less must we forget the gardener—the Duke's own especial gardener, for so he certainly is—a fine, portly, healthy, happy, handsome, elderly man. He was at the battle of Waterloo, and his regiment was disbanded afterwards, and the Duke, for reasons good doubtless, proposed to him to take the situation of head-gardener at Walmer. He demurred—as much as a true soldier could presume to do at the decree of his commanding officer—for by his own especial declaration he did not know a moss-rose from a cabbage; but the Duke was peremptory, and he could but obey orders. "But now," he said, "I get on pretty well."

"And like it?"

"Oh yes."

"But suppose war were to break out, should you be a soldier again?"

"Why, that would depend on the Duke, if he said I must go, of course I must."

"But how did you manage when you first came here?"

"Why, as well as I could; but it was rather awkward."

"Perhaps you studied hard—read a good deal?"

"No, I didn't read at all."

"You looked about you then?"

"Why, yes, I did."

"And you get on very well?"

"Why, yes; but I'm plagued sometimes; the names of the flowers puzzle me sadly."

"And what does the Duke say to that?"

"Oh, I have him there, for he doesn't know them himself."

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

BY F. B.

He is here again—old Winter, with his cold and dreariness, his driving snow-storms, and his nipping frosts. And what then? he brings us the glad, light laugh of childhood—careless, happy time,—and playful smiles of maidens, and the glow of the cheerful fireside. He is here, crowned with green holly, and the

mistletoe, with its silver berries, which our utilitarians shall not quite drive away while lips are red and eyes are bright, and there are merry hearts among us, and loving withal. The storm may rage without, and the wind be cold;

"But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our Christmas merry still."¹

It was ever a blithe time, this Christmas season, in England—dear old England! They may talk of their soft skies in the south; but fair as they are, who would change for them our warm firesides, and warmer hearts? and then, if it be a gloomy time,

"Little we heed the tempest drear

While music, mirth, and social cheer,

Speed on their wings the passing year."²

If it be drear without, and dark, and cold, the glowing hearth is all the dearer. And after all, it is only like the great world itself, that greets us with hard looks, and cold, cheerless indifference, till we turn from it to some warm, fond heart, which is all the more loved and valued for the contrast. Dark skies, and frowning without, but bright looks within, and smiles; oh! it is a pleasant time! Home! sweet home! when is it half as sweet as now? when young and old meet together, and childhood's little troubles are away, and youth forgets its fears, and cherishes its hopes alone, in all their brightest colours, and age for awhile ceases from its cares, and laughs away the griefs that make the hair grow grey and furrow the cheek, and the sorrows that press heavily and coldly upon the heart. And they are all linked together with love,—that holy bond,—that most blessed boon to man,—through all seasons the same, through all changes;—but now brighter, and more glowing, for it is brought into one common focus. It changes not, though the times may change,—it wanes not with the waning moon;—though the months pass away, and the year dieth out, it liveth on, and groweth stronger and more perfect. It cannot change, for it is a beam coming down from that place where there is no change, except that of greater perfection.

"Love is not love,

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no! it is an ever fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken:

It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come,

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom."³

And now is Love's high holyday, Love's greatest, holiest feast; for even as at this time did earth hear the angel voices that told of peace and good-will to men, on that

"Happy night

That to the cottage as the crown,

Brought tidings of salvation down."⁴

But in all our gladness, all our lightness of heart, let us not forget that there is still sadness in the world,—aye, even at our very doors. Amid our feasting, and our laughter, and our glowing hearths, let us be mindful of those who are cold, and hungry, and bowed down with woe; whose eyes are dim with weeping, and the brightness of whose youth has all too soon been turned into an age of sorrow. Let us remember the poor that are in the land, and the

(1) *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto VI. (2) *Ibid.*

(3) *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, CXVI.

(4) *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto VI.

afflicted, lest we also have an evil end. Let us think on those who have none to care for them, lest the golden cords of our own love be broken, and we be left alone in the world; lest we see the grave close over those who have twined around our hearts, and dark clouds gather about our fairest prospects. Let us bid others share in our joy, and be glad in our gladness, so may we also be one day requited in like sort. Let our joy be chastened, even as the joy of men who know not what the morrow shall bring forth, and even in our rejoicing let more serious thoughts find room.

Yes! Winter is here again—a few more days, and the year will be counted among the past;—added to the long list of those before it:—gone with its burden of account for many souls;—its good deeds, and its bad,—its tale of what might have been, but is not,—of what is, but should not have been. Alas! for misspent hours, to be repented of, but not recalled. Think of it as we will, “might have been” makes no small item in our lives. Time “might have been” better spent,—talents “might have been” used for more good,—sins “might have been” avoided, for we have free will, power to do, and power to leave undone;—we might have cast away many an evil thing, and chosen many a good,—moments of idleness “might have been” moments of action, and when doing nothing, we might have brought many things to pass. We live in a world of life, a world of action,—every atom has some influence on the things around it, and nothing stands alone. We have all power to benefit one another if we will; some in great things, some in small; and he who has seen twenty-four hours go by without having done so, may well say with him of old, “I have lost a day.” Yes, though the stream of his life may still to all appearance flow on with an undiminished fulness, he may be sure that it has suffered loss. One of the drops that should have swelled its course, has been dried up for all time,—has existed for nothing:—for nothing? ah, no! it shall be demanded again, when the stream flows into the vast ocean of eternity, and then shall it be missed indeed! Alas for wasted hours, and talents wrongly used! for the dark picture which must be too often drawn by the pencil of memory!

“Oh! that our lives, which flee so fast,

In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch.

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene.

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening”¹

In the bustle of the city, with all its busy crowds, and amid all its varied pursuits, in the quiet country, in the hall of the noble, in the peasant's cot,—aye, even in the silence and solitude of the closet, man may do something to advance the interests of his race; and if his own thoughts have supplied him with no means by which he may benefit another, then have they been lost, even to himself. For we are not mere units in the social scale. Though our sky may sometimes darken around us, and in the sadness of our hearts we may deem the world

“A crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go—thou art nought to us, nor we to thee—away!”²

(1) Wordsworth. (2) Christian Year.—St. Matthew's Day.

still it is not so:—man was not made to live alone, for all his interests are bound up with the good of others. He who rightly loves himself is the true lover of his kind. He who loveth well his neighbour, loveth wisely,—his is true self-love, but yet he is no selfish man. Charity, indeed, begins at home, but let it stay and centre there, and it is no longer charity. The good that is to benefit ourselves must be reflected back upon us from others. He who would be warm must first, indeed, kindle the fire, and setting it where it will diffuse warmth, he will himself be a sharer of it; but if he hold it within his own hand, or press it to his own bosom, instead of cheering it shall burn him, instead of a restorer and a quickener of life it shall become to him as a destroyer. From the life of the selfish man one part has been blotted out, in time, at least,—and yet not so,—nothing that man does shall be blotted out; and he is always doing, even from the moment when he first begins to act. Even in inaction he has acted; in omitting to do right, he has done wrong. The man who spends a day without benefiting his fellows has injured them,—even though not immediately, yet remotely, for he has done injury to his own spirit—has sown the first seed of indifference to others; and who can tell how soon indifference may become hardness of heart, and he who wished not harm, but did ~~not~~ good, may see harm done without feeling pain, and at length be himself an agent in working out the wretchedness of others. The drying up of the drop from the stream has not diminished its fulness, for in place thereof it has received a new current,—a foul one for a pure;—one which will thicken and obscure its waters for much, perhaps all its future course. May it not be so with us, nor with the friends we love! Sin we must, for we are men,—resist we can, for we have a more holy element within us, and bear upon our foreheads the mark of Him whose soldiers we have sworn to be. May the course of our lives be ever tranquil, running, as it were, among pleasant fields and fresh green woods, with blue, clear skies above us, and sweet voices all around; and when the autumn of our life is past, and its winter is at hand, and we go to our home to meet again with those whom we have long lost, but loved not the less, may we go with joy into our Father's presence, and begin a new year of bliss,—a year that shall have no end!

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title, in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

WOMAN'S LOVE,

DR. JOHNS.

“Thy home is not so bright, Ladye,
As it was wont to be,—
Thine eyes have lost their light, Ladye,
Thy laugh its ringing glee.
Thy step is sad and slow,—
Thy faltering accents fail,
Alas! that tears should flow
Down cheeks so young and pale!
Thou wert not once so sad and strange;—
Oh! what has wrought this wondrous change?”
“Mine eyes are like the moon, Pilgrim,
They shone with borrowed light;
My cheek, like flowers of noon, Pilgrim,
Grows pale with coming night.
My voice is like the bird
That greets the opening day;

My laugh is only heard
 When this poor heart is gay :
 Oh ! when the sun has left the sky,
 The earth is dark,—and so am I !
 "The sun is shining bright, Ladye,
 Down from the summer skies ;
 The flowers that sleep at night, Ladye,
 Now ope their smiling eyes.
 The birds are singing now,
 With free exulting voice ;
 Nature is glad—and thou,—
 Why dost not *thou* rejoice ?
 Look up, and greet the sun's bright beam,—
 Feel that of night thou dost but dream."

"That dream is in my heart, Pilgrim,
 It lieth there so deep,
 It never will depart, Pilgrim,
 Awake, nor yet in sleep:
 A dream of severed ties,
 Of love so fond—so vain ;
 Of words, and smiles, and sighs,
 That will not come again !
 My sun, alas ! was not in heaven :
 Its light from human eyes was given !"

THE OLD YEAR.

BY F. D.

ANOTHER year is borne adown the tide
 That still flows onward, to return no more ;
 So draw we ever nearer to that shore,
 Where days are not, and years have ceased to glide.
 The months are passed, but still their fruits abide ;
 Time, the destroyer, could not blot out those,
 And, without doubt, the future shall disclose
 Deeds we had thought in secrecy to hide.
 Come, then, my soul, and from the bygone year
 Withdraw the veil, and shrink not from the view,
 And, as thou art inquiring, drop a tear
 That all thy deeds of goodness are so few,
 And knowing that thy final day is near,
 Thy future path more warily pursue.

SONNET ON IRELAND.

BY CHARLES INGHAM BLACK, S.T.C.D., &c.

II.—DISTRESS.

SEE where she sits, wan and disconsolate,
 The Beauty of the Isles—the latest born
 Of Ocean !—pierced with anguish, and outworn
 With ills that mock all mortal estimate.
 Too finely strung, with shape too delicate
 To brook, unhurt, neglect, the implanted thorn
 Of Faction, and that sense of her own scorn,
 Which brims the cup of her mysterious fate.
 The slighted Lute, though formed with subtlest art,
 Yields harshest discord from its jangling wires,
 So Erin, frenzied by repeated wrong,
 Pours forth the ope unmodulated song ;
 The tuneless utterance of a broken heart
 Murmuring its unattainable desires.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing Desk.

WELL, dear Readers, how are you all? With the November Part to amuse and interest you, and a snug fireside by which to sit and read it, I trust you have contrived to exist through fogs, and survive the Panic. If you have neither "failed," nor "smashed," nor "stopped," nor—worst fate of all—been obliged, from a "temporary pressure," to give up taking in Sharpe's London Magazine, you may reckon yourselves very fortunate; and we, in our sympathizing friendship, congratulate you thereupon, and mentally shake hands with you. And now, let us see, what have we (Editors are always plural, *why*, we have not the most distant notion, unless it be supposed that it requires the heads and hands of two men to do the work, the judgment of two men to select articles suited to every taste, the tact of two men to manage a large staff of contributors, each of whom is anxious to write the whole Magazine single-

handed, and the good temper of two stout, jolly, thick-skinned men, pleasant fellows, with rosy cheeks, and little laughing eyes, to receive complacently the attacks of every individual connected with the concern, from the smallest printer's devil, up to that awful and mysterious personage—the Chief Contributor.) What a fearful parenthesis! it has treated the sentence from which it sprang with as little ceremony as the interloping cuckoo treats the progeny of the weak-minded, but amiable sparrow, who has tended its callow infancy. Never mind, we will make it up to the sentence, by beginning it *de novo*.

We were then, when we were suddenly stricken with a sense of our own duality, about to inquire of ourselves what we had particularly to say to you, dear readers, this time, and we remember that we have something very particular to say; but, as the ladies always know what is best, we will adopt their fashion, and leave the most important thing to the last, calling your attention in the meanwhile to one or two interesting little facts.

In the first place, our Critic has broken down with us; instead of joyfully accepting his appointment, and turning to read us,—as a true critic should do,—Savage Growler, (no mistake about his name this time, for he signs it so plainly, that he who runs may read,) who professes himself proprietor of the Pig and Whistle Hotel, a hostelry which must have arisen in Cambridge since our time, owns to the soft impeachment of being a family man, and pleads sixteen little Savage Growlers (many of them twins) in excuse for declining the honourable and lucrative post of standing critic to Sharpe's London Magazine. By way of additional reason, he goes on to impart to us the curious and interesting fact, that, his time is fully taken up in "suckling fools and chronicling small beer" of his own. If this assertion be indeed literally true, we can only leave such a treasure to his family to fulfil his singular destiny in peace, and may joy go with him. We do not intend to fill up the vacant post immediately, but shall place the office of critic in commission *pro tem*,—appointing Lord Brougham chairman, and Mr. Disraeli secretary.

In the next place, it will be seen that we have inserted two short poems by a gentleman signing himself Dr. Johns; our reason for inserting them was two-fold: first, we considered them pretty, sprightly lines; and secondly, we were anxious that such abominable scepticism in regard to the depth and sincerity of "Man's Love" should be ably refuted. We do not "do" poetry ourselves, (except a little thing now and then in the Ingoldsby line,) and we therefore hereby offer A PRIZE of the January Part—free gratis for nothing—to whoever shall furnish us with the best poetical refutation of the lamentable heresy into which Dr. Johns has fallen.

And now, before we say good-bye for another month, we would add half-a-dozen words on a subject in which, as Editor, we naturally feel a strong interest. It has been determined to enlarge and improve the Magazine, which, in a literary point of view, we have every facility for doing. It is, in our opinion, a wise and right measure, and we trust to the good sense and liberality of our friends to support an honest man in doing a sensible thing, and thereby to secure to themselves an undeniable advantage.

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The Old Woman's Supper.

PAINTED BY GERHARD DOUW, ENGRAVED BY J. D. H. L.

THE OLD WOMAN'S SUPPER.

THE Old Woman's Supper, which is one of the most valuable of the gems of the Dutch School in the Dulwich Gallery, is painted by Gerhard Douw, a painter of very great celebrity. He was born at Leyden, in 1613, where his father exercised the calling of a glazier. After having studied drawing under an engraver he became a pupil of Rembrandt, with whom he remained three years. He profited greatly by the lessons of Rembrandt in colour and chiaroscuro, but he did not adopt the free manner of his master; the idea of careful and highly-finished execution was most essential in the opinion of Gerhard Douw to produce perfection in a picture. Some idea may be had of the extent of his feeling in this particular from the fact of his acknowledging to one of his friends, that he had spent three days in painting the handle of a broom. It is known that Gerhard Douw died at Leyden, but the year of his death is not recorded.

MAUDE ALLINGHAME;

A LEGEND OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The following legend is founded on a story current in the part of Hert. where the scene is laid, the name was actually heard down about three years ago, having just been rendered habitable.

PART THE FIRST.

There is weeping and wailing in Allingham Hall.
From many an eye does the tear-drop fall;
Swollen with sorrow is many a lip,
Many a nose is red at the tip.
All the shutters are shut very tight,
To keep out the wind and to keep out the light.
While a couple of mutes,
With very black suits,
And extremely long laces,
Have taken their places
With an air of professional *esprit de corps*,
One on each side of the great hall door
On the gravel beyond, in a wonderful state
Of black velvet and leathers, a grand house and eight
Magnificent horses the orders await
Of a spruce undertaker,
Who's come from Long Acre,
To furnish a coffin, and do the polite
To the corpse of Sir Reginald Allingham, Knight
The lamented deceased whose funeral arrangement
I've just been describing, resembled that strange gent
Who ventured to falsely imprison a great man,
Viz. the Ottoman captor of noble Lord Bateman;
For we're told in that ballad, which makes our eyes water,
That this terrible Turk had got one only daughter;
And although our good knight had twice seen twins
arrive, a
Young lady named Maude was the only survivor.
So there being no entail
On some horrid heir-male,
And no far-away cousin or distant relation
To lay claim to the lands and commence litigation,
'Tis well known through the county, by each one and all,
That fair Maude is the heiress of Allingham Hall.

Yes, she was very fair to view;
Mark well that forehead's ivory hue,
That speaking eye, whose glance of pride
The silken lashes scarce can hide,
E'en where, as now, its wonted fire
Is paled with weeping o'er her sire,
Those scornful lips which part to show
The pearl-like teeth in even row,
That dimpled chin, so round and fair,
The clusters of her raven hair,
Whose glossy curls their shadow throw
O'er her smooth brow and neck of snow;
The faultless hand, the ankle small,
The figure more than woman tall,
And yet so graceful, sculptor's art
Such symmetry could ne'er impart.
Observe her well, and then confess
The power of female loveliness,
And say, "Except a touch of vice
One may descry
About the eye
Rousing a tangle'd recollection,
Which might perchance upon reflection
Turn out a serious objection,
That gal would make 'almost a heavenly splinter.'"

From far and wide
On every side

Thither did many a suitor ride,
Who, thinking as we do, determined to call
And propose for the heiress of Allingham Hall.
Knights who'd gathered great fame in
Stabbing, cutting, and maiming
The French and their families
At Blenheim and Ramilies,
In promiscuous manslaughter
Tother side of the water,
Very eagerly sought her,
Yet though presents they brought her,
And fain would have taught her
To fancy they loved her, not one of them caught her.
Maude received them all civilly, asked them to dine,
Gave them capital venison and excellent wine,
But declared, when they popped, that she'd really no
notion
They'd had serious intentions—she owned their devotion
Was excessively flattering—quite touching—in fact
She was grieved at the part duty forced her to act;
Still her recent bereavement—her excellent father—
(Here she took out her handkerchief) yes, she had rather—
Rather not (here she sobbed) say a thing so unpleasant,
But she'd made up her mind not to marry at present.
Might she venture to hope that she still should retain
Their friendship?—to lose that would cause her *sach* pain
Would they like to take supper?—she feared etiquette,

A thing not to be set
At defiance, by one in her sad situation,
Having no "Maiden Aunt," or old moral relation
Of orthodox station,
Whose high reputation,
And prim notoriety,
Should inspire society
With a very deep sense of the strictest propriety;
Such a relative wanting, she feared, so she said,
Etiquette must prevent her from offering a bed;
But the night was so fine—just the thing for a ride—
Must they go? Well, good-bye,—and here once more she
sighed;
Then a last parting smile on the suitor she threw,
And thus, having "let him down easy," withdrew,
While the lover rode home with an indistinct notion
That somehow he'd not taken much by his notion.

Young Lord Dandelion,
An illustrious scion,

(1) *Take Sam Slick the Clockmaker.*

A green sprig of nobility,
Whose excessive gentility
I fain would describe if I had but ability, —
This amiable lordling, being much in the state
I've described, *i. e.* going home at night rather late,
Having got his *congé*
(As a Frenchman would say)
From the heiress, with whom he'd been anxious to meet,
Is jogging along in a low state of mood,
When a horseman comes rapidly up from behind,
And a voice in his ear
Shouts in tones round and clear,
"Ho, there! stand and deliver! your money or life!"
While some murderous weapon, a pistol or knife,
Held close to his head,
As these words are being said,
(Glitters cold in the moonlight and flashes with dread

Now I think you will own,
That when riding alone
On the back of a horse, be it black, white, or brown,
Or chestnut, or bay,
Or pie-bald, or grey,
Or dun-brown, (though a notion my memory crosses
That 'tis asses are usually done brown, not horses)
When on horseback, I say, in the dead of the night,
Nearly dark, if not quite,
In despite of the light
Of the moon shining bright—
ish—yes, not more than ish, for the planet's cold rays I
've been told on this night were unusually hazy—
With no one in sight,
To the left or the right,
Save a well-mounted highwayman fully intent
On obtaining your money, as Dan did his rent,
By bullying—an odd sort of annual pleasure,
That "Repal" played off on the finest of peasantry
In so awkward a fix I should certainly say,
By far the best way
Is to take matters easy and quickly pay.
The alternative being that the robber may treat us
To a couple of bullets by way of quietus,
Thus applying our brains, if perchance we have got any
In this summary mode to the study of botany,
By besprinkling the leaves, and the grass, and the flowers,
With the source of our best intellectual power,
And, regardless of *habeas corpus*, creating
A feast for the worms, which are greedily waiting
Till such time as any gent
Quits this frail tenement,
And adopting a shroud as his sole outer garment,
Becomes food for worms, slugs, and all such-like varmint.

My Lord Dandelion,
That illustrious scion,
Not possessing the pluck of the bold Smith O'Brien,
(Once displayed at St. Stephen's, when having a lick
At that pet of the fancy, the famous Bath Brick,)
Neither feeling inclined,
Nor having a mind
To be shot by a highwayman, merely said, "Eh!
Aw—extremely unpleasant—aw—take it, sir, pray,"
And without further parley his money resigned.

Away!—away!
With a joyous neigh,
Bounds the highwayman's steed, like a colt at play;
And a merry laugh rings loud and clear,
On the terrified drum of his trembling ear,
While the following words doth his lordship hear.—
"Unlucky, my lord; unlucky I know,
For the money to go
And the heiress say, 'No,'
On the self-same day, is a terrible blow.
When next you visit her, good, my lord,
Give the highwayman's love to fair Mistress
Maude!"

Away!—away!
On his gallant grey
My Lord Dandelion,
That unfortunate scion,
Gallops as best he may;
And as he rides he mutters low,
"Insolent fellow, how did he know!"

In the stable department of Allington Hall
There's the devil to pay,
As a body may say,
And no assets forthcoming to answer the call,
For the head groom, Roger,
A knowing old codge,
In a thundering rage,
Which nought can change,
Most excessively cross
With the whole stud of horses,
While loudly he swears
At the lilies and mares
He bullies the helper and kicks all the boys,
Upsets innocent pails with saps from the boys,
Very lordly doth fret and incessantly rane,
And behaves, in a word,
In a way not absurd,
More befitting a madman, by far, than a groom,
"Till at length he finds vent
For his deep discontent
In the following obloquy:—
"To be good any longer I'll go and tell Miss—
If she don't know some dodger, she'll stop the shoring,
Ay, then, damn my vie,
This here very morning
I'll give her a warning.
If I don't I'm a putterman or son of a—
Then, after a sort obliging of eyes
Just to let off the steam, I'll don the best clothes
And seek his young mistress's friends to dole out.

Please your Ladyship's Honor,
I've come here upon a
Partiklar rum business corner on in the stable,
Vich, awake as I am, I can't no how, been able
To get at the truth on—the last thing each night
I goes round all the horses to see as they're right,
And they always is right too, as far as I see,
Cool and quiet and clean, just as horses should be—
Then, first thing ev'ry morning agn I goes round,
To see as the cattle is all safe and sound.
'Twas nigh three weeks ago, or perhaps rather more,
Ven yun morning, as usual, I unlocks the door—
(Tho' I ought to ha' mentioned I always does lock it,
And buttons the key in my right breeches pocket.)
I opens the door, Marm, and there was brown Bess,
Your ladyship's mare, in a horribul mess—
Reg'lar kivered all over with sweat, foam, and lather,
Laying down in her stall—such a sight for a father!
While a saddle and bridle as hung there quite clean
Over night, was all mud and not fit to be seen,
And, to dock a long tale, since that day thrice a-week,
Or four times, perhaps, more or less, so to speak,
I've diskivered that thare
Identical mare,
Or else the black Barb, vich, perhaps you'll remember,
Was brought here from over the seas last September,
In the state I describes, as if fairies or witches
Had rode 'em all night over hedges and ditches;
If this here's to go on, (and I'm sure I don't know
How to stop it,) I tells you at yunce, I must go;
Yes, although I've lived here
A good twenty-five year,
I am sorry to say, (for I knows what your loss is,)
You must get some vun else to look arter your 'orses."

Roger's wonderful tale
Seemed of little avail,

For Mande neither fainted, nor screamed, nor turned pale,
But she signed with her finger to bid him draw near;
And cried, "Roger, come here,
I've a word for your ear."
Then she whispered so low
That I really don't know

What it was that she said, but it seemed *apropos*
And germane to the matter;
For though Roger stared at her,
With mouth wide asunder,
Extended by wonder,

Ere she'd ended his rage appeared wholly brought under,
Insomuch that the groom,
When he quitted the room,

Louted low, and exclaimed, with a grin of delight,
"Your Ladyship's Honour's a gentleman quite!"

'Tis reported, that night at the sign of "The Goat,"
Roger the groom changed a £20 note.

(To be continued.)

THE MINOR WRITINGS OF CERVANTES.

COMPARED with the world-wide popularity of his immortal *chef d'œuvre*, it is astonishing how limited is the reputation enjoyed by the poems, dramas, and minor novels of Cervantes. For the neglect of the latter, more particularly, we are at a loss to account. Most of them bear the plain impress of the great master's hand: they are fixed stars in that radiant hemisphere, wherein the history of the crazed old knight shines like a blazing sun. Like that fanciful prose-epic they are full of incident, full of graphic delineations of original character, overflowing with wit and humour, with the wisdom painfully accumulated during a tumultuous and diversified career, and evidencing throughout the writer's diligent study of the human heart, or rather that intuitive insight into its most secret labyrinths which the Spanish novelist shared in common with the English dramatist, with whom he was contemporary. In "Don Quixote" Cervantes has explored the heights and depths of pathos and of humour. Of the latter, Sancho Panza is the recognised embodiment: by it, that simple, shrewd, fat, faithful squire, that timorous and yet true-hearted follower of the crazed enthusiast, has endeared himself to the memories of tens of thousands of rejoicing readers. With pathos we conceive the character of Don Quixote to be eminently imbued. In listening to the details of his wildest, his most absurd exploits, we "check the career of laughter with a sigh;" we would willingly dissuade him from the reckless enterprise upon which he is so often bent, and heartily rejoice at every imaginary success by which the poor knight's heart is momentarily cheered. In his extravagant and erring acts, we continually catch some glimpses of a noble nature peeping through; we sympathize with the monomania which a persevering course of solitary study has induced, and at every fresh rebuff encountered by the crazy Don, we are too painfully reminded of the congenial issue of conflicts in which many an enthusiast has since engaged,—conflicts with ancient error and gigantic wrong, too potent, and withal too subtle combatants for such enthusiasts to cope with. Mad though he be, Cervantes' knight is evidently a perfect gentleman, poor in estate, but of a free and bountiful spirit; his character modelled after the old standard of chivalrous excellence: a kindly, courteous, book-learned country gentleman, struggling to maintain his hereditary respectability with slender means, proud of his birth, yet social and familiar with the

humbler worthies of the village; a thorough book-worm in his way, poring over the old *romances* until admiration ripened into enthusiasm, and enthusiasm into emulation; and inasmuch as that emulation was out of time and place, it naturally became a monomania.

In the *Novelas Ejemplares*, there is less both of humour and of pathos than in Cervantes' master-piece, but the pictures of human life are as numerous, as various, and as vivid, as any to be met with in the adventures of the Don; and there is a greater air of probability about the incidents in general. In the choice of his heroes Cervantes displayed a singular predilection. Gipsies and vagabonds, the swarthy denizens of the forest, and the keen-witted rogues who lounged about the sunny *plazas* of the Spanish cities, appear to have been the peculiar favourites of our author. In describing them, he is evidently thoroughly at home; he dwells upon their mode of life, their habits and their character, with more than ordinary unction; he indulges, too, in such a minuteness of detail, manifests such a practical acquaintance with the *modus operandi* of roguery in all its branches, that we are bound to suspect that scarred and mutilated soldier of having been the some-time associate, either capriciously, or involuntarily, of the *picarones* he has immortalized. Cervantes' rogues, be it remarked, are rogues *en genere*, and are as widely removed from the unmitigated villains of the melodrama, and the sentimental thieves and highway men of the modern novelist, as they, in their turn, are from the villains, thieves, and cut-purses of real life. They stand bodily and distinctly before you—daguerreotypied likenesses of the originals—unmistakeable transcripts of the living men, like the sun-browned peasants of Murillo. You never think of them, for a moment, as supposititious individuals, as fictitious entities, as the mere coinage of the author's brain, any more than you are sceptical of the past existence of Dogberry, or Master Shallow, or Cousin Silence: on the contrary, you are resolutely persuaded that such and such men actually had a "local habitation and a name," and flourished in the fair land of Spain towards the close of the sixteenth century.

In all his prose writings we have the clearest proof that Cervantes wrote from an affluence of ideas: there is no redundant verbiage, no weighing of words, no polishing of periods, no artifices of description, no glittering conceits tricked out in meretricious and gaudy language. The sonorous and majestic character of his country's language accorded with the writer's massive intellect and majestic genius; and with such an instrument at his command, Cervantes "discovered such excellent music" as has delighted the whole of Christendom. And not alone for might of intellect, but for largeness of heart, should honour be given to the author of "Don Quixote." That eloquent Spaniard, Shakspeare's contemporary and Velasquez' friend, looked upon human nature with the same penetrating eyes as our own glorious bard, and, like him, believed and taught that

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Did men observingly distil it out."

He knew that the character of man resembled human life in that it was a mingled yarn of good and evil; and he described it accordingly: described it plainly and truthfully, neither concealing its darker traits, nor embellishing the bright; neither magnifying the good qualities of the *hidalgo*, nor absolutely condemning the knavery of the vagrant; but portraying the multiform and many-sided multitude as he found

it, "without fear, favour, or affection." As a specimen of Cervantes' graphic delineations of vagabonds, let us exhibit the following picture of a voluntary vagrant, with the appendage of an incidental sketch of the tunny fisheries of Zahara:—

"When little more than thirteen years of age, Carrizoso, actuated by a vagrant impulse, and not constrained thereto by any evil treatment from his parents, merely following the bent of his own inclination, broke loose, as boys say, from his father's house, and sallied out into the world, so much enamoured of a life of freedom, that in the midst of its concomitant inconveniences and miseries, he could fling away the abundance of his own home. Wandering did not weary, nor cold offend, nor heat disgust him. To him all seasons of the year were a soft and pleasant spring. He slept as well upon a heap of grass as on a bed of down. He couched as within, as within the stable straw, as he would have done between two Holland sheets. And, finally, he progressed so rapidly in the career of roguery, that he might have taken his degrees in the tactics of the famous Alarache. In three years which elapsed before his return to his own house, he learned to play at knuckle bones in Madrid, at *cartas* in the windows of Toledo, and at *posh-pone* under the walls of Seville. Furthermore, as misery and poverty were annexed to this sort of life, it proved Carrizoso to be a genius of a fellow in his sphere. In handling a rifle he gave a flut and proofs of gentle breeding. He was just and generous to his comrades, seldom visited the houses of brothel, and, although he drank wine, it was so little, that he never could be ranked with those debauchees who, having taken a run what overmuch, do forthwith show it in their features. As though they had been damped with a blood and vinegar punch, or a Carina of the world beheld a victim, most of all well-red knave, indifferently discreet to boot, who had lost a thorough grade of knavery, and at length taken his degree of A.A. in the tunny fisheries of Zahara, the very *apogee* of roguery. On scullion knives, dull-witted, vile, obtuse, uneducated, mendacious, fictitious cripples, cutpurses of Zacodover and the Plaza de Madrid, choice orators, basket-makers of Seville, and all the innumerable rout that come within the pale of roguery, lower your crests, abate your bravery, assume not the titles of a knave if ye have not sworn two oaths in the academy of the tunny fisheries! There, there is work at will, and laziness and idleness there is filth without alloy, and brawny lustiness, prompt greed and full satiety pasture perpetually, and vice denuded of her mask, momentary frays, and deaths upon the impulse, the jest at every turn, and bulls as at a bridal couplets like the print, ballads with the *refrain*, and poetry without action. Here is chaunting, there blasphemy, here they quarrel, there they game, here liberty encamps and lightens toil, there fathers come and go in quest of sons, and, finding them, their offspring prove as loth to quit that kind of life as though they were led out to death. But the sweetness we have pictured is not without its bitters,—nauseous, indeed, as aloes,—they cannot there enjoy a tranquil sleep without the dread of being on the instant borne away from Zahara to the streets of Barbary. Wherefore, by night, they withdraw to certain seaside towers, and choose their sentinels and pickets, confiding in whose eyes they close their own. Howbeit, it has sometimes happened, that pickets, sentinels, rogues, overlookers, nets, and backs, and all the rabble rout which occupied them, have come to sleep in Spain, and woke in Titian!"

We had marked other passages for translation, but the one we have already cited has encroached too much upon our space, to admit of our indulging in further extracts. We cannot quit the subject of the *Novelas*, however, without calling attention to the interesting fact of the author of the most delightful prose fictions in our language having been inspired to their production, as he himself confesses, by a constant perusal of their Spanish prototypes:—another instance added to the many of the genius of one century owing its inspiration to the genius of a century bygone.

J. S.

Most sure it is, and a true conclusion of experience, that a little natural philosophy inclineth the mind to atheism; but a further proceeding bringeth the mind back to religion.—*Lord Bacon*.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER I.

"He hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency."—*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1.

THE 25th of April, not many years ago, was a grand reception day at No. —, Hyde Park Gardens. It was the last of the three days on which Mrs. Perigord, the young and lovely bride of George Jones Thompson Perigord, Esq. was "at home" to receive the congratulations of her acquaintance upon her recently formed alliance. The newly wedded pair had lately returned from their matrimonial tour, throughout which the absence of common topics of conversation had afforded ample leisure to Mrs. Perigord—a few short weeks before Lucy Sumner—to grow more romantic than ever; and to Mr. Perigord (who had been lately re-elected to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament after his promotion to a place in the cabinet) to rehearse in his not very prolific imagination that impressive speech upon the corn-laws, which was at once to mark him through out the country as the Premier to come. A sufficient time had passed since their return to enable Mrs. Perigord to arrange, according to her own exquisite taste, the costly decorations of her new home. Her husband's purse was a mine of wealth, and her taste had no limits on that score to its most profuse indulgence. Now for the first time she was at liberty to give form and shape to the imaginings of a peculiarly graceful mind. In poetry, indeed, she had already been eminently successful. But poetry only conveys the idea of one mind dimly to the minds of others; and painting, in which too she excelled, does but the same in an inferior degree. Here, however, some of the conceptions of her mind were, as it were, realized. And the beauty of the arrangement struck every one who saw it with astonishment. There was no display of costliness, no straining after effect; but all was subdued and graceful.

Chairs, sofas, ottomans, tables, mirrors, vases, flowers, statuary, paintings, musical instruments, books, gilding, fresco, tapestry, hangings, silk, velvet, carved oak, ivory; every separate article of furniture, or decoration, appeared like the features in some lovely landscape, casually to have assumed its particular position. Each object seemed to be so exactly where it ought, that if it were removed the general effect of the arrangement would be weakened and injured. Every part, too, of this sumptuously and gracefully furnished mansion, reflected the *mind* of its gifted and beauteous mistress. Like the scenery of nature it was full of ideas. And the

furniture of Mrs. Perigord's house was as suggestive, in its inferior degree, as her poems.

Mrs. Sumner was sharing with her daughter the fatigue of entertaining the crowd of visitors. She was a lady of nearly sixty years of age, a brunette of middle height, with a youthful figure, and a small and exquisitely shaped foot and ankle. The expression of her countenance was full of intellect and energy. Her dress was costly and tasteful; a critic in those matters, disposed to be fastidious, might have probably pronounced it to be a shade too juvenile for her years. There was, however, a youth and vivacity in her appearance and manners that prevented any apparent incongruity. The bride, plainly attired, although not so plainly as to provoke a contrast with the more pretending dress of her mother, occupied a low oaken chair, the back, arms, and legs of which were exquisitely carved, while the softer portions were covered with crimson velvet. Many of Mrs. Perigord's acquaintances were grievously disappointed with one of her appointments upon this occasion. Averse to the scuffling noises in which very fashionable people are wont to indulge at the doors of their neighbours, she had ordered hers to be kept open. The curiosity of passers-by was effectually obstructed by two swing doors covered with blue velvet fastened by silver nails, which did not open in front of the entrance, but were so far removed to the side, as to be out of sight, except to those within. Through these you entered a lofty hall, the various elegancies of which we cannot stay to describe, further than to remark, that along the marble floor, on either side, were ranged sweet-scented shrubs of the rarest description, forming a vista of the most brilliant colours. Through a break in these to the left, you entered a circular room paved with encaustic tiles. In the centre was a crystal vase of great size, from the middle of which rose a fountain somewhat fancifully contrived, which played upon a multitude of gold and silver fish; the circumference of the apartment was adorned with flowers, rising from within about ten feet of the base of the vase, to nearly midway between the roof and the floor; and so arranged as to present the appearance of a compact shrubbery of plants of the choicest description. At the carved oak door which opened from this apartment into the saloon, was stationed a servant in plain clothes, who ushered in the visitors. This domestic's office had been no sinecure during the last two days; but upon this, the last of the three "at homes," his duties had accumulated to a degree almost exciting. It was now about four o'clock; and, although the reception room was full of visitors, the stream of fresh comers scarcely slackened. Nearly opposite to the bride, and leaning upon a table of marble mounted in carved and gilded oak, was seated a gentleman, apparently about thirty-three years

of age, who had been fortunate enough to engage her in what seemed to be rather an earnest conversation. His figure would have been considered elegant but for a slight bow in the legs and the disproportionately large size of the feet. He wore a profusion of hair of a jet-black colour, which curled almost in ringlets; his dark and small but intelligent eyes, were shadowed by a pair of murky brows; his complexion was very smooth, and of rather an Oriental tinge; his mouth was defined by two red and full lips, the undermost of which protruded somewhat, and seemed to be rolling backwards away from the other; his head and neck rose abruptly from a pair of rather high and round shoulders; and his countenance wore that ineffaceable mark which distinguishes one branch of the great Syrian family.

"I know not, Mr. D'Aaroni," said Mrs. Perigord to this gentleman, "I am averse to expressing an opinion on such matters. They are above me, and I know nothing about them. Yet it does seem to me that to manage a nation is a very practical affair, and that your theory is in the highest degree poetical. But I never meddle with these things; if you can convince George, do so by all means."

"Surely my ears deceive me!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni. "Mrs. Perigord objecting to the poetry of a scheme! That leaves me very little hope of your husband."

"Now be so good as to keep the contents of that satirical quiver of yours for the benefit of Parliament," replied Mrs. Perigord. "My husband," she continued, laying a delicate emphasis on the word, "may discover much more that is practical in your theory than I do; if not, you must not expect me to blame him for not aspiring to office in Utopia, or for declining to be Mr. D'Aaroni's Sancho Panza."

That gentleman kept silence for a second or two after Mrs. Perigord had concluded, and regarded her with a mingled expression of inquiry and astonishment. At length he replied, "Well, my dear madam, I really do not fancy that you need deprecate the use of my feeble weapons; my battery would soon be silenced."

"I observe, Mr. D'Aaroni, how military your metaphors are," was the reply, accompanied with an arch gravity.

"Now this is too bad," said he, "after having given me the cue—"

"No, no!" interrupted his lively companion, her blue, melancholy eyes lighting up with merriment; "if I could now follow your imagination, depend upon it, I should find you at the head of hordes of Arabian vagabonds,—I beg pardon, Nomades I think I should say,—defending the passes of the Caucasus, with the Sultan for your generalissimo, and the Syrian sheiks for your aides-de-camp."

"Did you not order me to lay down my quiver?" argued Mr. D'Aaroni, beginning to feel slightly nettled by this raillery of his favourite theory, which, coming from one so gentle and generally so reserved, rather astonished him.

"Oh! I compared your satirical vein to a quiver!" she replied, laughing. "Very true; but I was thinking only of fat old gentlemen in tight green clothes, and old maids in green dresses, on a green lawn, discharging small arrows at a straw target with a large bull's-eye. I had forgotten that people ever battered towns with bows and arrows."

"And when my quiver is exhausted in Parliament," replied he, heartily laughing at his own discomfiture, "will you pardon my applying to you to replenish it?"

"Not at all,—not at all," she replied. "But I must own you are very good-natured not to be angry with me. No, I will never have anything to do with those unfathomable politics. You, and George, and the rest, may have them all to yourselves, and welcome."

"But your brother, fair lady?"

"My dear Harry! I should like very much to know what he would say to your politico-poetical Asiatic theory."

Before Mr. D'Aaroni had time to reply, the door was thrown open, and Miss Fonderson was announced. Miss Fonderson belonged to a class of females rather numerous in England; and to that particular section of that class, who, having remained single up to very mature years, either by reason of some implacable necessity, or of some eccentric idiosyncrasy of their own proper nature—at all events, for no reason connected with religion—do, nevertheless, through some ethical perversity, seem to excel, in all moral excellencies, the rest of their sex. She was short and stout, between sixty and sixty-five years of age, and rejoiced in the uncoveted, unenvied, and therefore by no means undesirable gift, of a plain, good-natured countenance. Under the impression, probably, that for whatever deficiency of proportion she might be indebted to Nature, it was not, at all events, in the particular of width or circumference, her slate-coloured poplin dress was scantily gathered up in a very thin congregation of puckers, around an artificial waist, constructed just under her arms, in precisely the spot, perhaps, where it would have been if Nature had not despoiled her of the height which her breadth required. On the bottom of the dress aforesaid, one shallow, but very full flounce, kept up a proper state of expansion below, so as effectually to veil her high-quartered prunella shoes. Her bonnet, both in its make and position, had rather a quizzical appearance. Good-naturedly wishing to accord herself as far as might be to the vagaries of fashion, she had diminished the front by about half an inch; but, as its ordinary pro-

jection exceeded considerably that of the particular genus of the bonnet species yecept by milliners "poke," it still presented a ponderous and cavernous appearance; and loomed over her countenance in a still more threatening manner on account of being raised behind and depressed over her eyes, according to the then fashion, so as to exhibit a very large portion of a brown silk skull-cap, drawn up and tied over the grey hair at the back of her head with a neat brown silk riband.

"La! now, my dear, good morning! how beautiful!" said the old lady, advancing rather rapidly, for her, towards her niece, her features beaming with loving-kindness and merriment. "I congratulate you, my dear Lucy," she continued, shaking her niece's small white hand with a heartiness and cordiality that was all but painful, "with my *whole heart*. I can do that, you know!" and the old lady chuckled at her own facetiousness. Then turning her head round, and taking a survey of the room, "This is all very pretty; is it not, my dear?" she proceeded. "I'm sure I hope you will live long to enjoy it, and that you will enjoy it. Where's your mamma, my dear? Oh, there! I see," and Miss Fonderson proceeded to her sister to congratulate her upon her daughter's bright prospects of happiness.

"My dear Fanny," she said with heartfelt warmth, addressing Mrs. Sumner, "you are looking very well. How pleased and happy you must be!—really, a nice match for dear Lucy! La, now, fifty years ago, Fanny, did I hold have thought it!" At dear Yellow-Valley House in Antigua!—Do you remember crying when Jerry Jones was going to what d'you call it?—carry you to school? and getting the poor slave a beating by declaring that she was pinching you? And when we were coming to England, your dropping mustard into the captain's grog whilst he was asleep? and putting a crab in his bed?" And the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"But how is that sweet boy Henry?" she continued; "have you heard from him lately?"

"He is reading very hard for his degree," replied Mrs. Sumner.

"O the dear boy, he'll come off splendidly when he's examined, I'm sure—so clever and affectionate. I love that boy quite as dearly as if he were my own. Give my love to him when you write, Fanny."

"I'm afraid you would sadly spoil him, Mary, if he were," said Mrs. Sumner; "I am not sure that you have not partly succeeded in doing so already."

"Me, Fanny? Impossible! He spoiled? Such an affectionate, such a generous boy!"

This dialogue between Mrs. Sumner and her maiden sister had been continued standing; at the end of it Miss Fonderson withdrew, and

seated herself in a remote corner of the room upon one of two vacant chairs, whence she occupied herself in gazing alternately at her sister and niece with an expression of intense delight.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Perigord had followed her aunt with a thoughtful gaze, as she left her to address her mother; her last words had strangely impressed her, she knew not how or why—"This is all very pretty; is it not, my dear? I hope you will live long to enjoy it." They had been heartily, sincerely uttered, with her aunt's usual genuine benevolence; *she* had meant just what she said, and no more. Yet Mrs. Perigord *felt* in them a latent irony. They had struck some secret spring within her. It jarred slightly; and an unacknowledged, but undeniable, sensation of discord remained within her.

"Did that lady address the chairs and tables, or Mrs. Perigord, when she exclaimed, 'La! how beautiful?'" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni.

"You have the misfortune, Mr D'Aaroni," replied Mrs. Perigord, almost with severity, "to aim your satire at one of those who are dearest to me."

Mr D'Aaroni was proceeding to make amends for his mistake in the most courteous and contrite terms at his command, when a thundering and prolonged double, or rather centuple, salutation at the large entrance-doors startled every one in Mrs. Perigord's drawing-room, and very nearly sent poor Mrs. Sumner, who was of a highly nervous temperament, into a fit of hysteria.

"A slight relaxation of vigilance below, I should think!" remarked Mr. D'Aaroni to a young lady who was seated between himself and Mrs. Perigord, and who had been one of that lady's bridesmaids.

"I think I may venture to guess who will be announced," said Mrs. Perigord.

At that moment Sykes, the "gentleman," opened the door, and, with a voice and manner of mock pomposity, announced the name so shrewdly conjectured by his mistress. Mrs. Roakes was a lady of prepossessing exterior,—a tall and commanding figure, elegantly attired—a face on which still lingered the last reluctantly expiring traces of beauty in days gone by. She was about fifty-seven years of age, but, except upon a close inspection, might have been mistaken for forty. She had just alighted from a carriage, which she regularly jobbed for the purpose of a round of morning calls upon the richest of her acquaintance. Her own footman was stationed behind, wielding a portentous cane. The hired coachman was made to match for the day, by a suit of livery which he donned and doffed at Mrs. Roakes's residence before starting and on his return. He had performed this interesting ceremony now for four years; and although his temporary mistress had con-

trived to hire the carriage and horses of his master, for these occasions, at an unusually low price, she was in the habit of remunerating Thong (for such was the coachman's name) rather highly for her; and thus secured the proper representation of the character in which he appeared for the day. Mrs. Roakes was not likely to be soon abashed, and to be detected in an emotion of astonishment had been death to her; but a close observer might have perceived a flurried and half-nervous expression of countenance as she entered the exquisitely-elegant drawing-room into which Sykes had just ushered her; there was a perceptible twinkle of the eyes, and a hurried manner, as she addressed her wealthy newly-married acquaintance.

"How charming you are looking, Mrs. Perigord! Dear me, what good your trip has done you! And how is your husband? What a delightful man he is! But—ch—how is Mr. Perigord? shall we see him this morning?"

"He has an appointment with Sir Robert Peel," replied Mrs. Perigord.

"Oh, I so wish he were here!" said Mrs. Roakes. "He is such a judge of carriages and horses. I want him to give me his opinion of my new turn-out."

"Is the purchase made?" inquired Mrs. Perigord.

"Oh yes," was the reply.

"Then all but one sort of opinion is too late; is it not?"

"Oh, he is sure to admire it, he is such a judge. I have just come from Sir Jeffery Jenkins, and he pronounces the carriage to be in the best taste." Mrs. Roakes was not sure that the last paragraph of this sentence was distinctly heard; for it attracted no reply, neither that precise look of a half-envious admiration which Mrs. Roakes thought the fact of her acquaintance with a real live baronet, and ex-Lord Mayor of London, ought to have provoked; so she repeated it again in rather louder and more emphatic phrase, "I thought there was a great deal of truth in Sir Jeffery Jenkins' remarks," said she. —"I beg your pardon, did you speak, sir?"

"I was intently listening, madam," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, the person addressed.

"In Sir Jeffery Jenkins' remark, I was saying," continued Mrs. Roakes, "that nothing more surely tested people's taste than their equipages."

Mrs. Roakes had proclaimed Sir Jeffery Jenkins' opinion in a high tone of voice, and with the manner of a person who was challenging any one in the room to dispute her position. The opportunity was not lost upon a gentleman about twenty-two years of age, tall, pale, with fair hair, large grey eyes, and an expansive mouth. Rising from his seat, and advancing towards Mrs. Roakes, "I beg pardon, madam," he said, "but how is that? I do not quite see it. I should like you to show me how that is."

"I suppose, because to have an equipage in good taste, shows a greater expanse of mind," replied that lady, somewhat disconcerted, and altogether unprepared logically to maintain her position.

"Than what?" inquired the inconveniently importunate investigator.

"Oh! I suppose," answered Mrs. Roakes, appearing somewhat disturbed at this remorseless sort of questioning—"I suppose, than arranging furniture, or paintings, or gardens, or such trifles."

Mrs. Perigord cast an inquiring look upon the speaker. It so happened that she directed her regards towards Mrs. Perigord at the same moment; and the clear, bright, blue, guileless glance of the youthful bride met the dark serpent-like leer of the woman of the world!

"Don't you see, Banbury?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni.

"No, I do not indeed," replied that gentleman, with the utmost earnestness and gravity. "I do not see how——"

"Oh! never mind that, my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. D'Aaroni, "keep your propositions for that elderly lady," he continued in an enigmatic tone, "and tell me, when does Harry Sumner go down?"

"Why, you know, he's the most mercurial fellow in the world. But I calculate in this way. The examinations will not be over before next week——"

"Now do excuse me, my dear fellow, I have stayed my last minute out," interrupted the first speaker, "I must wish the ladies good morning. Do you think he will be down next week?"

"Well, I should be almost inclined to think he would," drawled out Mr. Banbury. "I must be going too."

This conversation had been lost to Mrs. Perigord and Mrs. Roakes. The one had taken occasion of the diversion it afforded to proceed to congratulate Mrs. Sumner on her daughter's "fortunate match," in phrase of as correct taste as that in which she had addressed the bride; the other to seat herself next to her good old aunt Miss Ponderson; with whom she immediately entered into a conversation, which, judging from the hearty laughter in which both repeatedly indulged, appeared to be of the most hilarious description. It was now past five o'clock, and Mr. D'Aaroni and the rest of the visitors, except Mrs. Roakes and her daughter, Miss Ponderson and Mr. Banbury, had taken their departure. The latter gentleman was proceeding to follow their example, but was detained by Mrs. Sumner, who wished to ask him a few questions about her dear son Harry.

"He is in excellent health," he answered to that lady's interrogatories; "but I should not recommend you to set your heart too much on the class he takes. The fact is, my dear madam, examiners are uncertain animals. It is impos-

sible to form a logical conclusion as to the result of an examination. Many of them have each a 'dodge' of his own, in which he happens to be particularly 'up.' He's sure to work you in that if he happen to examine you, and if it be not your 'dodge,' you're done. Then one set of examiners have got one standard one year.—another, another. For instance, Latin writing happened to be their great point last year, in which I am not at all strong. Then not un seldom the examiner does not know his subject as well as you do. This is the worst accident that can happen. If he discover that, he's sure to make you suffer for it. A friend of mine took up a dialogue of Plato last year—the first Alcibiades—which the man who examined him evidently had only just skimmed over. Both his college and private tutor declare to this day that he was good for a second. The list came out. Positively he was not placed. He only just passed. He called on one of the examiners, prepared to 'let out.' The fellow was so urban and gentle, that he couldn't find it in his heart to do so. We hesitated a long while, and he, whether or not we should give you your class, but there were five grammatical mistakes in your Latin writing, and we had all here agreed we would endeavour to raise the standard of Latin writing in the school."

"Latin writing!" exclaimed my friend, while Mr. Fenwick assured me that my Latin style was even elegant—nay, Ciceronian."

"True, Mr.——," said the examiner; "the style was not elegant, but there were five grammatical mistakes in it."

"And that is the way you raise the standard of Latin writing in the schools! I wish you good morning, Mr. Examiner," replied my friend, terribly chagrined.

"Good morning," said the examiner in the blindest tone imaginable.

"Good morning, and——," muttered my friend, as he slammed the courteous examiner's door, adding a farewell apostrophe in English, not quite as elegant as his Latin. So you see, my dear madam, it will not do for you to set your heart too much on Sumner's success in the schools."

Even Mrs. Sumner's patience was well-nigh exhausted by this prolonged rigmarole of Mr. Banbury, interested as she was in every word connected with her darling son.

"When is Harry coming up, or down, I think you University men call it, do you not?" she inquired of Mr. Banbury as soon as that gentleman had suspended for awhile his loquacity.

"Yes, down, quite so. Why, you see, he may be here next week, but it is impossible to say: the fact is——"

"Has he been reading very hard," inquired Mrs. Sumner eagerly.

"Well, I should say, not so as to injure his health," replied her good-natured informant;

who could not bring himself to say, he did not believe that he had been reading at all lately, and yet scarcely knew how to avoid the question.

"Is he liked by his college friends?" pursued Mrs. Sumner.

"Oh, quite so—I should say he is the most popular man at Balliol."

"Dear boy!" ejaculated Miss Fenderson.

Mrs. Sumner looked at her sister and smiled. "Don't the masters and all that sort of people love him?" asked the full-heeled old spinster, warming with the subject, and rising to station herself close to the group in order that she might hear the better.

"I'm told that he is one of the greatest young men at Oxford," said Mrs. Roakes. "He is in what they call a rowing set, and does not read at all."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Fenderson, nodding over with indignation, and her latched-up bonnet heaving and tossing over her eyes like a ship in a storm. "Who was it told you so? It isn't true, whoever it was; give Mrs. Fenderson's compliments to them, and tell them so. Not reading, indeed! and then compressing her lips, and urging her breath smartly through them, she effected a long and loud sort of purring sound by the labial vibration.

"I ask pardon, madam, but I think you have mispronounced, if I might say so, the word 'rowing,'" suggested the mild and amiable Mr. Banbury; "the fact is he pulls an excellent oar. I think you should have said rowing set."

"Ah! well, I suppose poor Harry has got weaknesses, like other people," Mrs. Roakes said, his sweet affectionate mother, "but it must be a noble character that surpasses his on the whole. He is hasty, and shows his likes and dislikes too strongly. But for generosity of disposition and depth of feeling, making every allowance for a mother's partiality, I do not think he has his equal. He feels too deeply."

"Well, he has a very paternal and affectionate mother," at last, was Mrs. Roakes's reply. She then rose to take her departure, to the no small relief of her listeners. Mr. Banbury politely offered his arm to conduct her to the carriage. They had passed through the ante-room, where Mrs. Roakes had lingered for a few moments to admire the flowers, and were entering the hall, when they were met by Mr. Perigord, who had just returned from his interview.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Perigord," she exclaimed, in a voice which was distinctly heard in the drawing-room, "I'm so glad I have been fortunate enough not to miss seeing you. What a lucky man you are!" she continued, in a coquettish manner; "I have not seen such a bride since I moved to Eaton Square; no, I may say never! But you will be kept in order, mind that, as sure as my name is Roakes. Now, do just come

and give me your opinion of my new turn-out. You are such a judge of those things."

Mr. Perigord politely, but rather haughtily, complied. "Was that your carriage I saw standing near the door as I came in, madam?" he inquired. "It is very like one I saw at Millins's of Brook Street!"

"Well, I suppose it may even still be called his," replied Mrs. Roakes, "for it is still in my power to refuse it."

"You are thinking of purchasing it?"

"Why, indeed, I already consider it mine!"

"It is a very neat affair. You treat your coachman to an easy chair, I observe," said Mr. Perigord, as the footman closed the door upon Mrs. Roakes.

"Oh! that," she said, putting her head out of the carriage window, "is a chair bed which I am going to lend to a poor woman who is ill." The fact was, a few evenings before, the visitors at Mrs. Roakes's house having exceeded by one the number of her beds, she had hired for the night the piece of furniture which now adorned the roof and coach-box of her carriage, and had taken advantage of the conveyance in which she was paying her highest priced morning calls, to come with her to the upholsterer's free of expense. She waited until Mr. Banbury had gone fairly off, and Mr. Perigord had withdrawn into his mansion, and then directed her footman where she and the bed-chair were to be driven to. The footman conveyed his instructions to the coachman, and skipping up behind, staff in hand, Mrs. Roakes was whisked off to the upholsterer's in Millins the coachmaker's neat turn-out. Mr. Perigord retired to the library, having commissioned one of the pages at the door to request Mrs. Perigord to be so kind as to favour him with her presence.

Beautiful, passing the power of words to describe, was Lucy Perigord as she gaily entered her husband's apartment. Nor pen nor pencil could convey aught approaching to an adequate representation of the lustre of those eyes so brightly and so deeply blue, of their ever-varying expression, now of the softest melancholy, then of the brightest joyousness; now drooping in thought, at times flashing with the fire of some quick emotion that had been kindled within her, always beaming with intellect, and impressing every one who gazed upon her with a feeling, as distinct as indescribable, of the innocence and sweetness of her disposition and her deep love. It was the long, rich, dark eye-lashes which overshadowed them that occasioned an expression so rare and so ever-varying; casting a hue of thoughtfulness, or melancholy, as they drooped over those pensive orbs when her countenance was in repose, or gently raised to reveal the most laughing of glances and the

(1) A fact which, strange as it may appear, actually occurred in London.

brightest of smiles. The nose, that feature which is so often out of keeping with the rest of many a lovely countenance,—so much so, that a sort of ludicrousness seems to attach to its very name,—contributed, in no small degree, to the singular beauty of her face. Its outline was as fine and delicate as though chiselled out of the purest alabaster, and the dilating nostrils bespoke, even to the most casual observer, an earnestness and generosity and nobility of nature, which her affectionate gentleness conspired to elevate almost to something beyond humanity. The mouth, too, was not the least expressive feature. The lips were rather thin than otherwise, but full, and of a redness fresh as the morning rose. The corners of her mouth were slightly raised, conveying an expression of satirical archness; and, perhaps, too, a richness almost voluptuous: thus reducing again to a standard more strictly human a countenance which, save for that alone, had been almost too spiritual. As soon as the servant had closed the door, she advanced gaily to her husband, and threw her graceful arms round his neck.

"My dearest husband," she said, (she loved that word,) "what a long interview you have had with Sir Robert! However, I dare say you were rejoiced to be out of the way of such a concourse of visitors. What has taken place? Are you pleased at the result of your conversation? Tell me, dearest, all about it."

"There was nothing that would interest you, my dear," replied Mr. Perigord, imprinting a statesman-like kiss upon the whiteness of his wife's forehead.

"My dearest George!" she replied, "why, what can happen of ever so small moment concerning *you* which does not interest me?"

"My dear Lucy," said Mr. Perigord, somewhat coldly, it must be confessed, considering to whom it was that he was speaking, "negotiations about state affairs between the principal men in office and others, however humble, with whom they condescend to negotiate, are, I think, better kept from your sex."

"And cannot you trust me with a secret?" inquired Mrs. Perigord, accompanying the question with one of her loving and winning smiles.

"Not with secrets of that importance," he answered.

"Do you really think that I would ever breathe the whisper of a hint of anything you desired me not to mention?" she asked.

"My dear," said Mr. Perigord, "the first moment you were piqued, out it would all come, if it were high-treason."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, half reproachfully, and for a second she directed a thoughtful gaze towards her husband; but almost instantly recovering herself, she added in a tone of even deeper affection, and still gayer cheerfulness, "well, my darling husband, if such be the truth

of my sex in general, you will soon find it does not apply to your wife."

"But you must never expect me to trust you with secrets of such moment, Lucy," replied her husband.

"Oh! yes, but you will though," she answered, laughing, "and I shall prize your confidence the more, from knowing it to be a special exception in my favour, and from having undergone the pleasant labour of winning it—shall I not, George dear?"

"Whilst I think of it," said the Oxford first-class man and M.P., who was thinking more of politics than of love, of Sir Robert Peel than his wife, and of himself, it may be conjectured, than either, "do you mind, Lucy, having that multitude of flowers in the ante-room moved off, now your glorious three days are over? I have requested Mr. Montacute, the celebrated connoisseur, to expend 11,000*l.* for me upon the best paintings he can meet with, and I wish to place them in that apartment."

"Of course I do not, if it be your wish. Shall we send them all off to Puddlebury?"

"Perhaps you had better do so; and, as you are sending, would it not be better to send all the flowers there, my dear?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it, I am so passionately fond of flowers. Besides, their fragrance, and colour, and green leaves, almost bring the country into this dull, crowded, close London; and you know how I love the country."

"As you like, my dear," replied the imperturbable young statesman, "but I have an aversion to them. A parcel of flowers, seeming as if they were trying all day long to tumble out of all the windows of a town house, has a most insufferably Cockney appearance to my taste."

"Then, of course, I will send them all away with the greatest pleasure," was the prompt and affectionate reply.

"You know, my dear love," continued Mr. Perigord, "if London is disagreeable, you can always run down to Puddlebury, and stay as long as you please."

"But you will not be able to do so when you are in Parliament?" she replied, inquiringly.

"No," replied her husband; "but I know that you cannot bear London, and I do hope you will never wait for me, whenever you may wish to breathe a little country air, and pick daisies in the meadows."

"George!" exclaimed his astonished wife, regarding him with another of those thoughtful and scrutinizing glances, but this time it was more prolonged. At length, on a sudden, the long dark eyelashes were gaily raised, and the sweet smile, which none but she could smile, played upon her rose-red lips and in the depths of her clear blue eyes, as she said, "My dearest George, what would the country be to me in your absence? do you imagine it will ever be

my wish to go and stay where you are not?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Perigord. "You're young and romantic, my dear. Depend upon it, the more often we permit ourselves in temporary separations, the longer will your romance (which I have no doubt is very pleasant to you) last. One must look to the future, you know, whether it be in the politics of a state or of a household."

"My dear George," exclaimed Mrs. Perigord, somewhat impatiently, for she was now fairly irritated, "I should love you too much, if it were not for your disagreeable prudence: I hate politics. You make me almost wish I had not married an M.P."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Perigord frigidly, as indifferent to his young wife's warmth of one description as of the other. "I think it is time for us to dress for dinner."

At this moment a bell, announcing that it wanted twenty minutes of the time appointed to that meal, sounded long and loud.

"Forgive me my bad temper, dearest, before I go!" said the warm-hearted and generous wife. "I must try and overcome my hastiness. I am a wayward as a child."

"Very true, my dear," was the consolatory reply; "but we shall not quarrel: it takes a great deal to put me out of temper."

A transient wish that it were otherwise just flitted across the breast of the lovely bride of the rich, prudent, rising, and respectable George Jones Thompson Perigord, Esq. No abiding-place was permitted it there, however. It was wholly filled and preoccupied with fervent, guileless love and loyalty.

Having extorted a geometrical kiss from her stately spouse, she left his apartment; and the long dark eyelashes might have been observed to be drooping with thoughtfulness more profound than was their wont over those bright deep blue eyes.

CHAPTER II.

"Why was I born a woman? Nature sure
Gave me these lineaments in mockery."
BEAU. & FLET. *Unfaithful Friends*, Act iii. sc. 2.

On the Friday after her visit to Hyde Park Gardens, Mrs. Roakes was sitting, about half-past nine o'clock, in her breakfast-room in Eaton Square. She was enveloped in an ample white wrapper; a pair of crimson slippers, worked with gold, adorned her feet; her false black hair, parted in the centre, was drawn tightly, in plaits, across her temples, up to a spot about one inch above her ears, from which it drooped over those members in a few trickling ringlets, as she had worn it in days never to return; the brilliancy of complexion which her mirror had so often reflected to her delighted gaze was successfully imitated, even to hiding from aught

but a close inspection those time-furrows, which not all the rouge she could purchase would avail to obliterate. She was seated in a low easy chair, deeply immersed in the pages of "The Widow Barnaby," when the postman's sharp loud double rap was heard at the door.

"Now we shall see!" exclaimed Mrs. Roakes, rising and advancing slowly to the door of the room, to meet the servant as he brought in the letters. One of them bore the Oxford post mark. This was the first opened. Its contents appeared to afford Mrs. Roakes much satisfaction. When she had finished reading it, she exclaimed, addressing her daughter, "Here's a letter from Lionel, and you shall hear its contents."

"*Balioi*, April 29th, 184—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"You will be glad to hear that I have just passed. Poor Sumner has been plucked. His tutor and every one thought he was safe for a second. Old Conway says he was a good first. Poor fellow! he bears it like a trump. Thank my stars, all my troubles are over! Be so kind as to send me 300*l.* immediately, as they won't let me take my degree until I have paid my bills. Love to Laura: and, if you stump up, to yourself. In haste,

"Ever your affectionate cub,

"LIONEL ROAKES.

"P.S. —There's such a horrible thing happened!"

"Well, I cannot say I am altogether sorry for Harry Sumner's disgrace," said Mrs. Roakes, as she folded up her son's letter, and plunged it into the depths of her crimson velvet reticule, spangled with glittering beads; and this time her expressions were milder than her feelings: for she was chuckling inwardly at the intelligence with a real and unfeigned delight. "It will do him good," she continued, in a half soliloquizing tone of voice. "It will take down some of that conceit of his."

Her daughter, Miss Roakes, fortunately possessed one of those characters which seem to defy the evil effects of education and example. Her mother taught her to deceive and lie; but her mother's example caused her to avoid those vices, perhaps, even more sedulously than if she had been brought up to abhor them. She was educated in coarseness and indelicacy; but so revolting was her mother's example, that although the guileless and simple modesty, so fascinating in a young girl, was at a very early time of her life "nipped i' the bud," it effected in her a stricter and sterner propriety. Her mother's noisy vulgarity was the cause of a more than ordinary quietness of manner in her; and the strong contrast which her mother's character presented to that of most of those whom she met in society, caused her to exaggerate the good qualities of others, and to depreciate her own: so that she was distinguished, amongst her acquaintance, for her unselfish amiability of disposition. And as she was an exquisite musician, sang well, and was very pretty, her society was courted by many who would have

preferred striking off Mrs. Roakes from their visiting list. And yet Mrs. Roakes was in the very highest repute amongst a certain set. She was tolerably rich, was esteemed a woman of great judgment and ability, as well as good-hearted and estimable. Some of her friends, indeed, were quite fulsome in their adulation of her; and as she was vain enough to believe all they said, the complete delusion, in regard to her own character, under which she laboured, was deepened and confirmed by those very persons who detected her many absurdities most keenly.

"I think you are mistaken about Mr. Sumner's conceit," Miss Roakes objected to her mother's expression of opinion on that score.

"Do you, my dear? I suppose he has been behaving to you with some very ordinary politeness, and you fancy he's in love with you, or you with him," retorted her mother.

"Oh, do not talk so, mamma!" she replied, "I have seen him but twice in my life."

"As to the matter of that, once is enough for those nonsensical fancies. Well, I suppose I must go into the City and sell out some stock or railroad shares, that I may send Lionel his 300*l*," said Mrs. Roakes as she left the room in order to dress for her projected journey into the City.

Pleased in about an equal degree, that her son had passed and that Harry Sumner the immaculate had been plucked, Mrs. Roakes hastened into the City, where a piece of still better fortune was in store for her. It happened that on this very day there was a sudden rise in the value of shares in a railway in which she had invested some of her money; and she arrived at her broker's just in time to enable him to realize for her in the course of an hour 2000*l*.

Brimful of good fortune and self-congratulation, she was returning in a Chelsea omnibus, carrying the 300*l*. in her bead-bedecked crimson reticule. Her fellow-passengers were two in number; one of these, who occupied the seat next to herself, was a flashily dressed, well-spoken, and altogether rather perplexing-looking young man, with whom she immediately entered into a very entertaining and animated conversation; in the course of which she delighted him with many quotations from her favourite poet, and took occasion to indoctrinate him in much of her private history and affairs, according as she thought it calculated to make an impression on a man of the world. Sir Jeffery Jenkins' and Mr. Perigord's names were mentioned, quite incidentally, as it were, and casually. Her son at Oxford too, who had just taken a high class, and for whom she had just received 300*l*. On the other side of this perplexing-looking, but very conversational "man of the world," there sat a country girl of singular

beauty, neatly and cleanly dressed, and very modest and retiring in her manner. Her beauty was the more attractive, because whilst every thing else about her bespoke her precise position in life, it appeared to belong to another and a higher rank of society. The soft black eyes, delicate complexion, small and proudly curling mouth, and the dignified movement of her head, which was beautifully placed upon a very fair and swan-like neck, conspired to make her beauty of so strikingly aristocratical a cast, that it was difficult to believe her to be the native and inmate of a labourer's cottage. Infinitely unworthy as Mrs. Roakes considered this young country girl to be of occupying a seat in the same carriage as herself, it is nevertheless undoubted the fact, that she was considerably flattered by the gentleman's evident preference for her conversation; which she attributed to the distinguished elegance of her appearance. Time had flown quickly in converse so welcome to Mrs. Roakes's self-love. The omnibus was now within a hundred yards of St. George's Hospital; and the fascinated widow, contrary to her usual habit, had scarcely noticed the stoppages; although there had been almost as many as there are houses between the Bank and the hospital.

"Please, sir, are we any where near St. George's Hospital?" inquired the girl of the individual who was seated between herself and Mrs. Roakes.

"We're just coming to it, my dear," replied that personage, as the omnibus gave a sudden jerk. Mrs. Roakes dropped her reticule; her friend instantly picked it up, and restored it to her with the most deferential politeness. "Dear me, it fell very lightly!" thought its owner: and as 300*l*. was a subject upon which she was by no means inclined to be indifferent, she thought it might be a wise precaution to feel if her stock of money was all safe. Interesting and decidedly amusing was it to watch the panoramic contortions of Mrs. Roakes's face, as she fumbled in her beaded bag. Her mouth started off dancing to the tune of St. Vitus—the blood mounted into spots never touched by rouge, her eyes flamed with a compound glare of astonishment, horror, and passion, as she fumbled and fumbled and fumbled, and lo! no purse was forthcoming. "I've been robbed of 300*l*. and some odd sovereigns!" she exclaimed, at length, in a paroxysm of terror.

"Really, ma'am?" inquired her companion with admirably feigned astonishment; and a glimmer of fun might have been detected by a close observer lurking about his shabby genteel countenance.

That individual had indeed been transacting a great deal of private business, at the same time that he was lavishing all his store of fascination upon Mrs. Roakes. First he had dexterously

abstracted the purse from her reticule; next, he had picked up the latter article when it had fallen on the floor of the "bus," and restored it to its owner with a most sincere desire to save her the trouble of stooping; then he had watched the splendour of her rings, quenched in its recesses, with a feeling of bitter disappointment; lastly, perceiving that a discovery was all but inevitable, he had liberally divested himself of his profits, and had transferred them to a spot where they might be found and welcome, if a search were instituted, and whence he might very easily abstract or extort them again, if it were not.

Meanwhile the omnibus had pulled up opposite St. George's Hospital, and one of the three passengers would fain have got out.

"Conductor!" screamed Mrs. Roakes, "I have lost a purse, containing 300*l.*, four sovereigns, and ten shillings in silver, since I got into this omnibus, and I insist on no one leaving it until it is found."

In a few minutes a crowd was collected, a policeman called, and a search instituted. After the omnibus itself had been thoroughly scrutinized, the girl was examined, and the first thing dawned forth from her pocket was the missing purse.

"Oh! you impudent little hussy!" said Mrs. Roakes, "who would have thought it had been you, with your quiet clean dress and innocent face, as if you wouldn't say *bo* to a goose?"

"You must come with me to Marlborough Street," said the policeman.

"Well, that beats anything!" exclaimed the perplexing-looking personage.

"It wasn't me—indeed it wasn't," sobbed the poor girl, confounded at being thus accused of theft before a concourse of people. "Oh, my poor mother! I never stole a pin in my life. It wasn't me, good gentleman, indeed it was not."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the policeman.

"She's in here," she replied, as well as her sobs could let her. "She's very ill indeed, and expects me. She's to have an operation done. O dear—O dear—what will become of me?—what shall I do?"

Some one was immediately despatched to the hospital to inquire if the girl's statement were correct. Its truth was soon ascertained; and the policeman, shrewdly suspecting the real state of the case, suggested to the real culprit the expediency of his accompanying the party to the magistrate as a witness.

"Certainly!" replied he; and taking off his hat to Mrs. Roakes, he added, "If I can be of any service, ma'am, pray command me."

So, hereupon, the whole party were hurried off to Marlborough Street. His worship the sitting magistrate, after paying due heed to the facts laid before him, was sorely perplexed.

"That this girl cannot be guilty in point of fact," argued that functionary within himself, "is as clear to me as the port wine I drank yesterday. She is evidently an unsophisticated country girl. Her account of herself is proved, and is most satisfactory. Her mother is lying ill at the hospital. She has just arrived from the country to be with her. It is all proved. Impossible! She's as innocent as I am."—"Pray, what is your name and address, sir?" he said aloud, addressing the witness in this case. "Perhaps you will favour me with your card."

The witness immediately handed up his card to the perplexed magistrate.

CAPTAIN FLASH,

49, University Street,

Fitzroy Square.

"Pray, what is your regiment?" asked Mr. Rushton.

"The Spanish Legion, under Colonel Evans," was the reply.

With a skilfulness truly admirable, the magistrate managed to prolong an amphibious sort of discourse, a kind of cross between an examination and a conversation, until a messenger despatched by him had returned, conveying the intelligence that Captain Flash's description of himself appeared to be perfectly satisfactory; and then, brimful of sympathy, which was magnanimously overpowered by strong legal considerations, praiseworthy impartiality, and an unfathomably deep sense of responsibility, "It gives me great pain," said he, addressing the accused, "but I fear the evidence against you is so strong, that I must commit you for trial."

"O dear! O dear!" sobbed the poor girl, scarcely able to support herself in the dock, "what have I done? What does it all mean? indeed, I'm innocent, it wasn't me! O my poor mother, if she hears I've been stealing! What shall I do? Oh! pray forgive me!"

"You must be tried by a jury of your countrymen," said the magistrate, with unmoved stoicism of manner. This was even more unintelligible to the prisoner than what had gone before; and with a few faint but agonized exclamations, she fell down senseless on the floor on which she had been standing.

"I had rather not prosecute, sir," said Mrs. Roakes, who had a sort of kindly feeling (not often used it is true) in one corner of her heart, and having moreover recovered her three hundred and odd pounds, did not wish to have the trouble of prosecuting.

"Well, madam!" replied the magistrate, whose feelings began to be rather unmagisterially turbid on the occasion, "the case really does seem to be involved in so much perplexity, that I really think you are almost justified in coming to that

conclusion." Accordingly as soon as the terrified girl had in some degree recovered herself, she was addressed by the worthy magistrate, in the following impressive, although rather inconsistent speech :—

"Young woman, you have had a narrow escape. If you had been sent to trial, as you must have been had not this kind-hearted and excellent lady forbore to prosecute, you would in all probability have been found guilty, and have been condemned to a long imprisonment. There are, however, certain considerations in the case, which have operated with me very strongly in your favour; and as it is the principle of the English law to give every prisoner the benefit of a doubt, I have determined not to force the kind lady whom you have so—or—I was going to say—whom—whom, that is, who rode in the omnibus with you, to prosecute. Let this then be a warning to you, for the rest of your life; for, depend upon it, the right person is sure to be found out, sooner or later,—ahem!"

When this magnanimous harangue was concluded, Mrs. Roakes hurried off to Eaton Square in a cab; Captain Flash went off in another direction, politely bowing to the magistrate and Mrs. Roakes; and the poor innocent accused was safely conducted by the policeman to St. George's Hospital.

(To be continued.)

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE (ORIENTAL).

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE DRAGOMAN.

Of this useful, cunning, clever class, Yousouf was as good a specimen as Grand Cairo could produce. Edom, Syria, Lebanon, and the Holy City, were familiar to him, as the Khan el Khalileh, or dress bazaar of his own city; and he talked of Belzoni, Salt, Champollion, Laborde, Lamartine, and Stephens, as easily as of any among the Smiths and Joneses of the common work-a-day world about us. When I first met Yousouf, he was enjoying a quiet little glass of Maraschino in the stores of the good Signor Pini, one of the most worthy and amiable of shop-keepers in the mighty *Mis'r*, and while so engaged, was earning his relish by a little business especially his own. The store-keeper was persuaded to advance a large quantity of macaroni for Yousouf's refection, understanding that its quantity would be deducted from the caffass (Bamboo canteen) of the next voyager to Thebes; the reis of a Nile boat was promising a heavy douceur for the earliest engagement, and a donkey-driver offered the diurnal use of his long-eared slaves for an indefinite period, on condition that Yousouf would assure the French gentleman at the Hôtel Orient, that not a donkey was to be seen above Siout!

A good deal of clamour accompanies these negotiations, and roars of laughter burst from the two Arabs, as they recounted varied instances of the adroitness of the favourite Dragoman. They were hideous-looking creatures, both of them. The donkey-driver wore a white turban, and a dark blue cotton garb strangely

looped up on the arms and back with a strong rope; in early life, parental love had deprived him of an eye, to save him from the hardships of military life, and a wiry black beard grew "thin and hungerly" on his chocolate-coloured face. Yet was the expression of this same face essentially Arabian, full of humour and grimace, and between his shouts of laughter the creature would flourish his thick stick, like a Connaught man, then whirl round like a dancing Dervish, and conclude with a bit of perfect mimicry of a passer-by, more especially droll if he happened to be a Copt, who dared not resent the insult, even on a donkey-driver.

The reis was graver, and his attire a little cleaner; he wore a tarbouche under his turban, possessed a handsome, half-mourning sort of beard, lounged on an old caffass, smoked a cherry-stick pipe, with an amber mouth-piece, and only indulged in violent mirth whenever Yousouf called to his mind any particular act of villany they had committed together in confidence, or any remarkably lucky escape they had had from the wrath of a Turkish governor.

The affectionate friends of the reis, also, dreading the army for their favourite, had early deprived him of a finger, this method of dehauding Ibrahim Pacha affording, as usual, occasion for much merriment. While this scene was enacting, a gentleman in a Turkish dress, leaning on Signor Pini's counter, looked on, too much accustomed to such colloquies to notice them; and in the small keen eye of Yousouf, his well-knit, and sturdy little frame, and his easy, good-humoured, and nonchalant manner, when the reis now and then presumed a little, I saw exactly the person I was in search of, to make my way easy in Upper Egypt. The moment, however, I spoke of engaging him, the Turk travestied, gave him the worst possible character; declared him a rogue, great among rogues; spoke of his selling the safety of his employers to Maronite Chiefs, and in fact assailed his honour on the nicest points. Yousouf glanced modestly from side to side, offering no reply; but the attack ended, he followed me from the store, and then, tapping his forehead very significantly, observed, "That poor gentleman is deranged; he got a stroke of the sun at Petra! See here, my certificates from Laborde and Stephens. Oh! there is not such a Dragoman in all Egypt as I am. I can speak six languages, and make a plum-pudding; I shot two Druses once that were impudent to my master, and stole three mummies that were sent to England." With this character, Yousouf became my Dragoman, and his equal capacity, for usefulness and villany, I found to be indeed univalued.

Our Dragoman's first object* was to obtain money for household supplies, which he purchased at cent per cent discount from the traders of the Moské. There was a great cage full of pigeons, a basket of tomatoes, heaps of flat cakes of unleavened bread, hundreds of little tapers of yellow wax, with a little Chinese-looking paper lantern, necessary to be used in the city of the Pacha by all who after sunset would escape his highness's police, and for the bath, the red stones of the range of Mount Mokattam, each a geological Dinneford's glove, and with them, the fibres of the date-tree, a species of acting Turkey sponge, the luxuries of which he descended on with the ability of a chief of the great Hamaum. Then cherry-stick pipes, with amber mouth-pieces, tarbouches, Damascus scarfs, (such as the Bedouins make into such very picturesque head-dresses,) with pretty Turkish ornaments for the hair, worn by the

ladies of the Pacha's hareems, appeared things proper, as Youssuf said, to be sent to friends. But if ever a maker of porcelain genii, or a coiner of monies declared to have been found in the Tomb of the Kings, ventured a similar remark in riding through the streets, or a mummy-mutilator forced a varnished hand or foot upon our notice as "antique, antique!" the worthy Dragoman never failed to drive his donkey against him, wring his ear, and calling him a "kelb" (dog) for his zeal, remark confidentially, "These people are all rogues; *hut!*" (be off!)—a term of much force in Egypt, of which I once saw a remarkable instance. A procession was moving forward in very solemn order towards one of the great gates of the city. There were men bearing branches of trees, and instruments of music; there were unbanded groups of venerable men, and a crowd of women in dark green robes, beating their breasts with measured grief. It was the funeral of a great man, and these mourners were his family and friends. Nothing could be more solemn and impressive, but as soon as the procession reached the gate, the elder, who walked in advance of the bier, turned round suddenly, raised both arms into the air, and shouting "Hut, hut!" as if he were driving a donkey from a flower-bed, every woman gathered up her raiment, and fled, some laughing, some shrieking, but all in the wildest disorder. Such is Mohammedan gallantry, and such the respect the turban pays to the "too persuasive" tear in woman's eye.

As long as we were curious, or Youssuf believed we had a friend remaining on earth, for whom he could procure a *cadeau*, his devotion to our service was entire, and, to do him justice, he appeared to be an abridgement of the most perfect domestic establishment. It seemed impossible, in fact, to suggest any branch of duty he was incapable for. At daylight, arrayed in embroidered Turkish jacket and *tarbouche*, full blue trousers bagging to the knee, spotted stockings of white cotton, and highly polished English shoes, our Dragoman prepared the most delicious coffee after the French method. He then performed the duties of housemaid and chambermaid, and prepared the baths. At eleven, breakfast in Sicilian style; stewed pigeons, tomatoes, macaroni, and ortolans in vine-leaves, with orange sherbets.

During the ordinary period for siesta, he sat quietly on a divan, with his pipe beside him, working at his needle, as neatly and as diligently as an English sempstress; and at seven he prepared the favourite dinner of pigeon soup, chickens with lemon sauce, and plum-pudding; the last his strong point, and reasonably so, as he found it a very important one to travellers in the Syrian climate, where a "*plat de résistance*" saves much labour to the caterer for a people whose feelings of contentment depend on seven meals *per diem*. When seated on the flat roof of the house, to enjoy the cool air of evening, freshly blowing from old Nilus, Youssuf would bring coffee à l'Arabe,—unfined coffee, with a morsel of perfumed gum in the delicate little china cup, encased in one of silver filagree. Cherry-stick in hand, he would then lean on the parapet wall, and recount endless anecdotes of travels and travellers, most of them no doubt fictions, but eminently amusing, while their interest was ensured by constant reference to names such as Stephens, Laborde, Lady Hester Stanhope; not as we read of them in books, but as he saw them in ordinary life, with general chat about Edom, Lebanon, and the Sinaite convent. And so wily was the narrator, that familiarly as he treated his themes, there was no bathos.

The desire to travel was stimulated, not allayed. The independence of the Bedouin, the courage of the Arab sheiks, the picturesque and romantic nature of desert life, the excitement of existence in new scenes of wondrous grandeur, among the ruins of an ancient world, with a tomb for a resting-place by day, and the starlit heavens, the canopy for nightly bivouac by the kneeling camels, and the crackling watch-fires, increased in interest; and we, with charmed ears, listened to the tales that Youssuf with like success had told to every traveller for the last twenty years in the land of Egypt, and must have been well weary of by this time, though, as the muezzin's call to prayer from the neighbouring minaret warned us of the lateness of the hour, our clever Dragoman would say, "Oh! let me tell you about that kelb of a Sheik at Jaffa that stole our pistols; I can talk to you,—you understand travelling,—you were born to come to the East; as the Arabs say, water will flow under the hollow of your foot."

Our purchases made, our interest stimulated, our arrangements entered on for Upper Egypt, the Dragoman's system changed. He adopted embroidered cloth garters over his spotless stockings, flourished a strong whip, and kept a donkey tied at the door. He was always proposing excursions to the Palace of the Citadel, the mosques, the petrified forest, the ovens of chicken incubation, and hinting that, as certain Pachas had gone to Constantinople, a hundred piastres or so well laid out on friends of his might get us a sight of their gardens, and, "who could tell? women were very curious—perhaps, a glance at the ladies also, some of the hareems were situated low, and the lattices very open, and it was the feast of Berram, and Turkish women would then do any thing for a freak." And so fees were given, and no doubt divided. And the donkey man was heavily paid, and when an appeal was made to Youssuf as umpire on a disputed charge, the good Dragoman uniformly shook his head, spoke gravely to the man in Arabic, and then turning to us would say, "All right, come up-stairs, I will pay this fellow; he's a very good man—very honest man—great friend of mine."

Having become cicerone, the Dragoman's household duties were neglected. He introduced a hideous-looking old Egyptian woman, with a black veil like the trunk of an elephant, wearing yellow slippers and red trousers, as *femme de chambre*, with whom we communicated by signs, and consequently, when it was required to have the mosquito curtains dusted, previous to seeking horizontal repose, she unobtrusively put hot water into the bath, filling the house with steam as the evening breeze set in. Then a cook was introduced, a fat Arab boy, in a dirty tasselled *tarbouche*, a dark blue cotton frock, and a face like that of a wooden idol. He was dreadfully afraid of Youssuf, who of course appropriated his wages, and being of a sensitive nature, the cook wept heavily at the slightest reprimand; solacing himself, however, at intervals, with enormous quantities of dates, and singing, almost without intermission, Arabic songs,—"*The fair girls of Secunderiah*" (Alexandria), or "*The Love of Leila and Mujnoon*," the last a most dismal measure, each verse ending with "*Leila! Leila!*" groaned forth with a sort of low howl by our poetic cook, or rather "*El Cookoo*," as the donkey boys would call him, risking the cup of boiling coffee that often punished their audacity, for even the tender-hearted, wooden-headed cook had daring to revenge his injuries, if they were not handed him by Youssuf.

Then came the preparations for the Nile and Upper

Egypt, and the zeal of the Dragoman was again at its height. A pretty, gay-looking boat, with two cabins and an awning verandah, was soon hired, soon sunk, to ensure cleanliness, and soon furnished with tables, chairs, and a caïss, stored with every delicacy that the shores of the Mediterranean could produce, from Zante currants to rich Falernian wine. It was observed, that beyond a very comfortable *bournous* (cloak) of goats' hair, a pipe, and a roll of bedding protected by a handsome Turkish rug, Yousuf had made no provision for himself, but he stated he had not been well, had lost all appetite, and would take only a little bread, a roasted head of maize, and a few onions, to be had at every village. One clear moonlight night, however, revealed his favourite hour for comfortable refection, as glancing through the Venetians to note our progress, an interesting little tableau presented itself, of which the centre was our caïss, and the adjuncts of the grouping convinced us, that the general idea held of Moslem distaste to the sausages of Bologna, the hams of Westphalia, and the wines of Oporto, is a vulgar error of the untravelled, at least as far as sailors and dragomen are concerned, and that, on the contrary, persons of this class endeavour to create a demand very favourable to the mercantile interest of those pleasant places. However, no remark was made on the matter, and at the first village we touched at, for milk, poor Yousuf, still suffering from want of appetite, appeared like an ascetic of the highest order, with an onion in one hand, and an ear of corn in the other.

The Dragoman became very contemplative on the Nile, smoking during the day, and making up his accounts from time to time, and then, while gazing earnestly on the water, was engaged, no doubt, in considering whom he had most imposed upon on a similar trip. And then, as if a sudden brightness of idea had seized him, he would spring from his recumbent position, and, coming to the cabin door, assure us the reis was very much dissatisfied and wanted a kid, or the crew would certainly not work if the wind dropped without a turkey; and thus he would coax from us the longed-for permission to stop at a village, and there the crew, Arabs and Africans, a most hideous group, danced to the sound of a tabor, and Yousuf strolled up to talk to some of the Pacha's soldiery, and to extort something or other from somebody, because he was the Dragoman of an English party; and he commonly reappeared with a whole band of donkey boys, venders of "antiques," and dancing women, behind whom, in strange contrast, a hideous, grinning Arab would appear, holding in his arms a mummy freshly rifled from the coffin of a newly discovered pit. If a particularly promising village, shaded with many palms and bristling with many pigeon-houses, appeared at sunset, it was always declared impossible to proceed, in consequence of "bad men, who would swim up to rob the boat, with knives held between their teeth;" and if advance was insisted on, then the reis and Yousuf would hold a conference, which ended in the boat being steered in a succession of angles from one bank of the river to the other, and when remonstrance was attempted, the Dragoman gravely shook his head, observing, "What can we do? this reis is a stupid man; suppose we bastinado him fifty times, he will never go straight: better let him stop, and give bucksheesh to get on to-morrow."

Yousuf's intelligence, however, was invaluable. Not only did he know all the fables and vulgar Arab tales connected with the antiquities of Egypt, but had carefully garnered all the remarks made by travellers

of erudition in whose society he had journeyed. He talked of the Zodiac at Dendera like an astronomer royal, of the Sepoys' worship of the bull at Thebes like a high-caste Brahmin, held his own opinions concerning human sacrifices in the ancient rites of Isis, and desecrated on Osiris and the sacred boat as if he had been amanuensis to Sir Gardner himself. In a mummy pit he was invaluable; the flexibility of his body, while, in a horizontal position, he drew himself serpent-wise along the connecting galleries, half choked with rubbish; the rapidity with which he relighted an extinguished candle, the searching force of his far-sounding voice, and the power of his sturdy frame when he converted it into an extempore ladder for the easier descent into a pit, were beyond all praise, and rendered safe and easy toils which under other auspices would have been fraught with danger and discomfort. The guides of the higher Alps of Chamouni and Mont Blanc are remarkable for their physical power, and their admirable presence of mind, but there the matter ends,—they are in these protecting faculties little superior to the mountain mule, and decidedly inferior to the wonderful dog who forewarns the St. Bernard monk of a coming avalanche; but for adroitness, ingenuity, talent, quickness of perception, and muscular power combined, commend me to the Dragoman of Egypt, whose traces for his calling leaves him without a rival. Returning from Thebes, matters did not proceed smoothly, for the interest of the brother rogues began to clash. Yousuf demanded an unfair share of profit, and moreover had flitted a little with the particularly hideous wife of the reis, who, with an elephant trunk-like veil, and an indigotined robe, had passed her time with her head on a gram bag, in the hold of the boat, in the society of a sly rat or two, that had contrived not to be drowned when the boat was sunk off Boulac. This lady was the third helpmate of the irascible captain, and as she boiled rice the best was of course the favourite of the hareem,—words ran high,—the reis yelled, Ameena first screamed, and then scratched Yousuf's face, Yousuf flung her husband's turban into the Nile, and struck him on the mouth with his shipper; so they were all three taken before a Turkish governor, the reis bastinadoed, the Dragoman fined, and the lady, with true Moslem gallantry, threatened with a cudgelling. A member of the Universal Peace Society, however, would have rejoiced to see, that an hour afterwards the trio were dining together the best friends imaginable.

Yousuf stayed in my service at Cairo, and agreed to accompany me to Alexandria. At the last desert station, he made a formal application for leave: he really *could* go no farther. The man's manner surprised me. "What was his reason?" There was a moment's pause, his little rat-like eyes beamed with cunning, a strange grimace spread over his face, and at last, drawing his pipe slowly from between his lips, he slyly answered, "My wife is at Secunderiah, and six years ago I wrote her that I was dead in Sicily."

The device was worthy of its author; and thus ended my acquaintance with Yousuf, one of the pleasantest rogues, and the cleverest dragomen, to be found "from Midgol to the sea."

—◆—
THESE are the signs of a wise man; to reprove nobody, to praise nobody, to blame nobody; nor ever to speak of himself as an uncommon man.—*Epicurus*.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge*.

MEMOIR OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

CHAP. I.—THE GHOST.

"WILL you leave off your old ghost stories, Berthier? they are good for nothing but to frighten old women; just look at Marceline, how she opens her old eyes, and stares about on every side, and looks at those old armours as if she expected they would carry her off in their iron arms to the witches' nightly meeting. Come and give me a lesson in drilling, that will be better."

He who thus spoke was a child, of such a fair and delicate complexion that he would not at first sight have been taken for more than seven years of age. Berthier, whom he addressed, was an old soldier of the league, under Henri IV., and had lost a leg in 1591 at the taking of Laon. Retired into the principality of Sedan, his native country, he passed his time in polishing, arranging, and keeping in order those arms and warlike weapons which to his grief he was no longer able to use. Brave soldier as he was, and accustomed to make the enemies of France tremble, he often indemnified himself for this privation by telling the most absurd stories, in order to frighten the servants of the castle. but the most amusing part of this was, that the simple and good-natured old man, while relating those stories to others, used to become so frightened himself, that, almost invariably, both narrator and auditors remained in breathless suspense, the one being no longer able to proceed, or the others to listen.

He was at this time seated beside his sister, old Marceline, near a window of the armoury, polishing an old halberd, and finishing a story he had commenced the previous evening, while his sister, unmindful of her spinning-wheel, sat with her eyes and mouth wide open, as if the better to take in her brother's story.

On hearing the child's interruption, Marceline cried out, "Softly, my lord, softly, you interrupt Berthier."

"I have given you a lesson this morning, my lord," said Berthier, "a second would fatigue you."

"Fatigue me! my good Berthier, for what do you take me, pray?"

"For the son of my lord and master."

"And one who will some day be your lord and master; do you hear, Berthier?"

"May God grant it, my lord."

"Then why will you not obey me?"

"I would willingly do so, my lord, but two lessons of drilling in one day at your age——"

"At my age! do you know that I shall soon be a man?" interrupted the child quickly.

"Do I know?" replied the old soldier, smiling, "were you not born in the second year of the reign of our ally the King of France, Louis XIII.?"

"The 11th September, 1611," said the child, haughtily.

"And is not this the 10th January, 1622, which makes you, let me see—one, two——"

And while Berthier was slowly counting on his fingers, the child quickly replied,—

"Ten years and four months to-morrow; am I not, Marceline?"

"You are right, my lord," answered the old woman, whose spinning-wheel had again resumed its motion.

"The age of your nephew, Gérard, whom you make *shoulder arms* all day long."

"You are right again," said Berthier, "but your

lordship will have the goodness to recollect that Gérard is twice as big and as strong as you are."

"And what does that signify?" resumed the child, "am I not made of flesh and bones like him, and are the largest men anything better?"

"Certainly not, my lord, but you are still weak, and much fatigue might make you ill."

"Upon my word you are all queer people; I am weak,—I am weak, I must not be fatigued! I hear nothing else all day long—first my father, then my mother,—but that is not so surprising, mammas are always frightened about their children. In fact, every one about me seems to be greatly concerned for my health. This is bad, Berthier, for I am determined to be a soldier."

"And why, my lord?"

"That I may one day become a great captain."

"It would be fitter for me to talk of becoming a great captain," said another boy, who just then entered the armoury, "for whatever you may do, you must be always illustrious."

"Illustrious! even if I should, like the old Duke de Valapide, pass my days in hunting and my nights in drinking."

"Gérard is right, my lord," replied the old soldier; "are you not the second son of my Lord Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duke de Bouillon, and Sovereign Prince of Sedan?"

"Yes, what then?"

"And of Madame Elizabeth de Nassau, daughter of William I. of Nassau, Prince of Orange?"

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"It has to do with it, my Lord Viscount de Turenne, that when one descends from the ancient and illustrious house of La Tour d'Auvergne, whose blood is intermingled with that of kings, and who has given princesses to all the courts of Europe——"

"I know my own history——"

"You have absolutely nothing to do but to fold your arms, or lie and rest yourself all day long, if that is your good pleasure; but as to becoming a soldier, believe me, my Lord Viscount, you are not strong enough for that."

"That is to say, that you know nothing at all about it," cried the young Turenne, angrily; "you are an old dotard, and it is you, who have laboured all your life, that ought to fold your arms, and lie and rest yourself all day long, if such is your good pleasure; but as to me, I must fight in the wars; my brother will inherit the sovereignty of Sedan, and I must preserve and defend it for him, if required. Therefore, no more words; leave your old pikes, and come and drill Gérard and me, we are your army, you are our captain, command the movement."

"You would do much better, my lord," observed Marceline, "if you would sit down here, and let Berthier finish his story; it is so beautiful, my lord, so fearful!"

"Another ghost-story, I wager," said Turenne, shrugging his shoulders; "what nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" cried Marceline, making the sign of the cross, "a condemned soul that appears every night at twelve o'clock."

"In the castle?" inquired the child.

"No, my lord; upon the ramparts of Sedan," replied Berthier.

"Oh! it is the story of the phantom with the fiery lance," said Gérard, seating himself on the floor of the apartment, and crossing his legs; "pray, my lord, ask my uncle to tell you that; it is wonderful, and, besides, it is true, is it not, uncle—you saw the phantom?"

"You saw it?" repeated the viscount, drawing near the group.

"Not exactly, my lord; but it was Peter——"

"Peter who saw it?" again inquired the viscount.

"Peter did not see it himself, my lord; but his grandfather, who did not see it either, was assured that his great-uncle had seen it, and, what is more, had spoken to it."

"And from that time the phantom has disappeared, as no person has ever seen it since," said Turenne, seating himself on one of the velvet cushions that surrounded the armoury.

"Pardon me, my lord, it is seen every night," replied, in the same breath, Berthier, Marceline, and Gérard.

"But how do you know, as none of you have ever seen it?"

"None of us have seen it, but we could see it if we wished," said Berthier, seriously.

"That is to say, if we dared," added Marceline.

"Speak for yourself, sister," replied the ex-leaguer, angrily; "for, if I have not gone to see it, it was not fear that prevented me. A man who has fought in the wars of the league, who has seen Henri IV. face to face, as I have the honour to see you, my lord, cannot be called a coward, I flatter myself."

"But, uncle," said Gérard, "I think one might look Henri IV., King Louis XIII., or even my lord, the Prince of Sedan, in the face, and even speak to them, yet, for all that, not like to go and broil oneself in company with the phantom of the fiery lance."

"But what is this phantom of the fiery lance?" demanded the young viscount, stamping his foot impatiently.

"You have undoubtedly heard, my lord, of Tiger-heart, the miller?" said Berthier, leaning upon his halberd.

"No more than of the phantom," he replied.

"Well, my lord, this miller Tiger-heart, who lived a hundred, two hundred,—perhaps, as no one now alive knew him, three hundred years ago, was a miller."

"That is probable enough," said young Turenne, laughing.

"I must beg leave to observe, my lord," said Berthier, with a little uneasiness on his countenance, "that if you interrupt me, I can never recover the thread of my story."

"Go on, go on," said Henry, laughing.

"It is very serious, my lord," said Berthier, with an air of mortification, "and you should not laugh while I am relating this story, or it may bring some harm upon ourselves."

"Now," continued Berthier, "it is a long time, a very long time, since, under the reign of Louis IX. in 1260, the insurgents caused so much tumult, and the town-bailiffs were so few in number, that the Parisians, and at their instance the other cities, requested leave to defend themselves. The Trades' or Citizens' watch was then instituted,—when one very cold evening, just like this, with two feet of snow on the roof of the castle, in the streets, and on the ramparts,—exactly such a day as this,—the door of the mill opened, and a pale and sickly young man entered. 'Brother,' said he to the miller, 'it is my turn to go to the ramparts to-night; I feel very ill, I have got the ague, do me the kindness to go in my place, and I will do the same for you another time.'

"'I thank you for the preference, brother,' said Tiger-heart; 'but though I am well, I can feel the cold as well as you.'

"'But, brother, it will kill me.'

"'Well! I shall have the better inheritance for that.'

"'Brother, I ask you once, twice, will you do me this favour?'

"'Thrice no!' answered Tiger-heart.

"At that moment the castle clock struck twelve. His brother exclaimed, 'May you be thrice cursed, and may you through all eternity mount that guard on every snowy night;' he then retired, and Tiger-heart went to bed. The next day his brother was found frozen to death upon the ramparts, and, behold, that night it was the miller's turn to mount guard.

"'Will you go?' asked his wife.

"'Yes, certainly, I will go,' he answered.

"'And if you should be frozen?'

"'Well, you would be a widow.'

"'You ought to confess, Tiger-heart, for recollect your brother's threat; you might die in a state of mortal sin.'

"Tiger-heart, who was an infidel, only laughed at these words of his wife; he took his halberd, which glittered like gold, and went to the ramparts. He has never been seen since, my lord," added Berthier, in a low and trembling voice, "except on snowy nights, but then no person speaks to him."

At that moment the door of the armoury creaked on its hinges, and a scream issued from every mouth.

"What is the matter?" demanded a young nobleman, advancing into the room, followed by a numerous retinue.

"My lord,—my lord—" stammered out Berthier, bowing respectfully.

"It was Berthier who was telling us the story of the phantom with the fiery lance," answered the viscount, running towards the Prince of Sedan, and kissing the hand held out to him.

"And you took me for the phantom," said the prince, laughing. "That is good, very good. Come, my lords," added he, turning to his suite, "to horse; we shall have fine hunting to-day, let us not lose time."

"My lord and father," said a little beseeching voice, behind the Duke de Bouillon, who felt himself pulled by the end of his cloak, "will you permit me to follow you to the hunt?"

"You!" exclaimed the duke, taking his son by one ear, and presenting him to the company, "see the audacity of this child, my lords." The boy held down his head and blushed.

"Then at least order Berthier to fence with me," he muttered.

"What martial humour has taken hold of you to-day, Henry?" replied the duke, bursting out laughing. "you would hunt, you would fence; but, my dear child," added he tenderly, "you are too delicate to be exposed to the frosty air, and too weak for fencing. What have you to oppose to those objections?"

"But, my lord," said Henry, almost in tears, "if I am never allowed to mount a horse, and if I am always to be afraid of the heat and the cold, how can I ever become a great captain like you?"

"Oh! you want to become a great captain?" repeated one of the lords of the court. "Bravo, nephew, I will take care of that."

"I thank you for your kind intentions, Lord Maurice de Nassau," replied the Duke, "but the delicacy of this poor child's constitution will prevent his ever being able to take advantage of them; choose some other profession, for, believe me, Henry, a military life would not suit you; how could you, weak and delicate

as you are, bear to have sometimes nothing but the ground for your bed, and a stone or a gun-carriage for a pillow? Nature never intended you for a warrior, my son, and you must be satisfied; go, and find your mother, Henry; go and ask her to hear you read in her missal. A fine captain, truly, you would make!" added the Duke, laughing, and affectionately patting the pale cheeks of his little son—"a captain that is afraid of ghosts!"

Henry remained struck by this reproach. "Afraid of ghosts!" said he, after his father had departed, "I will soon show them whether I am or not."

"Tell me, Lord Henry," said Gérard, with rather a sarcastic expression, "why you did not answer your father when he said your constitution was too delicate for the military profession,—yesterday you had so many fine arguments."

"I have something better than arguments to-day," said Henry, "I will give an unanswerable proof."

CHAPTER II.

The curfew had long since sounded, the lords of the court were still in the banquetting hall, occupied with the pleasures of the table, and in relating anecdotes of the day's hunt, as well as of their own prowess; the duchess had retired to her drawing-room, where, surrounded by her ladies, she was employing herself in those works of tapestry which formed the amusement of all noble ladies in those days.

"Ivonne," said the duchess, suddenly breaking the silence which had continued for some time, "pray bring me that little box which is on the table."

A young lady rose at these words, and having brought the article requested, the duchess opened it, and took out a very large gold watch, curiously wrought, and which she hung round her neck by a chain of the same material.

"Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed all the ladies, clasping their hands.

"It is the fashion at the French court," said the duchess; "a new invention, it is called a watch clock, and I am assured that it tells the hour as well as the great castle clock, only it must be wound up every night. It is very heavy," she added, poising it in her hand, "but it appears they cannot be made lighter; however, it is pleasing to be able at all times to tell the hour: what do you think of it, young ladies? It is a present from the duke."

The admiration which this new trinket excited kept every tongue enchaind.

In the meantime, one of the ladies, who had left the apartment to transmit some order from her mistress, returned with a pale and embarrassed countenance. "What is the matter, Mademoiselle de Gouterot?" said the duchess, fixing her eyes on that young lady; "has anything happened to you, or to any person in the castle? Speak, mademoiselle, you terrify me!"

"Madame—madame," stammered Mademoiselle de Gouterot, "on leaving this room, I met Madame de Vienville, the Viscount de Turenne's governess."

"Well, go on," said the princess, seeing the hesitation of her lady.

"The young prince cannot be found."

"Impossible!" cried the princess, rushing towards the door of the apartment, "impossible! Henry is playing in some corner of the castle; it is some trick he wishes to play his governess: but for pity's sake,

ladies, send out all my people, and let every place be searched."

And as the princess followed her ladies, to see that her orders were properly executed, she encountered Madame de Vienville, Berthier, Marceline, Gérard, and several other attendants.

"Oh! madame, pardon, pardon," said the governess, throwing herself at the feet of her mistress, "I assure you it was not my fault."

"I am willing to believe it," said the princess, whose uneasiness restrained her anger, "but what are you all doing here instead of searching for him? How long is it since you have seen my son, madame? Speak! You, Berthier, whom he loved so much, have you seen him lately?"

"Alas! madame," replied the old soldier, wiping his eyes, "not since morning."

"No," added Marceline, crying bitterly, "not since the story of the phantom; he laughed, the poor child, he laughed."

"And that has brought some misfortune upon him," added poor Berthier. "Alas! I warned him of it."

The steps of the duke being heard hastily advancing, put an end to this conversation, the duchess fell into his arms. "My son!" she faintly uttered.

"Compose yourself, my love," said the duke, tenderly; "I have given all necessary orders; Henry cannot be far off; the gate-keeper of the castle saw him this evening cross the drawbridge."

"Alone?" asked the duchess, scarcely able to support herself.

"Alone," said the prince. "He was running; the gate-keeper wished to speak to him, but the child made a sign to him to be silent, and went on his way."

"But why did not this man inform us immediately?" said the princess. "To go out at night, and in such weather, is enough to kill him; but where can he have gone?"

"That is what I am going to try and discover, my dear Elizabeth; but I wished first to set your mind at rest. My friends, followed by my people, are scouring the town; they will inquire at every house. I am going to join them,—do you, my love, return, and rely upon me for bringing back your son."

As the duke was crossing the drawbridge to rejoin his friends, whose torches were visible in every part of the town, he met Berthier and Gérard. "Well! what tidings?" he exclaimed.

"None," said they, sorrowfully. "We met the citizens' watch, and they had not seen him."

Without waiting to answer them, the prince proceeded towards the ramparts.

The snow which covered the ground, besides giving additional brilliancy to the light of the moon, which had just risen over the town, and rendered useless the torches of the attendants, brought into strong relief a range of cannon which defended the ramparts of Sedan, at each end of which sentinels were posted. "Who goes there?" demanded the first sentinel, on perceiving the approach of the prince.

"It is I, your prince," replied the Duke de Bouillon.

"Have you seen my son, the Viscount Turenne?"

"There, my lord," replied the sentinel, extending his arm, and pointing to a cannon, on the frame of which, in spite of cold, in spite of snow, a child was extended!

"Henry!" said the prince, moving towards him, then, stopping, and making a sign to impose silence, he added, "he sleeps!" But Henry had heard his father's voice; he opened his eyes and raised his head. "My lord," said he, without stirring from his place

"What are you doing there, sir?" said the duke, rather sharply. "You have put the castle in an uproar; your mother is in a state of the greatest uneasiness, and I myself—" The emotion of the prince prevented his continuing.

Henry rose, and bent his knee before the prince.

"Forgive me, my father, if I have caused you uneasiness; but I wished to convince you that your second son was not a little girl who dreading the cold, nor yet a coward afraid of a ghost. You see I am not dead from either cold or fright."

"And you have thus, my dear nephew, proved the mistake of those who say you are not fit for the army. As for me, I repeat, that, with the permission of his lordship, my brother-in-law, and of Madame Elizabeth, my sister, I am ready to receive you into my company."

"As a soldier, uncle?" said young Turenne, with enthusiasm.

"As a soldier, nephew," answered the Prince de Nassau. "To know how to command, we must first learn to obey."

"Let us now go," said Henry, "to relieve my mother's anxiety."

The ardour of the young Viscount Turenne was not much longer repressed. He was scarcely fourteen years old when he followed his uncle to the army in Holland; and, having successively passed through all the grades of a soldier, he got the command of a company of infantry under Frederick, the successor of Maurice de Nassau. On the death of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, his father, the young Viscount de Turenne was sent to the court of Louis XIII. as hostage for the parole which the Duchess de Bouillon had given to the King of France, never to separate her interests from his. Cardinal Richelieu, who undoubtedly foresaw the greatness of the Prince de Turenne, sent him, in 1631, to Lorraine, at the head of a company under the orders of the Marshal of the Forces: he there decided the success of the siege of La Mothe, and was appointed Adjutant-General.

Three years afterwards, he distinguished himself in the taking of the Château de Sene, in Hénault: in 1638, he took Brissac; he then went on in his brilliant career, adding conquest to conquest;—Cassel, Montcauler, where, notwithstanding a severe wound, he forced the besieged city to capitulate.

At Roussillon, (which he had powerfully assisted in conquering,) he was made Marshal of France, in 1644, by the Queen Regent, Louis XIII. being dead.

The life of Turenne was one continued course of victories and of noble actions; having reached the height of glory, the young King Louis XIV. raised him to the rank of field-marshal of the king's army, joining to this new title the government of Upper and Lower Languedoc, the commission of councillor of state, and the place of colonel-commandant of light cavalry.

After the peace which was concluded in 1668, Turenne rested from his labours, but this repose was not of long continuance; the invasion of Holland being declared in 1672, he again appeared at the head of his army. It was near the village of Salbach in 1675, a decisive affair was to have taken place; the cabinet of Vienna had opposed to Turenne the celebrated Montecuculi. Europe awaited in suspense the issue of this struggle; an unforeseen event decided it.

On Saturday the 27th July, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Viscount Turenne, then sixty-four years of age, prepared to inspect a site chosen for the erection

of a battery, as he expected to give battle the next day. Previous to mounting his horse he ordered his chaplain to be informed that he would receive the communion before the action; he then rode off, followed by a numerous staff. When arrived within about thirty yards of the battery ground, which was on a height, his nephew, young D'Elbeuf, annoyed him by letting his horse wheel about quite close to him. "You do nothing but turn your horse about me, nephew," said he, "stay where you are; you will point me out to the enemy;" and ordering several of his attendants to wait for him, he advanced alone towards the camp. "They are firing from the side to which you are going, Sir," said Hamilton, following him, "come this way."

"You are right," said Turenne, laughing, "I should not at all like to be killed to-day."

But Heaven had decided otherwise; scarcely had he turned his horse when Monsieur de Saint Hilaire advanced towards him, hat in hand. "Sir," said he, "will you look at that battery which I have just placed there?" Scarcely had Saint Hilaire pronounced these words when a cannon-ball struck off the arm which held his hat. The pain did not prevent this officer from looking towards his general;—he saw him no more, but he perceived a horse at full speed, dragging after him a bleeding and shapeless corpse.

The great Turenne was dead. Never was a death more felt in France: all ranks of society wept and mourned for him. Honours were paid him that had never before been awarded to any one except to the Constable Duguesclin: his remains were laid in the king's vault of Saint Denis.

EXTERNAL CAPILLARY ACTION IN PLANTS.

PROBABLY there are many lovers of flowers who, like ourselves, have been puzzled and annoyed by the constant appearance of water upon the table or stand upon which the favourite bouquet is placed; perhaps the servant has been blamed for her heedlessness in spilling the water, which has been again replenished, and again the same thing has unaccountably occurred. Or, perhaps, some younger hands have been accused of upsetting the dish or vase; some little shoulder must have carelessly pushed the stand and spilled the water. Vociferations of innocence are of no avail; there is the water morning after morning—it could not have been spilled without hands, and the non-discovery of the culprit only causes the blame to be divided among the suspected persons. For years were we thus puzzled; we left off blaming and complaining, but patiently wiped up the water and said no more about the matter. A few years since, the arrangement of our table bouquet became, through certain circumstances, a matter of mental occupation, and we learned in a few days the cause of the untidiness which had so long distressed us. We found that certain flowers seemed to imbibe the water merely to torment us by pouring it forth again upon the table, which in an hour after we had arranged our bouquet was perfectly sodden in some spots, though we well knew that neither young hands nor a careless servant had approached it. We watched our tender enemies carefully, and at length learned which flowers must be discarded. The sweet-william was

the first of these, and we did not much regret it, for, though very beautiful when closely examined, it is too stiff and formal for a bouquet. The water almost poured from its leaves and flowers, especially from the former, for the first two or three hours after it had been placed in water. Other flowers which had this habit in a great degree were the large garden antirrhinum and the heliotrope. But the strongest instance of all was the violet.

One of the great pleasures of the spring is violet-hunting; and many are the lamentations uttered every year over banks new made, hedges replanted, and ditches drained; indeed, we fear there will be no wild violets left for our great-grandchildren. But will not English Botany be then a forgotten, or at least a defunct, science? The railroad is cutting up all bye-places and snug nooks, careless of the rare plants which it disturbs; and even if some loving hand find a fresh locality for its treasures, it is very uncertain whether they will thrive in their new home. A lamentation has just been made to us, that the most prolific station mentioned by Hooker for the *Teucrium Chamadrys* is entirely broken up, and what is to be done? The plant will thrive only on old walls, and people will renew and build up these places; everything is new now in these days of improvement: and if we plant a root in a proper situation, it will soon be lost again. We must take it to a ruined church we sometimes visit, which is now roofless, steepleless, and surrounded by corn stacks; the only tomb-stone which is left bearing indisputable marks of having been used as a spot convenient for a bird-trap. And this stone two hundred years since was placed over the remains of a "Citizen of London," a member of the Stationers' Company, and the eldest son of a knight, who resided at the noble old hall close by, whose venerable avenue, twisted chimneys, and ornamented gables, still testify the taste of its former owner; while the long and lofty barn, with its loop-hole windows and flint walls, gives us reason to think that the whole domain was anciently connected with the monastic appearances, the antique summer-house, and the still famed well of St. Wolfstan which we find just across the river; that river the "glorious" pike of which have afforded us so much amusement in catching. We may have more to say of the ruined church when we have planted our Germander, and caught our pike this year. But thus are our English plants lost. Now to return to our bouquet.

In one of our spring walks we gathered our little basket half full of violets, and having carefully pulled off every flower before we planted the roots, we arranged them in a couple of wine-glasses, without any leaves, or any other flowers. In half an hour the glasses stood in water. We had the spot wiped dry, but again it became wet; and thus till the water stood but just high enough in the glasses to touch the stalks. This very striking occurrence led us to watch our bouquet through the summer, and we found many flowers which caused the same untidiness; but we might probably have forgotten all about it till next spring, as we have forgotten many of the flowers, had not we accidentally met with something like a solution of the enigma in our searchings after botanical scraps.

In the Reports published by the Ray Society this year is the notice of an "Essay on the Capillary Activity of the External Integument of certain plants." From this we will make an extract, which will be understood by our botanical readers, and can be easily

explained to those who have not studied this interesting science: we simplify some of the terms.

"The property consists in this, that certain plants, by means of their external envelope, draw up the surrounding water on the surface of the stem, and distribute it to the neighbouring parts, the petioles (leaf-stalks) and leaves, from the ends of which the accumulated fluid falls drop by drop. A stalk of *Urtica dioica* (great nettle) was cut off smoothly, above and below, leaving only two leaves on the separated portion; this was placed in water so that the petioles formed an angle of 30° to 40° with the surface of the water, whilst the stem itself was at right angles. The water passed upwards in the grooves in the upper surface of the petioles, followed the ribs of the leaves, and then dropped from the points of the leaves. In the *Urtica urens* (small nettle) the process was not so successful; the water expanded over the surface of the leaf, and there disappeared without dropping. A still greater capillary action was observed in *Ballota nigra* (black horehound), in which the water not only passed upwards in the footstalk and the leaf, but also in the grooves of the stem itself; but both *Urtica* and *Ballota* were exceeded in capillary activity by a syngenesious plant, which the author took to be *Ageratum caruleum* (of our gardens) both in rapidity of transmission, and in the amount of the ascending fluid. *Physalis allekengi* (winter cherry) also exhibited the same capillary power, but for a short time only. *Chiropodium vulgare* (wild basil) and *Betonica striata* (not an English plant) exhibited a feeble capillarity, as did *Galeobdolon* and *Galeopsis*."

The author accounts for this phenomenon by saying that as the hairs on the stems and leafstalks of these plants are thickly set and curve towards each other, they form narrow tubes, as it were, through which the water is drawn up and transmitted to the leaves, when, as we have seen, it flows along the grooves of the ribs to the end. A reason is assigned for the cessation of the dropping in the swelling of the vessels of the stem and petiole, by which the hairs are forced farther from each other, and the power of capillary conveyance of the water is lost.

Some curious remarks are also given upon the dropping from the ends of the leaves of that noble plant, *Calla Ethiopica*; observation has shown that "light has no perceptible influence on this dropping from the leaves; that the excretion was feeblest in the morning; increased towards noon; was most copious in the afternoon from two to five P.M., and declined again during the night. The dropping seems to arise from an excess of moisture beyond that which is requisite for the nourishment of the plant; and it ceases with the development of the spathe and organs of reproduction. The necessity of the plant for water was greatest during the night, but especially on the development of the spathe."

A secretion of watery fluid likewise takes place in *Canna* (Indian shot); not from the points of the leaves as in *Calla*, but from the ends of the parallel ribs which terminate at the margin of the leaf; and generally more from those that are nearer to the end of the leaf, than from those which are situated nearer to its base. From these terminations, towards evening and at night, imperceptibly exudes a clear watery fluid, which collects in drops, sometimes, but rarely, in as large a quantity as from the *Calla*. This excretion does not seem affected by temperature; it is promoted by the growth of the leaves, but ceases when the plant puts forth stalks and flowers.

We must observe that both these are water plants, and it does not appear at all probable that an apparatus should be provided merely to imbibe and give forth again more fluid than is required for nourishment; this is not accordant with the economy of nature, where nothing is wasted. The fluid thus expelled may be those parts of the water which are not necessary to the nourishment of the leaves, and therefore thrown off after a kind of digestive process has been undergone; while the cessation of the excretion as soon as the plant puts forth flowers, shows that it is in some manner necessary to fructification. The food which a plant receives probably undergoes some kind of decomposition in its passage through the stem; but it is principally in the leaves that it is altered; and the fluid of which we are speaking may belong to the colouring matter of the petals, or to other parts of the perfect plant, for which it is not at present required. But although we cannot exactly decide this, we may be certain that it is neither accidental nor useless. The *Nepenthes distillatoria* is well known for its abundant secretion of fluid; the flower is colourless; and the leaves are generally half filled with water. All fluids in a plant have motion, and their constant perspiration proves the rapidity with which the sap circulates; if a glass be placed under a young vine leaf, in a hot day, it will soon be covered with dew, which in less than an hour will run down in streams. Evergreens perspire less than deciduous or herbaceous plants, partly because their outer skin is comparatively thick and hard. Some curious experiments have shown the circulation of the fluids in plants and flowers; we have been much interested in watching violets in a glass of ammonia and water; they become almost green. White roses have been coloured with red veins, while other flowers entirely refused to imbibe the colouring matter. To the circulation of the sap are also to be attributed the instances, of which we so frequently read, of foreign substances being found in trees, and even in vegetables.

As respects the capillary attraction which takes place with cut flowers, the hairs upon the stems and stipules of plants are doubtless of some use; they may be a protection against heat and cold, or against the attacks of insects; besides which, they often contain the odoriferous oil peculiar to the plant. Their capillary action is merely the effect of a known law, under circumstances not natural to them. The flowers in which we observed this action the most copiously are those which grow in a cluster, each floret having a separate calyx, probably as hairy as the petioles and stipules, therefore conveying water in the same manner. In the case of the violets there might be accessory circumstances. No doubt the action took place in the calyx, as, many of the stalks being extremely short, the glasses were filled with water to the brim. Besides this, the stalks themselves would act by capillary attraction, and raise the water to the edge of the glass, as may be seen by floating a teaspoon in a cup of tea; and still more plainly in a coloured glass of flowers, where each stalk raises the water between itself and the side of the vase to a higher level than it stands at in the centre.

We recommend our young admirers of flowers to study them, not in the greenhouse and the garden, but in their native homes, the fields and woods, assuring those who do so that the study of botany well repays the trouble it costs.

F. C. B.

LUCENTIO AND BIANCA.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam:—

Hac ibat Sinois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Sinois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio, of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii. Scene 1.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. V.¹

EDITH KINNAIRD.—PART III. CHAPTER V.

As they walked home Edith began to express her warm admiration of Alice Brown's unobtrusive goodness. "There is to me a charm about her which I cannot define," said she; "plain and shy as she is, without brilliancy, without striking talent of any sort, without captivation of manner, she wins upon my affection I don't know how! It is quite against all my theories; I never fancied that mere goodness was necessarily loveable, though, of course, it must always be respectable—yet I don't know what there is in Alice that is attractive, unless it be her goodness. I think, Amy, her character is like one of the figures on old stained glass—strange and stiff, and violating perhaps all the rules of art, but impressing you at once with the idea of an unearthly beauty such as none of those rules could have produced." She paused, but Mrs. Dalton made no answer.

"You don't like her!" exclaimed Edith, with an air of disappointment.

"Oh yes!" replied her friend, hurriedly, and in a low faltering voice: the next moment she withdrew her arm from the clasp of the wondering Edith, put her hands before her face, and began to weep bitterly. Edith was greatly shocked, she did not like to inquire the reason of a grief so unexpected and so overpowering, but walked on in sympathizing silence. Amy's usual self-command seemed to have completely deserted her; her tears flowed fast and long without restraint. At length she snatched her handkerchief from her eyes with a gesture of impatience and began to pluck the clematis from the hedges beside which they were walking. "It is very graceful, is it not?" said she, with assumed levity holding up a branch and twisting it into a garland; "it would make a lovely wreath for the hair, I think it would suit you exactly. Do take off your bonnet, Edith, and let me try—I like to exercise my genius upon your toilette,—you do me such credit."

Her hand was upon Edith's bonnet-strings as she spoke, but she was not suffered to execute her scheme.

"My dear Amy, everybody would think we were mad. Wait till we are at home."

"At home!—oh, true, we are not at home yet," repeated Amy, looking around her as if she had only just noticed the circumstance; "we shall be at home when we are at Beechwood. It will be wiser to wait



Lucentio and Bianca.

DRAWN BY JOHN ABSOLON: ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DALZIEL.

certainly—more in accordance with etiquette, and sins against etiquette, you know, are unpardonable, especially in women. We may break the laws of God as often as we please, and we may evade the laws of man, provided we do it cunningly, without fear of losing caste; but the laws of society are sacred, and the woman who neglects them is sentenced ere the crime be consummated. What a nice thing it is to have a number of pretty little conventional channels for the feelings, where they may play about safely and do nobody any harm—only it's a pity they are so shallow—it's bad policy, you see, for a strong current sweeps them all away in an instant. Did you think I was crying just now?"

Edith's distressed silence answered for her.

"Oh, don't deny it," pursued Amy, in the same tone; "I am sure you did, you looked so frightened. My dear child, I was only tricking you. What should I find to cry about, unless I were like a baby and cried for the moon? I have everything in the world to make me happy—plenty of money, perfect liberty, enough admiration to keep me always in good humour, a happy home—no, a *comfortable* home, that's the word—a comfortable home and a good husband: the last are the two grand essentials, don't you think so, Edith?"

"How lovely Beechwood is looking!" returned Edith, who was painfully embarrassed, and knew not what to say. They were just passing the park gate.

"Yes, beautiful!" cried Amy, stopping short, and looking up at the cool dark blue sky through the crevices in the golden foliage. "Look there!" she added, "there is a new kind of garden roller which Mr. Dalton invented; it took him a whole vacation to bring it to perfection; and he was so much interested in it, that he used to be awake at nights, and mutter dark sentences concerning it when he dropped asleep. Presently he will take out a patent for it, and be henceforth known as the inventor of the improved garden roller—he will rank among the master-spirits of the age and the benefactors of posterity. Is it not a proud distinction for me to shine in the reflection of such a light?"

"Amy! Amy!" exclaimed Edith, in a supplicating voice, "forgive me, but indeed this is not right—it makes me unhappy to listen to you."

"Nay but, Edith," persisted Mrs. Dalton, "this is not fair, I am naturally ambitious, and I am trying to induce my ambition to feed upon the only kind of nourishment it can get. Fame is fame, you know, and the source from which it springs can be of very little consequence. Nothing is valuable in itself; it is only as we choose to think highly or lowly of it that it rises or falls. I don't see why Mr. Dalton's new roller should not be as grand a creation to him as Lichfield Cathedral was to the architect who imagined it. And if to him, of course to me—that follows, you know. *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*,—that is true philosophy."

"And like all philosophy," said Edith, making a strong effort to change the subject, "it is very well to talk about, and quite impossible to do. Mr.

Thornton would laugh at me for the elegant phraseology in which I am clothing my ideas; would he not? By the bye, how kind it was of him to remember poor Alice Brown! I should not have expected it of him; it was a quiet, unpretending little piece of benevolence which I should have thought his far-gazing eyes likely to overlook."

"Ah, you don't do him justice," replied Mrs. Dalton; "he has an excellent heart."

"But an excellent heart does not always teach one to do right," observed Edith. Mrs. Dalton was silent and seemed scarcely to hear the remark. Edith went on talking, almost breathlessly, to prevent the renewal of a train of thought which had been so unspeakably painful to her. "Ah! see how the Russian violets have come into bloom—what an abundance! the ground is quite purple—let me get you a bouquet." She kneeled down to gather the flowers. "Don't pick them!" said Amy, "I hate the scent of violets!"

Edith looked up in her face inquiringly. "I hate flowers!" continued Amy, with vehemence. "What have I to do with quiet, simple pleasures and sweet natural beauties?—I have poisoned them all! I have never gathered a violet since I was eighteen—and then——" tears again interrupted her words.

Edith rose, threw her arms around her, and tried to soothe her by caresses and words of endearment. If the presence and the voice of Love cannot soothe grief, it is indeed irremediable; and that Love is wisest which at such bitter seasons seeks rather to express its sympathy than to contend against the sorrow of the mourner. Mrs. Dalton repulsed Edith, but gently, and without any effort to disguise her emotion. "Leave me, dear Edith," said she; "'tis of no use. There, leave me—I am as weak as a child. Twelve years ago," she added, clasping Edith's hand between her own and speaking in a stifled but quite articulate voice, "I was engaged to that man whom you have seen this morning, and I gave him up because he would not give up his duty for my love. So he left England—and I—married. And we have never met since. Now go—and forget all this—and ask me no more questions—I shall be just as usual this evening."

And Edith obeyed, and left her, with a warm embrace but without a word, and in the evening she was just as usual—a little flushed perhaps, and rather more vivacious in her conversation than was her habit when at home, but perfectly composed, and full of badinage with Mr. Thornton. She declined singing, but that was no uncommon whim, and she broke up the party early, but then she was tired with her long walk. She did not come into Edith's room, but pressed her hand on the stairs and wished her good-night, and the next morning the unwonted colour and the slight restlessness were gone, and even her friend's eyes could discover no traces of the terrible emotion of the previous day. Truly, in one sense, we all of us walk through life like the pilgrim child in the German picture; we know not what fearful abysses are hidden from us by the fruits and flowers which grow around our path.

At breakfast, on the third morning after Mr. Thornton's arrival, two letters were placed in Edith's hands, and it was with a fluttering heart that she examined the handwriting on the envelopes. One was from Aunt Peggy; the other from Frank. She opened Aunt Peggy's first, and read a most cordial and affectionate acquiescence in her proposal. Miss Forde welcomed with delight the idea of again receiving Edith as an inmate, delicately abstained from any allusion to her peculiar circumstances beyond a strong expression of sympathy and interest, and added the information that Enmore Hall was again vacant, and that Edith's letter had decided her upon engaging it for the winter, instead of occupying the small cottage in its neighbourhood where she had been passing the last few months and at which Edith had addressed her. She needed no further notice, but would be ready to receive her beloved guest at any day and hour after the date of her present note. Why did tear after tear drop slowly from Edith's eyes as she ended the perusal of words so kind and consolatory? Was it that she shrank from again seeing a place where so many happy hours had furnished so many bitter recollections? not exactly; that soft memorial sorrow does not excite the imagination and so come upon us by anticipation. A thrill passes over us, it is true, whenever we read the name of a place where we have once been happy, but it is the privilege of a tranquil state of melancholy to people the mind with quiet visions of the past, and to embody, as it were, and localise the picture by particular features of landscape or even forms and dispositions of furniture—the new bitterness of an unmellowed grief leaves no leisure, no power for such embellishments of sorrow. Those who voluntarily dwell upon unhappy thoughts have either become callous, or were never alive to their acutest painfulness. They know not the sensation of utter powerlessness which has no alternative but escape or prostration—the cowardice of a bleeding and undefended heart. Every tree or stone that we see has perhaps the power of calling up a phantom from the accusing past; but we do not think of the trees or stones *till* we see them—we are too much occupied by the unwilling contemplation of the shapes which are ever present before us, whether with or without them. So Edith did not weep at the thought of once more becoming an inmate of Enmore Hall, much and long as she wept afterwards at the eloquent memorials of the place when she was actually its inmate. She wept, because in that kind letter she had received the fullest consolation which her grief was capable of receiving, and because she felt its utter impotence to soften that grief; because the thought passed slowly through her heart, "Now everything has been done that can be done, and you are still desolate."

She broke the seal of Frank's letter somewhat listlessly; she had written to him once since her illness, but had not yet received an answer. They had parted just before she left Selcombe Park; she had then been convalescent for some days, but had carefully avoided all private conversation with him,

so that she actually did not know what view he took of her position. He had been satisfied with the proofs of returning health which he saw in her, and with the knowledge that she was going to stay with a friend so congenial to herself (though not to him) as Mrs. Dalton; and he had treated her with that careful and considerate tenderness which bodily ailments seldom fail to win from those who love us. The sickly and drooping soul is generally left to shift for itself, or shaken and scolded into a healthier state, if so be. Why can we not bestow upon it the same delicate handling that we should readily award to the broken or injured limb? Is it a thing of stronger and more intelligible constitution—or of less consequence? Thus did Frank write:—

"My dearest Edith,

"I was delighted to receive such an improved account of you. I thought, when I saw you last, that you were just in the state for change of air to do wonders.—[Edith paused here, and reflected a little on the wonderful potency of change of air, ere she proceeded.]—I hope you take immense care of yourself as the winter comes on; we have had cold winds lately, and I thought of you a thousand times.

"You are very reserved with me, and unnecessarily so, for I know *all about it*. Surely, my darling sister, you must be aware that I should never seriously oppose any step in which your happiness was concerned. I have my opinions—fancies, if you please—and I have had my wishes, but no one of them, nor all of them put together, could ever be entertained by me for a moment in such a manner as to interfere with your happiness. Having thus broken the ice, you won't be surprised at my mentioning Mr. Thornton, and I shall go at once to the point and wish you all possible joy. I believe him to be an excellent fellow; and though I know but little of him, I have no doubt we shall soon be better acquainted; I would commission you to give him my warmest congratulations, but I suppose that would not exactly do. Write to me openly, and don't let there be any more concealments between us. Had I known how it really was, I would never have annoyed you for a moment. I am most anxious to hear from you; and I hope now you will have no scruple in giving me your confidence: there never *can* be any feeling that should separate you and me from each other. Good-bye, darling, God bless you, and give you every happiness which this world can afford.

"Your affectionate brother,

"FRANK KINNAIRD.

"Oxford, October 18th.

"Everard is with me here; he has had a small property left him, and is going to pass the winter at Oxford during the matriculation of his youngest brother, who is just come up to Oriel. In the spring we shall make a short tour together before he rejoins his regiment. I am doubtful whether you will approve of my mentioning the subject, but I wish just to tell you that you need not give yourself any pain on his account. We are intimate here with a very charming family—the Bracebridges; and

I should not be surprised if Miss Emily, the youngest, who has the prettiest blue eyes and the archest tongue that ever I encountered, were to take upon herself the charge of consoling him; she is a good girl too—and rather an uncommon style of character, I fancy. She first caught Everard's attention by her perfect indifference to all the gaieties that were going on here; and then her brother (who is a boy at Winchester and came here for the holydays), a very communicative youth, told us that she doated upon balls, but had given her whole year's allowance, except what she wanted for absolute necessities, and all her ornaments, towards a new painted window for —— Chapel. And so she assumed this carelessness of all amusements, for fear her abandonment of them should seem like ostentation—I like the trait uncommonly."

Frank fancied this letter a masterpiece of diplomacy. He thought it would at once disperse all Edith's fears of his disapproval of her marriage with Thornton (which he believed to be a settled thing); relieve her from any lurking self reproaches which she might be feeling on Everard's account, and pave the way, without offence, for a continuance of a friendship which was far too precious to him to be resigned even for the sake of his darling sister. Moreover he flattered himself that the cordial tone which he had taken about Thornton, and the cool manner in which he had spoken of Everard, would effectually conceal his own keen disappointment in the matter, and the condemnation which he still could not help secretly passing upon Edith's conduct. His kind heart could not bear the idea of giving pain to one whom he loved so dearly after the first interval of natural irritation at her behaviour; and the supposition that her three years' separation had entirely worn out her affection for Everard, and that Thornton had stepped into his place, was in no wise inconsistent with his opinion of women in general and of her in particular.

Edith put down the letter in a tumult of feelings which almost prevented her from appreciating its full import. This, then, was the interpretation which Frank, and doubtless Captain Everard also, placed upon her conduct; and how could she enlighten the one without seeming to wish also to undeceive the other? Indignation, shame, sorrow, arose in her heart by turns, and mounted even to agony. And she was forgotten! And her place already filled! "I deserve it! I deserve it!" said she to herself again and again, but there was neither strength nor comfort in that thought, and she knelt down and wept all the more bitterly for her punishment *because* she deserved it. The whole past had become as nothing to him, and to her it was, simply, her LIFE. How should this be? How should the thoughts, and words, and actions, which had moulded themselves into eternal memories for one, have broken as mere bubbles for the other? How was it possible for any future, how ruthless and profane soever, to desecrate that holy and beloved past? Even that was now taken from her—it was no longer a possession to her—she had not the privilege of weeping over it. It was as though some tender

watcher by a new-made grave, whose life was spent in decking the low mound with flowers, and kneeling thereupon to offer prayers, had been suddenly empowered to look beneath the coffin-lid and see a vacant space where the body of the beloved should be,—how should he believe that the form now gone had ever been there at all? how should he repay his heart for its wasteful love,—for its meaningless piety?

Is there any anguish like that of losing love by a fault?—any pain like that slow bitterness which comes upon the heart when the certainty of its actual loss becomes fully perceptible to it? Reason said it must be so, imagination anticipated it, fear shrank from it, but love itself stood still, tremulous and unbelieving, till that certainty fell upon it and crushed it; and then it lay still beneath the weight, stunned and motionless, but yet alive, and living for ever, though living only to suffer.

Edith answered Frank's letter and denied her supposed engagement, but could not command herself sufficiently to touch on other subjects. And when she announced to Amy her wish to go, her face and manner were so expressively miserable, that her friend could only pity her, and acquiesce in any scheme that seemed likely to procure her comfort. Moreover, strange to say, the involuntary confidence now established between them was rather a bar than a stimulus to their intimacy; for there was painful consciousness on both sides, accompanied by the strongest possible repugnance to the subject which occasioned it. Mr. Thornton was very gallantly sorry to wish Edith good-bye, and Mr. Dalton instructed her as minutely concerning the roads by which she was going to travel as though she had been on a government commission to survey them. Alice Brown shed some genuine tears, and smiled through them when Edith promised to correspond with her; and poor dumb Paul stood at the carriage-window with a choice bouquet of chrysanthemums, and the last heliotrope from his garden. So Edith left tears behind her and carried flowers away with her: alas, for her heart the flowers were all gone and the tears ever present!

CHAPTER VI.

"And now, my dear Aunt Peggy, I have told you all," said Edith, lifting her tearful face to the kind eyes that were bent so sympathizingly upon her. "I think I shall not feel quite so unhappy now. All my sorrow is my own fault, and so, you know, I must needs take it patiently."

"I don't believe one word of his being in love with that young lady!" was Aunt Peggy's consolatory answer.

Poor human nature! Those were the words that comforted Edith. Prayers, tears, efforts, resolutions, all were feeble beside the might of that one little hope. Often afterwards when she fancied that she was recovering from her heart-sickness, she was unconsciously relying upon those unforgotten words. It was as though she had been labouring for hours to revive a heap of cold ashes, and suddenly one came with a taper and kindled them. Condemn her not!

She was but a beginner in the toil of duty—we must not look for great achievements from inexperienced hands and untried weapons. It is much when irregular impulse has grown into steady effort—it is the work of a lifetime to mature the effort into a habit. The pilgrim, as he draws near the end of his journey, can look fearlessly at the flower-girt abyss on either side of his path, and turn from it to the quiet skies and the dim opening in the far East before him; the child, at first starting, has no choice but to shut his eyes against the fair temptations, if he would not find his destruction in the attempt to gather them. Gradual progress seems to be the law of all human advancement; the exceptions to that law are only exceptions, and are consequently so many witnesses to its existence. But patience, in its true and full sense, implying a patience of the heart as well as of the outward life, seems to be the last duty that we learn.—nay, blind that we are, it is almost the last gift that we truly covet. We ask for it upon our knees, and then we rise up and forget it. Oh, that we could *feel* the light touch of those angel hands upon our own shoulders, and give ourselves up wholly and without reserve to the safety of their soft guidance!

Edith had been a fortnight at Enmore ere she could summon courage to revisit the shrubbery in which she had last walked with Everard; and then she stole out in the twilight, and as she came under the leafless trees she clasped her hands over her eyes, and stood still, as if in sudden shame before some rebuking presence. Yet she did not turn away, for it seemed to her as though in every voluntary pang she underwent she were making some reparation for the wrongs she had done him. No one can be fully sensible of a fault who does not at the same time feel the insufficiency of all possible atonement that he can make, together with a burning and unconquerable desire to atone as far as he can,—a desire this, which leaves the penitent no rest day or night till it is accomplished, although its accomplishment may bring but a partial and painful relief. So Edith slowly retraced all the steps of that memorable walk, and stopped at each to weep in fresh repentance over the breaking of pledged faith.—over the waste of love and the loss of happiness. And then, earnestly resolving to take her punishment meekly, considering it as a punishment, and so not shrinking from the bitterness of the life left to her, but rather encountering it bravely and drawing from it what sweetness she could, she went back to the house. She thought much of Alice Brown, to whom she now looked up with a genuine reverence very much out of character with her former self; she thought of that life of gentle, unselfish humility, and wondered how soon she could even begin to copy it. And then she paused in the doorway, and looked back to the wood-walk which she had just left, cold and dark in the greyiness of the deepening evening: the stars had now risen and the bare branches of the elms stood like sable bars against the clear sky, and the tips of the laurel-leaves glistened like silver

points. So did dark memories bar her from the beautiful past; so did a few faint and scattered lights begin to glimmer in the future. There was a shadow beneath the trees like the figure of a man, and she gazed and gazed as though she could have given it life by looking at it, till a gust shook the boughs and swept it away for the moment, showing its unreality. Edith sighed aloud; for she felt that this fleeting shadow symbolized all that she should ever possess of the presence of her beloved.

She heard voices in the drawing-room, and her impulse was to retreat without encountering visitors. But this was an indulgence, and suited not the strenuous penitence of her search after duty. How could she better learn to be unselfish than by denying herself all luxury of grief, trying to be cheerful for dear Aunt Peggy's sake, and dwelling upon her undeserved blessings rather than upon her deserved sorrow? She was ready to repent as keenly of the languor and apathy of her recent life as of the follies and faults which had cost her so dear before. So she entered the room courageously, and found there Mr. Verner, who was the recognised intimate of the household, and to whom she was getting accustomed to look for counsel and guidance, and Mrs. Alvanley, whom she had not yet seen and who greeted her with much *empressment*—we use the French word advisedly, for it exactly describes Mrs. Alvanley's manner, which was neither cordial, earnest, nor affectionate, but so exceedingly *empress* that it passed for all three with most people.

"Three years since I saw you last, dear Miss Kinnaird!" cried she. "How well I remember the ball at Lady Vaughan's, and the whole of that pleasant time! Now that we are all assembled together again in the same old room, I could almost fancy that I had been dreaming of the months which have passed since. Mr. Verner will do very well for a representative of my good friend Mr. Forde, and I keep expecting to see the door open, and that severe, solemn-looking Captain Everard marching in to complete the illusion. Your charming brother, too—I must not forget him—have you heard from him lately?"

What burning plough-shares do we tread amongst in the common ordeal of society! Edith answered quietly in the affirmative; but her cheeks and lips were pale, and Aunt Peggy, who had been unobtrusively busied in removing her shawl and bonnet, securing her a seat next the fire, and providing her with a cup of coffee, now came to relieve her from worse than a mere bodily chill.

"I think you know the friends from whom Miss Kinnaird has just come," said she; "Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, of Beechwood?"

"Oh, yes," returned Mrs. Alvanley, with animation, and drawing her chair close to Edith's. "It is so refreshing to hear about old friends; do let us talk them over thoroughly."

"Is that one of the privileges of old friendship?" inquired Mr. Verner, with a touch more of sarcasm than was usual to him.

"Oh! don't be afraid," returned the lady; "we are not going to be satirical. I have not an atom of Mrs. Candour in my composition.—But, now, do tell me about those dear people! Is Mr. Dalton as friendly and hospitable as ever?"

"He was very kind," said Edith: "he seems to be a most good-hearted, benevolent man."

"The best creature in the world!" cried Mrs. Alvanley. "One forgives all his little quizzicalities for the sake of his goodness; but, to be sure, he is rather heavy on hand sometimes. One wonders how that brilliant, fascinating woman could ever make up her mind to like him; though, to be sure, her marrying him does not necessarily imply that she liked him. Indeed, I believe that (between ourselves) it was entirely an affair of convenience; and she behaves admirably to him, considering how completely she looks down upon him."

Edith felt inexpressibly pained. She could not, consistently with truth, undertake her friend's defence, yet she could not endure to listen to this cool proclamation of her faults. Her knowledge of Mr. Verner's secret, too, increased her embarrassment; she felt that his eyes were upon her face, as if waiting to hear from her a confirmation or contradiction of the slander, and she blushed deeply as she answered, "I love Mrs. Dalton dearly, and I think very few people do her justice. Her nature is so noble and so tender; and whatever faults she may have arise only from want of discipline."

"That is the cause of the faults of most people—is it not?" suggested Mr. Verner, smiling.

"Is it?" said Edith; "even in the case of those who have been well educated?"

"I do not mean," returned Mr. Verner, "that the discipline is not provided, even for those who reject it, but that the rejection of that appointed discipline seems to be the cause of most of the faults, and much of the unhappiness, of men. And, therefore, those who have been well educated—in which words I comprehend a great deal—have certainly a better chance than others, because they have had discipline provided for them before their will was strong enough to choose or to resist it."

"I don't think there was any fault in Amy Dalton's education," interposed Mrs. Alvanley; "she was at a first-rate school—first-rate in every sense. Madame de la Brie was a very religious woman, and used to read and explain the Scriptures to the girls, and make the most beautiful extempore prayers; and as to masters, I believe they cost her father hundreds, if not thousands."

Mr. Verner looked on the ground and was silent; while Aunt Peggy and Edith exchanged a furtive and momentary glance. Mrs. Alvanley continued, happily unconscious of the effect she was producing,—

"But I don't quite understand your notions about discipline, Mr. Verner. Do you?" turning to Miss Forde.

"I should like to have them practically illustrated," returned Aunt Peggy, innocently recalling him to the topic he was labouring to escape. "After childhood, I suppose, the discipline is perpetual; it is only an-

other name for life. But the misery of an ill-sorted marriage can scarcely be called discipline, can it? because it is not sent for our profit, but comes by our own fault."

Edith fancied she saw an expression of pain in Mr. Verner's face; but if so, it was speedily suppressed, and he answered quite calmly, as if determined not to shrink from the subject, "I think we are forgetting that there are two kinds of discipline—one for improvement, the other for punishment. I believe that every fault which we commit brings with it, according to the measure of its greatness, a new state of life, which, if the culprit receives and endures it as a penance, results sooner or later in peace, though that peace can never be the same as the happiness he has forfeited. But if he persists in refusing his penance, and trying to disregard it, and to obtain all the enjoyment which he can independently of it, there can never be a cure. The first bitterness is, perhaps, less overpowering; but the final desolation is complete."

Edith fell into deep thought. These words seemed to her to suggest the key to Mrs. Dalton's character and miseries, and to supply the deficiency in her view of life. She truly had not accepted the trials of her own producing as a penance, but had rather sought to evade them, and procure herself pleasures in spite of them; and what could be farther from peace than the state of her heart? Edith began to feel that obedience was the first great duty; and she now saw how much was comprehended in the word. She saw that it implied an entire subjection of will—a perpetual seeking for a rule to be submitted to; a rule not produced by (perhaps at first scarcely recognised by) the heart, but above it and outside of it—bowing and subduing the heart itself.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Alvanley, in a very spirited manner, "but I call all this philosophy, and not religion. I like a pure, simple religion which speaks to the feelings, not a cold, hard, unbending system—a religion which makes you feel comfortable at once, and teaches you that it is very ungrateful not to be as happy as you can."

"Granted at once, that last assertion," said Mr. Verner, half laughing, "and we will leave it for the decision of each individual privately whether the test of truth be the degree of happiness we feel for it."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Alvanley, "the test of truth is of course the Bible, and that is exactly what I mean. There is not one word about all this from the beginning to the end of the Bible."

"Not one word about—I beg your pardon, about what?" inquired Mr. Verner, rousing a little from the reserved, half-absent manner in which he had been hitherto talking, and in which it was generally his habit to speak of serious subjects in mixed society, though, for the sake of Edith, who interested him much, he sometimes spoke more clearly and authoritatively.

"About discipline," said the lady, triumphantly,—"about the whole of life being a discipline to make one miserable."

"No, no," interrupted Edith, "discipline to make one happy in the end."

"Not exactly that, either," said Mr. Verner, "holiness is the end of discipline here—we must not think about the happiness *now*, though we may be very grateful for it if it comes." This was said quickly, and in a low voice to Edith, and he then turned to Mrs. Alvanley, and answered her in a lighter tone, "That is a fatal omission for my argument, is it not? But is there one word from the beginning to the end of the Bible upon some other subjects of nearly equal interest—about women, for example; are they ever said to be members of the Church?"

"Women not members of the Church!" exclaimed Mrs. Alvanley, who was wont to stand up as a most vehement champion of the rights of her sex, "you are surely not in earnest; you could not mean to assert anything so monstrous."

"Nay, I asserted nothing," returned he, "I only asked a question, I am waiting for you to answer it."

"Nothing said about women!" reiterated the lady, evidently in some alarm, and pondering with all her might. "I am quite sure something is said about widows."

"Yes, there is a very plain injunction to strictness and devoutness of life," replied Mr. Verner, with some significance. Mrs. Alvanley had just come from a gay autumn at St. Leonards' and was intending to pass the latter half of the winter at Cheltenham. She looked thoroughly discomfited for a moment, but soon rallied.

"Ah, I see you are talking ironically," she began, when Mr. Verner interrupted her.

"A little too ironically for so serious a subject, you would say," observed he, "and I am afraid I deserve the reproof. One loses one's reverence terribly in a drawing-room discussion of religion—and, perhaps, that is scarcely to be avoided."

"And where would you discuss religion, then," inquired Mrs. Alvanley, with renewed animation, "if you exclude it from drawing-rooms? Do you mean to say it is only to be discussed at Exeter Hall or in church?"

Mr. Verner looked at Aunt Peggy in silent disnay, evidently soliciting help, and the gentle lady immediately bestirred herself in his service.

"If I were to decide," said she, "I believe I should say it was to be discussed nowhere—at least, nowhere in general society. I have a childish hatred of arguments, but especially on religious matters. The gravest and calmest book of controversy that ever was written always seems to me irreverent—it is as different from religion as tuning an instrument is from playing upon it."

"A most true distinction," said Mr. Verner, sighing; "and it is never needed save when the instrument has become discordant."

"But how would you go on, then?" inquired Mrs. Alvanley.

"Dear me!" interposed Edith, with something like an approach to her natural playfulness, "cannot you

fancy 'going on' without arguments? How very much out of tune you must be!"

Mrs. Alvanley readily joined the laugh which was elicited by this observation; for Edith had spoken jestingly and without the slightest offensiveness of manner. After this, the conversation fell into a lighter tone, and so continued till their disputatious visitor had taken her leave.

"How very *practical* was that good lady's definition of religion!" remarked Mr. Verner. "'Something to make you comfortable at once!' It would be curious, I think, to examine the shape in which that idea lies disguised in the depths of every erroneous system that has ever been built upon Christianity. One might almost say that all religious errors are only so many modes of escaping from necessary discomfort."

"How curious!" said Edith; "and you said before that irremediable misery was the result of an attempt to escape from discipline."

"Exactly so," he replied. "It is worth thinking about; it is a very simple truth, of daily application; the child who *will* fling away his medicine cannot expect to get well."

"May I ask you one question?" said Edith, as he rose to go away. He turned to her, and she went on hurriedly and eagerly, "I know that living in the world, and thinking with the world, does harm—that it gradually corrupts and changes, however little one may be aware of it at the time. But how is it to be avoided? How is a woman—a young woman—to avoid the evil without being canting and self-opinionated—obtruding religious topics, as I have so often heard them obtruded, and hated it, I scarcely knew why? Surely, submission and gentleness are the first duties of such a person, and how can she fulfil these and yet live in opposition to those around her?"

Mr. Verner looked at her, smiling. "The old principle," said he, "obedience."

"I don't understand," said Edith.

"You have a rule of life laid down for you," he replied, "by an authority which you are bound to obey; and, to take the lowest ground possible, one advantage, so to speak, of that rule is, that it is actually incompatible with a life of dissipation. No room is left for spiritual pride—no plea for accusing you of presumption; you are simply obeying a law. You are not to choose the details or manner of that obedience for yourself—they are settled for you, and you have only to do what you are desired, and to do it because you are desired. You are not required to argue for it—it is better that you should not talk much about it: but you have your code of laws at hand, the authority of which everybody professes to admit; and so you have only to refer all the objections to that code, and leave them to account for their disobedience to it as best they may; you, certainly, are not called upon to give a reason for your obedience."

"But does anybody *do* this?" asked Edith, earnestly.

"I cannot say," replied Mr. Verner, "neither is it of much consequence to us. Our business is with ourselves. But the spiritual growth that would be the result of such a life of quiet, simple obedience, can scarcely be calculated. What can we conceive of the life of an angel, except that it is a perpetual act of unquestioning obedience springing out of a heart which is composed entirely of love? But I think I have sermonized enough for one evening; so now I will wish you good night."

It is not the intention of this true story to do more than indicate the manner in which the restoration of Edith's character was gradually effected. The winter months glided away slowly but not unprofitably, and her efforts to attain cheerfulness for Aunt Peggy's sake were on the whole tolerably successful. An occasional letter from Frank, with a passing allusion to "Everard and his love affair," would overthrow in a moment the fabric which she had been weeks in rearing; but, after a few irrepressible tears, she would patiently set herself to reconstruct it. Her seclusion was complete: save for her daily walks to church, and visits to certain of her poorer neighbours whom Mr. Verner had commended to her notice, she never went beyond the grounds of Enmore House. As much as she could, she strove to concentrate her thoughts upon the present, turning away her tearful eyes from the past except as a subject of confession and penitence, allowing herself no hope for the future except such as she could embody in prayer. And so Spring came softly into the world, like a young mother into the nursery of her darlings, and waked each sleeping bud with a tender kiss. They opened their eyes slowly and warily, for they were afraid of the sudden light after the long winter darkness, and the dews refreshed them, and the sunshine cherished them, till they unfolded into full beauty. Just as the waking babe looks round with bewildered and doubtful eyes, from which the sleep is not yet fully gone, and hesitates whether it shall weep or not, till gentle words and kind caresses reassure it, and remind it that Love is present by its cradle though as yet it understands nothing beyond the music of her voice, and then it breaks into sweet laughter and stretches forth its arms rejoicing. And somewhat in the same manner, too, did peace and hope begin to spring up in the heart of our poor penitent—timidly and feebly, and ready to perish at the first cold blast—but still germs of promise, containing within themselves the earnest of a richer life and a more abiding strength.

CHAPTER VII.

THE arrival of the post is an occasion of interest to everybody, that is, to everybody for whom the interest of life itself is not altogether gone. Those little quadrangular mysteries, so unsuggestive, unmeaning, unconscious-looking,—what may not the breaking of their seals disclose to us? What omnipotence of woe may be shut within the folds of a single sheet of paper! It were well if we thought more of the tremendous signifi-

cance of written words. They are irrevocable—unchangeable—eternal; no after-penitence can erase, no returning tenderness soften, no prayer remove them. Once written, they are written for ever upon the heart of him who reads them. *Speak* harshly to a friend, and it may easily be forgiven and soon forgotten; the next tone betrays relenting, the merest gesture pleads for reconciliation: but let the cold, or bitter, or careless words be *written*, and they remain for ever in their full carelessness, bitterness, or coldness; ruthless are they, for though you weep as you read, they change not, and your utmost shrinking avails not to make them strike one wound the less, or one whit the less deeply. One little page has power to change a whole life. Moreover, the spirit which rules them is more powerful for evil than for good,—at least, in matters of feeling. Kind words and gentle thoughts lose half their force and all their charm when they lack the voice to impress, and the look to sweeten them; but the written repulse has tenfold power to freeze—the written reproach has all the bitterness of unmistakeable reality. No power of self-deception can withstand them—no assumed callousness shield you against them. Still more awful is it to write one sentence which may tempt to wrong, or throw even a moment's difficulty into the path of virtue; if there be a sin in the forgiveness of which it must be hard for a dying penitent to believe, though years of repentance lay between him and its commission, it is this: to have put a weapon into Satan's hand, which may last as long as time itself. To the sinner, perchance, it was but the deed of a moment—forgotten as soon as perpetrated: but many a moment is as a pebble cast into the waters, the circle of whose vibrations shall finally embrace the whole Time-ocean.

Edith and Aunt Peggy sat musing over their letters one bright spring morning; the former with that quietly sorrowful expression which was now almost habitual with her, the latter with a look of considerable doubt and some anxiety. We shall take the liberty of looking over their shoulders, and presenting the reader with a copy of their respective despatches:—

"Oxford, April 12th.

"MY DEAREST EDITH,—We are off for our tour to-morrow, and I scrawl a line to announce it to you, that you may not be expecting to hear from me, as I shall have no leisure for letter-writing. You had better not write to me till you have heard again, as our line of action is not fully determined upon, and I cannot tell you where to direct to me. I am tired to death of Oxford, and heartily glad to be out of it, though Everard seems as fond of the old towers as if he had built them himself, and spends as much time in studying the view of Magdalene from New College Gardens as would qualify him for a degree at once, if that were a subject of examination. He has attractions here of another kind, however; and I am almost surprised that he has expressed no intention of staying behind. However, I suppose that he and the young lady understand each other

better than I do; and as the matter is evidently settled, I am only waiting for the formal announcement in order to offer my congratulations. How long do you propose staying at Enmore? Surely you must have had enough of the dear old lady and her ruralities by this time. Who and what is Mr. Verner? I hope you are not breaking any more hearts. I am just summoned to attend Everard for the farewell visit; 'tis lucky that I am not likely to feel it so deeply as he will, or we should set off for our pleasure-excursion in rather a doleful state. Adieu.

"Yours, most affectionately,
"F. KINNAIRD."

Edith was by this time quite accustomed to contemplate the state of things indicated by this letter, the newness and the wonder were gone from her sorrow, and it was as familiar to her as the face of an old friend. The first moment in which the heart suddenly discovers that it is not estimated as it believed itself to be, whether in love or in friendship, overwhelms it with a kind of astonishment very hard to bear. To the change in the Present and the Future, it may perhaps submit without complaining, but it is hard to be robbed of the Past, which we had believed irrevocably our own: to look back with distrustful regret to the words, and looks, and tones, the interchange of thought, sympathy, confidence, to all of which a new interpretation is now forcibly affixed, making us impatient and ashamed that we ever lent them any other significance; to undo, as it were, by a retrospective act, the union which we now find had only an imaginary existence. This had been Edith's task; it was so still—for it is the labour of a lifetime, for ever doing and to do. Many a moment stood out from the departed days, defying her to be incredulous of its true import, saying to her soul, "Surely the delusion is now—the truth lay with me." And then she had to go once more through the dreary course of unanswerable arguments, by which she proved to her unwilling self that she was forgotten and disregarded; or to take refuge at last in the poor consolation, "It must have been different once!"

Her brother's view, it must be remembered, was still erroneous, so that his letters must not be supposed to imply such utter want of delicacy and feeling as they would at first appear to do. His nature was generous and affectionate, but by no means refined; tell him that he had given pain, and he would repent it with all his heart, and perhaps inflict it again the next moment from pure unconsciousness. In the present case, his belief of Edith's complete indifference to Everard was still unaltered, though she had undeceived him with regard to Mr. Thornton; and he was only glad to see that his friend had recovered so quickly and so entirely from a disappointment, of the acuteness of which even he had in the first instance entertained no doubt.

Aunt Peggy's epistle was from Owen, and ran as follows:—

"Torquay, April 12th.

"DEAR PEGGY,—I am beginning to think that it

is a very long while since we have seen each other; a fact with which I hope you are at least as strongly impressed as myself. Moreover, I am sure that a little change of air would be exceedingly good for you, and a little change of scene can hardly fail to be pleasant after so many months' vegetation in your beloved retirement. So I hope that this array of good reasons will be sufficiently powerful to persuade you to come and join me in this lovely place for a few weeks. I am very comfortably housed, and the view from my drawing-room windows will be enough to keep you in a state of perpetual exultation. If you can induce my fair *ci-dérant* ward to accompany you, so much the better. I shall be delighted to see her, and hope to take my revenge for those victories at the chess-table which used so grievously to try my gallantry in times past. I shall have plenty of leisure for practice, as I am unluckily laid up with rather an awkward sprain of the ankle, which my provoking friend, Dr. —, tells me will not allow me to leave the sofa for some weeks. I came down here with the Fullartons, having projected a picturesque trip along the south coast as far as Plymouth, where James Fullarton's yacht has been wintering, whence we intended starting for a cruise among the Channel Islands. This mishap has of course excluded me from the scheme; and they are to proceed the day after to-morrow without me, so that if you can make it convenient to come to me now, instead of our meeting—as I had before intended, if possible—when the yacht returns from her excursion, it would really be a charity. You need not mind about announcing your intentions, as I shall be ready to receive you at any moment; so that if I don't get an answer to this letter by return of post, I shall conclude that you have started, and make my arrangements accordingly. Pray give my compliments to Miss Kinnaird, and believe me,

"Yours affectionately,
"OWEN FORDE."

Aunt Peggy was not a little embarrassed by this diplomatically-conceived letter. The idea of Owen alone, ill, and requiring her attendance as nurse, would at any time have made her impatient to go to him; and when this was joined to the desire which he expressed for her society, and the regret which he implied at their long separation, and the kindness and consideration with which he spoke of the advantage of change of air for her, in the perfect sincerity of all of which she fully believed, the effect was quite irresistible. But she felt nearly certain that the visit would be distasteful to Edith, and she knew not how to suggest it to her. Edith saved her the trouble.

"My dear aunt Peggy," cried she, "I am sure from your face that you have heard something which makes you uneasy, and that I am concerned in it: you won't be so unkind as to conceal it from me?"

There was no course left but to show the letter, and this Aunt Peggy accordingly did, with many affectionate expressions of regret for the annoyance which she feared it would cause. But Edith took

quite an unexpected view of the matter, and expressed it with her usual energy.

"Of course, you wish to go," she said, "and I quite agree with Mr. Forde that a little change of air and scene will do you good: dear, dear, kind Aunt Peggy, I am afraid the winter has been anything but cheerful for you. But we won't talk about that; I hope you will set off to-morrow, and come back to me when you are tired of Torquay looking quite blooming."

"Come back to you!" repeated Aunt Peggy, somewhat aghast.

"O yes! I shall be so happy here. I do so love Enmore, and I am quite fond of being alone,—I think it does one a great deal of good to be alone sometimes. Not that I could ever wish *you* away," kissing her fondly, "but now that there is so strong, so indispensable a reason for your going, I want you to *feel*, what is quite true, that there is no occasion whatever for your staying on my account, or for your wishing me to go with you. Don't you know what I mean by saying that it is good to be alone sometimes? I think right thoughts come to the mind more readily and more persuasively; it is like shutting the eyes to listen to music—you hear every note with double tenderness."

And Edith's eloquence prevailed over one so unpractised in the art of refusing, though it was not without many misgivings and much reluctance that Aunt Peggy finally consented. She inwardly resolved to shorten her absence as much as possible, and parted from her darling with a heavy heart. So Edith was left to the luxury of perfect solitude; and it was, as she had said, very good for her. A year before the discipline might have been too painful, for you must be in some measure reconciled to yourself ere you can be content with no other companionship; but now it was gentle and salutary, perhaps there was even a species of enjoyment of it. It needs some courage to come alone into the presence of conscience for the first time after the commission of a fault of whose true nature and extent we have but a dim half-perception. Involuntarily we shrink away, and would take refuge, if we could, in a forced blindness, or an artificial renewal of the state of mind which led to the evil, and so, at the time, justified it to ourselves. We remember how natural it seemed then, and try to believe that because it was natural, therefore it was not wrong; forgetting, what, perchance, we learn to see at last, that the naturalness was caused by an unsuspected habit of character, predisposing us to yield to that particular species of temptation which has proved too strong for us. But all these subterfuges avail not; time passes on, and we cannot stay its silent working. The voice of the tempter is mute, and the angel points sorrowfully to the quiet rebuking face of Truth, and we cannot look away from it if we would. Let us rather go to it, and bow down before it, and grieve that we ever left it, striving through our tears so to fix its lineaments upon our hearts, that we may never again mistake them. And then, O calm, sweet Solitude, what dost

thou not teach us! How do we seem to dwell with death and heaven, while life and earth and man withdraw into such far distance that we see but their nobler features and marvel at ourselves that we have ever imagined for them such unworthy details! How do vanity and bitterness die out of the heart, leaving it full only of shame, which is so busied in deploring its own offences that it has no leisure to remember those of others! And with Edith, whose sin was against another, how utter was the prostration of spirit, how boundless the self-condemnation! All this she had endured; at first shrinkingly and reluctantly, seeking, if she could, to escape; afterwards bravely and patiently, finding a satisfaction even in the intensity of the pain, because she felt it to be a deserved punishment. And now solitude was to her a refreshment rather than a trial, tranquillizing and strengthening to the mind as sleep to the body.

Her only visitor was Mr. Verner, and with him she enjoyed an intercourse, every hour of which she felt to be an improvement. Not that he was that most repulsive of all characters, a didactic man; on the contrary, his habit was to shun occasions for lecturing, and parry challenges to argument, in general society. But it would have been strange and even unkind if he had not laid aside this habit in behalf of Edith, whose sole wish was evidently to be taught. Sympathy and humility may surely be allowed the privilege of breaking through the most delicate reserve. But even to Edith his teaching was rather indirect than avowed. He had that placidity of temperament, which, when it is the result of discipline, is a perpetual lesson; showing with irresistible plainness a truth which we are very slow to believe, namely, that the most sensitive keenness of feeling may exist with the most thorough mastery of temper. We say that it *may* exist, for doubtless the union is a rare one; nevertheless, it is, of course, attainable by all who choose to labour for it. But it never will be attained by any who habitually soothe their consciences with that common excuse for irritability—"I feel more acutely than the rest of the world." Edith, knowing his early history, could not avoid speculating a little upon the nature of the sentiment which he might still be supposed to entertain towards Mrs. Dalton; but the tranquillity of his manner effectually baffled her penetration, and she could only conclude that if he preserved any lingering tenderness for her, it was too deeply wrapped into the inner folds of his heart ever to show itself at the surface. He had certainly testified annoyance at being forced to pass an indirect censure upon her, but this was scarcely more than might have been anticipated from his general charity of judgment. He seemed, so to speak, to have ascended into a region of spiritual life so far above her reach that even memory could scarcely retain her in its gaze. And surely this, which to him was a necessity of his nature, was to her no more than a fit retribution. Yet the death of human love is ever a touching spectacle, even when its divine sister rises winged from its grave. It seems strange that we should be able to turn away from the

appealing eyes of the past, and let it go by into forgetfulness. But there is no such thing as forgetfulness in its true sense; it is only that one thought is absorbed into another greater thought, as the presence of starlight is invisible amid the blaze of noon. Neither does it seem to be by the extirpation of one feeling that we approach nearer to the Christian ideal, but rather by the implanting of another, which shall eventually overshadow all the rest.

More than a week of Edith's solitude had glided away; she had returned from her morning walk to church, and was puzzling herself over a mysterious passage in a note from Amy, for which no ingenuity of hers could devise an explanation. "Before very long," wrote Mrs. Dalton, "I expect to communicate a piece of news, which, if I am not mistaken, will astonish you greatly. I defy you to guess it. But for the present my lips are sealed, so you must endure your curiosity as patiently as you can." This was not a sentence to be taken quietly; Edith pondered and cogitated in vain, and at last made up her mind, as the most improbable thing she could think of, that Mr. Dalton was about to publish a volume of poems. Whether it was that *wondering*—which is almost as fatal to energetic employment of mind as expectation, had unsettled Edith's thoughts, or that she was troubled with one of those fits of spiritual languor which occasionally unstitch the sinews of enthusiasm itself, cannot be determined, but certain it was that she felt an unusual disposition to inaction: she moved listlessly from one occupation to another, and at last, determining upon a vigorous effort, had just summoned her maid to attend her on an expedition to visit some of her poor pensioners, when the sound of steps on the gravel walk agreeably interrupted her intention. "That must be Mr. Verner, Susan," cried she; "go and let him in directly, and I dare say he will walk with me." The girl obeyed, and Edith heard her open the house door, but the voice which immediately afterwards inquired in hasty accents, "Is your mistress at home?" made her thrill and shiver from head to foot. She put her hand to her forehead with a sudden fear that reason was forsaking her, but giddy and bewildered as she was, she distinctly heard the servant, who of course supposed the question to refer to herself, answer in the affirmative. A rapid and well-known footfall was heard in the vestibule, every step seemed to be planted on her heart; the words, "Do not tell Miss Kinnard that anybody is come," vibrated strangely and painfully upon her ears, and the next moment the door was thrown open, and, gasping for breath, she beheld Philip Everard, who started back as he entered, with a face as pale and as troubled as her own.

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR A—,

January, 1845.

AGREEABLY to my promise, I hasten to give you some account of these interesting islands and their curious inhabitants. You must not imagine, however, that I am sitting comfortably in a warm

snug room, over a cheerful coal-fire, as you probably may be when you read this; nor yet must you think that I am luxuriating over a glass of true Geneva, ever and anon to brighten my torpid ideas and excite my fancy, while I endeavour to pourtray some few characteristics of this wild place, and its still wilder people. No, I am ensconced under cover of a heavy-looking roof, (though made of the lightest materials, such as a kind of flag, and other aqueous vegetable productions,) sitting upon a box, which is my wardrobe, library, and *escritoire*, and writing on another, half a yard higher, as an ample apology for a table. As to my ideas, they are in a similar condition to those of most other people who have been suddenly translated from familiar objects and faces, and thrown into strange scenes and stranger society; that is, heterogeneous and confused. Instead, therefore, of wishing for stimulants to rouse my faculties, at present the total want of society and occupation is sufficient excitation to mental employment, so I welcome my pen as my only friend and companion.

A fire we have, it is true, but setting aside the necessity and convenience of cooking at it, its use is not very apparent, and it would be difficult to say whether it was the greater comfort or annoyance. It is not your sparkling flame and glowing heat of an English fire, diffusing comfort and cheerfulness both to body and mind—thawing the coldest temper into social good-humour—making young blood dance through the veins, and causing as many vagaries as would do credit to the best oxygen gas; but it is a huge log-fire, situated in the middle of the apartment, pouring out above and around it a volume of smoke to which a factory chimney is but a meagre comparison. Any one exposed, like myself, to such a fumigation, suffers greatly by its irritating effects on the eyes especially, though the nose and throat sympathize with the organs of vision; and were you to see me just now, you might readily suppose that I was engaged in writing some pathetic tale or lachrymose sermon, so completely suffused is my face with tears and other less delicate excretions.

My account of inanimate objects before me will be necessarily brief; for the place does not contain a chair, a table, a cupboard, or even a bed. Boxes, as I just observed, compensate for the want of the first; the cross-partitions of the wall serve the purposes of the second, betwixt which, plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c. are thrust in admirable disorder; and for the last, a bundle of dried fern, flag, or straw, forms an excellent succedaneum. Strewed here and there are some canoe paddles, a few baskets containing potatoes and maize, both in a state of fragrant decomposition; and hanging over head is a piece of dried shark, that has apparently lost all its nutritive juices from exposure to the sun outside, and the dense smoky atmosphere within. Arranged on the walls are a few tomahawks, fowling-pieces, and muskets, with some unique wooden weapons, garnished with feathers, and three or four rolls of fishing-line, dangling to the extremities of which are hooks made

from human bones. There is no such luxury as a glazed window; but instead of the patched panes which offend the eye of the fastidious traveller in England, or the old stocking, piece of rag, or dirty petticoat, sometimes substituted for glass, I have a frame of wood, over which is stretched a dingy, smoky-coloured sheet of paper, that by some little manœuvring is made to fix into a hole cut out in the side of the house. This answers the purpose admirably, and serves also for a chimney, since the climate is not of so piercing a character as to require every nook and crevice to be stopped; for my own part, I wish these ventilators were more numerous and of larger size, for the advantage of a freer circulation of pure air, the atmosphere of one of these huts being none of the sweetest and most odoriferous.

I am at no loss, however, for living subjects of description. No less than four grisly heads are now bending over my paper, watching with apparent wonder the magic there is in a white man's fingers, which can so rapidly pencil such strange hieroglyphics. Perhaps they may have some notion of what I am doing; I am sorry they cannot read what I am about to say, viz., that their impertinent curiosity is, of all their faults, the most annoying to a civilized stranger. In whatever occupation you may be engaged, however trifling or otherwise, if a native be near, he will be sure to have his eyes riveted upon you. It is in vain to strive to look him out of countenance—he is perfectly invincible; if he sees you are annoyed he may perhaps salute you with a hideous smile or a grunt; but his unmannerly stare is still upon you until something else diverts his attention.

Europeans are much in the habit of lounging up and down, backwards and forwards, a practice to which these people, from their natural laziness, are not addicted: whether, like some other ignorant tribes of which I have read, they consider it a form of our worship, I am unable to say, but they evidently despise it in us, and it affords them no little gratification to ape the peculiarities of our manners, and gait, and to strut by our side with all the grimace and extravagance of finished caricaturists. Occasionally, they meet with a disagreeable rebuff when some surly John Bull thinks his dignity offended; but this only excites their clamorous guffaws still more, and prepares the way for frequent repetitions of the same annoying mimicry. If a stranger should unfortunately be bald-headed, or even approaching thereto, he affords a fund of merriment to these ignorant creatures, and, from that moment, he receives the *sobriquet* of "pakira," by which he is ever afterwards called. Any other peculiarities of form or feature subject him to the like baptismal ceremony, so that wherever he goes he is sure to be saluted by his appropriate nickname.

Their uniform rudeness to European females is most remarkable and scandalous. No insult is too gross for them to throw in their way; speech, manner, dress, walk, all undergo the inquisitive ordeal of these mimicking savages, and they seem to vie with each other who shall be most daring and insulting.

Squatting round the fire are men, women, and children, most of them in a state of semi-nudity,—some smoking tobacco or a live coal, others very audibly sucking their pipes, which is a sort of tacit intimation that a little of the "weed" would be very acceptable, particularly as I observe they direct their longing eyes towards me and my box. In a state of happy dozing amidst the group, lie their young pet pigs and their dogs, the former of which share as much attention and solicitude as could any human creature equally helpless, but the latter, judging from their lanky sides and prominent anatomical developments, seldom know even the luxury of a potato. Their keen instincts, however, amply compensate for the unreasonable negligence of their owners, for when they have an opportunity they make great and indiscriminate slaughter amongst the neighbouring sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry, to the no small loss and inconvenience of both natives and settlers. It is not uncommon to hear of ten, twenty, forty, or more sheep or goats having been destroyed in one night by these native half-starved canine marauders. They are designated native dogs only as belonging to the natives, who are, one and all, cruelly indifferent how these animals exist, not as being indigenous to the island; the race, however, did formerly exist here, but are now extinct. The same dogs kept by Europeans are seldom allowed to be so pressed with hunger as to be driven to such deplorable trespasses.

Their pet pigs and goats are an intolerable nuisance; as mischievous as monkeys, but not half so interesting, they are perpetually in your way and committing some annoyance. The women, in particular, are excessively fond of nursing them, and are as much offended if you ill-use one of them as if you were to beat their own persons or their young children. The natives may frequently be observed in their rambles followed by a string of young pigs, as some of your country squires are by their dogs, and they are equally tractable. But not contented with this, some of these people are so fond of accommodating their pets as to give them a share of their blanket, and on this soft couch they lull the tender animals to a comfortable night's repose.

At the end of the room one young urchin, I observe, is busily engaged in sketching out from memory the rude outlines of a ship, or "kaipuke," as he calls it, with a piece of charcoal. Some of their attempts in this way are truly surprising, considering that they so seldom see these objects. Their modelling in clay or sand, too, as well as carving in wood, is far from despicable. Whatever they see that strikes their fancy they very readily copy, and display an astonishing accuracy of observation and memory even in the minutiae of their object. Their retentive faculties are remarkable also in the recollection of names. The island abounds in a great variety of trees, plants, shrubs, &c. for each of which they have a distinct name, and there is scarcely a native but can give you its synonyme and other peculiarities with the utmost readiness and precision. And many of them, although unable to read or write, will learn

from hearsay to repeat sentences, and even sometimes a whole chapter of the Bible, in an astonishingly short time and with the greatest accuracy.

Two little fellows in the corner, I perceive, are amusing themselves with a game at draughts, in which many of these people very much excel, when they can be made to summon up sufficient patience and attention. Indeed, I have known a celebrated European player completely over-matched by a native boy, and that, not only once, but repeatedly. The New Zealand exercises are, with few exceptions, of the most simple and childish character, such as, tossing balls, bowling hoops, whipping tops, throwing spears, &c., but they occasionally practise a game which requires considerable adroitness. Some eight or ten will form a circle, each holding by the middle two sticks, one in each hand, and, by keeping pretty exact time to the tune of a rude and boisterous song, will pass these missiles rapidly round and across to each other with remarkable precision, and seldom is one seen to fall to the ground. They have also many other songs, in the performance of which, at certain intervals, they make horrid gesticulations, wringing their hands, slapping their thighs, distorting their features, and exhibiting many other characters of savage humour.

I observed above that part of the group before me were indulging in their pipe. These people all smoke: smoking, indeed, seems to be the soul of their existence. Tobacco will purchase any favour from them, and its effects upon them appear to be diametrically opposite to its ordinarily sedative properties, for it excites their sluggish nature to instantaneous exertion; this effect, however, is only temporary, and results from the anticipation of the happy state of indolence which they shall enjoy after their required work is done: and there is but too much evidence to show that it renders them, in fact, still more listless and indisposed for labour, by relaxing their energies and predisposing to idle habits. Certain it is, that without such temptation it is next to impossible to induce the natives to work, but now, having once experienced its soothing influence, the appearance even of a piece of tobacco acts upon them like enchantment, and by the promise of it they may be bribed to anything. I have been informed that, when tobacco and pipes were first introduced amongst them, and were with difficulty obtained, the natives were in the habit of squatting together in a ring, and comfortably enjoying, *en masse*, a solitary pipe, from which each inhaled as much as he could, swallowed the smoke, and passed the pipe on to his neighbour, and then, by some peculiar mode of emission, they discharged it in puffs at their leisure. This practice they would keep up for hours together, and were not seemingly affected in any way by it. Since, however, these articles are to be had without much difficulty, and it is a rare thing to see a *Maori* without his bit of clay; and, if he cannot at all times obtain tobacco, he does not hesitate to put a hot ember into his well-saturated pipe, and puff away with seeming contentment. Before I proceed I must inform you

that the word "Maori" is the native name for a New Zealander, as a "Briton" is that of an Englishman, or "Manx" of one born in the Isle of Man.

You cannot, of course, expect me at present to say much on the subject of the Maori language, for the best of all reasons, that I know little of it. All I have to observe is, that its acquirement is difficult by colloquial means only, as the natives in their vain attempt to speak as much English as they are able, interlard their own talk with such broken words and sentences, that it is next to impossible to distinguish one from the other: a stranger, therefore, is confused between the two. Then, again; very few of them speak the genuine language, even if they confine themselves to it; they have a knack of abbreviating many of their words, which renders it very difficult to trace them to their real construction and signification. They also make use of many *slang* terms, which have no other origin than their own minds: altogether, it is discouraging as well as perplexing to attempt to attain anything like purity of language from listening to, or conversing with, them. Moreover, there are various dialects, as in other countries, so that to become perfectly master of all, would require more attention and time than many would feel disposed to give. These are some of the reasons by which I have been hitherto deterred from attempting its acquisition; and as doubtless I escape hearing many observations of a disagreeable character, I am perfectly satisfied that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The attempts, however, which have been made to organize the language, and raise it to something like rule, reflect very great credit on the patience and assiduity of the missionaries and others who have laboured in this field of inquiry. But this language is, like most other barbarous ones, comparatively very defective. Many of our words of course express ideas for which they have no equivalent in their own language. Such, as so frequently appears in their Testament, have been made to bear as close approximation to our own pronunciation as the letters of their alphabet will admit of; but as these are only fourteen, (being deficient of many in our consonants,) the words are but imperfectly imitated. Considering, also, the various dialects, (of which in the northern island alone there are seven,)—that the language has been considerably adulterated, "in consequence of the close intercourse of the people with foreigners;" and the difficulty of arriving at the true meaning of their words by native converse, the proficiency already made in their arrangement is so far excellent.

A recent writer quaintly observes:—"If a man grazes his foot he is 'mate;' if covered from head to foot with sores, or tossed with raging fever, he is 'mate;' if any way vexed or offended, he is still 'mate;' feeling the craving of appetite, or the burning of desire, he is still 'mate;' if dead, you hear that he is 'mate;' and even when 'mate rawa' (very ill, or dead) is used, or its still more forcible re-duplicate, 'mate rawarawa,' you are equally puzzled to know whether the person reported

of is very, very ill, or quite, quite dead, till further informed that he is 'Ngaro,' (hidden,) or 'Kua oti te tanu' (they have buried him)." Such is also the case with many other words.

But for further information, I must refer you to the recently published grammars and dictionaries, which will give you a better insight into the construction and beauty of this language than I can do; all I can observe is, that the almost universal termination of their nouns in a vowel gives their speech a remarkably euphonious and pleasing sound to the ear of a stranger.

I shall now take a stroll outside, that I may be enabled to give you some idea of the external form and appearance of these singular but miserable abodes.

The houses here are, of course, of different sizes, form, and dimensions, as they are in all other places; but if I describe one built for a European, which is generally of the better sort, it will convey to you a distinct notion of the whole. They are commonly built by the natives alone, who are paid for their trouble in pipes, tobacco, articles of clothing, spades, tomahawks, muskets, &c. The first part of their operations consists in making a substantial framework of the desired dimensions, by placing strong wooden posts in the ground, crossing and re-crossing them by smaller sticks the *tout ensemble* of which gives the appearance of a large cage. The roof is well fastened with rafters in like manner, and its whole surface covered with bundles of "raupo," a species of flag which is abundantly found in the swamps and lagoons, which are generally pretty numerous in every neighbourhood. These are tied also to the framework in a similar way with tight ligatures of fresh flax. The better to prevent the roof from leaking, it is usually provided with three or four thicknesses of covering; the inside, also, and partitions are well padded with the same material, so that wind and rain cannot easily penetrate. Besides "raupo," they use for this purpose two or three layers of "wiwi," a small rush, and sometimes, at the top of all, a layer of "mongamonga," a tough tendril that is very durable either in or out of water. Of this, also, they make their eel-baskets. The better finished houses are lined with canes, or dyed of various colours, and which give a lively and comfortable appearance to the whole. Those, also, in which Europeans dwell are usually ornamented with a verandah, imitating a homely cottage front, and this being likewise lined with canes, and floored with boards, forms altogether a very snug and enticing domicile. More frequently, however, native laziness and European indifference are apparent. Many of these habitations are far inferior even to this meagre description; merely defended by "raupo" on the outer side, and that put on in a very slovenly manner, so that a few warm days cause it to shrink and leave as many crevices as to do away with the necessity of a window-hole, or any other aperture for the admission of light and air. Such as the natives themselves occupy, scarcely deserve any other name than hovels, and those of the meanest kind. The doorway is

generally so small that you are compelled to enter on hands and knees; and if you could enjoy the luxury of standing upright in one of these huts, you must necessarily be a dwarf of the smallest order. However, they are well adapted to these people's habits, who rarely stretch themselves to their full length in the erect posture, but are continually either inclining or squatting on their haunches. To these places there is no need of a window or chimney; the door serves both purposes during the day, and at night, when they close it, these folks huddle together in a state of the most luxurious *nonchalance*, that bids defiance to cold, wind, and rain.

I am informed, however, that in the southern parts of the islands, the natives pay much more regard both to the little comforts that make a dwelling desirable, and also to the ornamental design of their habitations, especially such as they erect for the white men; but whether they are so neat as fully to merit a comparison to the "interior of a lady's work-box," as some late author (perhaps facetiously) represents, I am unable to avouch.

A number of these huts promiscuously scattered together without the smallest order and design, constitutes what is called a native "pah." It is generally surrounded by a high fencing; the sticks of which are of different heights and tied pretty closely together by a small but strong vine (*aka*); sometimes these are surmounted at the entrance and other places by uncouthly carved figures, all of terrific and obscure designs. The interior of these places is a very sink of dirt and unseemly sights: peelings of potatoes, pumpkins, denuded cobs of maize, cockle and mussel shells, blocks and splinters of wood, stones, decayed raupo, old baskets and mud in abundance, occasioned by the sauntering of pet pigs; while the ground is here and there cut up for the making of their ovens. Besides the huts of all sizes, you will see poles and stages high in the air, for drying fish, storing of potatoes, corn, &c.; and occasionally deep pits for the latter purpose, which are called "ruas;" the stages are often covered over and are built in various shapes: these they call "patakis," or "watas."

The whole face of the country, as far as I have yet observed, is studded with hills of various magnitude, and these are mostly, from their base to their summit, plentifully covered with trees and brushwood. But for extended and beautiful landscape, such as the remembrance of Old England paints to my fancy,—the wooded lawns and picturesque features of "Nature's beauties," so richly diversified by lakes, rivers, the meandering brook, and simple village pond,—one may look in vain. Here are not the shady bowers—the blooming hedge-rows—the noble fields, parks, and princely domains that lend so sweet a charm to English scenery: nor do we see the comfortable homestead, the cheerful cottage, the country spire and ivy-grown abbey, all of which are so many gems in the favoured pictures of Albion's isle. No, here there is nothing for the imagination to feed on and enjoy. With few exceptions, all is one undi-

versified and untrodden extent of hill and dale, thickly carpeted with fern and stunted shrubs, with scarcely a wild-flower or fructiferous tree to break the monotony. Nature, however, who is generally "sublime and beautiful" when not cheated of her honours by civilized hands, has here and there displayed her majestic charms in the bold and abrupt forms of massive rocks and lofty mountains; the deep and narrow ravines and terrific chasms, that appal the heart of the observer: she has in some parts, too, beautiful contrasted her interminable fens and marshy swamps with magnificent rivers, whose windings give an agreeable variety and interest to the scene; but as the country is as yet devoid of the requisite artificial conveniences of roads and bridges, they add much to the difficulties and dangers of travelling, and so obstruct the enjoyment which her beauties would otherwise afford.

Foot-paths they have innumerable; and if we admit Hogarth's notion of the wavy line of beauty, they must be entitled *beautiful* without any reservation, for I do not think there is a straight line of road throughout the country that the natives themselves have made. They say that a serpentine walk is much easier for their legs, that they sooner get tired by walking in a straight line, and certainly they have amply demonstrated their opinion by their practice.

The only mountain of any considerable note is Mount Egmont situated on the plain of Taranaki. It rises somewhat abruptly, and is computed by some to be 4,920 yards high, or 14,760 feet,—but by others, it has been estimated at little more than 11,000. In appearance and height it resembles the Peak of Teneriffe. From frequent surveys, it is said to bear evidence of having been formerly a volcano of some magnitude, but the time must be far distant, as no eruption has occurred within the memory of the oldest natives, nor is the fact even traditionally reported among them. Several other mountains scattered on the face of the island are of a volcanic character, and some of them have been recently observed to emit both smoke and flame; but they are comparatively of small magnitude, and we have not distinguished them, as far as I am aware, by any name.

There is one also, more northerly, which is called by the natives "Maungatancwi," which signifies monster-mountain; but it is by no means so high as Egmont. There are several also named Maunganui, but this term may be applied to any hill of uncommon size, being literally translatable *big or large* mountain; "maunga," hill; "nui," large.

That the whole country has at some distant period been the theatre of terrific convulsions is very obvious: in many parts a remarkable wavy appearance runs in a continuous course for miles, undisturbed by depth of valley or precipitous rock;—others present abrupt fissures, their separated sides corresponding in a singular manner, as if disjoined by recent violence.

And there are many other indications that the country has been subject to earthquakes of more than ordinary character. Even in the present times this

phenomenon is by no means rare: I have felt more than a dozen in the course of twelve hours, generally however very slight shocks, but occasionally strong enough to excite alarm in those whose nerves are not over well braced. I mention this fact more particularly, because I observe it stated in a small work lately published, that "there is no reason to believe that the country is subject to earthquakes, there being no record of any within the memory of man." Now, in the name of common sense and honesty, what could induce any one to make a remark so unfounded in fact? Nobody who had lived six months in the island could have supposed such an assertion to be true. This book states also, that "Mount Egmont is a volcano in an active state," which is certainly not the case. The only motive I can imagine for such misrepresentations is to assuage the fears of emigrants, and to excite their curiosity; like some accomplished showmen, who cry, "Walk up, walk up! ladies and gentlemen, and see the *living* lion stuffed with straw, and warranted not to bite."

I may here mention, as intimately connected with these volcanic phenomena, that in several parts of the islands, but especially about the lakes at Rotomaa, hot sulphurous springs abound, some of which are constantly used by the native residents for the purposes of cooking their victuals, bathing and washing. They will indulge in the pleasures of eating, smoking, and chatting therein for hours together. These springs vary in their degrees of heat and intensity of action; some of them throw up large bodies of water to a considerable height, but the temperature is lower; others, which are always boiling, have a less powerful action, and these are found extremely useful by the natives for the purposes above named. In some places, the water does not rise above the surface, yet you may distinctly hear it "boiling and bubbling" in its course beneath. The waters of these springs, or "ngāwas," as they are here called, are represented to be of a sulphurous character; some have an "albuminous deposit," and others are so powerfully alkaline as to serve the purposes of soap. The natives have recourse to these springs also for the cure of many of their complaints, more especially cutaneous diseases, which are very prevalent among them; and I have known them prove efficacious in the cure of old rheumatic pains and stiff joints. The natives appear quite aware of the importance of these springs, and already anticipate the time when Europeans will avail themselves of these natural resources for the many useful purposes to which they seem so specially adapted.

Yours, &c., KIT.

(To be continued.)

THE WATTEAU DRESS.

WATTEAU the painter, whose graceful works have given his name to a style of art which has ever since been extremely popular, was born at Valenciennes in France, in 1684. Like Canaletto and our own artists, Stanfield and Roberts, he began by painting decorations



Subject after Watteau.

DRAWN BY J. J. JENKINS : ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DALZIEL.

for the theatres. His labours for a long time brought him but a bare subsistence; indeed, he greatly suffered from poverty, too often the lot of genius.

Fortunately for himself and his fame, he hit on an entirely new class of subjects, such as balls, masques, and fêtes champêtres. In these works he grouped together with great skill numbers of figures on a small scale. The elegant turn of his compositions, the peculiar grace of his female heads, and the richness of his colouring and costumes, made him at once the rage, and produced a crowd of imitators. The dress he most delighted to represent is known by the name of the *Sacque*, (given in our cut,) in which the sweeping folds from the shoulders to the ground, undulating with the figure, contribute much to the graceful appearance of his groups.

Having injured his health by excessive study, he visited England in 1720 to consult the celebrated Dr. Mead, and returned to Paris, where he died the following year.

It is curious to observe the permanent effect produced by original minds on all they touch—even trifling objects rise to importance, and are invested with an interest unfelt before. Watteau, by the picturesque arrangement of his costumes, created a taste for works of his class, which has since widely spread in this country. It has had a good and evil effect; good in directing the attention of our artists to an exact imitation of Nature in all her details; evil where the expression of sentiment has been sacrificed to the *nice* painting of silks and satins.—J.

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

T. M. F.

ALONE in the dreary night—
In the dark cold night alone—
I pine for the dawning light,
And the birds' first whispering tone
Visions surround my bed,
A dim unearthly train,
And I close my eyes with dread,—
But I close my eyes in vain,
Alone in the dreary night!

O mournful, ghostly band!
Why do ye come so near?
O Guardian Spirit! wherefore stand
Far off, as if in fear?
Spread, spread thy sheltering wings;
Thou—only thou—canst save;
Protect me from these fearful things,
The tenants of the grave,
Alone in the dreary night!

Why does that little child
Come near and nearer now?
Her eyes are very pure and mild,
And heaven bright her brow.
But she fills my heart with woe,
And I shrink with a dreadful fear,
For thy baby features well I know—
O sister, fond and dear!
Leave me, thou little child!

In infancy she died;
Why did I live, O God?
In life we slumbered side by side,
Why not beneath the sod?

We played together then,
An undivided pair;
I live—the most accursed of men;
She died—an angel fair!
Leave, leave me, little child!

O mother! didst thou mourn
Beside that little bed?
And didst thou pine for her return,
And weep that she was dead?
That garb of misery—
Those tears—that bitter sigh—
Mother, they should have been for me,
Because I *did not die*!
Mistaken human love!

O Spirit, haunt me not?
Mother—away! away!
My heart is sick—my brain is hot—
I cannot—dare not pray.
Thy face is calm and sweet;
In thine unclouded eyes
A holy love I dare not meet,
A tender radiance lies.
O mother, haunt me not!

Or, if thou must appear,
Come in that latter time,
Come with that glance of woe and fear
Which marked my course of crime,
When thine eyes had lost their light,
When thy heart was sad within,
When thy clustering locks were white
With grieving for my sin:
Come, with thy broken heart!

All happy things and pure
Mine agony increase;
My sin-tost spirit can endure
All—save to dream of peace.
O childhood innocent!
O youth too bright to last!
Has hell a bitterer punishment
Than *Visions of the Past*?
Pure spirits, haunt me not!

THE CHAND BEEBEE.

A ROMANCE OF THE DECKAN.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

It was the sunset hour; yet radiance of sufficient brightness still streamed around the richly sculptured mosques and crumbling fanes of the splendid ruins of Beejapoor, to give richness to its beauty, and to fix the eye in lingering admiration, on the gorgeous groupings of minaret and altar, fount and column, of Hindoo and of Moslem art; while, as if to mock the sculptor's skill, Nature around its records, had wound her own fair traceries. The pale bell of the delicate moon-flower rested on the dark granite steps of the splendid mausoleum, and the sweet jasmine buds peeped forth from the clefted altar and clung around each crumbling column. The scene was beautiful, beautiful as a poet's or a painter's dream, yet its interest was still a melancholy one, for it spoke of the past,—of the overthrow of empires, of the feuds of men, of the opposing powers of creeds leading to acts of violence and bloodshed,—all this, and matters of import yet more terrible, might well be read on

those fallen monuments and in the entangled richness of that luxuriant foliage; yet whatever lessons the scene suggested to those pondering on change of dynasty and faith, little were they noted by that fair girl, who from her princely father's hareem had stolen forth to dream of joy and hope, among the scenes that from her childhood she had loved so well. Her veil of fine white muslin bordered with gold had fallen back, and draped itself in graceful folds about her boddy of pale pink silk brodered with pearls; the tresses of her luxuriant hair were braided with freshly gathered jasmine buds, and in her hand she held a wreath of chumpa and pomegranate blossoms newly woven; yet lovely as she was, thus simple in attire, and fresh in her young beauty, the sweet expression of her fair face, the smile upon her lip, the light that beamed in her dark eye, were more winning still;—every animated creature around seemed to know and love that gentle girl. The timid mangoe bird, with its black and orange-coloured plumage, rested confidently on its favourite spray, the little humming-bird dipped his tiny beak with its usual petulance into the scented cup of every tender blossom, as if conscious of being noted only by the crouching lizard all green and gold, whose bright watchful eye glanced upwards on the spoiler from that verdant nook he had made his dwelling-place, and well it might be so, for playful gentleness was as natural to the Chand Beebe as sunshine to an Oriental clime, and the song of birds, the fragrance of a flower, the very shadows that flickered at her feet, brought to her young heart a sense of happiness. But now the day was spent; deep (as it would seem) in the distant groves of feathery palm-trees sank the bright orb whose radiance had so lately gilded the ancient places of the noble city, and the fair Chand Beebe turned to seek the aged nurse who, caring little for the birds, and flowers, and sunshine, that brought joy to the heart of her young mistress, was whiling away the time with her stores of beetel-nut and paun in the verandah of a crumbling mosque. The maiden's form was scarcely lost, however, among the surrounding foliage, when a horseman, bounding over the tangled brushwood, checked his noble Arab before the splendid mausoleum of Ahmed Shah, and, casting the bridle from his hand, sprang lightly from his seat. The rider was one not easily forgotten; the fine proportions of his figure, the regularity of his handsome features, alone, would prove him to be a stranger in the land of the Mahrattas, while the peculiar turn of his glossy moustache and the folds of his crimson turban showed him, with equal distinctness, to be one of those Moslem leaders whom the Delhi sovereigns might well be proud to note as their allies. Advancing to the steps of the splendid mosque, the young noble bent his forehead in low obeisance, and then, grasping

his sword more firmly in his hand, while a gleam of triumph passed over his fine face, exclaimed, "Saint of my fathers, behold thy servant! Ere to-morrow's dawn my good steed shall scatter from his hoofs the soil now desecrated by the accursed rule of a Hindoo tyrant, nor shall the sword of Salabat Khan be sheathed until, from every fort and bastion from Delhi to the Deccan range, the Crescent shall raise its banner, and every idol of the land lay shivered upon the soil! Too long inactive have I lingered here, but now, by all the holy Imaums, I swear——"

"Nay! swear not, my more than brother; oh! recall those dreadful words against our race; think of our childhood's days, think of the happy hours thou hast passed even here with a Hindoo girl, and for her sake forego thy hatred to her people;" and with this earnest prayer the hand of the Chand Beebe rested on the chieftain's arm, and her dark eyes gazed imploringly into his.

"Brightest, loveliest of all most bright and lovely in this fair land!" exclaimed the Khan, his countenance irradiate with inexpressible tenderness. "I sought no more to meet thee! Thou knowest how I love thee, dear one, but the honour of a Moslem noble should be yet dearer to him than his love. The lords of Delhi send messengers to reproach me as a recreant; the commands of the Prophet ring ever in my ears, the blood of my race fires in my veins as I look on all around me here—and thus I go, heart-sore, indeed, yet nerved, sweet love, to teach thy land a purer faith."

"And wert thou not a Moslem?"

"I would rest for ever by thy side, sweet tempter, would weave with thee dream-like fancies, even as in childhood's hour we weaved bright chaplets of these lovely blossoms; would believe as thou believedst, and doubt that Paradise could boast a houri more fair than thee,—and wert *thou* but of the faith of Fatma, I would—" but the hand of the Chand Beebe fell from the chieftain's arm, her tender glance of girlish love seemed changed for the resolved expression of thoughtful womanhood—her dark eye dilated, and, casting herself at the foot of Siva's image, that lay crumbling near, the maiden cried,—

"I also reverence my father's faith, and will defend it with my prayers while flowers yet blossom to serve for offerings, but with my sacrifices I will mingle hopes for thee, ay! even for him who once weaved jasmine wreaths for the hair of the young pagan girl, who dreamt he loved her, but whose people, even as she prays, perhaps, fall in hundreds beneath his cruel sword."

The chieftain paused; perhaps, until that moment—that moment when to part came in its full terror upon his soul, he little dreamed how dear to his every feeling was the fair young

worshipper then kneeling by his side; but as he now gazed upon her, and scenes of early pastime thickly gathered before the mirror of his mind's eye—scenes, in which he had so knelt with her, together wreathing in childish sport the idol around which they had played in hours of ignorance, when their strongest faith was that of mutual love; he felt that glory was a vision, ambition a mere child's bauble, and the love of a true woman's heart alone the symbol of what little fingers yet upon our earth of pure and holy things; the purpose of the Khan was shaken, his foot yet rested on the step of the mausoleum of Ahmed Shah, but his eye was riveted upon the maiden's form. With averted face she extended her hand towards him, and a rebel tear fell heavily on the mogree blossoms that circled her fair neck.

"Farewell! Salabat; duty to thy race commands it, and we part, but as the green banner of your Prophet proudly floats where thy bold hand has placed it, think of this sweet spot, its fanes, its foliage, and its melody; of the words we have spoken here; of the smiles we have interchanged; and, for the sake of her who set to thy fancy seem to linger here, spare her people and respect their sanctuaries."

The Khan sprang forward, a moment more and he had folded the Chand Beebe to a heart where now, alas! he felt that her image reigned supreme. But such apostasy was spared him. The sound of many voices, those of the Rajah's athletes, now was heard echoing through the arched colonnades of tomb and temple; the maiden, with a low cry of terror, rose and darted swiftly towards the densest foliage, while the Khan, vaulting to his saddle, spurred towards the grove of date-trees now gleaming with the silvery light of the young moonbeams.

In a vast hall of fine white marble, surrounded with open galleries and cooled with numerous fountains, sat Rao Bharmuljee, and by his side, armed to the teeth, stood Zanga, an African slave, the friend, favourite, and minister of the Hindoo prince.

"And think you this is indeed so?" inquired the Rajah, fixing his earnest scrutiny on the ebony-tinted countenance of his companion; "will the lords of Delhi, abandoning the siege of Deogurh, turn their force upon the unguarded fortress of Nizam Shah, the fairest spot in all the Deekan?"

"So is it said, my lord: letters, intercepted from the *cossids* (messengers), and written from the court at Delhi to the young Moslem noble, Salabat Khan, state that, at the opening of the hunting season, the allied powers will march direct upon the Deekan, and possess themselves of the fort of Nizam Shah; it were well, my lord, to meet them there, and teach them that a Mahratta bow can wing its way to a Moslem's heart."

"By the mountain goddess, thou sayest well," replied the Prince, "so shall it be. Command even now that the elephants be made ready; let five hundred camels be armed with *jinjals*, (swivel guns); let all the Brahmins of the temples be told to attend the army, and instantly call hither to our conference Salabat Khan: by the bull of Siva, we will that he be our standard-bearer; he hath of late become discourteous, and throws dirt in our faces; the Brahmins love him not, and 'twere well thus to humble his proud bearing."

A shade of peculiar meaning passed over the harsh features of the slave Zanga ere he replied, and when he did so a tone of ill-repressed and mocking triumph mingled with his words, "The noble Moslem, my lord, no longer lives an honoured guest with the Prince of Beejapoor. Last night the Fakir Gunger-jee who performs *tapsya* (penance) in the date-grove, by the old peepul-tree, noted the Khan, who spent the night there as in much disquiet; and as if restless with feverish haste, even at the false dawn he sprang upon his favourite steed Golau, and galloped on towards the hills."

The prince started from his cushions—"Zanga!" he exclaimed, "there is matter in this! the Mahratta chiefs are not wont to yield their forts to the spoilers of a Moslem band. The stronghold of Nizam Shah has its moats, its dungeons, and its drawbridges, its doors of metal, whose red heat, well piled with flaming faggots, will singe the Moslem beards that press discourteously upon them; the poisoned arrows of our Bheels will readily hit the target of a foeman's heart, and a Mahratta swordsman will cleave a Moslem from head to heel, though he wear a hair of the Prophet's beard as a *tawad* (charm), brodered on his turban. Ere to-morrow's sunset casts its rosy light upon the Western Ghauts, our army shall set forth; and the allies, arrived at the old fort of Nizam Shah, shall find us already there with our dancing girls and with our minstrels; and the Moslem host, discomfited, shall see that we are but laughing at their beards!"

"Pretty doings!" muttered the old nurse Beemah, as she sat stripping mendeer leaves into a silver vase, preparatory to infusing them with lime-juice for the production of the henna required to tint the delicate fingers of her mistress. "Pretty doings! and so at noon-day I am to be put into a *kajawah*, and travel with an army no one knows where, to meet a pack of Moslem traitors. May their fathers be burnt! And they say the road is full of rocks and tigers, and I shall be on an old camel, always last, no doubt, and I dare say the elephants will be *Must*, and most likely turn back and trample us all to bits. It's all Zanga's doing. I hate that proud, ugly slave. I know him, too; he bribes the soldiers—

some of them are Delhi men beside, and if the Rajah were to be killed, I shouldn't wonder if Zanga were to head the army, and marry my sweet young mistress : *tuf!*" added the angry woman, with much emphasis, "I hate such sons of Sheiton!" and glancing upwards to rearrange the displaced folds of her snow-like *stree*, the old and petted nurse encountered the smiling gaze of the sweet Chand Beebee.

"Nay, dear Beemah," she playfully exclaimed, "you shall not suffer all these horrors; tigers shall not devour, nor elephants trample you to death; you shall have a well-cushioned, warm kajavah, on my own camel, Zehrab; and although, as a Mahratta princess, I must ride, to show the army I am not unworthy of my race, and Mootee (the Pearl) is already fitting with scarlet and silver housings, we will not leave you, my poor Beemah; and I will ask my father for a guard of matchlock men, all your own. Then, dear nurse, think of the glorious Ghauts, blushing under the rising sun lights, the beautiful jungles, rich with the loveliest plants, their flowers and birds; and then the Deekan! the proudest portion of all the Mahratta Empire, with its vast plains, its noble cities, its forts that no power can conquer, and its active, brave, joyous-hearted peasantry, singing as they labour, and ever cheerful, as the dawn of day to the watchful traveller."

"Ah!" replied the nurse, carefully dividing a beetel-nut into four equal portions, and laying them aside, as she sought in the pocket of an embroidered sack for a packet of fresh paun-leaves, "it's a very pretty *Bhāt* (story) all that, but I wish people could be contented where they are. I dare say some of the matchlocks will go off, and frighten your skittish camel, and then he'll run away into the jungle with me, and perhaps some of the wild *Bharautteeds* (bandit robbers) will seize and starve me, while they send for ransom. Oh dear! oh dear! well I wish Salabat Khan was here, or somebody that loves us."

"Salabat Khan!" responded the Chand Beebee, eagerly; "ah, dear nurse, think you he does *indeed* love us, and yet flies from the court, when my father most desired his counsel?"

"Oh! as to that," replied old Beemah, sharply, "it shows his sense. I'm sure I don't know who would *not* fly from Rao Bharmuljee and that savage Zanga, who is more a prince than his master. Why your father, but yesterday, called my foot a *Hutteeke Pong* (elephant's foot)—mine! he forgets I was once the best Natch woman in all Agra - truly it is much!"

"But the Khan, Beemah," earnestly inquired the Chand Beebee, laying her hand fondly on the arm of the excited nurse; "think you he loves me still?"

"To be sure he does, child," was the reply. "Wasn't he always asking me about you, and worrying me to give him flowers you had braided

in your hair? What do you think he laid all day by the Fountain of the Tombs for, but to be near your favourite haunt, and see your little foot-prints on the moss? And then there's that Moslem girl Karyā, who is as beautiful as a star, dying of love for him; for it seems she passes all her time in gazing from the lattices of the hareem into the palace courts, and her father offered her to the Khan with the dower of a queen; but he told them, his heart was already bound with the musk-shedding tresses of beauty, or some nonsense like that out of Hafiz; but the truth is, child, the Khan, as is very natural, doats on his little playfellow, and as pretty a pair of babies you were as I ever wish to set my eyes upon. Why, I remember as well as if it was only yesterday——" but the garrulous nurse with her tedious reminiscences lost her auditor. The beautiful Chand Beebee, her young heart beating with a joy as new as it was delicious, had passed to the open terrace, and there with dilated eye, fixed on the spot where last she had left the Khan, now yielded to those emotions, so sweet and rare, that fill the young, the pure, the tender heart of trusting woman when first she feels herself beloved.

The wide area in the centre of the fort of Nizam Shah (now known as Ahmed-nuggur) was filled with armed men; every bastion was crowded with Mahratta bowmen, and the walls lined with an ambuscade of matchlocks. Upon the plain without the fort, among the richly foliaged gardens of the suburbs, might be seen encamped the Moslem army, their broad green banners floating in the breeze, and the gilded Crescents of the Delhi princes glittering in the sunshine. Between these camps and the Mahratta fort were picketed bands of Pindarrie horsemen, each band known by its peculiar flag; there was the *Bugeah*, or flag of dark orange colour; the *Palka*, of bright green; another of red and white, with double pendants; and the horse of the chief Rujhum might be known by their flag of cloth of gold, presented to him by a Moslem prince, with an elephant, and the title of Nuwaub.

Within the fort all was excitement, for on the morrow the attack of the Moslem army was fully looked for. Rao Bharmuljee in anxious conference sat closeted with the minister; the fair Chand Beebee, in an apartment curiously arranged in the eastern bastion, gazed through the windows of wrought stone-work on the array of arms around her; and as she did so, the warlike spirit that animated even the women of her race kindled in her heart, and deepened the flush upon her fair cheek. Already had she learned the number of the enemy, the names of all their leaders, and with a throb of joy discovered that Salabat Khan, at least, raised not his banner against her father, nor had joined the

hordes elate with hoped-for triumph. The young day woke high o'er the range of eastern hills; the glorious sun shone on the wide plain, from whose bright gardens rose the empurpled haze of morning; from every camp and every band pealed the loud cry of "Allah, il Allah!" and with deafening shouts of onset the Moslem hordes dashed forwards to the fortress gates.

From tower to bastion, clad in his coat of mail, armed with a battle-axe, hurried the Mahratta prince, urging his soldiery; while beside the gates, surrounded by a band of Arabs, stood Zanga, the slave minister, and it would seem that the matchlock-men looked to him alone, for although the prince from time to time thickened them on the weakest points, the minister drew them back again, and divided them generally even where attack could not be made; and thus, from sunrise until sunset, did that fierce light continue; without, the moat was filled with dead and dying men, slain by the poisoned arrows of the Mahratta bowmen; within, the area of the court was piled with men floating in a sea of blood; frightful was the general carnage, but the Moslems yet were strong; and as they felt their strength, their shouts of triumph louder grew, while the gates of Nizam Shah were proof against that Moslem force; but now a strange wild cry arose, and mingling with it was heard the voice of Zanga loud among the rest; the prince spurs to the spot, the Arabs gather round him, an arrow wings its way, it hits the mark, and Rao Bharmuljee falls heavily from his saddle: "The king is slain!" shouted the voice of Zanga, leaping with a flag of truce upon the bastion. A thousand voices, with yells of triumph, repeat that cry, and the Moslem army fall back upon their camp.

Salabat Khan had spurred indeed, as the Fakir had described him to have done, from the date-grove of Beejapoor to the Deckan range; but every koss he travelled served to convince the prince how little he knew of his heart when he believed that he could join the allies of Delhi in their wars against the Mahratta empire. The sense of the loveliness, the gentleness mingled with the heroic feeling of her race, that distinguished his beautiful playmate the Chand Beebee, was now too strong to be controlled; and the belief of her danger, of the villany of the minister, and of the power of the enemy, alone occupied his mind. "But I will save her yet," he exclaimed, "if not by force, at least by stratagem. At Delhi I have a chosen band of firm adherents, these will I gather round me, and should the fort of Nizam Shah fall before the Moslem army, an arm will there be found and a steed fleet enough to bear even through the thickest of the fight the Rose of Beejapoor." And as he spoke, the Khan caressed his favourite Golaub, who, as if conscious of the proud duty

that might devolve upon him, arched his fine crest, and lightly curvated under his graceful rider; and so the Khan sped on, and in the Deckan he tarried not, for the note of war sounded on every side. Gathering his followers together, he marched hurriedly, and with an agonized heart, towards the scene of strife, and on the way a cossid told the tale—the Mahratta prince had fallen, and his daughter, the Chand Beebee, with the minister and a famishing force, now held the fort of Nizam Shah against the allied armies of the Moslem host.

It was the sixth day of a continued siege; every arm was weak, every heart faint. The wells were drying, the rations reduced, even when men most wanted vigour. The Chand Beebee was no longer a blooming girl, whiling away the vacant hours with buds and blossoms and poetic day-dreams, but suffering had anticipated time, and the princess now felt and acted as an heroic woman, devoted to save the honour, the empire, and the religion of her ancient race. She sat gazing forth upon the plain with firm lip and dilated eye, but her cheek was pale, and her dark tresses, no longer wreathed with jasmine buds, swept around her fragile figure like a cloud; her father's sword lay at her feet, and thrice during the past night in person she had rushed to the bastions, rallied the fainting hearts of her soldiery, and, in the name of their fallen prince, urged them to repel the enemy, or die in their people's cause. Many a weary man, stirred as by a war-trump, as the words of that young girl fell upon his drowsy ear, seemed possessed by preternatural vigour; the priests blessed Devi, whose spirit they believed thus brought among them to work miracles for her favoured people; and the wise, the beautiful, and the courageous Alya Bhye was never more beloved by her people than the fair Chand Beebee by the soldiery in the fort of Nizam Shah.

Loud had been the din of arms throughout the day, but the strength of the Mahratta Fort defied the Moslem power—defied it from without—but within lurked enemies more fearful; faint with lack of food, and maddened by thirst, the bow and matchlock men refused to man the walls; in vain had the Chand Beebee again rushed forth, and sought to animate their drooping spirits, the effort had been vain; vainly had the heroic girl unfurled the banner of her race and called on those around her for its defence,—in vain had she unsheathed her father's sword, and by the blade on which the chiefs had sworn allegiance besought them to hold out but another day in hope of rescue. The maiden's voice fell on ears dulled by fatigue and famine; and even as she spoke, those who seemed to listen laid them down and died. It was a fearful scene, and at other moments the maiden would have felt it such, yet now she thought but of her

race, her father's throne, her people's honour ; and as she bowed her head in agonizing grief in that lone turret she would have died a thousand deaths to save it ! Long did the sad and heart-stricken girl thus sit, helpless amid the din of war, when Zanga, with flashing eyes, burst into her presence.

"Lady !" he exclaimed, "we must yield the fortress ; the Moslems press upon the gates, and the matchlock men can no more repulse them ;" the maiden raised her eyes.

"Never !" was the reply ; "let the Moslems wait—let them continue thus the siege ; until every Mahratta soldier lies dead in the fort of Nizam Shah, then let them take it, if they will ; but never shall it be said, that a Mahratta princess, with one true heart yet beating in her cause, yielded to a Moslem horde. You have my answer, Zanga !"

"Proud lady," was the reply, "you have too long defied me and my power, but this must end. I will save thee and thy people ; the Moslems offer quarter, they will enter now as friends, will suffer you, and the half of your followers, to return in safety to Beejapoor yielding the fort ; but if the gates in an hour from this time be not thrown open, they will force them ere noon to-morrow and put every Mahratta to the sword."

"They cannot !" exclaimed the princess, "the fort defies them, and it shall stand, a mighty mausoleum of the heroic dead !" the maiden bent her head, and, as her white drapery fell around her form, a fanciful mind might have deemed her the mourning spirit of her fallen race ; but towering above her, stood the slave minister, inexorable in purpose, though attuning his subtle speech to gentle accents.

"Lady, remember, as you thus decide, that not *alone* perish this brave, but doomed band ; far away, beat the tender hearts of loving wives, of daughters, sisters, mothers, betrothed maidens, aged sires, whose lives hang on these that thou condemnest ! Thou dreamest that men will laud the heroic courage of a Mahratta queen, but mark me, maiden, a wail will be heard throughout the land, and with it, the curse of those that the Chand Beebee, with the power to save, has rendered desolate."

The princess raised her head, and tears, the first she had shed in all the horror of that time, fell fast over her fair cheeks.

"Alas ! alas !" she cried, "is there no hope ?" The slave pointed through the heavy lattice, and as her eyes followed the direction, she saw too clearly indeed that the brow of the eastern hill bristled with armed men marching quickly on with the banner of the Prophet fluttering in the evening breeze. "Ah !" she exclaimed, "are we then thus surrounded ? have the Moslems indeed reinforcements such as these ?—Then be it so, demand quarter for my people, and cast

wide the gates. No widowed mother, no orphan child, no aged sire, shall weep for life that could have been spared by me."

A savage glare of exultation passed over the dark visage of the slave minister, his triumph was complete,—to the Moslems he had sold the fortress, and the lovely princess seemed wholly in his power. Alas for the sequel of the tale ! in less time than it can be told, the fort of Nizam Shah rang with the shrieks of the massacred Mahrattas, the Chand Beebee heard those fearful sounds,—the clash of arms, the prayers for pity, the savage curses of those who knew not mercy, and with the ringing cry of a broken heart she rushed from the turret chamber.

* * * * *

That night, the chief, Salabat Khan, halted his troops upon the eastern hill, and sent a messenger to urge the fair Chand Beebee to sustain the siege but for a few hours more when certain succour would be hers. The tale the messenger returned to tell was indeed a sad one,—the fair form of the silver-bodied queen lay deep in the old well near which her father met his death-wound, and the betrayed Mahrattas, late so bold in arms, around it might be seen piled in hideous masses, their gaping wounds stiffening under the damp breath of chilling night.

The maiden queen thus died, but not alone—the Kusumba bowl brought rest to a spirit bold and pure as hers ; and when the morning sun shone upon that eastern steep, the brave and devoted followers of the prince there mourned their leader.

A splendid mausoleum that now crowns the mountain-brow, tells of the Moslem's love and the maiden's fate, while the Mahratta sentries near the old well at Ahmed-nuggur will, when the moon shines brightest, talk of a fair form that flits around it, raises her arms towards the distant hill, and then, with a wild shriek, seems to sink into its foliated depths. Such tales are told by those who love to dream afresh of wild adventure and of old romance ; and thus it is that every Mahratta in that fair land may be heard to sing in his village home, of the heroic deeds and hapless fate, of the Deekan's pride,—the beautiful Chand Beebee.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—A FABLE.

BY F. R.

THE cat and the fox talked politics, in the time of L. Estrange if not in that of *Æsop*. Both were advocates of the freedom of trade, particularly in poultry ; but the cat would have a tax on mousetraps. The fox, standing up for the liberty of the subject, suggested a prohibitory duty on spurs and horsewhips.

"Free trade," cries the monopolist, "in all but my own commodity."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.

June 28th.—WENT to Mr. Hutchins' to tea. We were rather late, and found the room full. The doctor exclaimed as we entered, "Ah! here you are, Montague. You fashionable people cannot accommodate yourselves to our early hours. I suppose, however, we must make the most of you while we have you. Will you go and sit down by Miss Hawknor there on the sofa? and Charles" (he invariably used Christian names, did Mr. Hutchins, if he could, and yet more invariably if possible did he leave out in like manner the appendage of Mr., thereby evincing familiarity with everybody, and an easy equality, poor soul!) "you will find a place by Charlotte; she's so fond of you, she is, I am thinking of calling her *Charles-lot* for the future—ha! ha! ha!"

"By which I should be a considerable gainer, if we were to take him at his word—should I not, Mrs. Hutchins?" said Montague.

Mrs. Hutchins looked very good-natured and stupid, and rang the bell, directing the servant to bring in Master George.

What a bore these family exhibitions often are! It is difficult to know to whom they are more disagreeable, to the poor children or to the visitors; for the former are expected to be so very well behaved, (having generally been choked up with instructions to that effect from the nursery,) and are so invariably all the more shy, and *un-act-over-able*, and the visitors are likewise so thoroughly expected to be particular in their notice, and warm in their expression of sympathy, that it is generally a very painful pantomime. How little do people understand the hearts of children! If instead of hurting their delicate timidity by calling them into notice, they were to leave them to themselves, they would be much more really considerate to them, and would not be annoyed by the trouble of amusing them, of which they are often the first to complain. The heart of a child is a somewhat delicate instrument. It requires a very skilful and tender touch to waken up the latent harmony.

However, in this case I was agreeably disappointed. Nature has made up for the deficiencies of the parents in the young child. Delicate, with light blue eyes and golden hair, little George came quietly into the room; and, as he shook hands all round, according to previous command, his pensive eye rested guilelessly on the face of each; he then gently sat himself down on a stool beside his mother. I watched him waiting to catch her attention; and the Colonel was watching him too for the moment very wistfully. When he had succeeded, the little fellow said, in a low whisper, "Mamma, may I go to *him*?" and he pointed to old Mr. Montague.

His mother gave him leave, and he went and nestled up near the old gentleman, and took his hands between his own, and gently pulled him to get his notice. When he had succeeded, he looked quaintly up to him, and said, "I love you very much—don't I, mamma?" and he tried to kiss him.

The rector raised him into his lap; and he put his little arms round his neck, and kissed him again and again.

"And why do you like me so much, Georgie?"

This puzzled the little fellow. He thought and thought. At last he said, "I don't know. But I

think that you are *so* good all in white, when you talk in the church."

"Don't be foolish, sir, you are talking nonsense!" cried out his father, in a peculiarly harsh tone of voice, which made Colonel Hawknor look first at him, then at the child; "and get off" directly from Mr. Montague's lap—you are troublesome."

He little knew the sacred principle which was at work in his boy's mind, and which half peeped out in those unconnected words of his. It would have been well for Mr. Hutchins if he had.

The poor little boy went back, abashed and bewildered, to his mother, and sat by her side on the little stool as before.

This enabled me to listen to a conversation which had been going on for some time at intervals between the rector, Mr. Hutchins, and Colonel Hawknor. The latter gentleman was in appearance an elderly man, of military bearing, a red face, and robust figure.

"I am afraid I did not do what I ought in the matter," said Mr. Hutchins. "You see it was a regular parish case. The man had been a lazy sort of man, and his family were in dreadful poverty; the Union would have been much better for them. But then, you know, the poor wife did beseech me so, and said it would be death to them to go to the workhouse,—they would rather starve. So I attended the man, and gave them money to buy them food and keep them going. Yet I do not think *one* is justified in doing so—especially if *one* has a family, when there is a union for them to go to."

"Let them go to the workhouse, or starve!" said the Colonel; "a lazy, good-for-nothing set of vagrants, that won't work, and are so wondrously particular about their diet. I should like to give them a little notion of martial law myself. What say you, Mr. Linsey, eh?"

The individual addressed was a vicar of a neighbouring parish, as I understood afterwards. He was elderly, fat, well-favoured, and stolid. There was a beam of good-humoured self-satisfaction in his face, mixed with a certain assumed magisterial decision: he was a county magistrate. From his rather obese neck depended by a black riband a double eyeglass with a tortoiseshell handle; this was his never-ending plaything.

"Why, sir," said the worthy old gentleman, holding up his glass with awful dignity, and extending his left arm on the back of Mr. Hutchins' chair, and putting his body into a sort of oblique position, as much as to say, "Do not be too much astounded by my penetration"—with a slow, pompous voice, "Why, I do not—ahem!—agree with you entirely—hem! Colonel Hawknor—not quite, you see—martial law is all very well, you see—ahem!—all very well in—martial law, I say—ahem!—in times of great violence, you see, and excitement—in times of—hem! excitement,—yes—then, you see, it may be all very well; but I consider that—ahem!—we have, you see—we have sufficient law in our courts of justice and—hem! of equity, where there is no—you see—no—hem! particular excitement—in our courts of justice. But I cannot but censure you exceedingly—yes, censure you, Mr. Hutchins—you will excuse me—ahem!—for saying so—I cannot but blame you, you see, for such foolish—hem! liberality. For, on the one hand, hem!—"

I was just despairing that the worthy judge would ever desert his imaginary bench, and allow us, his victims, a little breathing time, when Hutchins, who

(1) Continued from p. 140.

did not at all relish this incipient judicial censure, burst in with,

"Why, you are not on the bench, Linsey, you know! And if you were, it would be a monstrous long judgment even now, and you are evidently not half way through. I did all for the best—and you know it is best to err on the side of charity."

"Doubtless, sir," answered Mr. Linsey, nodding his head complacently.

Here Mrs. Hutchins whispered in Montague's ear, that "Mr. Hutchins was such a liberal man. His ideas are so benevolent—you can hardly imagine it."

"No, madam; quite unimaginable, doubtless."

Mrs. Hutchins looked pleased and contented.

"Charity," said Mr. Hutchins, pathetically, "is too little understood among us. The poor have much to complain of."

"Mr. Hutchins, you, as a surgeon—ahem!" said Mr. Linsey, slowly, "may understand diseases—yes, I say may understand diseases; but, you see—ahem! the principles of charity—that is, the principles, the ideas, the notions—hem! the notions of charity—are rather matter for, you see, legal decision—for legal—hem!—yes, legal decision."

"Yes, that is true; such is modern charity."

"I am glad to see young Mr. Montague; yes—hem! glad I am to—" but the worthy magistrate was here interrupted by a hoarse, loud laugh from Mr. Hutchins, who had put his teaspoon into his hot tea, having risen at the moment from his chair, and applied it to his wife's face, as she was intently listening to a long and pathetic homily from Miss Hawknor. "Alas! unhappy young giddy creature!" was just winding up her apparently very interesting story, when this practical joke aroused Mrs. Hutchins to the existence of the visible world, and her darling husband inquired in a jocose tone, "Whether there was any more tea in the house—if so, was she going to keep it for supper?" This, and the dismissal of the little boy for the night, finished the above interesting conversation for the time. It was resumed by Mr. Hutchins.

"You see, Montague, that this poor man has not got at all better, and there does not seem any likelihood of his doing so. Now I have got one of his daughters here with me to help in the house, out of pure charity," (she was the best servant in the house, and he had her services for a shilling a-week,) "and I cannot afford to keep this man any longer. What can be done?"

"Done!" said the Colonel. "Send him to gaol. Our friend Mr. Linsey here—will draw out his committal."

"Eh? My dear sir, you see—hem! he is—that is, you cannot—he's in bed; and he has not been tried by the laws—hem! of our constitution—yes, of our admirable constitution—ahem! and no man is guilty, you see—that is, every man is—hem! not guilty—that is, is considered not guilty, till he is guilty—yes—hem! till he is guilty."

"I think, Mr. Hutchins," said the rector, "that the matter had better be reserved. I know the case, and was not aware that you were so much burthened with their maintenance as you have stated. I dare say I can manage some way or other for them."

"For them," said the colonel. "That's always your way, Mr. Montague. You are led astray by your charitable feelings, which arise from a want of knowledge of the world. I know you will excuse my frankness. Clergymen are very ignorant of all worldly wisdom. For them, indeed! You spoil the

poor; you pet them till they get impertinent, and quarrel with the Union, forsooth, as if it were not a better place than they deserve,—yes, a far better place," said the colonel, warming with opposition as he saw the rector's expression of face,—“a set of idle scoundrels!”

"Hush, sir!" said Mr. Montague, almost severely; "remember, you are speaking of the poor. They are too blessed to be spoken of in so shocking a manner."

The colonel looked in utter astonishment, as though Mr. Montague had taken leave of his senses, and turned away with ill-concealed contempt, and no little impatience. "The poor be hanged!" he muttered, as he went off to another part of the room. Yet, nevertheless, colonel, the time is not far off, when those words of the rector will chime in thine ears; and thou wilt see them in another light, spite of all thy worldly wisdom.

The evening finished off with supper. I handed in Miss Hawknor, who ate abundantly, and was shocked at the profanity of the worldly-minded. She alternately sighed and swallowed, and looked miserable throughout, as though supper was a very painful duty, which she was enduring with pious resignation.

Mr. Hutchins apologized for his groaning table by saying, "You see all your supper, gentlemen, I have made quite at home with you; although I know clergymen like pretty good living, eh, Montague? A glass of wine with you, Miss Mary? May you soon be married, which I'm sure won't be long fast, if the youngsters knew what's what."

Having delivered himself of this exquisitely timed speech, he nodded and hushed very vehemently. "I tell you what it is, Montague, we all mean to oppose you at the board of guardians; you're far too indulgent to the poor, we shall get up a regular opposition."

"Are we to suppose this to be a part of your foolish weakness and excess of charitable feeling?" said young Montague.

This disconcerted Mr. Hutchins greatly; and he stammered out that, "there was reason in roasting eggs," and added something about false charity. He evidently hates Charles Montague with a fervent hatred. To change the conversation, which was not pleasant, he propounded a riddle to Miss Montague, which he assured her was his own. "When is a child not a child?—Can you guess it? When it's a-bed." And this was accompanied, as usual, with an awful explosion of laughter. Upon this there ensued a somewhat profitless conversation upon puns, in which Mr. Linsey declared that "he considered—ahem!—as a magistrate and a clergyman, that such undignified,—ahem!—yes, undignified distortions of words were inexcusable, quite inexcusable; and, though of course he did not intend any—hem!—offence—any offence, that is to say, to Mr. Hutchins, yet he could not help agreeing with the long—hem!—long quoted opinion—ahem!—that is, sentiment, of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that—hem!—a man who could make a pun,—yes, a pun, would pick a pocket."

"A negative sort of guarantee for the doctor's honesty," suggested Montague.

Miss Hawknor, meanwhile, held up her hands in utter dismay, and, in a *sotto voce* for my particular benefit, informed me, that all makers and repeaters of puns, in her opinion, were in a very melancholy condition of mind, in fact, almost hopeless. The conversation went on in a desultory way, but it was

so uninteresting that I have forgotten it already; so, my dear diary, you must do without it. The rector, during supper, asked Colonel Hawknor if he was going to the sale of pictures at Holden Park next week.

"No, Mr. Montague; I really was not aware that there was to be such a thing."

"Yes, I think you must forget, my dear," said Miss Hawknor; "do you not remember my telling you the story about poor Mr. Melvil,—how extravagant he had become in his ways, paying immense sums for pictures, and other such worldly vanities, and taking no care about his household; and how his wife led him into all kinds of extravagances, and how, at last, he was not able to pay his debts, and is obliged to give up his establishment and go abroad, if he is not already in prison?"

"And you must excuse my saying, madam, that, when you told Colonel Hawknor so, you, unintentionally doubtless, misled him," said young Montague. "Not one of these reports is true. Neither Mrs. Melvil nor himself are extravagant persons, although I believe they plead guilty to being fond of the fine arts, and are disposed to give money and food, as well as tracts, to the poor."

Miss Hawknor was very much taken aback, for she had been rather *enlarging* upon certain facts which she had gathered from the house-keeper of Holden Park in one of her pious rambles.

"Do you know, sir," she said, with all the greater coldness of manner and precision of pronunciation for her temporary discomfiture, "that it was not two months ago that he gave a thousand pounds for a horrid old picture, with a dirty frame not worth a five-shilling piece?" The description of the picture somewhat outraged the nature of the authority.

"I do not so far presume, Miss Hawknor, on my acquaintance with Mr. Melvil, as to meddle with his private concerns. But, in this case, I happen to have been with him when he bought the picture, and, if I could have afforded it, I would have given double the sum willingly. It was an original of Tintoret."

"You sir? did you say *you* would give two thousand pounds for a picture? Why, it's next to gambling. You are not really in earnest?"

"I really cannot understand why you should be so fond of those old dusty pictures, Mr. Charles. I remember, when we went to Dorchester about a month ago, and I had the pleasure of walking with you, you stayed *such* a time before the window of an old picture-seller, and when I asked you what you were looking at, you pointed out (I dare say you remember) a little old picture that looked as ugly and black as possible, and said that it was a very valuable painting. For my part, I saw nothing valuable in it."

"It was a queer whim of mine, my dear Mrs. Hutchins," Montague replied, with a significant smile; "I have nothing to plead in my defence, save that it was a Teniers, *not bad of its kind*, that I was admiring. However, I must apologize to you for having detained you so long from the ribands and lace, which hung out so invitingly close by."

"Now, Mr. Charles, you are laughing at me, I know."

"I protest, madam——"

"Yes, yes, I know you were. But I cannot help, notwithstanding all you say, preferring what is useful and practical. What good will a picture do? Can you tell me *that*?"

"Good, my dear Mrs. Hutchins, why none! They are useless luxuries, which one must admire,

you know, because the world does; but, for myself, I prefer those mighty china ornaments which you ladies collect with such laudable assiduity, because they do not pretend to be pretty, and can make themselves *useful* by holding something, if it is only candle-lighters."

His father looked at him, and Montague relapsed into silence. Mr. Hutchins at the same time informed his wife, that she only made herself ridiculous when she talked about such things; ending up with, "What can you know about pictures, Charlotte, I should like to know? Why, your father was too poor almost to pay for his furniture."

This piece of coarseness severely affected his good-natured wife; it was her single weak point of attack. Her love for the memory of her father, now dead some years, was as deep as her easy heart could admit; and her husband knew this, and used it not sparingly. A tear gathered in the corner of her eye, and she heaved a half-suppressed sigh, while the colour mounted up into her forehead perceptibly. She answered, "Mr. Charles was a *gentleman*; (laying an emphasis on the word;) and I, *your wife*, was his daughter. If you do not respect his memory, at all events permit me to do so in peace."

There was something of dignity in Mrs. Hutchins' manner as she said this. She for once had forgotten, apparently, her husband's supposed superiority; and this sally had a visible effect upon him; for, like most men of his class, he could not stand against reserved dignity of manner, even from his wife. He felt its influence on him, and could not resist it; he was only a bully where he fancied he could be so with impunity.

At this juncture the rector, as if to allow him opportunity to recover, again re-occurred to the sale of pictures. "There is, I understand, besides that original of Tintoret, a beautiful scene—a market-woman returning home through a deeply-shaded lane, by Gainsborough. I almost coveted it when I saw it a few days ago. I like it. I am free to confess, better than all the others; it is a great pity that they must all be sold."

This finished up poor Miss Hawknor. That a clergyman should be in raptures about a picture—a *gawaw*—'twas monstrous. She raised her eyes in pious horror; again did they catch a view of her very forbidding front; and shaking her head solemnly, she said, "It was a great pity they were ever bought, I think; a sinful waste of money; I should imagine that it would have done more good to send the thousands so shockingly spent to Dorchester hospital."

At this moment poor Mr. Hutchins, who had become very sulky since his snubbing, and was basely employed in helping an imaginary guest to a joint of one of the fowls before him, as a relief to his uneasiness, slipped his knife inadvertently, and the whole of the chicken went safely into the rich velvet lap of Miss Hawknor. In trying to prevent the fall of the unhappy animal, he struck his arm against the same lady's wineglass, which was full of port wine, and that went with the fowl into the aforesaid capacious lap. This was dreadful. It was a new dress, just sent down from London, and the lady was exceedingly discomposed—no apologies would suffice. She took no notice whatever of them, but made every possible bustle in pretending to remedy an irremediable accident, and then sat impatiently waiting for Mrs. Hutchins to rise from the table. This event was brought to pass the sooner, inasmuch as Colonel Hawknor was obliged to rise suddenly, as he felt

exceedingly unwell. He had become perfectly pale, and as he left the room, his manner was bewildered and his gait unsteady. It was remarked by the Montagues when they reached home, that he had been unusually silent all the evening. They had never known him to be so taciturn before.

June 29th.—Went to call at Colonel Hawkner's, to inquire how he was. The rector went with us; he was very ill. Mr. Hutchins had been there, and said it was an attack of paralysis. The rector begged the nurse to tell the colonel of his visit, and to inquire if he would wish to see him, but he sent word, with his compliments, that he was too unwell to see any one; yet he felt very much obliged to the rector for his call.

"The most polite words I have ever received from him, poor fellow!" said the rector; "I hope and trust that it may continue. The poor woman is getting worse, I fear there is no hope for her."

As we were walking back from the colonel's, Montague suddenly took me by the arm, and said, "What a pity it is, Freeman, that clergymen should ever be magistrates! It puts them into a wrong relation with the poor of their parishes, and they are forced to become judges instead of fostering fathers. It is a most unenviable office for them."

"Quite so," I replied; "and for another reason besides that which you have given. It has a bad effect too often on the character of the clergy themselves. They become vain and pompous, and therefore disagreeable; and what is, if possible, worse, they lose the sacred in the secular character. They give up the infinitely more dignified office to the worldly pride of social position: and instead of being, if they must join the two, magistrate-clergymen, they almost always are clergymen-magistrates. They make the former utterly subsidiary to the latter; and this is not an unpractical difference, for it often makes them neglect and disgrace their sacred office by unworthy concessions to their civil connexion."

"I entirely agree with you. Here is that Mr. Linsey, for instance, whom you met yesterday evening, a very good man in his way, and calculated to have made a working clergyman in his parish. And you see what he is—his dignified office (as he fancies it to be) has made him unpleasantly precise and dictatorial, which, in respect of his intellectual development, is scarcely prudent. My father has been solicited to act as magistrate more than once, and has invariably declined."

"I wish all clergymen would do the same," I replied, and here the conversation ended.

July 1st.—This has been a strange day to me. I do not know how it is; whether it is the illness in the neighbourhood—that of Colonel Hawkner, who is not at all better, and the poor girl—but I have been unusually dejected. These things ought not to be, I know; at all events we ought not to give way to them. Yet I cannot help fancying that coming events are casting their shadows before; for often has this sort of feeling been the precursor of bad news, or of something untoward. It may be, if we knew more than we do of the nearness of the spiritual world and of the laws of its governance, we should have the key to the mystery. It is only one fact out of many that speak of strange influences, and still more strange presences—presences which we do not perceive with the senses; yet which we know far more certainly than if we did. If the unuttered thoughts of one have unconsciously influenced and directed the thoughts of another,—if souls have spoken

together whose bodies were locally severed by thousands of miles, what limits may we fix to the capacity of spirits? There are forebodings, that is enough for me; almost universal consent grants this. And they are another of those warnings which are mercifully given us to remind men that there is another world far more influential and near than that outer world, which gathers around us with its thick sensible coating. In fact, what is the latter but the veil of the former?

July 3d. (Sunday.)—There was a very full church to-day, as the morning was unusually fine and bright. There were many strangers, as the restorations here have been very much talked about. After service, the clerk, and an old woman who lives at the outskirts of the parish, and has a great way to come to church, dined, as usual on Sundays, at the rectory. The clerk is a very queer old character, who has officiated for "*near upon forty years*." He wears leather-breeches, worsted-stockings, and buckled-shoes. He did not like at first having no psalms to give out, because he said he had done it so long; however, the rector indulged the old man a little till he saw the propriety of it, and became himself most earnest for the alteration. This is the way the rector manages him—by leaving the decision partly to his own good sense. It is an excellent plan; for the old man is pleased, and continues cheerful and obedient; whereas his nature is rather mulish if roughly handled: and he is old, and therefore, perhaps, a little pragmatist. In all he has done in his parish, Mr. Montague has never met with decided opposition, though many, such as Colonel Hawkner, are only waiting an opportunity. And the secret of this is in his manner, which is quiet, courteous, and considerate; showing a due estimation of the difficulties and feelings of others, and an earnest endeavour to soothe them by kindness: he does not deal with things in the abstract, but looks at them in the concrete, subject, therefore, to modification and variety of development.

July 5th.—I was wandering to-day near the church, and went, as I am fond of doing, into the churchyard. It is one of the most beautiful churchyards I have ever seen in this country. The grass is kept as neatly as any lawn, and the paths are thoroughly weeded and frequently covered with fresh gravel. There are not a few trees,—weeping willows, cypresses, and yews. The aged yew-tree beside the south porch still remains as in days of yore, and the shaft of the old cross, partly overgrown with lichens and moss, is still to be seen.

It was in the evening of the day, which had been very sultry, and the sun went down in unclouded splendour, throwing a flush of glowing light on the grey old tower with its rich battlements and beautiful entrance, which is early English, and in excellent preservation. Above the south porch is a canopied niche, which the patron saint of the church used once to occupy; but he had been pulled down from his eminence in the times of Cromwell, whose soldiers had done much damage to the interior, and had utterly broken some exquisite windows, which were the pride of the neighbourhood. Some few fragments still remained here and there as a witness to the past. The light caught the niche obliquely, and by the shade it cast seemed for a moment to have filled the empty place once again. But the melancholy old yew stood frowning by, like one of the redoubtable Ironsides of former times, determined to resist any such wickedness. Most of the graves had flowers planted on them; they were

chiefly roses, lilies of the valley, violets, and myrtle. Over one grave, towards the east end, drooped a willow, round whose stem a passion-flower had twined itself in great luxuriance. I was going nearer when I caught sight of a female form kneeling down and engaged in tending the various flowers which were growing about the grave. It was at this moment that the last ray of the setting sun fell upon the face of the girl, and lit up with a heavenly brilliancy a tear-drop which was stealing, like a falling pearl, down her cheek. I saw it was Miss Montague, and unwilling to disturb a sorrow so sacred I withdrew, very quietly so as to be unobserved, among the trees. So young for sorrow! What a strange life is this of ours! If purity and innocence must suffer and weep even in their spring-time, what must not the world-encased heart have to endure at some time or other ere it be purified! The sorrow of innocence is a very fearful preacher. I wandered about near the lane till I had watched Miss Montague back to the parsonage; and I then stole to the churchyard again to visit the grave which she had been watering with her tears. The stone was a floriated cross pierced in the centre; and on it I read, "Henry Montague, obit June 16, 18—; æt. 16. 'In the day of judgment, good Lord deliver.'" Here then was a brother only dead a twelvemonth—just at the very beginning of life. It was very strange that I had never heard of it from Montague. I had observed when he came up at Michaelmas term that he was in mourning; but one has a natural repugnance to make inquiries about such things, and Montague never said a word on the subject, nor referred to it in any way. And this, then, was one of his griefs! Poor fellow! I wish now that he had told me; for sorrow pent up without vent or outlet is a wearing, gnawing monster, feeding on the heart like the Promethean vulture. Grief is half remedied when we have a sympathizing friend whose heart is so attuned as to grieve with our griefs, and joy with our joys—one individual heart between two. It is the bright rainbow in time of rain, the warm ray of sunshine in a day of frost, the cheering break of blue sky in the passing thunderstorm. Poor fellow! If his brother were like him at all, it must have been indeed a loss! Yet there are the flowers of hope on his grave. It is kissed in the spring by the snow-drop and the primrose, and roses and lilies are always breathing sweets of incense there. He is only sleeping, and his dreams are doubtless soothing and bright; and he is very near to those who love him still. The dew of a sister's tears falls on the fresh bosom of his resting-place, and the midnight thoughts of an earnest-hearted brother are seeking him in the star-spangled air. An aged father's holy yearnings are ever to be united with him, there where the days and nights intrude not. Thou art the happiest and securest, my sleeping brother, for the voice of thy gravestone shall be heard, sweet echo of the litany thou didst often repeat in these quiet aisles close by whilst thou wast a weary pilgrim, joint-occupant with us of this very unsatisfying world.

July 6th.—It is all over with poor Colonel Hawknor. He died this morning at a quarter before six. The rector was with him all night: he was sensible to the last, though his speech, the rector told us, was terribly affected. But not so changed was he in body as in mind—his penitence was extreme. Miss Montague learned a great deal from his nurse, who was most inconveniently communicative. She

said that he would not allow his sister to talk to him on any but family matters; and earnestly desired solitude as long as he could have it. He frequently deplored in a most earnest way, half-soliloquizing, what he had said and done against "his very good rector" as he called him, mentioning his name with great affection. And ever and anon he would start up from a state of apparent unconsciousness, and mutter to himself, "Hush! remember you are speaking of the poor; they are far too blessed to be spoken of in so shocking a manner: oh, my dear rector!—yes, in so shocking a manner!" And then he would move his lips, and point his hands as well as he could (for the stroke had partially affected his limbs) as if in prayer. What happened during that last night I cannot say, for the rector never, of course, mentioned these matters; but his end was peaceful, and he humbly received the last and solemnest consolations of his faith. One thing, however, the rector could not help telling us, and this was that, in sign of the reality of his repentance, he had left all his property to little Georgie Hutchins, on the sole condition that he should be educated entirely by the rector, and received forthwith into his house.

"What do you say to this, Helen?" said her father; "would you mind the trouble of taking care of the dear little fellow?"

"My dearest papa, what a question!" and rising, she went to the old gentleman, threw her arms round his neck, and, kissing him, said in a low tone, "I shall be delighted, of course; and I rather think somebody knew that better than I did myself," saying which, she skipped lightly out of the room.

"There is one difficulty yet," observed her father; "I fear we shall have some trouble to induce—"

"Not *Mr. Hutchins*," said the younger Miss Montague.

"I'm not so sure of that, Cary; but it was not of *Mr. Hutchins* that I was thinking at the time; I fear the mother will feel it very much. It will be better to say nothing about it to her—or, indeed, to any one. I will break it to her as best I can after the funeral. Perhaps, as he will be so near her, it will not seem so painful. But I shall not press it; for in such a matter as the sending a child from the protection of its parents into the hands of strangers, I think it is best to leave the decision entirely to the child's natural guardians. Colonel Hawknor is to be buried on the 13th; and he asked me to let him be laid in the churchyard, not in the church, and as near Henry—" Here the old man paused, for he was for the moment overcome; but the next instant, he added, "And he wishes you, Charles, to be chief-mourner. Miss Hawknor is very much opposed to both arrangements, but I must fulfil his wishes."

We heard afterwards, that she wanted some other clergyman to read the service; but this the rector would not permit under the circumstances. She knows nothing of the way in which the Colonel has left his property. I fear much she will be outrageous when she hears it, although she has a very good income of her own.

July 8th.—As I was walking about the village to-day, I met Mr. Hutchins. He told me he had just been visiting poor Helen Jewell, and he feared that it would be impossible for her to recover. He walked towards Colonel Hawknor's with me, to inquire after Miss Hawknor. On the road, he began to talk about the Montagues. He said he thought "Old Montague the best of them, but very obstinate and prejudiced in his opinions." I answered, of course,

that I could not agree with him; that prejudice meant very different things in different people's mouths; and that I would rather not continue the subject. "But," I added, "can you tell me where Mrs. Montague is buried? for I have looked both in the church and churchyard, and I cannot find her tomb."

"You do not mean to say, Freeman," (he had already progressed so far in intimacy,) "that you do not know all about it!"

"All about what?" exclaimed I, in utter amazement.

"Why, about Mrs. Montague." And then he told me a long story, and a terrible one indeed. It appears that she is not dead, but living apart from her husband, somewhere in London. She had been faithful to her solemn marriage-vow, and her name was never mentioned by the family. This, then, accounts for my never having heard them refer to her or say a word about her. She was treated as one dead, and so here is another of poor Charles Montague's griefs—the bitterest, the most hopeless of all. And how little understood was his silence! Hutchins, the mean-spirited fellow! said that the mother was of humbler birth than the father, who was of excellent family, and therefore it was that her name was never, if possible, mentioned by any of her children. He did not at all imagine that this silence was caused by what had happened; what! make me so angry that I left him in disgust. The story of her humbler origin I believe to be true; but little did the man know Montague's character, to suppose that this would influence him in being silent about her. This is a soul infinitely above such wretched pettinesses. Valuing both where God has given it, he values it only in measure, and such considerations certainly do not affect his actions. But oh, poor fellow! what a fearful snapping of the dearest ties! When the young child first opens his wistful eye in this outer world, it is on his mother's face, and the tones of a mother's voice hushing the cradled infant to his sleep, linger in the memory to the last—the dearest and tenderest link that binds us to the past. It is the child's first love—the first object to which its young heart expands, like a tender bud of spring bursting into flower. No voice of affection so pure and tender, so enduring and sustaining. In the midst of life's stormiest tempest, its fond memories lull us to soothing quiet; and when the busy world has hardened by its restless activities the once soft and confiding heart, and much of the bright coloring of life, has sobered down into a dull grey tint, anxious and wearisome, a mother's yearnings still beat in the heart with vestal flames that the wintry ice may not altogether deaden with its lethargic chill its noblest energies. Oh, holiest memory of the past! which, when it has ceased to have a resting-place in this earthly and finite, carries up to the invisible shores of the disembodied this endless and sweet love, and gives our wounded hearts a lodgment there! It is a glorious privilege,—when the arm of air which once held an aged and tottering form dear as our heart-strings, holds it no more; and rooms which once echoed to that voice of anxious solitude are silent and still; and the heart which thought only for us, never for itself, has ceased to beat with earthly joys or sorrows, that we are able to remember and to hope—to remember the saintly vision of past infancy, and to dwell in certain hope on entire glorification in the re-union of the future! And proportionately to the consolation of this, what must be the terrible loss of the severance of such a tie! What terror, to be

obliged to connect the notion of unworthiness with a parent's image! To be forced to keep silence, and, before the world, treat as dead one living—to unlearn the first word our lips were taught to utter, and think with deepest shame of her who bore and nourished us! Poor fellow! Well, indeed, might you say, that "*the past had daubed over your future with one unvaried hue of black!*" And such a noble soul, too! sensitive and delicate almost to a fault—high-minded, chivalrous! Richter says, "O thou who hast still a father and a mother, thank God for it in the day when thy soul is full of joyful tears, and needs a bosom whereon to shed them!" Not always, thou loving, kindly-hearted German—those tears are not always tears of joy, nor a mother's bosom always the place whereon to shed them. Alas, then, how miserable is it! What worst of agonies!

(To be continued.)

THE PAGEANT OF TIME.

TOWARDS midnight on the last day of the old year, I was sitting, thoughtfully revolving, as is my custom at that season, the lesson of the past, and the vague hopes and awful uncertainties of the future; with what feelings, and with what higher aims, it is not now my purpose to declare, nor would the young and inexperienced take that interest in them which they may be inclined to do in following me through the imaginative scenery into which my slumbering fancy led me, when my candle burning dim, and my fire sending up few and fitful blue smoke, a soothing obscurity gathered round my closing eyes, and the inward faculties alone remained in conscious activity.

I thought I stood on the banks of a mighty river, among a countless multitude. Of these myriads, all were silent; the stream, though swift, was noiseless; not a breath of wind was stirring in the air; the sky, cold, grey, and misty, as still above as the earth below; and the gliding water faintly reflected the last pale beam of a December twilight, where the heavens were darkening in the east, faint flashes of distant lightning, tardily followed by the peals of far-off thunder, alone broke the monotony of the wide expanse around us, and they fell upon the ear at intervals, like the solemn minute guns of a royal funeral. As this recollection came over me, I thought sable canopied barges, two and two abreast of each other, came swiftly, silently along the middle of the wide river; their oars were seen, not heard, scattering flakes of silver on its dark grey surface, timing their strokes to a melancholy symphony, which one rather imagined than perceived to issue from the musical instruments, whose polished tubes caught a feeble ray from the departing twilight. As the boats came on, we saw that they were crowded with forms through which the drip of the oar and the gleam of the western horizon were dimly visible. They might not be mortal men; motionless, and without expression, they were not immortal

spirits. It might have been said to every one of them, "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes that thou dost glare withal." As their visages became more distinctly seen, many among the multitude that were gazing on them began to weep bitterly, and I recognised ghastly and painful likenesses of some that I had loved and lost in the year that was now expiring. When twelve of these lugubrious barges had gone by, a large and lofty vessel rose in view, swiftly, silently: it also bore onwards, without oar or sail, along the centre of the river. Its sides were hung with funeral trappings, intermingled with various heraldic devices, which, however, I could not have deciphered, even if all my attention had not been riveted on the sad but beautiful burthen which its high decks bore: athwart the prow, which was almost covered by a snow of blossoms, lay the most lovely infant I had ever beheld, pillowed on moss and flowers: and but for an indescribable and awful expression on its fair forehead, the repose of death would have seemed only that of a gentle slumber. A garland of almond blossoms encircled its flaxen ringlets; pale snowdrops were heaped at its feet, and its little hands, crossed on its still bosom, held in their stiffened grasp young branches of the palm-tree, such as in Eastern countries were born in the solemnities which celebrated the resurrection of Him who was "the first fruits from the dead." It was laid at the feet of a young lady, of exquisite beauty, as motionless and as death-like, who held in either hand a chaplet of withered roses. Roused above these affecting images of mortality, on a loftier bier, lay extended a noble-looking matron, in whose fine features there was such a resemblance to theirs, that doubtless, if she had not been their mother, she had at least been a sister of the same family; the pall on which she lay was of the colour of fallen leaves, and fringed with golden acorns. Far beyond, towards the stern, lay extended the venerable figure of an aged man; his long and silvery beard flowed over a mantle of the purest whiteness: sparkling through the increasing gloom, I saw an amethyst ring of surprising lustre on one of his hands, which were folded on his breast, clasping a golden cross that rested there; and but for the snowy hue of his ample garments, he might have been taken for an ancient bishop of the early Christian Church. He seemed yet to breathe, but as if soon he would breathe no longer; and the dying seemed even more deathlike than the dead.

The ship of death swept on, and the gazing multitude followed along the banks of the river: what had hitherto appeared a dark cloud hanging over it in the distance, now arose in our view in all the majesty of an enormous barrier of perpendicular rocks, on whose top abode the tempest, and at whose foot a vast cavern expanded its gloomy portals, into which the great river glided, still noiselessly, and bore along with

it the barges, thickly peopled with sepulchral shadows, and finally the great ship itself. The mist which veiled the innermost recesses of the cavern departed to receive them, and we beheld thousands of chambers in the rock, each closed by a marble covering; others, in long perspective, remained yet open, but over the interior of these hung impenetrable shadows, so that we could only clearly discern the entrance of that one into which the vessel entered, and was in a moment insepulchred for ever. Clouds and darkness quickly gathered round the mountain, and hid the cavern and its mysterious chambers from our view. We turned away in silent sadness, when, lo! the dawn was brightening in the east, the morning-star was rising, and quickly the kindling sky began to be reflected on the far distant windings of the river, where was seen a low white sail looming in the horizon: its appearance was hailed by the crowds on the banks with shouts of rapturous exultation.

I awoke, and found the bells of a neighbouring steeple had just struck up their accustomed peal, "ringing in," as it is called, "the new year." "And thou, then," said I, "is the course of human existence; the pageant of earthly time, year after year, is swallowed up in the days of eternity; an tier of those portions of existence is now commencing for me—whither will it convey me? That low white sail on which the rising sun beamed so cheerfully, was it not hastening to the dark catacomb of departed ages? That brilliant dawn, must it not have set in night? and ere the clouds of evening had wrapt the vessel in gloom, must it not have shown itself peopled with the phantoms of death? Could its freight have been distinguished by the rejoicing crowd, how many would have shrunk in dismay who greeted its appearance with unthinking rapture; whose images should I have seen among its ghastly crew?—my own. A cold shudder came over me at the suggestion; I was, however, soon ashamed of a weakness so unworthy of a Christian.

Imagination may indeed for a moment shrink from a contemplation of "the pomp and circumstance" of death, its dim and misty terrors, but faith entering within the veil, should rejoice in the substance of things not seen, those glorious and unimaginable realities which the Greater hath prepared for them that love Him. Sometimes, indeed, in moments of devotion, like the Prophet from the top of Mount Pisgah, the soul may gain a prospect of that goodly land; and should the visionary ship be hastening on so swiftly to convey us thither,—yea, if even I, who write, and thou who readest, might have seen our own resemblance among its shadows, wherefore should we dread if such be our destination? But if we dare not rest in that persuasion, let us not defer for another moment of the rapidly decreasing interval, to call upon Him who is

mighty to save, who hath "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light" through the Gospel, remembering that "Now is the appointed time: now is the day of salvation." F. R.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAPTER XX.

PAYING OFF OLD SCORES.

It is a weary thing to be tossing restlessly from side to side, sleepless, through the silent watches of the night, spirit and matter warring against each other—the sword gnawing and corroding its sheath. A weary and harassing thing is it even where the body is the aggressor—when the fevered blood, darting like liquid fire through the veins, mounts to the throbbing brow, and, pressing like molten lead upon the brain, crushes out all thought and feeling save a dull consciousness of the racking agony which renders each limb a separate instrument of torture. But if, on the other hand, it be the mind that is pestilence-stricken, the disease becomes well-nigh unbearable as it is incurable; and thus it was with me on the night in question. The suspense and anxiety I had undergone during the preceding day had indisposed me for sustaining any fresh annoyance with equanimity, and now, in confirmation of my worst fears, that hateful sentence in old Peter's note, warning me of treachery "in the quarter where I was most deeply interested," rose up before me like some messenger of evil, torturing me to the verge of distraction with vague doubts and suspicions—fiends which the bright spirits of Love and Faith were powerless to banish. The old man's meaning was obvious; he imagined Clara inconstant, and was anxious to warn me against some supposed rival; this in itself was not agreeable; but I should have reckoned at once that he must be labouring under some delusion, and disregarded his suspicions as unworthy of a moment's notice, had it not been for Clara's strange and unaccountable silence. I had written to her above a week before—in fact, as soon as I became at all uneasy at not hearing from her, urging her to relieve my anxiety, if but by half-a-dozen lines. Up to this time I had accounted for not having received any answer by the supposition that Mr. Vernon had by some accident detected our correspondence, and taken measures to interrupt it. But this hypothesis was evidently untrue, or Peter Barnett would have mentioned in his note such an easy solution of the difficulty. Yet, to believe Clara false was treason against constancy. Oh! the thing was impossible; to doubt her sincerity would be to lose my confidence in the existence of goodness and truth on this side the grave! The recollection of her simple, child-like confession of affection—the happiness my love appeared to afford her—the tender glance of those honest, trustful eyes—who could think of these

things and suspect her for one moment? But that old man's letter! What did it—what could it, mean? His allusion to some dark, hawk-eyed stranger—ha!—and as a strange, improbable idea glanced like lightning through my brain—like lightning, too, scaring as it passed—I half sprang from the bed, unable to endure the agony the thought had cost me. Reason, however, telling me that the idea was utterly fanciful and without foundation, restrained me from doing—I scarcely know what—something desperately impracticable, which should involve much violent bodily action, and result in attaining some certain confirmation either of my hopes and fears, being my nearest approach to any formed scheme. Oh! that night—that weary, endless night! Would morning never, never come?

About five o'clock I arose, lighted a candle, dressed myself, and then, sitting down, wrote a short note to my mother, telling her that an engagement formed the previous evening to meet a friend would probably detain me the greater part of the day; and another note to Oaklands, saying that I had taken the liberty of borrowing a horse, begging him to speak of my absence as a thing of course, and promising to tell him more when I returned. I then waited till a faint grey tint in the eastern sky gave promise of the coming dawn; when, letting myself noiselessly out, I took my way towards the Hall. It was beginning to get light as I reached the stables, and arousing one of the drowsy helpers, I made him saddle a bay mare, with whose high courage, speed, and powers of endurance, I was well acquainted, and started on my expedition.

As it was nearly eighteen miles to the place of meeting I could scarcely hope to reach it by seven o'clock, the time mentioned in old Peter's note; but action was the only relief to my anxiety, and it may easily be supposed I did not lose much time on the road, so that it was but ten minutes after seven when I turned down the lane in which the little alehouse appointed as our rendezvous was situated. I found old Peter waiting to receive me, though the cloud upon his brow, speaking volumes of dark mystery, did not tend to raise my spirits.

"Late on parade, sir," was his greeting,—"late on parade; we should never have driven the Mounseers out of Spain if we'd been ten minutes behind our time every morning."

"You forget, my friend, that I have had eighteen miles to ride, and that your notice was too short to allow of my giving orders about a horse over night."

"You do not seem to have lost much time by the way," he added, eyeing my reeking steed. "What a noble charger that mare would make! Here, you boy, take her into the shed there, and throw a sack or two over her, wash out her mouth, and give her a lock of hay to nibble; but don't go to let her drink, unless you want my cane about your shoulders,—do ye hear? Now, sir, come in."

"What in the world did you mean by that note, Peter?" exclaimed I, as soon as we were alone; "it has nearly driven me distracted,—I have never closed my eyes all night."

(1) Continued from p. 119.

"Then it's done as I intended," was the satisfactory reply; "it's prepared ~~you~~ for the worst."

"Nice preparation!" muttered I, then added, "Worst! what do you refer to? Speak out, man—you are torturing me!"

"You'll hear it sooner than you like; try and take it easy, young gentleman. Do you feel yourself quite prepared?"

I am afraid my rejoinder was more energetic than correct; but it appeared to produce greater effect than my entreaties had done, for he continued,—

"Well, I see you will have it out, so you must, I suppose; only if you ain't prepared proper, don't blame me. As far as I can see and hear—and I keeps my eyes and ears open pretty wide, I can tell you—I feels convinced that Miss Clara's guv you the sack, and gone and taken up with another young man." As he delivered himself of this pleasant opinion, old Peter slowly approached me, and ended by laying his hands solemnly on my shoulders, and, with an expression of fearful import stamped on his grotesque features, nodding thrice in my very face.

"Nonsense!" replied I, assuming an air of indifference I was far from feeling, "such a thing is utterly impossible.—you have deceived yourself in some iaculous manner."

"I only wish as I could think so, for all our sakes, Mr. Farleigh; but facts is like jackasses, precious stubborn things. Why are they always a-walking together, and talking so loving like, so that even the old 'un hussell looks quite savage about it? And why ain't she never wrote to you since he cum—though she's had all your letters—eh?"

"Then she *has* received my letters?"

"Oh, yes! she's always had them the same as usual."

"And are you sure she has never written to me?"

"Not as I know on; I've never had one to send to you since she's took up with this other chap."

"And pray who or what is this other chap, as you call him, and how comes he to be staying at Barstone?"

"Well, sir, all as I can tell you about him is, that nigh upon a fortnight ago Muster Richard come home, looking precious ill and seedy; and the wery next morning he had a letter from this chap, as I take it. I brought it to him just as they rung for the breakfast things to be took away, so I had a chance of stopping in the room. Dree'ly he sot eyes on the hand-writing, he looked as black as night, and seemed all of a tremble like as he hoped it. As he read he seemed to get less frightened and more cross; and when he'd finished it, he 'anded it to the old un, saying, 'It's all smooth, but he's taken it into his head to come down here. What's to be done, eh?' Mr. Vernon read it through, and then said in an under tone, 'Of course he must come if he chooses.' He then whispered something of which I only caught the words 'Send her away;' to which Richard replied angrily, 'It shall not be; I'll shilly-shally no longer,—it must be done at once, I tell you, or I give the whole thing up altogether.' They then went into

the library, and I heard no more; but the wery next day come this here hidetical chap,—he arrived in style too—britska and post-horses. Oh! he's a reg'lar swell, you may depend; he looks something like a Spaniard, a foreigneering style of physiography, only he ain't so swarthy."

"Don't you know his name?" inquired I.

"They call him Mr. Fleming, but I don't believe that's his right name; leastways he had a letter come directed different, but I can't remember what it was: it was either—let me see—either a hess or a W.; I think it was a hess, but I can't say for certain."

"But what has all this to do with Miss Saville?" asked I, impatiently.

"Fair and easy, fair and easy; I'm a-coming to her direc'ly—the world was not made in a day; you'll know sooner than you likes, I expects, now, sir. Well, I didn't fancy him from the first; he looks more like Saytin himself than any Christian as ever I set eyes on, except Boneypart, which, being a Frenchman and a henemy, was not so much to be wondered at: however, he was very quiet and civil, and purlike to Miss Clara, and said wery little to her, while Muster Richard and the old un was by, and she seemed rather to choose to talk to him, as I thought, innocent-like, to avoid the t'other one; but afore long they got quite friends together, and I soon see that he meant business, and no mistake. He's as hartful and deep as Garrick; and there ain't no means of inweigling and coming over a woman as he don't try on her: aye, and he's a clever chap, too; he don't attempt to hurry the thing; he's wery respectful and attentive, and seems to want to show her the difference between his manners and Muster Richard's,—not worretting her like; and he says sharp things to make Muster Richard look like a fool before her. I can't help laffin to myself sometimes to hear him,—Master Dickey's met his match at last."

"And how does Cumberland brook such interference?"

"Why, that's what I can't make out; he don't like it, that's clear, for I have seen him turn pale with rage; but he seems afraid to quarrel with him, somehow. If ever he says a sharp word, Mr. Fleming gives him a scowling look with his wicked eyes, and Muster Richard shuts up direc'ly."

"And you fancy Miss Saville appears disposed to receive this man's advances favourably? Think well before you speak; do not accuse her lightly, for, by Heaven! if you have not good grounds for your insinuations, neither your age nor your long service shall avail to shield you from my anger! every word breathed against her is like a stab to me." As in my grief and irritation, I threatened the old man, his brow reddened, and his eye flashed with all the fire of youth. After a moment's reflection, however, his mood changed, and advancing towards me, he took my hand respectfully, and pressing it between his own, said,—

"Forgive me this liberty, sir, but I honour you,

young gentleman, for your high spirit and generous feeling; your look and bearing, as you said them words, reminded me of my dear old master. It can't be no pleasure to me, sir, to blame his daughter, that I have loved for his sake, as if she had been a child of my own—but truth is truth;" and as he uttered these words, the big drops stood in his eyes, unfailing witnesses of his sincerity. There is something in the display of real deep feeling, which for the time appears to raise and ennoble those who are under its influence, and as the old man stood before me, I experienced towards him a mingled sentiment of admiration and respect, and I hastily endeavoured to atone for the injustice I had done him.

"Forgive me, Peter!" exclaimed I; "I did not mean what I said,—sorrow and annoyance made me unjust to you, but you will forgive it?"

"No need of that, sir," was the reply; "I respect you all the more for it. And now, in answer to your question, I will go on with the little that remains to tell, and you can judge for yourself. Miss Clara, then, avoids Mr. Richard more than ever, and talks kind and pleasant like with this Mr. Fleming—walks out with him sometimes, alone—rides with him—don't seem so dull and morose like since he's been here, and has never answered your letters since she took up with him." As he concluded his catalogue of proof, I threw myself into a chair, and sat with my hands pressed tightly on my brow for some minutes; my brain seemed on fire.

At length, starting up abruptly, I exclaimed, "This is utterly unbearable! I must have certainty—Peter, I must see her at once. How is that to be done?"

"You may well ask," was his reply; "better wait till I can find an opportunity, and let you know."

"Listen to me, old Peter," continued I, laying my hand on his shoulder; "there is that within me this day which can overcome all obstacles—I tell you, I must see her, and I WILL!"

"Well, well, don't put yourself into a passion; the only chance as I know of is to catch Miss Clara out walking; and then ten to one Mr. Fleming will be with her."

"Let him!" exclaimed I; "why should I avoid him? I have not injured him, though he may have done me foul and bitter wrong; it is for him to shrink from the encounter."

"I know what the end of this will be," returned Peter Barnett, "you'd quarrel; and then, instead of offcoats and having it out like Britons, there'll be a polite invitation given, as kind and civil as if you was a-basking him to dinner, to meet as soon as it's light to-morrow morning, and do you the favour of putting a brace of bullets into you."

"No, Peter, you do not understand my feeling on this subject; should you be right in your suspicions, (and, although my faith in your young mistress is such that nothing but the evidence of my own senses can avail to shake it, I am fain to own circumstances appear fully to warrant them)—should these suspicions not prove unfounded, it is her falsehood alone

that will darken the sunshine of my future life. Fleming, or any other scoundrel who had taken advantage of her fickleness, would be equally beneath my notice. But enough of this; where shall I be most likely to meet her?"

"You know the seat in the shrubbery walk under the old beeches, where you saw Miss Clara the first time as ever you came here?"

"Only too well," answered I, as the recollection of that morning contrasted painfully with my present feelings.

"Well, you be near there about eleven o'clock; and if Miss Clara don't walk that way, I'll send down a boy with information as to the henchy's movements. Keep out of sight as much as you can."

"It shall be done," replied I.

Old Peter paused for a moment; then, raising his hand to his forehead with a military salute, turned away and left me.

Eleven o'clock struck, a girl brought me in breakfast; nine and ten sounded from an old clock in the bar, but the vands remained untasted. At a quarter past ten I rang the bell, and asked for a glass of water, drained it, and pressing my hat over my brow, sailed forth. The morning had been misty when I first started, but during my sojourn at the inn the vapours had cleared away, and as, by the assistance of an old tree, I climbed over the palisade of Barstone Park, the sun was shining brightly, wrapping dale and down in a mantle of golden light. Rabbits sprang up under my feet as I made my way through the fern and heather; and pheasants, their varied plumage glittering in the sunlight, ran along my path, seeking to hide their long necks under some sheltering furze brake, or rose heavily on the wing, scared at the unwonted intrusion. At any other time, the fair scene around me would have sufficed to make me light-hearted and happy, but in the state of suspense and mental torture in which I then was, the brightness of nature seemed only to contrast the more vividly with the darkness of soul within. And yet I could not believe her false. Oh no, I should see her, and all would be explained; and as this thought came across me, I bounded eagerly forward, and, anxious to accelerate the meeting, chafed at each trifling obstacle that opposed itself to my progress. Alas! one short hour from that time, I should have been glad had there been a lion in my path, so that I had failed to reach the fatal spot.

With my mind fixed on the one object of meeting Clara, I forgot the old man's recommendation to keep out of sight; and, flinging myself at full length on the bench, I rested my head upon my hand and fell into a reverie, distorting facts and devising impossible contingencies to establish Clara's innocence. From this train of thought I was aroused by a muffled sound as of footsteps upon turf, and in another moment, the following words, breathed in silvery accents which caused my every pulse to throb with suppressed emotion, reached my ear,—

"It is indeed an engagement of which I now heartily

repent, and from which I would willingly free myself; but——"

"But," replied a man's voice, the cold sneering tone of which, though now softened by an expression of courtesy, I had almost said of tenderness, I instantly recognised as that of Stephen Wilford,—“but, having at one time encouraged the poor young man, your woman's heart will not allow you to say ‘No’ with sufficient firmness to show him that he has nothing further to hope.”

"Indeed it is not so," replied the former speaker, who, as the reader has doubtless concluded, was none other than Clara Saville; “you mistake me, Mr. Fleming; if a word could prove to him that his suit was hopeless, that word should soon be spoken.”

"It is not needed!" exclaimed I, springing to my feet, and suddenly confronting them; “that of which the tongue of living man would have failed to convince me, my ears have heard, and my eyes have seen! It is enough. Clara, from this moment you will be to me as if the grave had closed over you, yet, not so, for then I could have loved your memory, and deemed that an angel had left this false and cruel world to seek one better fitted to her bright and saintly nature!—Farewell, Clara! may you be as happy as the recollection (which will haunt you at times, strive as you may to banish it) that by your falsehood you have embittered the life of one who loved you with a deep and true affection, will permit!” and overcome by the agony of my feelings, I leaned against the bench for support, my knees trembling so that I could scarcely stand.

When I appeared before her so unexpectedly, Clara started back and uttered a slight scream; after which, apparently overwhelmed by my vehemence, she had remained perfectly silent; whilst her companion, who had at first favoured me with one of his withering glances, perceiving that I was so completely engrossed as to be scarcely conscious of his presence, resumed his usual manner of contemptuous indifference. He was, however, the first to speak.

"This gentleman, whom I believe I have the pleasure of recognising," and here he slightly raised his hat, “appears, I can scarcely suppose a friend, but, at all events, an inmate of yours, Miss Saville; if you wish me—that is, if I am at all *de trop*—” and he stepped back a pace or two, as if only awaiting a hint from her to withdraw, while with his snake-like glance riveted upon her features, he watched the effect of his words.

"No, pray do not leave me, Mr. Fleming," exclaimed Clara, hurriedly; “Mr. Fairleigh must see the impossibility of remaining here. I am momentarily expecting Mr. Cumberland and my guardian to join us.”

"I leave you," replied I, making an effort to recover myself; “I seek not to pain you by my presence, I would not add to your feelings of self-reproach by look or word of mine;” then, catching Wilford's glance fixed upon me with an expression of gratified malice, I continued, “For you, sir, I seek not to learn by what vile arts you have succeeded thus far in your

iniquitous designs; it is enough for me that it should have been possible for you to succeed; my happiness you have destroyed; but I have yet duties to perform, and my life is in the hands of Him who gave it, nor will I risk it by a fruitless quarrel with a practised homicide.”

The look of concentrated hatred with which he regarded me during this speech, changed again to scornful indifference, as he replied, with a contemptuous laugh, “Really, sir, you are labouring under some singular delusion; I have no intention of quarrelling; you appear to raise phantoms for the pleasure of combating the n. However, as far as I can comprehend the affair, you are imputing to me an honour belonging rather to my friend Cumberland; and here, in good time, he comes to answer for himself—Cumberland, here's a gentleman mistaking me for you, I fancy, who seems labouring under some strange delusions about love and murder; you had better speak to him.” As he concluded, Cumberland, attended by a gamekeeper leading a shooting pony, came up, looking flushed and angry.

"I should have been here sooner," he said, addressing Wilford, “but Browne told me he had traced poachers in the park; the footsteps can be otherwise accounted for now, I perceive.” He then made a sign for the keeper to approach, and turning towards me, added, “You are trespassing, sir.”

His tone and manner were so insolent and overbearing that my blood boiled in my veins. Unwilling, however, to bring on a quarrel in such a presence, I restrained my indignation, and replied, “I know not what devil sent you here at this moment, Richard Cumberland; I have been sorely tried, and I warn you not to provoke me further.”

"I tell you, you are trespassing, fellow; this is the second time I have caught you lurking about; take yourself off instantly, or——” as he spoke he stepped towards me, raising his cane with a threatening gesture.

"Or what?" inquired I, at length thoroughly roused; and, drawing myself up to my full height, I folded my arms across my chest, and stood before him in attitude of defiance.

As I did so, he turned deathly pale, and for a moment his resolution seemed to fail him; but catching the sound of Wilford's sneering laugh, and relying on the assistance of the gamekeeper, who, having tied the pony to a tree, was fast approaching the scene of action, he replied, “Or receive the chastisement due to such skulking vagabonds!” and springing upon me, he seized my collar with one hand, while with the other he drew the cane sharply across my shoulders.

To free myself from his grasp by a powerful effort was the work of a moment, while almost at the same time I struck him with my full force, and catching him on the upper part of the nose, dashed him to the ground, where he lay motionless, and apparently stunned, with the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. FRAMPTON MAKES A DISCOVERY.

ALL that passed immediately after the events I have described, left but a succession of vague and confused images on my memory. I have some dim recollection of seeing them raise Cumberland from the ground, and of his showing symptoms of returning animation; but I remember nothing distinctly till I again found myself a tenant of the little sanded parlour in the village inn. My first act was to ring for a basin of cold water and a towel, with which I well bathed my face and head; in some degree refreshed by this process, I sat down and endeavoured to collect my scattered senses.

I had succeeded in my immediate object, and suspense was at an end; I had obtained certain proof of Clara's falsehood; with her own lips I had heard her declare that she repented her engagement and wished to be freed from it; and the person to whom she had confided this was a man whose attentions to her were so marked that even the very servants considered him an acknowledged suitor. What encouragement could be more direct than this? Well, then, she was faithless, and the dream of my life had departed; but this was not all; my faith in human nature was shaken—nay, destroyed at a blow. If she could prove false, whom could I ever trust again? Alas! the grief—the bitter, crushing grief—when the consciousness is forced upon us, that one with whom we have held sweet interchange of thought and feeling—with whom we have been linked by all the sacred ties of mutual confidence—with whose sorrows we have sympathized, and whose smiles we have hailed as the freed captive hails the sunshine and the dews of heaven—that one whom for these things we have loved with all the deepest instincts of an earnest and impassioned nature, and for whose truth we would have answered as for our own, is false, and unworthy such true affection,—oh! it is bitter grief indeed! Deep sorrow, absorbing all the faculties of the soul, leaves no room for any other emotion; and in the one idea, that Clara Saville—the Clara Saville, whom my imagination had depicted, the simple, the loving, the true-hearted—was lost to me for ever, I forgot for some time the existence of Wilford, or the fact that in my anger I had stricken down, and possibly seriously injured Cumberland. But as the first agony of my grief began to wear off, I became anxious to learn the extent of the punishment I had inflicted on him, and accordingly despatched a boy to Peter Barnett, requesting him to send me word how matters stood.

During his absence, it occurred to me that as Wilford had been introduced to her under a feigned name, Clara must be utterly ignorant of the evil reputation attaching to him, and that although this did not in any way affect her heartless conduct towards me, it was only right that she should be made aware of the true character of the man with whom she had to deal, and painful as it was to hold any communication with her after what had passed, I felt that the time might come when my neglect of this duty might afford me cause for the most bitter

self-reproach. Accordingly, asking for pen, ink, and paper, I sat down and wrote the following note:—

"After the occurrences of this morning, I had thought never, either by word or letter, to hold further communication with you; by your own act you have separated us for ever; and I—yes, I can say it with truth—am glad that it should be so—it prevents all conflict between reason and feeling. But I have what I deem a duty to perform towards you—a duty rendered all the more difficult because my motives are liable to cruel misconstruction; but it is a duty, and therefore must be done. You are, probably, as little aware of the true character of the man calling himself Fleming, as of his real name; of him may be said, as of the Italian of old, that 'his hate is fatal to man, and his love to woman'; he is alike notorious as a duellist and a libertine. My knowledge of him arises from his having in a duel wounded, almost unto death, the dearest friend I have on earth, who had saved an innocent girl from adding to his list of victims. If you require proof of this beyond my word, ask Mr. Stephen Wilford—for such is really his name—in your guardian's presence whether he remembers Lizzy Maurice and the smart of Harry Oaklands's horse-whip. And now, having warned you, your fate is under your own control. For what is past, I do not reproach you; you have been an instrument in the hands of Providence to wean my affections from this world, and if it is His good pleasure that instead of a field for high enterprise and honest exertion, I should henceforth learn to regard it as a scene of broken faith and crushed hopes, it is not for me to rebel against His will; and so farewell for ever!—F. F."

I had not long finished writing the above, when the boy returned, bringing the following missive from old Peter:—

"HONOUR'D SIR,—The topper as you've give Muster Richard ain't done him no more harm only lettin' hout a little of his mad blood, and teachin' 'im when he speaks to a gemman to haddress 'im as sich; 'is face is swelled as big as too, and he'll 'ave a sweet pair of black hyes to-morrer, please goodness, which is a comfort to reflect on. Touchin' uther matturs, I've got scent of summat as may make things seeme not so black as we thort, but it's honly in the hegg at present, and may never come to a chickin, so don't go settin' too much on it; but if you've nuthin' better to do, ride over agen the day arter to-morrer, by which time I may 'ave more to cummunicate.

"Your humbel servent to command,

"PETER BARNETT."

I pondered for some minutes on what this enigmatical document might portend; but a little reflection served to convince me that neither Peter nor any one else could discover aught affecting the only feature of the whole affair which interested me; on that point I had obtained the information of my own senses, and there was nothing more to hope or fear. I had learned the worst; the blow had fallen, and it only remained for me to bear it with what fortitude

I might. Accordingly, I enclosed my note to Clara in one to Peter Barnett, telling him I could see no reason for coming there again, and that, in all probability, I should not take the trouble of doing so, adding that if he had anything new to communicate, he had better do so in writing; and then, ordering my horse, I rode slowly home, feeling more thoroughly miserable than I had ever done before in the whole course of my life.

The next morning was so fine, that all kinds of pleasurable schemes were proposed and acceded to. Oaklands and Fanny rode out together in all the unrestrained freedom of an engaged *tête-à-tête*.—Then new dog-cart had arrived, and the chestnuts were to make their debut; consequently, Lawless spent the morning in the stable-yard, united by the closest bonds of sympathy with the head groom and an attendant sadler, the latter being a young man whose distinguishing characteristics were a strong personal savour of new leather, hands gloved in cobbler's wax and harness-dye, and a general tendency to come off black upon everything he approached. Sir John and the rest of the party were to fill a britchska, and the place of rendezvous was the ruins of an old abbey about eight miles distant.

Feeling quite unfit for society, I had excused myself on the plea (not altogether a false one) of a bad headache, and, having witnessed their departure from the library window, I drew an easy-chair to the fire and prepared to enjoy the luxury (in my then state of feeling an unspeakable one) of solitude. But I was not fated to avail myself of even this small consolation, for scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when the library door was opened, and Mr. Frampston made his appearance.

"Umph! eh! umph!" he began; "I've been seeing that young fool Lawless start in his new tandem, as he calls it. A pretty start it was, too, why, the thing's as high as a stage-coach—ought to have a ladder to get up—almost as bad as mounting an elephant! And then the horses, fiery devils! two men at each of their noses, and enough to do to hold 'em, even so! Well, out comes Master Lawless, in a great-coat made like a coal-sack, with buttons as big as five-shilling pieces, a whip as long as a fishing-rod in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. 'There's a picture!' says he. 'A picture of folly,' says I; 'you're never going to be mad enough to trust yourself up there, behind those vicious brutes?' 'Come, Governor, jump in, and let's be off,' was all the answer I got. 'Thank ye,' says I; 'when you see me jumping in that direction, pop me into a strait-waistcoat and toddle me off to Bedlam.' 'Eh! won't you go? 'Tumble in, then, Shrimp!' 'Please, sir, it's so high I can't reach it.' 'We'll soon see about that!' cries Lawless, flanking him with the long whip. Well, the little wretch scrambled up somehow, like a monkey; and as soon as he was safely landed, what does he do but lean back, fold his arms, and, winking at one of the helpers, squeak out, 'Oh, crikey! ain't this spicy, just!' 'You're never going to take that poor child?' says I; 'only think of his anxious mother!'

Well, sir, if you'll believe it, they every one of 'em burst out laughing—helpers, brat, and all—as if I'd said something very ridiculous! 'Never mind, Governor,' says Lawless; 'depend upon it his mother knows he's out,' and, catching hold of the reins, he clambers up into his seat, shouting, 'Give 'em their heads! Stand clear! Chut! chut!' As soon as the brutes found they were loose, instead of starting off at a jog-trot, as reasonable, well-behaved horses ought to do, what do you suppose they did? The beast they'd tied on in front turned short round, stared Lawless in the face, and stood up on its hind-legs like a kangaroo, while the other animal would not stir a peg, but, laying down his ears, gave a sort of a screech and kicked out behind. 'Pretty playful things!' said Lawless, flipping the ashes off the end of his cigar. 'Put his head straight, William. Chut! chut!' but the more he chutted, the more they wouldn't go, and went on tearing and rampaging about the yard till I thought they'd be over me, so I scrambled up a little low wall to get out of their way, missed my footing, and tumbled over backwards on to a dung-heap, and before I got out again they were off; but if that young jackanapes don't break his neck some of these days, I'm a Dutchman!—Umph, umph!"

"Lawless is a capital whip," replied I, "and the chestnuts, though fiery, are not really vicious. I don't think there is much danger."

"Ah! young men! young men! you're all foolish alike. I don't know how you'd get on, if you hadn't a few old stagers like me to think for you and give you good advice.—And that puts me in mind that I want to have half an hour's serious conversation with you, Frank. Can you listen to me now?"

"I am quite at your service, sir," replied I, resigning myself to my fate with the best grace I could command.

"Umph! Well, you see, Frank, I've no chick or child of my own, and I've taken a kind of fancy to you from a boy; you were always a good boy and a clever boy, and you've gone on well at college, and distinguished yourself, and have been a credit to the man that sent you there.—By the bye, didn't you ever want to know who it was sent you there?"

"Often and often," replied I, "have I longed to know to whose disinterested kindness and generosity I was indebted for so great an advantage."

"Umph! Well, you must be told some day, I suppose, so you may as well know now as at any other time. The man that sent you to college ain't very unlike me in the face. Umph!"

"My dear, kind friend," replied I, seizing his hand and pressing it warmly, "and is it indeed you who have taken such interest in me? How can I ever thank you?"

"I want no thanks, boy; you did better than thank me when you came out fourth wrangler; why I felt as proud that day when they were all praising you as if it had been my own son. Say no more about that, but now you've left college, what are your wishes, what do you think of doing? Umph!"

"I had thought of reading for the bar, deeming it a profession in which a man stands a fair chance of distinguishing himself by honourable exertion; I am aware it is somewhat up-hill work at starting, but Mr. Coleman has promised to introduce me to several men in his branch of the profession and to give me all the business he can himself, so I should not be quite a briefless barrister. But if there is anything else you wish to recommend, any other career you would advise me to pursue, I am very indifferent, that is, I am not at all bigoted to my own opinion."

"Umph! I never had any over-strong affection for lawyers,—gentlemen that eat the oysters themselves and leave their clients the shells! However, I suppose, there may be such things as honest lawyers to be met with, and it's better for every man to have a profession. Well, now, listen to me, Frank, I—umph!—your sister's going to be married, to be married to a man for whom I've a very great respect and affection; Sir John Oaklands is a thorough specimen of a fine old English gentleman, and his son bids fair to become just such another, or even a yet higher character. For Harry's got the better head-piece of the two. However, I don't like your sister to marry into such a family without a little money of her own to buy a wedding-bonnet, so you give her this letter and tell her to mind and get a becoming one. We may trust a woman to take care of that, though, eh, Frank?—Umph!"

"Really, sir, your kindness quite overpowers me: we have no possible claim upon your liberality."

"Yes, you have, boy—yes, you have," replied Mr. Frampton, "the strongest claim that can be, you have saved me from falling a victim to the worst disease a man can suffer under,—you have saved me from becoming a cold hearted, soured misanthrope, you have given me something to love, some pure, unselfish interest in life. And now we are on this subject, I may as well tell you all my plans and wishes in regard to you: I have no soul belonging to me, not a relation in the wide world that I am aware of, and I determined from the time when I first sent you to college, that, if you conducted yourself well and honourably, I would make you my heir. —Don't interrupt me," he continued, seeing that I was about to speak, "let me finish what I have to say, and then you shall tell me whether you approve of it. You not only came up to, but far surpassed, my most sanguine expectations, and I saw therefore no reason to alter my original intentions. But it is stupid work for a man to wait till all the best days of his life are passed without funds sufficient to render him independent, to feel all his energies cramped, his talents dwarfed, and his brightest aspirations checked, by a servile dependence on the will and caprice of another—waiting for dead men's shoes,—umph! and so, Frank, as I feel pretty tough and hearty for sixty-five, and may live, if it please God, another ten or fifteen years to plague you, it's my wish to make you your own master at once, and I'll either assist you to enter any profession you please, or if you like to settle down into a country gentleman,

and can pick up a nice wife any where, I can allow you 1,000*l.* a-year to begin with, and yet have more than I shall know how to spend during the rest of my days in the land of the living. For my own part, this last plan would give me the greatest satisfaction, for I should like to see you comfortably married and settled before I die. Now, what do you say to it?—umph!"

What did I say?—what could I say? I got up, and having once again pressed his hands warmly between my own, began pacing the room, quite overcome by this unexpected liberality, and the conflicting nature of my own feelings. But two short days ago, and such an offer would have been—as I then fondly imagined—the only thing wanting to secure my happiness, possessed of such ample means of supporting her, I could at once have gone boldly to Mr. Vernon, and demanded Clara's hand; nor could he have found just cause for refusing my request; and now, when what once appeared the only insurmountable obstacle to our union was thus removed, the thought that, by her faithlessness and inconstancy, she had placed a barrier between us for ever, was indeed bitter. Surprised by the excess of my emotion, for which, of course, he was totally unable to account, Mr. Frampton sat gazing at me with looks of astonishment and dismay, till at length he broke out with the following interrogatory, "Umph!—eh? why, Frank!—umph! any body would think you had just heard you were going to be arrested for debt instead of having a fortune given you—Umph!"

"My dear, kind friend," replied I, "forgive me. Your unparalleled liberality, and the generous interest you take in me, give you a father's right over me, and entitle you to my fullest confidence; such an offer as you have now made me would have rendered me, but one short week ago, the happiest of mortals; now my only chance of regaining any thing like tranquillity of mind lies in constant and active employment."

I then gave him, as briefly as I could, an outline of my singular acquaintance with Clara Saville, our engagement, and the events which had led to my breaking it off, to all of which he listened with the greatest interest and attention. In telling the tale, I mentioned Wilford and Cumberland by name, as he knew the former by reputation, and had seen the latter when a boy at Dr. Mildman's; but I merely spoke of Clara as a young lady whom I had met at Mr. Coleman's, and of Mr. Vernon as her guardian. When I concluded, he remained for a moment buried in thought, and then said, "And you are quite sure she is false? Are you certain that what you heard her say (for that seems to me the strongest point) referred to you?"

"Would I could doubt it!" replied I, shaking my head mournfully.

"Umph!—Well, I dare say, she's only like all the rest of her sex; it's a pity the world can't go on without any women at all,—what is her name?—a jilt!"

"Her name," replied I, shuddering as he applied

the epithet of jilt to her, for deserved as I could not but own it was, it yet appeared to me little short of profanation,—“her name is Clara Saville.”

“Umph! eh? Saville!” exclaimed Mr. Frampton. “What was her mother’s name?—umph!”

“I never heard,” replied I. “Her father, Colonel Saville, was knighted for his gallant conduct in the Peninsula. Her mother, who was an heiress, died abroad: her guardian, Mr. Vernon——”

“Umph! Vernon, eh! Vernon. Why, that’s the fellow who wrote to me and told me—Umph! wait a bit, I shall be back directly. I—eh!—umph! umph! umph!”

And so saying, Mr. Frampton rushed out of the room in a perfect paroxysm of grunting. It was now my turn to be astonished, and I was so most thoroughly. What could possibly have caused Mr. Frampton to be so strangely affected at the mention of Clara’s name and that of her guardian? Had he known Mr. Vernon in former days? Had he been acquainted with Clara’s father or mother? Could he have been attached to her as I had been to Clara, and like me, too, have become the dupe of a heartless jilt?—A jilt—how I hated the word! how the blood boiled within me when that old man applied it to her! And yet it was the truth. But oh! the heart-spasm that darts through our breast when we hear some careless tongue proclaim in plain intelligible language the fault of one we love,—a fault which even at the moment when we may be suffering from it most deeply, we have striven sedulously to hide from others, and scarcely acknowledged definitely to ourselves. In vague musings, such as these, did I pass away the time till Mr. Frampton returned. As he approached, the traces of strong emotion were visible on his countenance; and when he spoke, his voice sounded hoarse and broken.

“The ways of God are indeed inscrutable,” he said. “Information, which for years I have vainly sought, and would gladly have given half my wealth to obtain, has come to me when I least expected it; and, in place of joy, brought me deepest sorrow. Frank, my poor boy! she who has thus wronged thy true heart by her cruel falsehood is my niece, the orphan child of my sister!”

In reply to my exclamations of surprise, he proceeded to inform me that his father, a man of considerable property, in one of the midland counties, had had three children: himself, an elder brother, and a sister some years his junior, whose birth deprived him of a mother’s love. His brother tyrannized over him; and on the occasion of his father’s second marriage, he was sent to school, where he was again unfortunate enough to meet with harsh treatment, against which his high spirit rebelled; and having no better counsellors than his own inexperience and impetuosity, he determined to run away and go to sea. A succession of accidents conspired to prevent his return to his native country, until being taken as clerk in a merchant’s counting-house at Calcutta, he was eventually admitted into partnership, and acquired a large fortune. As he advanced beyond middle life, he felt a wish to return to England, seek out his family,

and revisit the scenes of his boyhood; but on carrying his project into execution, he learned that his father and brother had both paid the debt of nature, while his sister, the only one of his relatives towards whom he had ever entertained much affection, had married a Colonel Saville; and having accompanied her husband to Spain, had died there without leaving any offspring. The last piece of information he had acquired from a Mr. Vernon, to whom he had been recommended to apply. His surprise, therefore, when he heard of the existence of Clara, may easily be imagined. A long conversation ensued between us, with the consequences of which the reader will be better acquainted when he shall have read the following chapter.

CAIRN THIERNNA. THE GRAVE OF THE CHIEF.

BY S. J. L.

I.

The rising moon’s first radiance gilds
The castle casement high,
On Awnmore’s² wave the boatman lists
For the wouted minstrel-y.

II.

But the harp is mute in Fernoy’s high tower,
Though lights are beaming fair.
What means the hush of song, whose guh
Was never yet silent there?

III.

The O’Keefe sits in his father’s hall,
His head is on his hand,
He would bid the anxious hour begone
At the price of half his land.

IV.

For the low, faint tone of a woman’s moan
Bows the chieftain to the earth.
In the chamber above his wedded love
Dreeds the pangs of her first child-birth.

V.

And many an hour, in the old grey tower,
With a heavy heart, prayed he,
Till at midnight they brought, from his lodge’s bower,
A boy fair as mote be.

VI.

Uprose, before his vassals all,
The father, proud O’Keefe,—
“Ho! wander, yeoman, squire, and knight,
Look on your infant chief!”

VII.

The strong men’s prayers for his child fell soft
On the father’s heart like rain.
The blessings which they breathed—Oh! why,
Sweet Jesu! were they vain?

VIII.

The midnight moon is overcast—
A sudden dread shakes all—
From the swarthy cloud a storm-blast loud
Sweeps howling through the hall.

IX.

One whisper passed, one name of fear,
And the bravest heart grew chill,
As, with one brief roar, the gust was o’er,
And the darkness deepened still.

(1) For the legend of *Cairn Thiernna*, or “the Grave of the Chief,” vide Crofton Croker’s “*Irish Legends*,” vol. II. p. 275. “*Rocks and Stones*.”

(2) *Awn More*, or *Avon More*, is the old Irish name for the Blackwater, which runs by Fernoy and Cairn Thiernna.

X.

Another gust—and oh ! that cry
That swells upon the gale,
As on it sweeps from Glanworth side—
It is the Banshee's wail.

XI.

Why doth she wail ? That bitter keen
Mourns chieftain's winding sheet—
But why, oh, why ! should that mournful cry
A new-made mother greet ?

XII.

Another gust—and the Banshee's moan
Is drowned in laughter wild :
Yet, while others shriek, the strong O'Keefe
To his bosom clasps his child.

XIII.

The lights are fled, yet plainly seen
Through barred and bolted door,
The Labacally¹ hag hath passed
Athwart the echoing floor.

XIV.

She glared upon the chief—he strove
His babe to shield from harm ;
But ere his hand the cross could trace,
She spoke the cursed charm.

XV.

" Infant heir of proud Fermoy,
Warrior's death shall ne'er be thine.
Watery is thy burial, boy ;
Last of all thy ancient line ! "

XVI.

Another gust—the gates they closed,
The lights burned bright again :
But the voice which rang through the hall had burst
The young mother's heart in twain.

XVII.

Years passed—the bold boy grew in strength,
The father's heart grew brave,
Till he deemed his boy might yet be snatched
From an early, childless grave.

XVIII.

On the mountain near he bade them rear
A tower frowning high,
Where, till manhood's day, his son should stay,
And no water-mote be nigh.

XIX.

Cheerily laboured the vassals all—
A labour of love was theirs,
To save for their chief, the good O'Keefe,
The son of his widowed prayers.

XX.

And day by day the quarried stone
On the mountain-top was piled ;
And day by day, in wonder, gazed
The now observant child.

XXI.

'Twas burning noon—the labourers sought
The well-earn'd mid-day rest,
While the young chief wandered through the works,
With heavy-burden'd breast.

XXII.

For well he read that a doom of dread
Hung o'er his childhood's day,
Yet little he deemed of the path that seemed
With danger in his way.

XXIII.

He passeth on—a vessel meets
His keenly seeking eye—
'Tis the cistern, stored from far-off streams,
For the growing masonry.

XXIV.

He looketh in—(Oh ! ne'er before
Had the pure wave met his gaze,
And he starts, yet returneth, like the moth
Which seeks the fatal blaze.

XXV.

Again he looks—from the element
A stranger young peers out—
He knoweth not his own fair frame,
And wild is his gleesome shout.

XXVI.

He turns—his fancied playmate turns ;
He bows—the image bows ;
He bends to kiss the stranger's lips—
O'Keefe, where were thy vows ?

XXVII.

Wild ring the shrieks o'er the mountain's side,
But the Father's voice is still,
Though the keener's cry sounds fitfully
In the hollow of the hill.

XXVIII.

The O'Keefe's last heir lies stiff and stark—
The little corse is strecked—
That mighty line must now decline,
The witch's curse is wreaked.

XXIX.

The last prayer said, the early dead
On the hill must be left alone.
The father cast one look—the last—
And he dropt the Cairn's first stone.

XXX.

The pile once reared to guard 'gainst fate
The boy who there lies low,
Is heaped on the tomb of him whose doom
Left a country steeped in woe.

XXXI.

The Roches reign where O'Keefe once reigned,
The kind, the true, the brave.
But till time hath past, the name shall last
That points to the Chieftain's Grave.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

THERE are many quotations, generally current, and "familiar in our mouths as household words," of which no one has been able to trace the origin. One of the most common is, "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" Even the Rev. A. Dyce, whose research is as extensive as his accuracy is indefatigable, merely describes it as "an often-cited line of modern Latinity, the author of which, I believe, is not known."—*Deaumont and Fletcher's Works*, vol. iv. p. 23. I will not pretend that I have absolutely traced the original author ; but, as I was formerly wont to cry at "Whooper's hid," I think "*I burn.*" In the "*Delitiæ Poetarum Germanorum*," under the poems of Matthiæ Borbonii Collin. vol. i. p. 685, I find the following ascribed to Lotharius I. :—

"*Omnia mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis ;
Illa vices quasdam res habet, illa suas.*"

L. S.

(1) *Labacally*.—This great pile, on the top of Cairn Therna, was caused by the words of an old woman, whose bed still remains—*Labacally*, "the hag's bed,"—not far from the village of Glanworth, near Fermoy. She was certainly far wiser than any woman, either old or young, of my immediate acquaintance. Jove defend me, however, from making an envious comparison between ladies, but facts are stubborn things, and the legend will prove my assertion.

(1) Flourished about A.D. 830.



The Moated Grange.

DRAWN BY S. READ; ENGRAVED BY JAMES COOPER.

THE MOATED GRANGE.

With blackest moss the flower plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all;
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the peach to the garden wall;
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
 Unlifted was the clinking latch,
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
 Upon the lonely moated grange.

TENNYSON.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL has just published his long-promised quarto volume of "Results of Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the Heavens, commenced in 1825." The work is divided into seven chapters, treating of the nebulae of the Southern hemisphere; the double stars; astrometry, or the numerical expression of the apparent magnitudes of the stars; distribution of the stars in the Southern hemisphere; Halley's comet, and comets in general; the satellites of Saturn; solar spots; and an appendix. To the astronomical public the work will prove an invaluable boon; to the great mass of readers it will, however, be comparatively a sealed book, on account of its necessarily high price, and the high class of its researches. To specify the latter would occupy more space in this miscellany than would be consistent with our plan of consulting the general interest; and, with this persuasion, we shall prefer selecting and condensing a few of the most striking and novel results, and presenting them to our readers as a portion of the series of great and eloquent truths which we have denominated "Curiosities of Science."

All who are acquainted with the writings of Sir John Herschel must allow that, in felicity of illustration, in graphic exactness, as well as in powerful eloquence, our illustrious astronomer and *physicien* is unrivalled. His contributions to popular enlightenment are at once sound in theory and familiar in manner; and our quotations from the work before us, while they gratify the reader, will, in their impressive truth, add to his "store of knowledge."

SITE OF THE TELESCOPE, NEAR CAPE TOWN.

Sir John Herschel sailed from Portsmouth on the 13th of November, 1833, and arrived safely in Table Bay on the 15th of January, 1834. Having disembarked the instruments without accident, Sir John located himself at Feldhuysen, or Feldhausen, about six miles from Cape Town, in the direction of Wynberg; a spot charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of the Table Mountain, on its eastern side; well sheltered from dust, and, as far as possible, from

the wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber. This spot is also far enough removed from the mountain to be mostly out of the reach of annoyance from the clouds which form so copiously over and around the summit of Table Mountain; yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the south-east winds which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months; but which seldom *blow home* to the rock on this side, being, as it were, gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air, imprisoned at the foot of the precipice, and so gliding up an inclined plane to the summit of the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence, like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs toward Cape Town, which they fill (as well as the valley in which it stands) with dust and uproar, chiefly during the night. On this spot, the erection of the instruments was completed; and on the night of the 5th of March Sir John Herschel commenced a regular course of sweeping the southern heavens.

CLIMATE OF THE CAPE FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—BEAUTIFUL OPTICAL PHENOMENA.

The finest opportunities occur in the cooler months, from May to October inclusive, and more especially in June and July. "The state of the air in these months, as regards definition, is habitually good, and imperfect vision is rather the exception than the rule. The *best nights* occur after the heavy rains which fall at this season have ceased for a day or two; and on these occasions, the tranquillity of the images, and sharpness of vision, is such, that hardly any limit is set to magnifying power but what the aberrations of the specula necessitate.

"On such occasions, optical phenomena, of extraordinary splendour, are produced by intercepting the light of a bright star by diaphragms, pierced in regular patterns, and extending over the whole aperture of the telescope; such, for example, as large sheets of card-board, or zinc, pierced by machinery (which gives perfect regularity), either with circular holes, uniformly disposed, or with any regular, and not too complicated, pattern. The appearances so produced (which strike every one who witnesses them with surprise and delight), though they may be seen whenever the air is in a moderately good state, are infinitely enhanced in their beauty by the perfect tranquillity which prevails on such occasions as these. They depend on the optical law of interferences.

"The triangular aperture, or diaphragm, which admits the light through an opening concentric with the speculum, in the form of an equilateral triangle, to whose use, as a means of separating close double stars, continual reference is made," in the work before us, "affords an

(1) Smith, Elder, and Co.

elegant example of this theory, in the sharpness of the central disc which it produces, and the absence of all appendages, other than six perfectly straight, delicate rays, running off at angles of 60° from the disc."

THE LARGEST CLUSTER OF STARS.

Among the illustrations to Sir John Herschel's work is the noble globular cluster, Centaur; beyond all comparison the richest and largest object of the kind in the heavens. The stars are literally innumerable; and as their total light, when received by the naked eye, affects it hardly more than a star of the fifth, or fifth to fourth magnitude, the minuteness of each may be imagined: it must, however, be recollected that, as the total area over which the stars are diffused is very considerable, (not less than a quarter of a square degree,) the resultant impression on the sensorium is, doubtless, thereby much enfeebled; and that the same quantity of light, concentrated on a single point of the retina, would, very probably, exceed in effect a star of the third magnitude. On a consideration of all the sweeping descriptions, as well as from a great many occasional inspections of this superb object. Sir John Herschel inclines to attribute the appearance of two sizes of stars, of which mention is made, to little groups and knots of stars of the smaller size, lying so nearly in the same visual line as to run together by the aberrations of the eye and telescope, and not to a real inequality. This explanation of an appearance often noticed in the descriptions of such clusters is corroborated, in this instance, by the distribution of these apparently larger stars in rings, or mesh-like patterns, chiefly about the centre, where the stars are most crowded.

THE ONLY BLUE NEBULÆ.

A most remarkable peculiarity of the planetary nebula 3,248 in Sir John Herschel's Northern Catalogue, is its very decided though pale blue colour, which is noticed in three out of the four observations recorded in the sweeps. This and the beautiful planetary nebula 3,365, in which the blue colour is much more striking and intense, are the only objects of that colour in the heavens so situated as to admit of no suspicion of contrast with a red star influencing the eye. It is true that, in the latter instance, a considerably bright red star is near, and may be brought into the same field of view, and that its presence greatly enhances the tint of the nebula. But the star is remote enough to be easily excluded, and the nebula does not cease thereby to appear of a fine blue colour.

η ARGUS, AND THE GREAT NEBULA SURROUNDING IT.

There is, perhaps, no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses,

a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators, coal-sacks), constitute the milky way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo. In all this region, the stars of the milky way are well separated; and, except within the limits of the nebula, on a perfectly dark ground, and, on an average, of larger magnitude than in most other regions. Of their numbers some idea may be formed from Sir John Herschel's results—that in two hours, during which the area of the heavens swept over consisted of 3° by $30^\circ \times \sin. 148^\circ 30' = 47.03$ square degrees, the amazing number of 147,500 stars must have passed under review.

VARIABILITY OF THE LUSTRE OF STARS.

In the midst of the vast stratum of stars referred to in the preceding article, occurs the bright star η Argus, an object in itself of no ordinary interest, on account of the singular changes its lustre has undergone within the period of authentic astronomy. For while in Halley's Catalogue (constructed in 1677), the first to be entirely depended upon, it is marked as of the fourth magnitude, yet in Lacaille's and the subsequent catalogues of Brisbane, Johnson, Fallows, and Taylor, it is made to rank as of the second. It has since been proved to have surpassed Canopus—even to have approached Sirius in lustre; the former of which stars Sir John Herschel estimates at double, the latter at more than a quadruple of, α Centauri; so that Jupiter and Venus may possibly come to have a rival among the fixed stars in Argo, as they have on recorded occasions had in Cassiopeia, Serpentarius, and Aquila.

"A strange field of speculation," observes Sir John Herschel, "is opened by this phenomenon. The temporary stars heretofore recorded have all become totally extinct. Variable stars, so far as they have been carefully attended to, have exhibited periodical alterations, in some degree at least regular, of splendour and comparative obscurity. But here we have a star fitfully variable to an astonishing extent, and whose fluctuations are spread over centuries, apparently in no settled period, and with no regularity of progression. What origin can we ascribe to these sudden flashes and relapses? What conclusions are we to draw as to the comfort or habitability of a system depending for its supply of light and heat on so uncertain a source?"

"It is much to be regretted that we are without records of its changes in the intervals between the observations of Halley and Lacaille, and those of Lacaille and Burchell. Its future career will be a subject of high physical interest." To this account Sir John Herschel adds, that in the beginning of 1838, the brightness of this star was so great as to materially interfere with the observations of that part of the nebula surrounding it which is situated in its immediate

vicinity ; and, in particular, almost to obliterate that extremely curious oval, or lacuna, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the figure of the nebula.

WHAT ARE NEBULÆ ?

As respects the idea conveyed by the word nebulae, it seems not easy to draw any distinct and serviceable line of demarcation between objects optically and physically (*i.e.* apparently and really) nebulous. We have no knowledge of any natural limit, in either direction, to the real size and lustre of those self-luminous bodies we call stars. Masses of luminous matter, as large as mountains or planets, if congregated by millions, at the vast distance of a nebula, would affect our sight, armed with any conceivable amount of telescopic power we can hope to attain, individually, no more than the undistinguishable particles of a cloud of dust on a sunny day, or than the constituent aqueous spherules of an actual cloud or fog, from which the term in question derives its origin. It is between discrete and concrete *forms of matter* only that any true physical line can be drawn between a multitude of distinctly separated bodies, whether greater or less, constituting a *system*, and continuous, solid, liquid, or gaseous matter, constituting a *whole*, or individual. No one has yet considered, or is likely, Sir John Herschel presumes, to consider, a nebula as a solid or liquid body (in our sense of the words), variously luminous in its different parts. The gaseous, or (to speak more properly) the *cloudy* form of matter, has rather suggested itself to the imagination of those who have speculated on this subject ; for we must bear in mind that a cloud is not a gas, but a mixture of gasiform with solid or fluid matter, or both, in a state of extreme subdivision. It is certainly conceivable that a continuous transparent liquid or gaseous medium may be luminous throughout its whole substance ; but it will be found, Sir John Herschel apprehends, on a careful examination of every case apparently in point, that nature furnishes no example of such a thing within the limits of direct experience. Ignited liquids (as glass, for example, or melted nitre, &c.) are, demonstrably, only superficially luminous. Were it otherwise, their apparent intensity of illumination would be proportioned to the depth of melted matter, which is not the case. Air, however intensely heated (if perfectly free from dust), gives out no light. Even flames are more than surmised to owe their light to solid or fluid materials existing in them *as such*, and in a state of ignition. The flame of mixed oxygen and hydrogen can hardly be doubted to owe what little light it possesses to intermixed impurities ; and in the flames of carbonaceous matters, and others, where metals or phosphorus are burned, and fixed oxides are generated, the intensity of the light

bears an evident proportion to the *fruity* of the ignited molecules—on whose surfaces, it may be presumed to originate by some unknown electric or other process.

NATURE OF SPOTS ON THE SUN.

On the solar envelope, of whose fluid nature there can be no doubt, we clearly perceive, by our telescopes, an intermixture (without blending or mutual dilution) of two distinct substances or states of matter ; the one luminous, the other not so ; and the phenomena of the spots and pores tend directly to the conclusion that the non-luminous portions are gaseous, however they may leave the nature of the luminous doubtful : they suggest the idea of radiant matter floating in a non-radiant medium, showing a tendency to separate itself by subsidence, after the manner of snow in air, or precipitates in a liquid of slightly inferior density.

COMPARATIVE BRIGHTNESS OF THE STARS.

The following process for ascertaining comparative brightness was adopted by Sir John Herschel at the Cape. Choosing *perfectly* clear nights (which, for this purpose, are quite indispensable), a succession of stars was picked out by actual inspection of the heavens, from the largest above the horizon to some of considerably inferior magnitude, and noted down, in a list, in a vertical column, leaving blank intervals, more or less considerable, according as the steps of the skeleton scale so picked out were wider or closer ; but taking care that between the skeleton stars arranged *seriatim*, there should always be an unequivocal descending step of apparent lustre. The business of the night then was to fill in, as far as practicable, the steps of this scale into an unbroken chain of downward gradation ; placing each newly-added star, by actual judgment and comparison with its immediate neighbours, in its proper order, until the scale became so gradual in its declension, that it was no longer possible to insert fresh stars, with certainty, *between* its members ; in which case they were set down as *equal* to some of those already noted down.

CHANGES IN THE CLIMATE OF OUR GLOBE.

"The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me," says Sir John Herschel, "the highest presumptive evidence of change in the *general* climate of our globe ; I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one epoch to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation ; at another to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate, and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been. In the slow

secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which, in the immensity of time past may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order, without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not, indeed, established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs,—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder general temperature which geological research has disclosed, or may hereafter reveal,—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition.

“Such a supposition has, assuredly, far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun, by its own proper motion, may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars, as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation. Nor can it be objected that the character of a *vera causa* is wanting in such an hypothesis. Of the exciting cause of the radiant emanations from the sun and stars, we know nothing. It may consist, for aught we can tell, in vast currents of electricity, traversing space (according to cosmical laws), and which, meeting in the higher regions of their atmospheres with matter properly attenuated, and otherwise disposed to electric phosphorescence, may render such matter radiant, after the manner of our own Aurora Borealis, under the influence of terrestrial electric streams, or it may result from actual combustion going on in the higher regions of their atmospheres, the elements of which, so united, may be in a constant course of separation and restoration to their actual state of mutual combustibility, by vital processes of extreme activity going on at their habitable surfaces, analogous to that by which vegetation on our earth separates carbonic acid (a product of combustion) into its elements, and so restores their combustibility. With specific hypotheses, as to the cause of solar and sidereal light and heat, we have, however, no concern. It suffices that they must have a cause, and that this cause, inscrutable as it may be, does in several cases, and therefore may in one more, determine the production of phenomena of the kind in question.”

RAPID INCREASE IN THE DIMENSIONS OF HALLEY'S COMET.

Sir John Herschel records a difference in Halley's comet of 14"·7 between the measurement of the same dimension taken within two hours and a quarter of each other, and in opposition to the tendency of the twilight—a

result which seemed inconceivable, and threw a momentary doubt upon the exactness of the earlier measure. That measure had, however, been taken and read off with all possible care; and, in short, nothing remained but the conclusion that *the change was real, and that the comet was actually increasing in dimensions with such rapidity that it might almost be said to be seen to grow!*

VAST SOLAR SPOTS.

The spot on the surface of the sun on March 29, 1837, occupied (without the out-lying spots, at the tail of the figure) an area (such as may fairly be included within the general outline) of nearly five square minutes. Now, a minute in linear dimensions on the sun being 27,500 miles, and a square minute, 756,000,000, we have here an area of 3,780,000,000 square miles included in one vast region of disturbance, and this requires to be increased for the effect of foreshortening. The black centre of the spot of May 25th, 1837, would have allowed the globe of the earth to drop through it, leaving a thousand miles clear of contact on all sides of that tremendous gulf!

CAUSE OF SOLAR SPOTS.

The efficient cause of fluctuations in our atmosphere, in terrestrial meteorology, is apparent enough; viz. external agency—the heating power of the sun. Without this all would be tranquil enough. But in the solar meteorology we have no such extraneous source of alternate elevations and depressions of temperature, altering the specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium of its atmospheric strata. The cause of such movements as we observe, and upon so immense a scale, must, therefore reside within the sun itself; and it is there we must seek it.

Now, whatever be the physical cause of the spots, one thing is certain, that they have an intimate connexion with the rotation of the sun upon its axis. The absence of spots in the polar regions of the sun, and their confinement to two zones, extending to about 35° of latitude on either side, with an intermediate equatorial belt much more rarely visited by spots, is a fact notorious in their history; and which at once refers their cause to fluid circulations, modified, if not produced, by that rotation, by reasoning of the very same kind, whereby we connect our own system of trade and anti-trade winds with the earth's rotation.

INTENSITIES OF THE SOLAR SPOTS.

“It may, perhaps,” says Sir John Herschel, “be allowed me to remark, on a character of the solar spots in general, which, though so universal and so striking as to be perfectly familiar to every observer, and to form, in fact, an essential and integrant part of their phenomena, has not yet, nevertheless, so far as I am aware, had drawn from it exactly that conclusion which

seems to me inevitably to follow from it. I allude to the definite and intense blackness of the *spot*, *nucleus* or *opening*, as it has been termed, as contrasted with the *penumbra* or *shadow* surrounding it. This want of graduation—this sharply-marked suddenness of transition, is altogether opposed to the conception of a susceptibility of indefinite and easy mixture in the luminous, non-luminous, and semi-luminous constituents of the solar envelope. Were they so susceptible, there seems no reason why spots should not be seen of every possible shade of darkness, from a barely perceptible deficiency of light to an absolute blackness, or why one stage of mixture should be more habitually prevalent than another. It is true, we see bridges of light, as it were, across the spots, and these may sometimes, though very rarely, form so fine a network as here and there to give the appearance of a partial illumination; and on very rare occasions, the spots have been described as nebulous or hazy. But looking to the broad fact, the spots are black—the penumbra a nearly uniform half-shadow, with, however, here and there, undeniable definite spaces of a second depth of shade. There is no gradual melting of the one shade into the other—spot into penumbra—penumbra into full light. The idea conveyed is more that of the successive withdrawal of veils—the partial removal of definite films, than the melting away of a mist, or the mutual dilution of gaseous media. Films of immiscible liquids having a certain cohesion, floating on a dark or transparent ocean, and liable to temporary removal by winds, would rather seem suggested by the general tenor of the appearances; though they are far from being wholly explicable by this conception, at least if any considerable degree of transparency be allowed to the luminous matter.”

COOKERY BY SUNSHINE.

Sir John Herschel, by several experiments on thermometers variously exposed, shows the temperature acquired by the surface soil of the sandy regions, called the Cape Flats, to amount frequently to 140° or 150° Fahr.

When, however, the heat communicated from the sun is confined, and prevented from escape, and so forced to accumulate, very high temperatures are attained. Thus, in a small mahogany box, blackened inside, covered with window-glass, fitted to the size, but without putty, and simply exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays, an enclosed thermometer marked, on Nov. 23, 1837, 149°; on Nov. 24, 146°, 150°, 152°, &c. When sand was heaped round the box, to cut off the contact of cold air, the temperature rose, on Dec. 23, 1837, to 177°. And, when the same box, with its enclosed thermometer, was established under an external frame of wood, well sanded up at the sides, and protected by a

sheet of window-glass (in addition to that of the box within), the temperatures attained, on Dec. 3, 1837, were at 1h. 33m. (Appar. T.), 207°; at 1h. 50m., 217°.5; and at 2h. 44m., 218°; and that with a steady breeze sweeping over the spot of exposure.

Again, on Dec. 5, under a similar form of exposure, temperatures were observed at 0h. 19m. of 224°; at 0h. 29m., 230°; at 1h. 15m., 239°; and at 1h. 57m., 248°; and at 2h. 57m., 240°.5.

As these temperatures far surpass that of boiling water, some amusing experiments were made by exposing eggs, fruit, meat, &c., in the same manner, all of which, after a moderate length of exposure, were found perfectly cooked, the eggs being rendered hard and powdery to the centre; and on one occasion, a very respectable stew of meat and vegetables was prepared, and eaten with no small relish by the entertained bystanders. “I doubt not,” added Sir John Herschel, “that by multiplying the enclosing vessels, constructing them of copper, blackened inside, insulating them from contact with each other by charcoal supports, surrounding the exterior one with cotton, and burying it so, surrounded in dry sand, a temperature approaching to ignition might readily be commanded without the use of lenses.”

HEAT OF THE SUN AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

From several experiments, recorded in the Appendix to Sir John Herschel's new work, it appears, that at Midsummer, at noon, and at 140 feet above the mean sea level, the force of the sun's radiation at the Cape of Good Hope is such as would suffice to melt 191.4 millionths of a metre in thickness per minute, from a surface of ice perpendicularly exposed to its action, if wholly intronitted and absorbed: that is to say, 0.0075355 in., which is at the rate of an inch in 2h. 12m. 42s.

Sir John Herschel adds the result of calculations, showing that allowance being made for the heat absorbed in traversing our atmosphere, the ordinary expenditure of heat by the sun per minute would suffice to melt a cylinder of ice 184 feet in diameter, and in length extending from that luminary to a Centauri. Otherwise, that a cylindrical rod of ice, 45.3 miles in diameter, and of indefinite length, continually darted into the sun, with the velocity of light, would barely suffice to employ its whole radiant heat for its fusion, without at all reducing the temperature of the surface.

INTENSE LABOUR OF ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.

It is scarcely possible to convey to the uninitiated reader an idea of the difficulty and labour of Sir John Herschel's observations at the Cape, more especially those of nebulae and clusters of stars. Sir John relates the accurate representation of one nebula, with its included

stars, owing to its great extent, its complicated convolutions, and the multitude of stars scattered over it, to have occupied him several months—in the delineation of the nebula, and the micro-metrical measurement of the co-ordinates of the skeleton stars; the filling in, mapping down, and reading off, the skeleton when prepared; the subsequent reduction, and digestion into a catalogue, of the stars so determined; and the execution, final revision, and correction of the drawing and engraving. "Frequently," adds Sir John, "while working at the telescope on these skeletons, a sensation of despair would arise, of ever being able to transfer to paper, with even tolerable correctness, their endless details. However, by breaking it up into parts, and executing each part separately, it has been accomplished; and, I trust, with such exactness, as may afford a record capable of being appealed to in future, whenever the question of internal changes of the form and situation of the nebulous branches shall be gone into."

SITE OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S OBSERVATORY.

The buildings at Feldhausen were completely embosomed in trees. On the west, a conspicuous and very remarkable granite block, on a low projecting promontory, or spur of the Table Mountain, rose high enough over the protea bushes, with which the wastes around are clothed, to command from its summit a superb and extensive *coup d'œil* of the whole surrounding country—the Cape Flats, the rugged range of hills extending from sea to sea beyond them, on the east, and the noble façade of the Table Mountain on the west. "The record of its site," says Sir John Herschel, "is preserved on the spot by a granite column (obelisk?), erected, after our departure, by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself, and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached by a thousand pleasing and grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness."

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.¹

There is no more poetic record of the strife and triumphs of a poet's career than that given to us in "The True Story of my Life," by Hans Christian Andersen, which has been translated by Mary Howitt with her accustomed grace and truthfulness of expression.

He thus describes the circumstances of his birth:—

"In the year 1805, there lived here (at Odense, the capital of the Danish island of Funen), in a small mean room, a young married couple, who were extremely attached to each other: he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old: a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years

older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne, only a short time before, the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the wood-work kept the fact still in remembrance. Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax-lights, here lay, on the 2d of April, 1805, a living and weeping child. That was myself, Hans Christian Andersen."

His father had been disappointed, in his youth, of the education he had hoped to receive at the grammar-school, and hovered, during the rest of his life, a discontented spirit on the bourne of the world of letters, which he had not the means of entering. He, however, loved his only child with all his heart. He lived for him: yet he appears to have done very little towards educating him in the highest sense of the word. He used, on Sundays, to take him with him into the beautiful beech-woods, and to let him string strawberries on a bent, or bind garlands, while he gave way to his own silent meditations.

"Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us; and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put on only on these occasions, and when she partook of the Lord's supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the woods a great many beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished stove. Later in the year sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the chinks of the beams; and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room, which my mother always kept neat and clean. She took great pride in always having the bed-linen and the curtains very white. The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was a quiet and most amiable old woman, with mild blue eyes and a fine figure, which life had severely tried. From having been the wife of a countryman in easy circumstances, she had now fallen into great poverty, and dwelt with her feeble-minded husband in a little house, which was the last poor remains of their property. I never saw her shed a tear: but it made all the deeper impression upon me when she quietly sighed, and told me about her own mother's mother: how she had been a rich noble lady in the city of Cassel, and that she had married a 'comely player,—that was as she expressed it—and ran away from parents and home, for all of which her posterity had now to do penance. I never can recollect that I heard her mention the family name of her grandmother, but her own maiden name was Nommesen. She was employed to take care of a garden belonging to a lunatic asylum; and every Sunday evening she brought us some flowers, which they gave her permission to take home with her."

(1) From "The True Story of my Life."

Andersen has described, with exquisite simplicity, the events of his early childhood, and the impulses they conveyed to his ardent and imaginative mind. His story affords a monograph from which much may be learnt of the purely poetic nature, which, with its peculiar joys and sorrows, few understand, and with which fewer still are found to sympathize. If the elders of his family lived each apart from the other, in their own little world, his life was lonelier still: but his world was a fairy realm of dreams and fancies, in which the songs and legends of his native land, the dramatic personæ of a play-bill, and recollections of the days spent with his grandmother at the lunatic asylum, arranged themselves, like the beads, and crooked pins, and spangles of the kaleidoscope, into strange, and beautiful, and ever-varying forms. Of this faculty he gives the following illustrations:—

"My greatest delight was in making clothes for my dolls (the actors in his puppet theatre), or in stretching out one of my mother's aprons between the wall and two sticks before a currant-bush which I had planted in the yard, and thus to gaze in between the sun-illuminated leaves. I was a singularly dreaming child, and so constantly went about with my eyes shut, as at last to give the impression of having weak sight, although the sense of sight was especially cultivated by me."

The following anecdote is characteristic of his gentle and trustful spirit:—

"Sometimes, during the harvest, my mother went into the field to glean. I accompanied her, and we went like Ruth in the Bible to glean in the rich fields of Boaz. One day, we went to a place, the bailiff of which was well known for being a man of a rude and savage disposition. We saw him coming, with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these; and then the thorns pricked me so that I could not run; and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked in his face, and exclaimed involuntarily, 'How dare you strike me when God can see it?' The strong, stern man looked on me, and at once became mild. He patted me on my cheeks, asked my name, and gave me money. When I brought this to my mother, and showed it her, she said to the others, 'He is a strange child, my Hans Christian; everybody is kind to him: this bad fellow even has given him money.'"

He grew up "pious and superstitious." His father's musings at last took so decidedly military a turn, that he had no rest till he joined a corps levied in Funen to serve under Napoleon, who was the idol of his imagination. It never advanced, however, farther than Holstein, when, the peace being concluded, he returned to his work-stool, with the health both of mind and body impaired, and soon afterwards he died. While his corpse lay upon the bed, "a cricket chirped the whole night through." "He is dead," said his wife, addressing it; "thou needest not call him. The ice-maiden has fetched him." After this event Hans Christian was left still more entirely to

himself, for his mother went out washing. There dwelt in their neighbourhood the widow of a clergyman, who had gained some literary fame (Madame Bunkeflod), and her house was the first belonging to one of the educated class which he entered: there he first heard the word "poet" spoken; and it was with such reverence, as proved it to be something sacred. He now read Shakspeare in a bad translation, and began to write tragedies for himself. His first regular work was in a manufactory, where his recitations, and his fine voice, made him a great favourite. One day, however, a coarse joke of some of the workmen threw him into such a state of agitation that he ran home and gained his mother's promise that he should never be sent there again. The same talents which had stopt all the looms at the manufactory, while the journeymen listened to his recitations, made Hans Christian a welcome visitor at several houses belonging to the most influential families at Odense. Amongst others, Colonel Hoegh Guldberg showed him great kindness, and even introduced him to Prince Christian, the present King of Denmark. None, however, seem to have thought of enabling him to earn his bread by any settled plan of education. He was a tall boy, with long bright yellow hair, when he was first sent by his mother to the charity-school, where little was taught, so that he continued to write plays with scarcely a word of correct spelling in them. His mother said he must be confirmed, that he might afterwards be apprenticed to a tailor. He had a sort of dread of the boys of his own class, who used to laugh at him in the streets as "a play-writer;" and he announced himself as a candidate to the provost of the parish of St. Knud, to whom only the children of the so-called upper families were accustomed to go for instruction previous to confirmation. But the scholars with whom he was now associated would hold no intercourse with him: only one young girl, and she was considered, too, of the highest rank, looked kindly and gently on him. She once gave him a rose, when he "returned home full of happiness," because there was one being who did not overlook and repel him. During the last year, a new impulse had been given to his life by the arrival, at Odense, of a party of singers and performers of the Theatre Royal. He had not only seen a series of operas and tragedies, but had also acted a part in them as page, shepherd, &c. He was persuaded that it was for the theatre he was born; it was there he was to become famous; and, having saved a small sum of money (about 30s.), he prayed and besought his mother that he might make a journey to Copenhagen, and see the greatest city in the world. With much regret, and after having consulted "a wise woman" on the subject, who predicted that "Odense would one day be illuminated in his honour," his mother consented to let him go. He was then fourteen; and he had only a letter to Madame Schall, the solo-dancer, from an old printer, who was not even acquainted with her, to depend upon for an introduction to the theatre.

"My mother packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and made a bargain with the driver of a post-

carriage to take me back with him to Copenhagen for three rix-dollars banco. The afternoon on which we were to set out came, and my mother accompanied me to the city gate. There stood my old grandmother; in the last few years her beautiful hair had become grey; she fell upon my neck, and wept without being able to speak a word. I was myself deeply affected. And thus we parted. I saw her no more; she died in the following year. I do not even know her grave; she sleeps in the poor-house burial-ground."

His solitary journey came to a close on Monday morning, the 5th of September, 1819, when he saw for the first time the capital of his native land. On the following day he dressed himself in his confirmation suit (an old great-coat of his father's and a pair of creaking boots), and hastened to present his letter to Madame Schall. "Before I rang at the bell I fell on my knees before the door, and prayed God that I here might find help and support."

The dancer, who had not the slightest knowledge of the person from whom his introduction came, looked at him with great surprise, and asked what character he thought he could represent; he replied, Cinderella, which he had seen performed at Odense; and, drawing off his boots, and taking up his broad hat for a tambourine, he began to dance, and sing,

"Here below, nor rank nor riches,
• Are exempt from pain and woe."

His strange gestures and his great activity caused the lady to think him out of his mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of him. He met with equally bad success from the manager of the theatre, who told him "they only engaged people of education;" and after exhausting all his plans for obtaining employment, he remembered the name of Siboni, an Italian, who was the director of the academy of music in Copenhagen, and to him he made his last application, on the evening on which, had it been fruitless, he would have taken his passage back to Funen. Once more the friendless boy, with his deep trust in God and his poet's spirit, was called upon to show what talent he possessed. Siboni had that day a large dinner-party, and when he had heard the message which his housekeeper faithfully brought him, he and his guests went out to look at him.

"They would have me to sing, and Siboni heard me attentively. I gave some scenes out of Holberg, and repeated a few poems; and then, all at once, the sense of my unhappy condition so overcame me that I burst into tears. The whole company applauded. 'I prophesy,' said the poet Baggesen, 'that one day something will come out of him; but do not be vain when some day the whole public shall applaud thee.'"

Siboni promised to cultivate his voice, and Professor Weyse, one of the party, the next day raised for him a small subscription; he wrote to his mother a letter full of joy, and began to learn German, that he might understand Siboni's instructions, who received him into his house. But, half a year afterwards, his voice was injured in consequence of being

obliged to wear bad shoes in winter with no warm under-clothing, and there was no longer any prospect of his becoming a fine singer; Siboni told him so candidly, and counselled him to go to Odense, and there learn a trade. In this great perplexity lay the stepping-stones of a better fortune.

He remembered that the poet Guldberg, the brother of the colonel of that name, lived at Copenhagen; he wrote to him and related everything; then he went to him himself, and found him surrounded with books and tobacco-pipes. He received him kindly, and promised him some instruction in the Danish tongue; he also made him a present of the profits of a small work he had just published; it became known, and they exceeded one hundred rix-dollars banco; the excellent Weyse, also, supported him. Guldberg procured gratuitous lessons for him twice a-week in Latin, and induced Lindgron, the comic actor, to give him instruction.

He occasionally acted some little part in a ballet or at the theatre; but at the end of two years, all the money that had been collected for him was expended, and his situation was very forlorn; "Yet," he says, "I did not feel the whole weight of my condition. Every person who spoke to me kindly I took for a faithful friend. God was with me in my little room; and many a night when I have said my evening prayer, I asked of Him like a child, 'Will things soon be better with me?'"

His voice by degrees regained its richness; the singing-master of the choir-school heard it, and offered him a place in the school; but he displeased his friend Guldberg by neglecting his Latin to go as often as possible to the theatre, for which he wrote two plays, which were of course rejected. At the close of the theatrical season the managers wrote to dismiss him from the schools, which they said would not benefit him any longer, and they added a wish that some of his many friends would enable him to receive an education, without which talent availed nothing.

The present conference councillor, Collin, one of the most distinguished men of Denmark, was at that time director of the Theatre Royal, and people universally told Andersen that it would be the best thing for him if he would interest himself in his favour. Collin was a man of business, his conversation was grave and in few words; he paid the young poet no compliments, but he in all sincerity thought for his advantage, and worked for it silently till he had obtained means for his support and necessary instruction. He recommended him to King Frederic VI., who granted to him a small sum annually for some years; and, by means of Collin also, the directors of the high schools allowed him to receive free instruction in the grammar-school at Slagelse, where just then a new, and, as was said, an active rector was appointed. He was to receive money quarterly from Collin, to apply to him in all cases, and he it was who was to ascertain his industry and his progress. He travelled, with a good heart, towards the little city of Zealand; his mother received a joyful letter, and he only wished his father and the old grand-

mother were alive to hear that he now went to the grammar-school.

We have lingered over the records of Andersen's childhood as the most beautiful part of his story; they bring before us with touching pathos the dawn of a purely poetic existence, with all its peculiar temptations to morbid sensitiveness, self-concentration, and irritability; while at the same time they show how truly it is a gift of heavenly birth, raising those who possess it far above the sordid aims of mere earthly life, and preserving the unworldliness of the spirit amidst scenes which were most likely to sully its brightness. In proportion, however, as this inner life developed itself and put forth its energies, he experienced the want of those spiritual defences which God has appointed to be a barrier round his fold. The heart of a child crying "Abba, Father," he had undoubtedly received in baptism, and its impulses to faith and love had gained vigour through confirmation; but now no pastoral care was over him, he had no guide to give a definite aim to his exertions, and to mould his moral being on the image of Christ; therefore the poetic gift was in him a source of deeper suffering than those who have it not can comprehend. His heart became like a noble instrument strung and tuned for the melodies of heaven, on which rude and unskilful hands were laid till some notes were jarred and some were silenced, so that its destined purpose was unfulfilled; yet, when the wind and the summer air swept over it, the music they awoke showed how perfect its workmanship had been.

The rector of the grammar-school at Slagelse was a man utterly unable to understand his character; he took particular delight in turning him into ridicule, to which, from his want of previous training, he was of course exposed, although he rose rapidly from his place, among the little boys, to a respectable position amongst those of his own age. After one bright visit to his old home, when his mother rejoiced over him, and all welcomed him gladly and wondered at his good fortune, he became restless and desponding. As he rose in the school, he felt the pressure upon him more strongly, and no degree of progress seemed to him commensurate with the kindness and expectations of those who were supporting him; he feared at last that he had not the requisite ability for continued study, and was sinking into a state of utter wretchedness, when the single holiday of the year came round, and he went to Copenhagen on a visit to Admiral Wulff, whose wife felt for him the kindness of a mother, and whose children met him with cordiality; they dwelt in a portion of the Castle of Amalienburg, and his chamber looked out into the square.

"During my whole residence at Slagelse," he continues, "I had scarcely written more than four or five poems; during my school time at Helsingör (to which place he had removed with the rector) I wrote only one single poem, 'The Dying Child,' a poem which of all my after works became most popular and most widely circulated. I read it to some acquaint-

ance at Copenhagen; some were struck by it, but most of them only remarked my Funen dialect, which drops the *d* in every word. I was commended by many; but from the greater number I only received a lecture on modesty, and that I should not get too great ideas of myself—I, who really at that time thought nothing of myself. At the house of Admiral Wulff I saw many men of the most distinguished talent, and, among them all, my mind paid the greatest homage to one, that was the poet, Adam Oehlenschläger. I heard his praise resound from every mouth around me, I looked up to him with the most pious faith. I was happy when one evening in a large, brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, where I deeply felt that my apparel was the shabbiest there, and for that reason I concealed myself behind the long curtains, Oehlenschläger came to me and offered me his hand. I could have fallen before him on my knees."

On his return to the school, the rector, who had heard of his reading one of his poems in company, looked at him with a penetrating glance, and commanded him to bring him the poem, when, if he found in it one ray of genius, he would forgive him. "I tremblingly brought him," says Andersen, "'The Dying Child;' he read it, and pronounced it to be sentimentality and idle trash. He gave way freely to his anger. From that day forward my situation was more unfortunate than ever; I suffered so severely in my mind, that I was very near sinking under it. That was the darkest, the most unhappy time in my life. Just then, one of the masters went to Copenhagen, and related to Collin exactly what I had to bear, and he immediately removed me from the school and from the rector's house. When, in taking leave of him, I thanked him for the kindness I had received from him, the passionate man cursed me, and ended by saying, that I should never become a student, that my verses would grow mouldy on the floor of the bookseller's shop, and that I myself should end my days in a mad-house. I trembled to my innermost being, and left him. Several years afterwards, when my writings were read, when the 'Improvisatore' first came out, I met him in Copenhagen; he offered me his hand in a conciliatory manner, and said that he had erred respecting me, and had treated me wrong; but it was now all the same to me. The heavy, dark days had also produced their blessing on my life."

Andersen now entered on a kind of student life, which reflects much honour on the customs of his native country; he had a certain sum allowed for his support, and hired a small garret, but as instruction was to be paid for, he had to make savings in other ways. A few families gave him a place at their tables on certain days of the week; he was a sort of boarder, as many another poor student in Copenhagen is still. He studied industriously; he had distinguished himself in several branches, especially in mathematics, at Helsingör, and every thing now tended to assist him in his Latin and Greek studies. A young man who afterwards became celebrated in Denmark for his zeal in the northern languages and in history, was his

teacher, "and in one direction, and that the one in which it would least have been expected," says Andersen, "did my excellent teacher find much to do, namely—in religion. He closely adhered to the literal meaning of the Bible; with this I was acquainted, because, from my first entrance in the school, I had clearly understood what was said and taught by it. I received gladly, both with feeling and understanding, the doctrine, that God is love: every thing which opposed this—a burning hell, therefore, whose fire endured for ever—I could not recognise." His religious creed, in fact, seems to have consisted of theories of his own imagining, which he further explains in the following words:—

"That which, on the contrary, was an error in me, and which became very perceptible, was a pleasure which I had, not in jesting with, but in playing with, my best feelings, and in regarding the understanding as the most important thing in the world. The rector had completely mistaken my undisguisedly candid and sensitive character; my excitable feelings were made ridiculous, and thrown back upon themselves; and now, when I could freely advance upon my way to my object, this change showed itself in me. From severe suffering I did not pass into libertinism, but into an erroneous endeavour to appear other than I was. I ridiculed feeling, and fancied that I had quite thrown it aside; and yet I could be made wretched for a whole day if I met with a sour countenance where I expected a friendly one. Every poem which I had formerly written with tears I now parodied, or gave to it a ludicrous refrain."

It may be remembered, that Jean Paul Richter, during the corresponding stage of his journey through life, while he was struggling with neglect and bitter poverty, wrote nothing but comic poems and satires, though his works were afterwards distinguished by fervour of feeling and pathos of expression.

In September, 1828, Andersen passed his examination, and published his first work, "A Journey on foot to Anock," on his own account, no publisher having courage to undertake it; he describes it as "a peculiar, humorous book, which fully exhibited his own individual character at that time,—his disposition to sport with every thing, and to jest in tears over his own feelings,—a fantastic, gaily-coloured tapestry-work." In a few days after its appearance, the impression was sold. Publisher Keitzel bought from him the second edition, and after a while he had the third, and, besides this, the work was reprinted in Sweden. Everybody read his book, and he heard nothing but praise; he was "a student," and had attained the highest goal of his wishes. He was in a whirl of joy, and in this state he wrote his first dramatic work, "Love on the Nicholas Tower; or, What says the Pit?"

It was unsuccessful because it satirized that which no longer existed—the shows of the middle ages, and rather ridiculed the enthusiasm for the vaudeville, which then prevailed at Copenhagen. His fellow-students, however, received the piece with acclamations; they were proud of him.

"I was now," he adds, "a happy human being. I possessed the soul of a poet and the heart of youth; all houses began to be open to me; I flew from circle to circle. Still, however, I devoted myself industriously to study, so that, in September 1829, I passed my *examen philologicum et philosophicum*, and brought out the first collected edition of my poems, which met with great praise. Life lay bright with sunshine before me."

Andersen devoted his first literary proceeds to a journey through Jutland, whose wild and impressive scenery made a deep impression on his mind, and this he afterwards exquisitely described in his novel of O. J. Poems sprang forth upon paper, while he passed many weeks a welcome guest at the country-houses of several opulent families, but of the comic there were fewer and fewer.

"In the course of my journey," he says, "I arrived at the house of a rich family, in a small city, and here suddenly a new world opened upon me,—an immense world, which yet could be contained in four lines which I wrote at that time:—

'A pair of dark eyes fixed my sight,
They were my world, my home, my delight,
The soul beamed in them, and childlike peace;
And never on earth will their memory cease.'

"New plans of life occupied me. I would give up writing poetry,—to what could it lead? I would study theology, and become a preacher; I had only one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another; she married him. It was not till several years later that I felt and acknowledged that it was best, both for her and for myself, that things had fallen out as they were. She had no idea, perhaps, how deep my feeling for her had been, or what an influence it produced in me. She had become the excellent wife of a good man, and a happy mother. God's blessing rest upon her!"

With this extract we close our account of the childhood and youth of Hans Christian Andersen. He at all times wrote from the heart, and his next work, "Fancies and Sketches," bore satisfactory evidences of the change which an honourable though unrequited attachment had wrought in him. He received, after some time, a stipend from the Danish Government for travelling, and his descriptions of the many distinguished men of letters whom he met with both at home and abroad, with his beautiful account of Jenny Lind, form an interesting portion of the rest of his book, which was written at Vernet, in the Pyrenees, in July 1846, when he had attained to a high place amongst the best beloved and most honoured of the northern poets.

CHARADE.

Mr First is for ever,
My Second's an air,
If my Whole is a good one,
May you have a share.

THE DOCTOR.¹

DOSE I.—LAW AND PHYSIC.

"I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading as I had in the writing."—QUARLES.

"THIS good wine I present," says an old writer, "needs no ivy-bush. They that taste thereof shall feel the fruit to their best content and better understanding. The learned shall meet with matter to refresh their memories; the younger students a directory to fashion their discourse; the weakest capacity, matter of wit, worth and admiration." Few mottoes are more descriptive of the work before which they stand than this of the Doctor's last volume. Herein memories may be refreshed with long-forgotten jewels culled from every source; students, like the bee, gather honey from flower and from weed; and each and all of us laugh aloud with this fellow who

"Pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again as Jove doth please
Who is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares."

To be methodical in the review of an unmethodical book is not to be expected; so our readers will be pleased to take their food as it comes to table and not sigh for a bill of fare.

The wisdom of our ancestors, and above all of Alfred, in matters legal, is often in our mouths but seldom in our wishes. What have we lately seen in this modern Babylon? Rumour upon rumour that A, B, C, and Co. or D, E, F, and Co. were going to break; that P— had gone on his knees to Levi for gold, and Mordecai refused to make twenty per cent. on Smash's paper. "Had the laws of Alfred continued in use," writes the Doctor, as an epilogue to a disquisition on cutting out tongues, "every thing relating to the reproduction of human tongues would long before this time have been thoroughly understood; for, by those laws, any one who broached a public falsehood, and persisted in it, was to have his tongue cut out; and this punishment might not be commuted for any smaller fine than that at which the life of a criminal would have been rated." Fancy the following announcement pasted up at Westminster Hall, Chapel Court, St. Stephen's, Conciliation Hall, and opposite every newspaper office in London:—"On and after Monday next the law of King Alfred De Rumoribus Fictitis will be put in operation." And if there be any one who feels himself or herself infected with a tendency to come under Alfred's law, let them not seek to free themselves from this malady by homœopathy, magnetism, or cold water. For, however beneficial it may be to administer the millionth millionth of a fever in order to drive out its concentrated essence, or to terrify rheumatism from its nervous fortress by a galvanic battery, or throw a chill cold damp on neuralgia, the love of rumourising requires a new medical theory and a new medical practise. Let us introduce Doña Oliva de Nantes Sabueco Banera. Reader! it is not a female club, but only one Spanish dame. When Philip II. was smarting under the defeat of his Armada and unable to soothe his soul with even an *"auto da fê,"* Doña Oliva wrote a treatise on medicine, propounded a new medical theory, which, like the Hamlet of the country-barn, was without its "Hamlet"—medicine.

"She had never studied medicine, she said; but it was clear as the light of day that the old system

was erroneous, and must needs be so, because its founders were ignorant of the nature of man, upon which being rightly understood the true system must, of necessity, be founded. Hope is what supports health and life; fear, the worst enemy of both. Among the best preservatives and restoratives she recommended therefore, cheerfulness, sweet odours, music, the country, the sound of woods and waters, agreeable conversation, and pleasant pastimes. Music, of all external things, she held to be that which tends most to comfort, rejoice, and strengthen the brain, being as it were a spiritual pleasure in which the mind sympathizes; and the first of all remedies, in this, her true system of medicine, was to bring the mind and body into unison, removing thus that discord which is occasioned when they are ill at ease; this was to be done by administering cheerfulness, content, and hope to the mind, and in such words and actions as produced these the best medicine was contained. Next to this it imported to comfort the stomach, and to cherish the root of man, that is to say the brain, with its proper corroborants, especially with sweet odours and with music. For music was so good a remedy for melancholy, so great an alleviator of pain, such a soothing of uneasy emotions, and of passion, that she marvelled wherefore so excellent a medicine should not be more in use, seeing that undoubtedly many grievous diseases, as for example epilepsy, might be disarmed and cured by it; and it would operate with the more effect if accompanied with hopeful words and with grateful odours, for Doña Oliva thought with Solomon that 'pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.' Consequently unpleasant sounds and ill smells were, according to her philosophy, injurious. The latter she confounded with noxious air, which was an error to be expected in those days, when nothing concerning the composition of the atmosphere had been discovered. Thus she thought it was by their ill odour that lime-kilns and charcoal fires occasioned death; and that owing to the same cause horses were frequently killed when the filth of a stable was removed, and men were employed in cleaning vaults. Upon the same principle, in recommending perfumes as alexipharmic, she fell in with the usual practice. The plague, according to her, might be received not by the breath alone, but at the eyes also, for through the sight there was ready access to the brain; it was prudent, therefore, to close the nostrils when there might be reason to apprehend that the air was tainted; and when conversing with an infected person, not to talk face to face, but to avert the countenance. In changing the air with the hope of escaping an endemic disease, the place to go to should be that from whence the pestilence had come, rather than one whither it might be going. Ill sounds were noxious in like manner, though not in like degree, because no discord can be so grating as to prove fatal; but any sound which is at once loud and discordant she held to be unwholesome, and that to hear any one sing badly, read ill, or talk importunately like a fool, was sufficient to cause a deflexion from the brain; if this latter opinion were well founded, no Speaker of the House of Commons could hold his office for a single session without being talked to death. With these she classed the sound of a hiccup, the whetting of a saw, and the cry of bitter lamentation. Doña Oliva, it may be presumed, was endued with a sensitive ear and a quick perception of odours, as well as with a cheerful temper, and an active mind. Her whole

(1) The Doctor, Vol. VII. By the late Dr. Southey, LL.D. Edited by the Rev J. W. Warton. Post 8vo. Longman

course of practice was intended to cheer and comfort the patient, if that was possible. She allowed the free use of water and fresh air, and recommended that the apartments of the sick should be well ventilated. She prescribed refreshing odours, among others, that of bread fresh from the oven, and that wine should be placed near the pillow, in order to induce sleep. She even thought that cheerful apparel conduced to health, and that the fashion of wearing black which prevailed in her time was repugnant to reason. Pursuing her theory that the brain was the original seat of disease, she advised that the excessive moisture which would otherwise take a wrong course from thence, should be drawn off through the natural channels by sneezing powders, or by pungent odours which provoke a discharge from the eyes and nostrils, by sudorifics also, exercise, and whatever might cause a diversion to the skin. When any part was wounded or painful, or there was a tumour, she recommended compression above the part affected, with a woollen bandage, tightly bound, but not so as to occasion pain. And to comfort the root of the animal tree, she prescribes scratching the head with the fingers, or combing it with an ivory comb,—a general and admirable remedy she calls this, against which some former possessor of the book, who seems to have been a practitioner upon the old system, has frequently entered his protest against the medical heresies of the authoress, and has written in the margin 'bad advice.' She recommended also cutting the hair, and washing the head with white wine, which, as it were, renovated the skin, and improved the vegetation."

Pleasant mediciner wert thou, O lady with four names, both in thy theory and thy practice. Hadst thou or thy system lived in these days, many a blessing would have arisen from well-stocked nurseries when the fragrant wine or the tasty dish superseded the senna tea and the rhubarb *au naturel*. And yet, who will not agree with the Doctor that physic, especially nasty physic, is a moral agent? "A sensible woman of his (the Doctor's) acquaintance taught her children from the earliest childhood to consider ill-humour as a disorder which was to be cured by physic; accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took this fare *for the crossness*. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper, and rhubarb, were associated in their minds always as cause and effect."

So the Brother of the Sun and Moon forbade his people to supply the red-haired devils, as he politely designated us, with either tea or rhubarb, confident that without the one we should starve and without the other die.

Now, whatever our Doctor may have thought of physic, he thought much of physicians, and regarded them as the real actors in the world. He would say with Ben Jonson,

"Go to,
You are a subtle nation, you physicians,
And grown the only cabinets in court;"

and whilst he believed, with one part of the proverb, that our sins and propensities are bred in the bone, he maintained that they might be got out of our flesh. With Sir William Temple, he had known the fate of a war to be dependent on the age and infirmities of a general, the counsels of a kingdom fluctuate with the pulse of the minister, and the greatest monarchies rising and decaying with the health of their princes. As for the gout, even in his days it was a state engine among diplomatists; and had he lived to the days of

Talleyrand, he too would have wondered with that *diplomat par excellence*, why Metternich could have the gout at that particular crisis. But the doctor's remedy was at hand,—state physicians and state physic.

"Cervantes, according to the Doctor, clearly perceived this great truth, and went farther than Sir W. Temple, for he perceived also the practical application, though it was one of those truths which, because it might have been dangerous for him to propound them seriously, he was fain to bring forward in a comic guise, leaving it for the wise to discover his meaning, and for posterity to profit by it. He knew—(*Daniel loquitur*)—for what did not Cervantes know?—that if Philip II. had committed himself to the superintendence of a physician instead of a father confessor, many of the crimes and miseries by which his reign is so infamously distinguished, might have been prevented. A man of his sad spirit and melancholy complexion to be dieted upon fish the whole forty days of Lent, two days in the week during the rest of the year, and on the eve of every holiday besides,—what could be expected but atrabilious thoughts and cold-blooded resolutions? Therefore Cervantes appointed a physician over Sancho in his Baratarian government: the humour of the scene was for all readers, the application for those who could penetrate beyond the veil, the benefit for happier ages when the art of government should be better understood, and the science of medicine be raised to its proper station in the state. Shakspeare intended to convey the same political lesson when he said, 'Take physic, pomp!' He used the word pomp instead of power, cautiously, for in those days it was a perilous thing to meddle with matters of state. * * *

It may have been the jest of a satirist that Dryden considered stewed prunes as the best means of putting his body into a state favourable for heroic composition; but that odd person, George Wither, tells us of himself that he usually watched and fasted when he composed, that his spirit was lost if at such times he tasted meat or drink, and that if he took a glass of wine he could not write a verse:—no wonder therefore that his verses were for the most part in a weak and watery vein. Father Paul Sarpi had a still more extraordinary custom; it is not to an enemy, but to his friends and admirers, that we are indebted for informing us with what care that excellent writer attended to physical circumstances as affecting his intellectual powers. For when he was either reading or writing alone, 'his manner,' says Sir Henry Wotton, 'was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair, and over head; for he was of our Lord of St. Alban's opinion that *all air is predatory*, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed.' There should be a State physician to the King, besides his physicians ordinary and extraordinary,—one whose sole business should be to watch over the royal health as connected with the discharge of the royal functions, a head keeper of the King's health. For the same reason there ought to be a Physician for the Cabinet, a Physician for the Privy Council, a Physician for the Bench of Bishops, a Physician for the twelve Judges, two for the House of Lords, four for the House of Commons, one for the Admiralty, one for the War Office, one for the Directors of the East India Company (there was no Board of Control in the Doctor's days, or he would certainly have advised that a Physician should be placed upon that establishment also): one for the Lord Mayor, two for the Common Council, four for

the Livery. (He was speaking in the days of Wilkes and Liberty.) How much mischief, said he, might have been prevented by cupping the lord mayor, blistering a few of the aldermen, administering salts and manna to lower the pulse of civic patriotism, and keeping the city orators upon a low regimen for a week before every public meeting! Then in the Cabinet what evils might be averted by administering laxatives or corroborants as the case required. In the Lords and Commons, by clearing away bile, evacuating ill humours, and occasionally by cutting for the simples."

What strange items would such physicians' accounts present, if compelled to state details! Dr. A. would claim to have cured one learned member of a *true Caucasian* rash, and another of Russo-phobia and anti-Palmerstonian bile. Protection would succumb to cathartics, Currency to diuretics, and Chartism to a blister. As Cotton Mather's gentleman, who had a humour for making singular and fanciful expositions of Scripture, was made orthodox by a dose of physic, the Patristic mania would yield to a pill, and the May epidemic give way to leeches. The medicine-man takes the field with the warriors of the red skins, and the emetic—or medicine of war—is duly administered to each brave before he goes on the war path. "Shoulder arms!" on parade might be followed with "Swallow pills!" and the Commissariat carry more senna than flour.

A cheerful and good heart, thought our Doctor, was a panacea, and, with Bishop Hacket, regarded "Melancholy as of all humours the fittest to make a bath for the devil, and that cheerfulness and innocent pleasure preserve the mind from rust and the body from putrifying with dulness and distempers; he did not like to look upon a sour man at dinner, and if his guests were pleased within, would bid them hang out the white flag in their countenance!" And as a cheerful and grateful man the Doctor was not neglectful of his meal and his diet; he remembered how Solomon had said, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart." It was not epicurean or brutish excess that he contemplated, but a cheerful fruition of God's good gifts; and whilst he looked upon diet as a moral and political agent, and would have restored the Egyptian scheme of dieting kings and rulers, he remembered that it had been well said by the dramatist,

"Cheerful and grateful takes the gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at."

Reader, take thy dose without a murmur, for it is short if not sweet. "Short puddings," said Lord Digby, "have two ends, and most short sayings two meanings." G. L. B.

THE MEANING OF UNDINE.

AN article with the above title prefixed to it which lately appeared in this Magazine, contained a rather long disquisition upon M. de la Motte Fouqué's most lovely and fanciful of works—"Undine." I have no intention of entering into any minute examination of all that the writer of that article brings forward in his endeavour to prove that every part of that beautiful and touching tale is allegorical—a sort of second "Pilgrim's Progress;" yet I must venture to say, that he has offered to view such a complicated piece of machinery, on which he presumes that tale is meant to turn—(although I am inclined to think it was

intended to be moved by only one very simple but *evident* spring)—that I really believe, even if the most imaginative mind were compelled to carry along with it, from first to last, such forced as well as such numerous moral and religious meanings, all the delight now taken in that simple and affecting narrative, would be lost in the perplexing trouble of unravelling such a long and obscure piece of allegory. Still, as I cannot demonstrate decidedly how far S. M.'s views do or do not coincide with the author's intentions, he may certainly be right, and then I, of course, should be as certainly wrong, in doubting their propriety.

But as I have taken upon me to advance my opinion that there is but one simple and evident spring that gives life and movement to the story, I will say what I imagine to be the *only* and beautiful aim of the author in writing it—namely this, that to obtain possession of a *soul* for the mere mortal, unthinking, unstable, but yet fascinating Undine; the great chance of human sufferings was thought worth risking, and the reality and force of those sufferings when they did occur, were also most patiently borne—borne, too, with love and charity towards the inflictors of them; borne meekly and resignedly, from the full conviction that an immortal soul which alone had prevented her continuing a mere beautiful, heartless, useless idol, was worth obtaining at any cost, that the bitterest tears, the sharpest pangs of a tried and wounded heart, were comparatively sweet, when regarded as merely the forerunners to a blessed hereafter—an hereafter, too, where she would fondly hope to meet again the faulty but beloved husband, purified in some degree by his repentant feelings, and pardoned—may we dare say so without profaneness where so much of fable is in question?—through the mercy of Him who breathes into every erring mortal that breath of life by which he becomes "a living soul."

And now how far I am right I will not pretend to say, but I have read "Undine" over and over again, and never can cease to admire, as its crowning charm, what I have always regarded as the author's *one* aim and moral. That this idea is borne out by the text in various parts, the two following passages, at least, make so clear, that it seems almost useless to give one's own commentary on the author's intentions. Undine, in her touching account, after her marriage to her husband, of her origin and mode of bringing up, says that it had been her father's wish that "*seine einzige Tochter, solle einer Seele theilhaftig werden, und müsse sie darüber auch viele Leiden der besetzten Leute bestehen.*" Again, when forced away from her unkind and inconstant husband, she returns to her native water regions, she says to her uncle, "*Wenn ich hier auch unter der Wassern wohne, so hab' ich doch meine Seele mit herunter gebracht; und darum darf ich wohl weinen, wenn du auch gar nicht errathen kannst was solche Thränen sind—auch die sind selig, wie alles selig ist dem in welchem treue Seele lebt.*"

It is now for the thinking reader, the sincere admirer of this bewitching tale, to decide whether or no this *one* simple aim alone was the author's intention when he wrote it, or whether he meant to load it with the complicated and perpetual allegory which S. M. attributes to it. But I, for one, regard Undine as so simply pious, so deeply interesting, and so almost ethereal, that I own I should be sorry to see her clothed in the heavy, cumbersome, and I believe *unintended* allegorical costume with which S. M.

would fain invest her and all around her, and thus hinder the attention from fixing itself entirely upon what I cannot but regard as the one beautiful and exclusive moral.

THE LOVER'S REBUKE TO HIS HEART.

"Why dost thou start,
Thou foolish, flutt'ring heart?
She is not near;
Or if that she were here,
Why need her gentle presence thus alarm thee?
She would not harm thee
When through the woodland ways
My lady strays,
All timid things that fly
Man's company
Come forth to meet her;
With songs the wild birds greet her.
Then, foolish, flutt'ring heart, it is my will
'That thou lie still."

THE HEART'S REPLY.

"MASTER!" the heart replied,
"When 'gainst thy side,
My prison-house, I strike with wild emotion,
'Tis not with coward fear
I tremble here,
But an excess of anxious love's devotion.
Thou say'st the presence of thy peerless dame
Maketh all wild things tame;
'Then grant me liberty
'To her to fly.
Dear master, we must part,
For thou hast lost thy heart:
Yet grieve not, nor with sorrow hang thy head,
For if I once may rest
Upon her breast,
I'll gain for thee her loving heart instead."

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing Desk.

A MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year to you all, dear Readers (doubly dear if ye be Subscribers too),—a right merry Christmas and a happy New Year!—These are good and comprehensive wishes, when we come to reflect upon them for a moment, for to enjoy a merry Christmas, we must not only ourselves be merry, but able and willing to impart our merriment to others, and to increase, by participating in, the hilarity of our friends. While forming aspirations for a happy New Year, we must cast a retrospective glance at "the year that's awa'," and if we are not scared by too many pale phantoms of duties unperformed and opportunities of doing good neglected, we may venture to trust, that during the forthcoming unit of the threescore and ten which make up the sum of man's life here, our portion may be a comparatively happy one.

For our own individual self (or selves, for our duality still perplexes us) we, in our editorial capacity, consider we ought, according to the foregoing premises, to rejoice in a most particularly merry Christmas and a decidedly happy New Year; for have we not, through the pages of SHARPE, abundantly displayed our merriment, and liberally imparted the same to our readers, in our lighter articles, while in those of a graver cast we have endeavoured, as far as in us lay, to avail ourselves of opportunities of doing good, bearing in mind, in each and all, our one great and paramount duty of providing wholesome mental food for the reading public. It remains for you, dear readers, to prove to us whether you are sufficiently satisfied with our exertions in your behalf, to wish us a merry Christmas in

return; and remember, there is but one effectual way of doing so—"your voices, kind readers, your most sweet voices"—*favete linguis*—Order us of all Booksellers.

Yes, Christmas is truly a pleasant time, with its roaring fires sparkling still more brightly when reflected in the laughing eyes of merry girls; and its turkeys, glorious old cocks, who, in going out of feathers and taking to sausages and gravy, show their willingness to promote the general festivity of the season, proceeding even to the length of broiling their legs, and deviling their livers in the public service; and its jolly puddings, famous rich fellows with many a plum, who dance and bound in their boiling pots below stairs, and then come up, bless them! with their steaming, streaming faces, to gladden the hearts of hungry guests in dining-rooms; and its green holly too, greener now than at any other time,—good old tree! with its cheerful, round, red, sunny, sunny berries wagging on their pert little stems.—aye, Christmas is a happy time, as Dickens would have said if he had given us a Christmas book this year, and not left the field (or rather "Street") to Titmarsh and Co. Still, if you have not Dickens, my public, you have SHARPE, enlarged and improved, and with a pretty new wrapper that gives the Magazine an *arch* appearance on the very face of the thing, and this ought to be enough to content all reasonable people. Talking about our improvements puts us in mind of a thing we have to say; several of our Subscribers have imagined, that because we spoke of enlarging and improving the Magazine, we were going to introduce alterations which would make the November and December parts unfit to bind up with the forthcoming series, rendering them, in fact, so much waste paper: we need hardly state that we never for a moment contemplated such an unjust and impolitic measure, and that a careful comparison of the present part with those that have preceded it will prove that such fears were groundless.

The hope we expressed that a refutation of the heretical opinions propounded by that flitting traitor to true love—the volatile Dr. Johns—has been met with such chivalric ardour by our poetical readers, that we have been positively overwhelmed by metrical reproofs of the Doctor's butterfly propensities, to such an extent, indeed, that our poor judgment is utterly bewildered, and we pronounce ourselves unable, among so many C. U. plets, Lines, Stanzas, Verses, &c. &c. (all possessing merits of one kind or another, many of those in which the harmony of the versification has been slightly overlooked compensating for that defect by their striking originality,) to decide upon the most worthy.

We learn that an erroneous opinion is afloat, that both Dr. Johns and our Cambridge ex-Critic are men of straw—fictitious personages created by our own brain,—small, (very small) attempts at wit, and nothing more. In reply to this, we beg distinctly to state that we *know* the writer of the lines signed "Dr. Johns" to be a living and breathing reality, and that we have from time to time received certain anonymous (for the various signatures we need scarcely say were fictitious) letters from an individual at Cambridge criticizing the Magazine, from which letters our extracts have been copied *verbatim*.

One word to our Correspondents, (half England, and all the quietly disposed population of Ireland, not omitting the Land o' Oakes)—we do not keep an unlimited establishment of clerks, and, in spite of our duality, have only one pair of hands, of which the near side one has never been taught to write, it is therefore quite impossible for us to answer all their communications at once; we must take them in turn, and some time must necessarily elapse, in many instances, before we can reply to them, more especially when we have to read and decide for or against a MS. We beg, therefore, that we may not be considered neglectful or discourteous if we are unable to return an answer to each correspondent as speedily as if his were the only communication to which we had to attend.

(1) Lines suggested by reading "The Wistful Heart," in Pt. XXXIII



The Challenge.

“Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!”

FROM A DRAWING BY C. KEENE. ENGRAVED BY J. COOPER.

THE CHALLENGE.

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
 And not the summer solstice, there,
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air;
 But every breeze that swept the wold,
 Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watchfire close before him burned.
 Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand—
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"

Lady of the Lake, ver. 29, & part of 30.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER III.

"Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man!
 Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity."

Romeo and Juliet, Act III. sc. 3.

THE last day of Mrs. Perigord's "at-homes" was the last of the examinations in *Literis Humanioribus* at Oxford. The greater number of those who had taken up books for a first or second class had been plodding ten hours a-day for three mortal years, for the mere petty and selfish object of the *κῶδος* to the successful candidate. There were, perhaps, some amongst them in whom this baser motive was strongly mixed with an instinctive love of knowledge. There may have been one or two wholly unactuated by it; but there was one of the number, with whom Harry Sumner had formed a strong friendship, who had worked hard all his time at Eton, and as much as eleven hours a-day ever since he had been up at the University, from motives most urgent and pressing of quite another description. Arthur Lamb's father, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the army, but was now practising successfully at the bar, was a very stern as well as avaricious man. He had given his son clearly to understand that if he took anything below a second class at Oxford, he should send him out to India as a cadet, leave him with nothing save his pay to live on, and cut him off with a shilling.

His mother, who would have broken her heart with grief at such an all but final separation from her only son; and his sister, who would have had her mother's grief added to her own; both of them as well aware as he was that his father would keep his word; were, he well knew, every whit as anxious as himself as to

the result of his examination. Naturally idle, he had worked his hardest up to the memorable moment when the last paper had gone up, and, one way or the other, his fate was decided. But perseverance and toil, though they may produce a scholar, cannot give a man genius. Now, the intellectual development of Arthur Lamb was decidedly below par; and, notwithstanding that he had crammed his memory with a considerable stock of learning in the course of eight years' hard work at Eton, and three at Oxford, he was nevertheless completely at a loss upon any subject requiring thought and originality. His scholarship papers were far superior to those of Harry Sumner, who was the exact opposite of his friend, and had scarcely ever been caught in the act of reading, throughout his whole University residence. But the English essay he well knew would be, in sporting phrase, "a check;" he could not trust himself to write a line of it. As he had no object of his own in trying for a second, and only cared for success that he might not be cast off by his father, nor afflict his mother and sister, both of whom he tenderly loved, he proposed to Sumner the expedient of copying as much from his paper as would make a respectable essay.

Harry Sumner was placed in rather a trying position by this proposal. His own nice sense of honour recoiled from a scheme which appeared a great deal more feasible to the duller susceptibilities of his friend; and yet he could not run the risk of wounding that friend's feelings by even hinting at such an objection. If Arthur Lamb had been trying for a high class for the distinction of it, he had quite enough of honourable feeling himself to prevent his obtaining it by such means. But he had no ambition of the kind; he was to be exiled from his family if he were unsuccessful; and a place in the honour list, which most men would have been vain of, he, because he was forced into it, was in the habit of regarding in no other light than a mere pass. For this reason, as well as that his feelings were not cast in so exquisitely fine a mould as were Sumner's, Arthur Lamb entertained scarcely any scruples in proposing such an expedient. Sumner experienced no difficulty in accounting for it in that manner, but he objected to his friend that such a step would ensure his being plucked; that of all the papers, the English essay was the very worst to copy. He was conscious, moreover, that Lamb had not ingenuity enough to effect anything like a concealment of the plagiarism.

"As for the matter of that," replied Lamb, "I may as well be plucked as miss a second."

"I tell you how we will manage it, my dear fellow," said Sumner; "I shall not be cut off with a shilling, nor be torn away from a mother and sister, if I miss my class. I will not send up an essay at all; I'll write a short one, and contrive to get it to you by hook or by crook."

Lamb would not listen for a moment to such an expedient. He begged it might not be named. "I can but miss," he said. "If it chance to be an easy subject, I will do what I can, and trust to my other

papers. My Logic and Moral Philosophy are indifferent; the other papers, and especially the scholarship paper, which is a telling one, you know, are very good—so says Conway. If the theme be a teaser, and I cannot positively write a sentence, I will look at you until I have caught your eye, and then if you can contrive to give me a peep at your paper when it is finished, well and good; if not, I must take my chance. For my poor mother's sake, and my sister's, I hope all will be well."

These few words were exchanged as they walked to the schools. And most eagerly did Harry Sumner and his friend hurry to their respective tables, and read the following subject for the essay:—*ἔστιν ὁ τοιοῦτος φίλος, ὅστις, ἃ οἷεται ἀγαθὰ εἶναι ἐκείνῳ πρακτικὸς ἐστὶν αὐτῶν δι' ἐκείνον.*—*Arist. Rhet. lib. i. 5.*

"Not a word will he write of this," said Sumner to himself; and, watching him narrowly whilst he wrote his own essay, he observed his worst anticipations realized. With his fingers in his ears, Lamb was thinking as deeply as he could, but evidently all in vain; and yet, to Sumner's surprise, in that position he remained fixedly, without once attempting to make the preconcerted signal. His friend saw very distinctly, however, how the matter stood; and it made him the more resolved, without waiting for the sign agreed upon, to get his own paper to him if he could possibly contrive it; here, however, was what appeared to be an insurmountable difficulty. Each man sat at a separate table, and an examiner commanded a sight of all from one extremity of the room. Fortunately, Sumner's seat was at the other end, and against the side wall. Fortunately, too, it was an oppressively hot day; and whilst he was revolving in his mind all manner of schemes for effecting his object, the examiner, wearied, doubtless, with his five days' rather soporific labours, dozed manifestly. Sumner took advantage of so opportune a moment to transmit his paper to his friend; but, actuated by sundry misgivings as to the dexterity of its return, he had accompanied it with a few lines written on a blank sheet, explaining the following ingenious expedient for getting it back again to its owner unperceived:—

"If Lamb would make the slightest cough when he had made all the use of it he required, and immediately drop it upon the floor, so that it might fall as far forward as possible, at the first convenient moment afterwards, he would rise to leave the schools; in so doing, he would, inadvertently as it should appear, kick his table over, with all its papers, and, instantly stooping down to gather them up, would recover the important document before the examiner could be down to superintend operations, supposing him to be so inclined."

The experiment answered admirably; and not long afterwards, Sumner and Arthur Lamb, as well as the other candidates, had left the schools, and the Midsummer examination in *Literis Humanioribus* had closed.

About an hour subsequently, Harry Sumner hap-

pening to be alone in his rooms, a message arrived from the examiners to the effect that they would be glad to speak a word with Mr. Sumner. He immediately hurried off to the schools, and was ushered into the conclave.

"Mr. Sumner," said one of those dignitaries, addressing him as he entered, "we have sent for you to ascertain whether you have condescended to copy from any one else in your essay. That either you, or Mr. Lamb of the same college with yourself, has copied from the other, we are quite certain. Perhaps you will be so good as to inform us which is the guilty party?"

"I am," he replied, firmly and promptly. "And as Mr. Lamb could not very well avoid permitting me to do what I did, may I be allowed, gentlemen, to ask of you the favour not to implicate him in the matter at all?"

The examiners were not a little touched by this frank and generous admission of Sumner's, although it evidently disappointed them.

"We are sorry to hear it, Mr. Sumner," said the one who had addressed him on his entrance. "Indeed, the internal evidence of your essay having rather been copied by than borrowed from another, is so strong, that we should not have supposed you to be the offending party if we had not heard it from your own lips. Your logic and moral philosophy papers are very good; your history, construing, and Latin writing good; your scholarship paper is the worst; the essay is beyond the usual level of those compositions, and we hoped to have had the pleasure of giving you a first. This unfortunate occurrence must at least lose you that; and I really am not certain that we shall not feel it our duty to refuse you your 'testamur.' I must add, that from what I have heard of you, Mr. Sumner, I am astonished that you should have condescended to attempt to gain a credit not belonging to you."

The feelings with which Harry Sumner listened to this harangue may be more easily imagined than described. Not having been a reading man, he really did not expect a "first;" and when he heard that he would certainly have got one, but for this unlucky *contretemps*, sad indeed was the disappointment. How delighted, he thought, would his mother, whom he almost idolized, have been by such unexpected intelligence! What a joyful surprise to his sister Lucy!

However, there were yet hopes for a second. But when the examiner reproached him with the dishonourableness of copying, the colour went and came in his pale cheek and flushing brow, and he was once very near confessing the truth. His equivocal answer, too, had been taken in a directly contrary sense to the true one, and he was uneasy on that score; he felt that he was guilty of prevarication. However, the thought of his friend's position overcame every other consideration, and he inwardly resolved that Lamb should not be packed off to India penniless by a tyrannical father, if he could help it, nor torn from a mother and sister who doted on him.

On that evening the pale moon was silvering the summits and projections of Oxford's venerable palaces. Proudly, and with a melancholy grandeur, the fine old buildings which surround the Schools quadrangle, towered upwards in the silent night. The white moonlight, touching their latticed windows, and lighting them up with a leaden brilliancy, streamed full upon the pavement, and threw a mazy outline around the dense mass of undergraduates who were crowding round the door of the Schools. The men's costume, their black flowing gowns, and trencher caps—the countenances of their wearers gleaming in the white light of the moon—the ghastly laughter ever and anon issuing from some of the expectants—at times, a shadowy form, unable to endure the excitement of suspense, emerging from the crowd, and floating like a spirit to and fro in the vacant space of the quadrangle, conspired to cast over the scene an appearance altogether supernatural.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and the honour-list had not yet made its appearance. It had never been delayed so long before; and almost intolerable had been the emotions which agitated the breasts of a portion of that crowd throughout five hours of anxious expectation. Often has the excitement of the gambler been described at the moment when his last and largest stake is depending upon the next card that is turned up; yet, many a youthful heart there throbbed with as keen, ay, with a keener agony of anxiety. Several, overcome by the excitement and heat of the weather, had been carried insensible to their rooms. One, a short and red-haired man, had remained for four hours without moving from one spot and position, intently gazing upon the door through which the list would be brought; his mouth compressed, his lips colourless, his eyeballs red and inflamed, his arms hanging rigidly by his sides, and his fists clenched. He had taken up many more books than were necessary for a first, and more than he had been able to get up thoroughly. Another had, for the same length of time, been pacing up and down between the north and south sides of the quadrangle; tracing out in his imagination over and over again the splendid career which was to follow "the class" he was expecting, and every time dissipating the brilliant dream with a question he would ask himself aloud, "Suppose I sink to a third?" Several expressed the state of excitement they were in, by making incessantly some observation or other, they knew not what, which was invariably followed by a hollow, unmeaning laugh; these noises—not exactly resembling the laughter of an intoxicated or of a lunatic person, but something between both—might be heard at short intervals rising in the still air above the suppressed conversation of the toga'd crowd, and the various witticisms of those whose time had not yet come, or had passed, and who were now endeavouring to cheer up their trembling friends. A few specimens of these will suffice:—

"Enter ghost!" bawled out some one in the crowd. "What did he say?" "List, list! oh, list!" groaned another, in a loud, deep, cavernous tone.

"If thou didst ever undergraduates love!" screamed a shrill, sharp voice. "John, wake the examiners, and tell them it is time to get up!" shouted another. This sally was followed by sundry rough salutations at the Schools door.

Dong, dong, dong, ten times struck the clock of St. Mary's; dong, dong, dong, ten times struck all the church-clocks in Oxford! About this time, there glided into the anxious quadrangle a young man whose appearance and carriage were unusually striking. His face was not strictly handsome; the lower part of it was, indeed, rather remarkable than otherwise for its plainness, which was not diminished by the satirical, almost bitter, expression of his mouth. His trencher cap displayed to the greatest advantage a forehead neither low nor high, but of great breadth. He wore a profusion of brown hair, which only a very slight tendency to curl saved from being perfectly straight. His eyes were of a deep grey colour; but the long dark and silken lashes which shaded them deepened their hue almost to blackness; their brilliancy was as wonderful as their range and depth of expression; they beamed, they literally sparkled, with humour and imagination. At times they shone with so keen a brilliancy that it was not every one who could meet their look without shrinking; at other times they would melt to an expression of the most tender and loving softness. Their worst, and at the same time most formidable expression, was on those few occasions when he was betrayed into ungovernable rage. A more intellectual countenance could not be easily imagined. The most ordinary observer could scarcely fail to be attracted by it; and an expression of intense anxiety weighed down his brow, and appeared to be pressing on his forehead as if a world of care and sorrow were added to the profoundest thoughtfulness. Equally remarkable were his appearance and bearing. His figure was slender and at the same time highly muscular; not a fault could be detected by the most fastidious critic in a form cast in a mould of the most exquisite grace and symmetry. His width of shoulders, his deep and well-developed chest, his small waist, straight well-formed leg, and small and beautifully shaped foot, formed a union of muscular power and gracefulness not often met with in the same individual. His dress, too, was in such perfect taste, joined to extreme plainness and simplicity, as to contribute to the nobility of carriage and dignified elegance in every motion, which attracted people's notice even as he passed them in the streets.

Such was Harry Sumner. The last echoes of the hour just announced by the most dilatory of the church clocks were dreamily slumbering off to silence in the night air, as he loitered, unperceived, into the quadrangle. He had scarcely reached the dark, shadowy-looking mass of undergraduates, when a sudden hush of the crowd, like the instantaneous subsiding of a tempest, informed him that that moment of moments—the most exciting in his life, perhaps, to a University man—had at last arrived. You could hear the quick panting of some, the

heavy breathing of others, the almost convulsive gasping of not a few, as a sound of unbarring and unlocking grated on the silence. Sumner had imagined that he had brought himself to a state of tolerable indifference as to his own place in the forthcoming list, and he was half ashamed to find himself riveted for a moment or two to the spot; his heart beating against his side, his pulse throbbing heavily, and his eyes fixed upon the Schools door. Moses, who was now fumbling at the inside of the door, had been a Baliol scout. Encroaching years and milk-punch heel-taps had shaken sensibly nerves never the strongest. Of all days in the year, these two half-yearly recurring ones were the most terrific to Moses; and of all moments, that particular one at which he had now arrived, when he must open the Schools door, list in hand, in the face of that tumultuous and reckless crowd outside. He was trying hard to screw his courage up to the sticking point, as he delayed and delayed, fumbling at the lock and bars. But the dreaded "gowns" could not wait upon the pleasure of Moses' nerves. The tempest of shouts and noises, and thunderings on the beattered door, increased to a force truly appalling.

"Now then, you fumbling old toper! make haste, or we'll batter the door about your ears!"

"Come, look sharp, Moses!"

"Thou venerable Hebrew, there's a bowl of milk-punch waiting for you at Brasenose!"

"Listen here, Moses; if you don't instantly open the door, we'll strap you on to Magdalen Bridge, and leave you there all night to chirrup to the Chervell, as sure as my name's Smith!"

"Come, open the door, Moses, there's a good fellow! we're all as quiet as lambs just foaled!"

Such were some of the encouraging sentiments which, mingled with groans, and hisses, and shrieks, and mews, and hee-haws, and grunts, and every imaginable contortion of sound of which the human voice is susceptible, went ringing through the door into the ears of the trembling Moses.

At length the door slowly creaked upon its hinges, and a dull lantern-light came struggling through the crevice, and lurked into the moonlight. In an instant back flew the door, over went poor Moses, the list and the lantern were snatched out of his hand. "Pass him on!" shouted several voices. He was instantly elevated upon some one's shoulders: "Pass him on, pass him on!" echoed through the quadrangle; and the timorous old scout was hoisted up, and sent dipping and rising again over the heads of the crowd, like a porpoise in a rolling sea. The man who had got possession of the list and lantern was elevated on the shoulders of two of his friends, and proceeded to read out the names.

"Where is Sumner? What class has Sumner got?" shouted a knot of Baliol men; and the cry was echoed by numbers of men of other colleges from all parts of the crowd.

"All in good time—take them in turn," screamed the reader.

Meanwhile, Sumner, after a few irresistible

moments had passed, had resumed his indifference, at least, in manner; and sauntering away from the spot on which he stood, had joined the knot of men of his own college, who seemed more anxious than himself to learn his fate. By the help of the lantern the reader proceeded forthwith to read "the list:—"

"FIRST CLASS."

"Browne	Ch. Ch.
Bearish	Ch. Ch.
Easter	Oriel
Jocky	Trinity
Lamb	Baliol
Sims	B. N."

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!" shouted the crowd of listeners; a cry which was repeated as each name and college was read out.

The Honourable Mr. Browne, Ch. Ch., was the man who had occupied the time that elapsed before the list came out in pacing up and down between the north and south sides of the quadrangle. He went to his rooms, where a party had been invited, somewhat prematurely, to supper—drank to excess—and became, as we may perhaps see in the course of this history, what he had not been before, a dissolute person ever afterwards. Lamb, who was standing with his friends, the knot of Baliol men, was being overwhelmed with their congratulations. In the transport of the moment, not waiting to hear Sumner's name, so soon as he heard his own read out, he hurried away from his friends' congratulations, to write a letter to his mother, conveying the welcome intelligence.

"Second Class," shouted the reader.

A cold perspiration stood on Sumner's face and forehead.

"Why, Sumner, how is this? Not a first for you?" asked one of his friends.

"Well, I am as disappointed as if it had been myself," said another.

"I did not expect a first," he replied.

"Perhaps not; but we did, and so did Conway and every one else," was the reply.

"Doodle Magd. Hall"

"Hurra! hurra!"

"Dummy Mer.

Fast N. I. Hall"

"Bravo! Hurra for New Inn Hall!" echoed from all parts of the crowd.

"Friar Oriel

Feeder Queen's

Haviland Wadham

Herrytick St. Mary H.

Jones Jes.

Puseybury St. John's

Smith Brasenose"

"Now for it, Sumner; here are the S.'s," said his friends.

The pulsation of Sumner's heart might have been heard, as it thumped heavily against his breast.

"Smith Univ.
Solley, Harry Oriel
Solley, Edward Magd."

"Ten pounds to five it is the next!" said Lionel Roakes.

"Somcr——"

"There it is! won, by Jove!" he exclaimed, not noticing in his eagerness the slight difference in the pronunciation.

"Somerville N. I. Hall."

"Bravo New Inn Hall!" shouted the crowd.

"Sneak St. Ma. H."

"It must be next," said Roakes. "why, there can't be any more S.'s on the board."

"Soapy Worcester,"
proceeded the "lector."

"Yorkshire Queen's
Yucannan Ch. Ch."

"Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Sumner's Balian friends all at once: "there must have been some foul play."

"Not at all, my dear fellows," he replied; "the fact is, I'm plucked"

"Third Class!" shouted the reader.

At this moment, a loud, shrill yell burst from the red-haired man, who had never moved from his position since the time he first assumed it to this moment, and springing up into the air, he brandished his arms at the moon; howled and shrieked alternately; and as he rushed and leaped about the quadrangle, his hair streamed in the white beams of the moon, which looked placidly down upon his frenzy. He was not named in either the first or second classes, and the disappointment, after three years' reading and anxiety, had driven him raving mad!

Sumner waited out the reading of the third class; and having explained to his friends that he was plucked for copying, a fact of which they could by no means be brought to admit the possibility, and about which there has consequently hung a mystery in their minds up to the present moment,—a mystery they will not be sorry to find thus accounted for—hurried off to Lamb's rooms. He knew that not many minutes would elapse before his disaster would be known to every man in college; and fearing lest Lamb, conjecturing the cause, should immediately set out in search of one of the examiners, and explain how the matter really stood, he was anxious to be in time to deter him. He found "the oak sported," and was just meditating in what places he would be most likely to meet with him, when he heard his footsteps on the wide old oaken stairs.

"A first of course?" exclaimed Lamb, as soon as he recognised his friend.

"No; you know I did not expect a first. But do let me congratulate you, Arthur, on the happy end of all your desperately hard work," said Sumner, grasping his friend's hand, and shaking it long and heartily. "Upon my honour as a gentleman, I would rather have been plucked than that you should have missed your classes. Have you written the news to your mother and sister?"

"I have just returned from putting a letter to that effect into the post; I was just in time," said Lamb. "So you've only got a second! I begin to think there is a great deal of humbug in it all. Fancy—the wise world will think Arthur Lamb a cleverer fellow than Harry Sumner!"

By this time the door had been unlocked, and the two friends were in Lamb's rooms.

"Now sport your oak, will you?" said Sumner: "I wish to say a word or two to you. But you must give me your solemn promise that, without my permission, you will never mention the subject to any human being—man, woman, or child."

"Very well," Lamb replied.

"You promise?"

"I do."

"On your honour?"

"Honour bright."

"Another promise I must have," said Sumner: "will you give me your word you will listen to all I have to say before you do anything?"

"What do you mean?"

"Give me your word that, if I try to dissuade you from taking certain steps you may feel at first inclined to take, you will give the fullest consideration to every argument I bring forward?"

"You have it. But what can you mean?" said Lamb, regarding his friend with a fixed, and rather a dull scrutinizing gaze. "Sumner," he proceeded, at length, "you have lost your first through my copying! you have been degraded to a second through me! Now tell me, is not that the fact?"

"It is not," replied Sumner; "it's worse than that, old fellow. Now, no nonsense; mind, you're under a solemn promise:—what do you think of my being plucked?"

"Ah! what do I think of that?" ejaculated Lamb, chuckling. "You *have* got a first then?"

"No, seriously," said Sumner to his rather slow friend, and laughing heartily at the same time; "upon my word, they have refused me my *testamur*."

"Plucked! plucked!" exclaimed he; "impossible—I can't believe it! For copying from me?"

"Well—eh? not exactly.—No!" replied Sumner, hesitating, for he was slightly thrown off his guard by the question put to him: but recovering himself, he uttered the concluding monosyllable of his answer with a positiveness and decision which he hoped would have made up for his previous uncertainty of manner.

"Sumner," said Lamb, "you are not being frank; you are being very unlike yourself. If you don't choose to be open with me, I shall be off to the examiners themselves at once."

"I tell you what, Arthur, if you do anything of the sort, I will never forgive you."

"I should never forgive myself if you're plucked through me. I declare to you I will start instantly if you do not tell me whether or not what I suspect be true. Not that I have any doubt about it: I know it is so. Now tell me, that's a good fellow, is it not?"

"Will you promise not to say a word to them if I tell you?" asked Sumner.

"No, I will not," he replied, placing his cap on his head, and snatching up his gown.

"Arthur," said Sumner, gravely advancing to his friend, and placing his hand on his shoulder, "you gave me your word of honour you would never mention the subject to any one, and that you would listen to all I had to say, and weigh it well."

"Hang my word of honour sky-high. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*" replied Lamb, angrily, and he made a movement towards the door.

"Well, I have always taken you for a man of your word!" said Sumner.

"I almost wish I had neither a word nor an honour," replied Lamb, hastily, and, dashing his gown and cap upon the sofa, he flung himself back in the chair in which he had read himself into a first class.

"But you have got both, old fellow," said Sumner.

"And now just listen to me. What does it matter to me my not getting through? I shall not have to—"

"Matter?" interrupted Lamb, "as much as it does to me! It shan't be! and nothing you can say shall dissuade me from that."

"Now let us have a little manners. Don't interrupt me," replied Sumner; "you really are the very most obstinate fellow of my acquaintance."

"So I may be, and so I mean to be, about this," he replied.

"Will you promise me—I ask you as a favour, not to do anything about it before the morning?" asked Sumner.

"I will not."

"My dear fellow, just think how pleased the old boy will be!"

"The old tyrant! it is just all through him that this has happened! What do I want with a first class?" And, starting from his chair, he paced up and down the room in a very ill frame of mind with regard to all obligations of filial dutifulness.

"I shall have no hopes of you if you talk in that way," said Sumner. "Just imagine what exquisite pleasure the news of your first class will afford that sweet sister of yours, and the dear old lady, whom I love as much as you do,—a great deal more, I shall begin to think, if you go on in this way; I can just fancy her eyes filling with tears as she reads your letter, and then her having a hearty good cry for joy."

"Oh, the letter!" exclaimed Lamb, "true, I had forgotten that. I must be off to the office, and see if I cannot recover it."

"That is impossible," replied Sumner, "the office has been shut this hour, and, if it were not, they

would not return it to you. By ten o'clock to-morrow morning your father, and mother, and sister, will have all read your letter; and you are not going to be so wantonly cruel as to occasion them such a bitter disappointment as you propose, when I beseech you and entreat you as a friend, as the greatest favour you can render me, to let things be as they are. I declare to you I feel a greater happiness at being instrumental in causing so much joy to your mother and sister, than if I had got a first and carried off the Newdigate, and all the prizes, and fellowships, and that sort of thing, the whole University has to offer. Besides, by-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that I am to go up again next time, and shall, perhaps, get a first instead of a second."

"You're a clever fellow, Sumner," said his friend. "It all sounds very true and pretty what you say, but it does not convince me. And you are to have the bore of staying up at this detestable place another half year."

"Oh! as to that," replied Sumner, "I should rejoice if I were to have to sojourn in this glorious old monkish-looking city all my life."

"Monkeyish, you mean," said Lamb.

"Punning, positively! well, I am glad to observe you are getting into a better humour," remarked Sumner, almost hoping that his friend had relented.

"And all the racking anxiety of another honour examination," exclaimed Lamb, from the midst of a brown study into which he had plunged, "I won't hear of it! It shall not be!"

"My dear fellow, you will not remember," pursued the indefatigable Sumner, "that I have not the same cause for anxiety about it as you have had; and as to the honour and glory of it, I don't care the matter of that about it," said he, filiping his fingers in the air; "I am profoundly indifferent to it."

"Not you," answered Lamb. "However, nothing you can say shall persuade me to have a first class at the expense of your pluck, and so now here goes;" and he again moved towards the door, having assumed his cap and gown rather more quietly this time than the previous one.

"Only wait till the morning," entreated Sumner, detaining him, "I ask you as a favour."

At this moment Lamb's oak was threatened with speedy demolition by a thundering battery outside.

"Who's that?" exclaimed Sumner, opening the door. "What now, Roakes? Been ill-treating that poor wretch Moses? too full of milk-punch to get home, eh?"

"Oh! here's the devil to pay!" exclaimed Lionel Roakes, as soon as the oak had answered his uncere-monious salutations. "Here's that ugly red-haired Teddy-Hall man, as mad as a Bedlamite. He's got into my rooms, nobody knows how. He swears they are his, and that he's tutor of Baliol. He's savage, and makes such hideous noises, and looks so queer, that I'm afraid to touch him. Do come and help me with him."

Away went Sumner and Lamb immediately with Roakes to assist him in disposing of his unwelcome

visitant. On entering the room, sure enough, there was the red-haired man crouched up in a corner of the room. The light of two large naphtha lamps fell on his wild eyes, as he regarded the three with that peculiar demoniac stare, that look of cowardly ferocity, which is the almost invariable accompaniment of a deranged intellect.

"Come, old carrot, turn out of that; get to your own quarters, or I shall have to make you!" was Roakes's agreeable salutation, who himself exhibited symptoms of a tolerably regular nightly weakness, which rendered his voice a trifle thick, and his gait a trifle unsteady.

"Don't speak to the poor fellow in that coarse way, Roakes," whispered Sumner, "or you may manage him by yourself. What can be the use of irritating him?"

During the few moments occupied by Sumner in whispering these words to Roakes, the poor maniac was wildly eying each of the three in turn. "U-z-z-z," he howled through his clenched teeth. "What are you going to move me for? First class, Rudolph, St. Edmund Hall. Ha! ha! ha! Tutor of Baliol! Go from my rooms, gentlemen."

"Now, my poor fellow, what do you want? you are unwell," said Lamb, walking towards him. "Will you take my arm and allow me to show you home?"

The madman, as Lamb approached him, slowly reared himself up in his corner, trembling violently; his arms and hands remained hanging down, rigidly fixed against his sides, as they had done in the quadrangle whilst he was awaiting the reading of the list, but with the rest of his short thick frame trembling and shuddering, while his hair stood out on end. His bloodshot eyes glared so fearfully upon Lamb, who, not very wisely, had now approached close to him, that the poor fellow's heart failed him just as he was about to extend his arm, and he began to make a movement backward. The wretched being perceiving this, uttered a hideous howl, and snatching a sharp, pointed knife from his pocket, struck upwards, and plunged it into Arthur Lamb's side to the very hilt. He made a spring into the air, and fell down upon the floor of Roakes's rooms a corpse. The maniac, wildly yelling, rushed into the college quadrangle, where, in the course of an hour, he was with considerable difficulty secured. Poor Sumner remained for some minutes fixed to the spot, perfectly motionless. The blow which had killed his friend had stunned himself. He could not remove his eyes from the fearful corpse at his feet; and had not life enough within him to render the slightest assistance. And none he could have rendered, had he been able, would have been of any service to his friend lying dead at his feet. He even saw not the bustling, officious, and coarse proceedings of Lionel Roakes. At length, bursting into tears of the bitterest agony, he fell prostrate on the corpse, and, laying upon the face of his friend, now no more, his own pale cheek, sobbed like a child.

CHAPTER IV.

"Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With something trembles, yet at nothing grieves."

Richard II. Act ii. sc. 5.

"You are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again."

Julius Cæsar, Act iv. sc. 3.

Mrs. SUMNER, at her daughter's earnest entreaties, prolonged her stay in Hyde Park Gardens considerably beyond the time she had originally proposed. Tenderly had Mrs. Perigord ever loved her mother; and if she were conscious of a sensation of *dread* at the prospect of her departure, little recked she of any other cause for its existence. She loved her husband, it is true,—loved him passionately; and yet it was not to be expected that that passion should render her insensible to the separation from her mother, she was now for the first time about to experience. A new fireside, a new home, a new object of daily veneration and love, a new converse, a new locality, new friends and scenes. Oh! how vividly each familiar object of her early years rose before her mind now! The dear old cottage at Bribeworth; the bed-room which overlooked the still, broad river; and into the windows of which the roses peeped in spring and summer; the dining-room, from underneath whose windows a myrtle hedge breathed its fragrance into the apartments, and in front of which a small copse of beeches, aspens, firs, and elms, concealed the lower part of a hill which sloped upwards to a great height behind them; the drawing-room opening on the well-kept lawn, studded with evergreen and other shrubs, standard rose-trees, and fantastic flower receptacles of every size and description, and jewelled on summer nights with the "glowworm's ineffectual fire," the stock of which it had been for years her constant pleasure and amusement to keep replenished from the green lanes in the neighbourhood. Every flower almost in the garden, its exact position, and its very history, the rose-trees she herself had budded, the laurustinus hedge, in which the thrushes and blackbirds built, and, more precious than all, the dear bright face and active figure of her mother, which were associated with these things; now superintending the domestic arrangements in the drawing or dining-room, now talking with her by the hour together in her bed-room, at one time briskly gathering nosegays wherewith to bedeck and scent the rooms, at another watering the flowers, raking and hoeing at times, or sitting under the trees hard at work for some poor neighbour,—all came vividly up before her mind, as though she were amongst them still. She could feel almost as though she were, so long as that tenderly beloved parent remained who caused them to be so dear to her. But as the time for her departure drew on, she began to experience that sinking sensation which the words "good bye" can scarcely ever be uttered without producing. How much more under such circumstances as the present!

Thus at all events did Lucy Perigord account for that excessive depression,—a sensation amounting to dread,—which almost overpowered her, as the unwelcome day of separation drew near; and lent an eloquence altogether irresistible to her appeals to her mother in behalf of a much longer visit. Whether what she supposed did fully account for it, or some other unperceived cause contributed; certain it is that the feeling, instead of diminishing, gained strength from day to day.

About a week has now elapsed since the last of those days on which she received her friends as the bride of George Jones Thompson Perigord, Esq. Mrs. Sumner is to leave the following day. It is nine o'clock A.M. Breakfast is in readiness in the apartment appropriated to that meal. A bust of Pitt, finely executed by Gibson, on the nose of which a bluebottle is busily washing its wings and face, stares with lack-lustre eyes from the top of an alabaster pedestal at Mr. Perigord, who is at present the only occupant of the room. He is reposing in an extensive attitude in an easy chair. A well-bred spaniel of the King Charles breed is lying near him at full length upon the velvet pile carpet, against which it incessantly strikes its tail, which is wagging with delight at its master's unwonted condescension. For Mr. Perigord has indeed vouchsafed to place his foot against its side, and is abstractedly rubbing it with his polished leather slipper; whilst "Harry," with one paw on his master's shining foot, is licking off the polish in a determined and luxurious manner.

And what are the subjects that so engross Mr. Perigord's thoughts as to render him insensible to the polish of his slippers? Is he lost in admiration of the deep experimental wisdom of Aristotle's ethical system? Or deciding whether he held the immortality of the soul? Or is it his philosophy of rhetoric that thus engrosses him? Is he wrapt in the mazy but profound speculations of Plato, and allowing himself to be delivered of his ignorance in true Socratic style? Or is he engaged in a critical comparison of Aristophanes, Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, Pope, Byron, and Cervantes, as satirists? The Straussian philosophy—the new generation—railroads—are these, or topics like them, the subjects of his thoughts? Or is he thinking of the beauty and goodness of his young bride, and of his bright prospects of domestic bliss? Of none of these things is Mr. Perigord thinking. He is musing on his re-election for Oxford; on his speeches in Parliament, so argumentative, so business-like, and practical; on his gift of memory, which has made him master of Hansard, and enables him at any time to confute any opponent out of his own mouth; on the prospects of his party; on his recent advancement to office. He remembers that Mr. Perigord was a first-class man at Oxford; why should he despair, he asks himself, of attaining to the first place in the ministry? Why should not Mr. Perigord be one day sent for by her Majesty to form a Cabinet? And more and more vivid, and apparently within reach, became these dissolving views of his own promotion. So deeply was he immersed in them, that he heard

not the gay footsteps of his wife when she entered the apartment.

Lightly Mrs. Perigord tripped up to her husband's chair, and stood for a few seconds at his back waiting for a lucid interval. Then, by a sudden impulse of playfulness, she threw her arms round his neck, imprinted a kiss upon his forehead, and offered him the largess of a penny for his thoughts.

Had she a distant hope that she herself might have a place in those profound musings? He was playing with her favourite dog, her brother's namesake,—why not?

The suddenness of his wife's salutation deprived Mr. Perigord for a few moments of his usual self-possession. He had just been made First Lord of the Treasury, and he was instantaneously displaced. Starting from his chair with undiplomatic rapidity, the bluebottle flew buzzing off from Pitt's nose in a fright, while an alabaster Italian boy all but left off picking the thorn from his foot; (an occupation he had been assiduously engaged in ever since he had first received the honour of a place in Mr. Perigord's breakfasting apartment)—down went a cut-glass sugar vase, set in a richly chased silver frame of slender proportions, and powdered the velvet-pile carpet with its contents; and poor Harry, receiving a great part of the weight of Mr. Perigord's body on his ribs, set up a piteous howling, rushed away a few paces to get clear of the mischief, and then came cringing back, bending and trailing along its body, turning up its head, and wagging its tail, as though it would ask pardon for not having been quite abolished, or for not having borne its agony more quietly. Whether George Jones Thompson Perigord, Esq. was irated at being so unceremoniously translated from the Cabinet Council to his own breakfasting room, or at the rapidity of movement into which he had been betrayed, and which had resulted in so much awkwardness, or by a slight pain he was suffering from having struck his knee against the arm of the chair in withdrawing his foot too rapidly from the yelping spaniel, or by all combined,—into a considerable state of excitement that gentleman undoubtedly broke. Poor supplicating Harry was received with a kick that sent him limping and yelping in piteous fashion to the other end of the room, pursued by the following imprecatory address:

"Take that, you ungainly, noisy, little mischievous br—ho—cur." And then, recovering himself somewhat—"Lucy," he continued, calmly, "I have a great aversion to such a childish flow of animal spirits. I think them very much in the way. I should recommend your giving them more unrestricted play at Pendlebury, if you cannot restrain them here."

Mrs. Perigord, the moment the blow had been struck, had hastened to her little favourite, and snatching it up in her arms,

"O George, dear!" she exclaimed, in a gently deprecatory tone of voice, "how could you do so?"

The poor unoffending little brute turned its grateful face up towards its mistress's, subdued its cries of

pain to a gentle whine of satisfaction, wagged its tail, and licked with its tongue; as though it would communicate some of the black polish of the slippers to the exquisite white and pink of its mistress's complexion, as she stroked its glossy black and tan coat, and its long silken ears, and fondled it in her bosom, soothing it, as it were, with such expressions of sympathy as the following, "O my poor, poor little pet! My darling Harry! never mind, Harry, my treasure!"

Her husband's words fell upon her ear just as she was endeavouring to repress the tears which came into her eyes at the sight of poor Harry's sufferings and gratitude. Both were too much for her. Her bosom heaved and swelled with emotion; and the tears she could no longer restrain fell in torrents from her eyes.

"My dear, you are ever in extremes," said her husband, with his hand on the bell-handle, "you oscillate between fits of tears and practical jokes. I scarcely know which pleases me least. I do not like a romp."

At this inauspicious moment, Mrs. Sumner, who was just descending the staircase when the various noises of which her daughter had been the inadvertent cause ascended from the breakfast-room, entered the apartment. As ill luck would have it, a more *mal-à-propos* observation could not have been devised, considering her son-in-law's peculiar temperament, than that with which she greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Perigord! What a noisy couple you are!" Then passing to her daughter, and giving her the usual maternal salutation, always so affectionately returned, "Why, my dear, you are in tears!" she said, "what is the matter?"

A whole tide of bitter emotions had to be turned back in Mrs. Perigord's breast before she could regain her usual gaiety. It cost her one irrepressible convulsive sob; and then, regarding her mother with one of the brightest of her most bright smiles,

"My poor little pet has been hurt all through me, mamma," she said, "it is all over now, is it not, Harry? Pretty fellow!" And stooping down she smoothed his glossy coat with her white fingers.

"What was it? How did you manage it? How did you hurt him, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Sumner.

"I found dear George deep in thought, when I came into the room; and like a foolish, mad, school girl that I am, I came softly behind him, and startled him so suddenly, that, in rising from his chair, he accidentally trod upon my poor little pet."

"Lucy has a trifle too much of the nursery about her, Mrs. Sumner. Her spirits are exuberant to a fault," observed Mr. Perigord.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Sumner, whose noble disposition was perhaps at times a trifle too tropical. "Tis astonishing how soon after marriage men begin to find out faults. I think it was a capital joke. I should have done just the same."

"I can readily believe it," said Mr. Perigord, cynically.

"O dear mamma! no," exclaimed Lucy, "I am sure it was very stupid and childish of me. I cannot think how I could have been so silly. It would have served me right if George had been very angry with me." And betaking herself to an ivory tea-chest inlaid with silver and tortoise-shell, she said to her husband in passing, in a low suppressed whisper, "I beg your pardon, George dear, do forgive me."

At this moment there was a double knock at the door, and Miss Fonderson made her appearance,—an addition to the breakfast party, which was not long after followed by that of Mr. Banbury.

Nothing could have surpassed the benevolent expression of Miss Fonderson's very plain countenance, as she sat lazily discussing some of the many viands beneath which Mr. Perigord's table groaned. The occupation, however, in which her attention was engaged, was that of watching first her niece, and then her niece's husband, and revolving in her good-natured mind the peculiarly fortunate nature of that man's destiny who possessed such a wife.

"Well, I'm sure I do think myself so fortunate in having such a niece as you have—what d'ye call it?—you know—haven't you, Mr. Perigord?" she said, addressing that gentleman, who regarded her in return with an incredulous sort of scrutinizing gaze, as though he would ascertain whether his wife's venerable spinster relative had quite reached her second childhood. "When is my nephew expected, Fanny?" she continued, turning herself towards her sister, and in so doing inflicting some further damage upon the ill-starred "King Charles:" who, with a discernment of character that would have done honour to Shakspeare himself, had stationed himself on his hind legs, with his front paws on the edge of her chair, and for the last five minutes had been indulging at intervals in sundry intonations, with the view of intimating to a lady, of whose benefactions he had so often been the recipient, that such a being as "Harry" the spaniel was at her side, and expecting a morsel of tongue, or whatever else she could conveniently spare. His benefactress, however, had grown deafer and deafer of late; so that, all insensible to his intimations, instead of attending to his wishes, in turning round to address her sister, she contrived to pinch his front legs, and, with a substantially-soled prunella shoe, kicked his hinder ones. What poor Harry's way of accounting for these unnecessary kicks and pinches may have been, it is not permitted us to know; only he had excellent lungs, and this fresh assault upon his rather fragile anatomy provoked another howl, so startling, that some coffee, which was just at the moment trying to find its way down Mr. Perigord's throat, took a wrong turning, and, to Miss Fonderson's unspeakable amusement, sent him off into a series of half-choking coughs, very disturbing to his phlegmatic frame, and injurious to the dignity of his demeanour.

As soon as he had recovered sufficient composure, he rose from his chair, rung the bell, and desired a footman who answered it, to remove "that dog!"

"I do not know when Harry is coming," said Mrs. Sumner, in reply to her sister, "I have been expecting

to hear from him every day for the last week. I thought he would have been here himself before this. I begin to be quite anxious about him. What can be the reason he has not written? That spiteful woman has frightened me."

"What! Mrs. Roakes, Fanny?" inquired Miss Fonderson, indignantly. "Something about a rowing set—let me see—wasn't it?—pooh—pooh!—Wicked woman!—What! Harry, my nephew, wasn't it she said?—Nonsense, Fanny!"

"But I can't help being anxious about him, my dear," replied Mrs. Sumner. "They are dangerous places, those colleges, for young men. He was so religious as a boy; he has certainly been much less so of late years. And if he should have been led astray by a parcel of loose, dissipated young men! He is too good-natured!"

"Pooh, pooh! all a pack o' nonsense, Fanny!—Young men, you know—He is as good as a clergyman now."

"But his examinations must be over; are they not, Mr. Banbury?" said Mrs. Sumner.

"Quite so," replied that gentleman. "'Em!—and, you see—"

"And I have not received even a line from him!" she continued.

Mr. Perigord attempted to appease his mother-in-law's timid anxiety, by informing her, that mothers must not expect their sons at the University to be very regular correspondents.

"But he might have written just to tell me what class they had given him, Mr. Perigord,—might he not?" she replied.

"I received a letter a few days ago from Mr. Conway, the tutor of Balliol," replied that gentleman, "in which he informed me that he had seen Harry's papers, and that they would insure him a first.—By-the-bye, my dear," he continued, addressing his wife, "I must request you to drop Mrs. Roakes's acquaintance after returning her visit. I cannot support her vulgarity."

"But her daughter," timidly suggested his wife. "Poor Laura Roakes! I pity her so. She is so good, so different from her mother. May I not show her some little attention? Do let me."

"You cannot cut the mother and notice the daughter, my dear. She must take the consequences of having such a mother. No; I request that your return call may be your last upon that family," replied Mr. Perigord.

"Very well, if you wish it, George dear; but I am very sorry, for poor Laura's sake."

Rap—tap at this moment sounded upon the great doors of Mr. Perigord's mansion, and went thundering down Hyde Park Gardens, to the very last house in the row.

"The postman!" exclaimed Mrs. Sumner.

"Oh, here's the post!" exclaimed Miss Fonderson, chuckling with delight. "Now for a letter from the Parliament man!"

"I do hope there is a letter from Harry," said Mrs. Perigord.

"I suppose he is sure to join our party," said Mr. Perigord, half musingly.

"Oh, he's a thorough Tory," replied Miss Fonderson; "none of your—what d'ye call 'ems?—revolution people—Whigs, is it not?—Lord John Russell, you know, and Sir Robert Peel,—don't you know? Don't they say so?"

Mr. Perigord smiled contempt at his wife's aunt, who, however clear may have been her ideas, had not, it must be confessed, the clearest method of expressing them, and received a considerable budget of letters from the golden salver on which they were handed to him by his man in waiting.

"There is a letter from Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord, whose keen sight detected his handwriting amidst the whole packet of letters. "I know his hand!"

"I wish you would not be so excitable," said Mr. Perigord, as he sorted the letters with provoking slowness. "One for Mrs. Sumner; three for Lucy."

"Now, do make haste, Mr. Perigord!" said Mrs. Sumner, in a half-supplicating, half-impatient tone. "Don't be so slow. What a provoking man you are!"

"Hand this to Mrs. Sumner, Sykes," said that gentleman to his domestic, not noticing his mother-in-law's impatience, "these to Mrs. Perigord, and take these to my library."

"Then Harry's is to me," exclaimed Mrs. Perigord. "I dare say, mamma, he does not know whether you are still here or at Bribeworth."

"What does he say? when is he coming?" inquired Miss Fonderson, as her niece opened the letter from Oxford, with hands trembling with emotion.

"A first class, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Perigord.

Mrs. Perigord's snow-white forehead flushed, and the colour went and came on her cheeks as she perused her brother's letter. Her lips became ashy pale, and trembled violently. The quick eye of the anxious mother instantly detected the sort of emotions her son's letter was exciting in his sister's bosom.

"Oh, my child!" she exclaimed, "has anything happened to him? Lucy, Lucy, what is the matter? Something has happened to him!—Tell me, Lucy!"

"Not the worst!" replied her daughter, who was moved to her heart of hearts with conflicting emotions, and yet instantly reflected that it would be the best kindness to allow her mother to fear the worst kind of intelligence for a second or two.

"O Lucy, don't distract me, what is it? He's not expected to recover—I know it is," exclaimed Mrs. Sumner, regarding her daughter with a look of agony.

"No, dear mamma, not so bad as that!" she replied.

"Lucy, I can bear it no longer. I shall start for Oxford instantly."

"You could do no good, mamma. The fact is, he has been unsuccessful at his examination."

"Is that all?" inquired Mrs. Sumner; "God be praised! How cruel of you, Lucy, to keep me in such terrible suspense!" And she heaved a deep sigh of relief, as though a whole mountain of woes had at that moment fallen from off her.

Miss Fonderson was all agape; Mr. Banbury was regarding the lovely reader with a look of mingled astonishment and inquiry. Even Mr. Perigord condescended to be interested about the particulars; and requested his wife to read aloud that part of her brother's letter which referred to his Oxford proceedings. She instantly proceeded to comply with his request, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have a most doleful letter to write to you. I am not in spirits to make it a long one, and it is perhaps as well that I cannot. As it is, it must be strangely dissonant with those happy circumstances which at present surround you—"

Mrs. Perigord could read no farther; at this point she entirely lost the control which, up to this moment, she had exercised over her feelings; her voice faltered, sobs choked her utterance, and in a paroxysm of tears the more violent, because it had been so long repressed, she besought her mother to pass the letter to her husband.

"George will read it," she said. "I cannot, it is so horrible."

"Lucy," said Mrs. Sumner, receiving the letter from her daughter, "it is worse than you have told me; I am certain it is; something has happened to Harry! Mr. Perigord, excuse a mother's anxiety;" and instead of passing on the letter, she proceeded to read it aloud herself.—

"—Happy circumstances, which at present surround you. I have been as unsuccessful in the schools as I well could; the fact is, I have not got through at all. *I cannot tell you the reason; and you must never ask me.* But I am going up again in October, and the examiners give me hope—I might almost say certainty, of a first. The worst news remains. Poor Lamb is no more. He lost his life suddenly in a most fearful manner, after having obtained a class higher than his father required. But for this, I should have been with you several days ago, to wish you a long career of domestic happiness. The day before yesterday I saw the earth close over all that was mortal of my poor friend. Five days ago, in health and youth, a first-class man; now in the world of spirits! what is his class now to him! I am no divine, but I trust there is no harm in praying that God may give rest to his soul; I can write no more. Love—most affectionate love, to my dearest mother." ("Dear boy!" broke in Miss Fonderson. Mrs. Sumner whimpered.) "Is she with you, or at Bribeworth?" ("Ah! I thought that was the reason you had not heard from him before!" again interrupted the spinster aunt.) "I have been so dreadfully shocked and depressed, that I *could* not write before. You may, however, expect me to-morrow by an early train. Remember me warmly to your husband. Ever my dearest Lucy,

"Your affectionate brother,
"HARRY SUMNER."

"And no message to me!" exclaimed Miss Fonderson, when the reading of the letter was concluded.

"Oh, but to be sure, he doesn't know, no—of course, Well, dear fellow, but I am so distressed—Those horrid examiners! I'm sure it's their faults."

Meanwhile Mr. Perigord, by a dignified extension of his left brachial development, and expansion of his very white but rather large manual ditto, had given Mrs. Sumner to understand, that, now a mother's anxiety was adequately relieved, it would be grateful to him if she were to pass on the epistle to its original destination. By mutual tacit consent, conversation stopped; and every one was occupied in silence, with his or her own thoughts. Meanwhile Mr. Perigord read and re-read Harry Sumner's letter. Then crumpling it up in his clenched hand, he mused awhile; and rising from his chair, walked up and down the room, in a manner unusually excited for him, exclaiming with a pause of a few seconds between each word,

"Plucked!—plucked!—plucked!"

Then dashing the hand which held the letter on the table with great violence,

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "'tis too disgraceful. Could I but have known this was to come to pass a few months ago! I am ashamed of my connexion!"

This was too much for Mrs. Sumner to bear with equanimity; she moved slightly upon her chair, the blood mounted into her face and forehead; her eyes, whose brilliancy time even had not dimmed, flashed with indignation; her lips, trembling with energy, were just about to open for the utterance of something which would not have helped to pacify her enraged son-in-law; when Lucy, who had never before seen her husband in a rage, and was really terrified, touched her mother's arm, and with eyes filled with tears, beseeching as eloquently as her voice, implored her, in a low whisper, "As you love me, dearest mamma, do not, oh do not say a word. Remember your daughter's happiness!"

"Hoity toity!" exclaimed Miss Fonderson, "what's the matter now, Mr. Perigord? Bless me, how the kettle boils! the—what d'y'e call it—don't you know? the steam's up. There's a—wanting, what is it? steam-engines have—ez—ez—ez—safety-valve, isn't it?"

"Matter! what is the matter?" ejaculated Mr. Perigord, bitterly imitating the buzzing sort of chuckle with which the fond old lady usually interlarded her fragmentary sentences. "Your precious nephew has made a fool of me, ma'am. Who could possibly have imagined that he was going to be plucked, I should wish to know?"

"Eh, what is that? what did you say? Hem!" interrupted Mr. Banbury, looking about from one person to another in a very nervous and eager manner; "I think I prepared you for it: I told you what uncertain animals—no, I think it was you I said it to, Mrs. Sumner; was it not?"

"You did, you did," replied that lady, who had scarcely caught Mr. Banbury's question, and did not feel at all sure she was returning an appropriate answer.

"Oh, yes! well, an examination is decidedly the

most uncertain of all uncertainties," he continued: "it is quite a dodge to get what you want. One thing is certain, if Harry Sumner has not got a first, he ought to have had it. I don't think you need be so disturbed, Perigord. Really and truly, I had not so much reason for getting through as Harry; it's true I got up *well* what books I did take up. I fancy I can say them almost by heart."

Up to this moment Mrs. Perigord had been watching her husband with the most intense anxiety; now that he had resumed his seat, and supposing that she might venture to try and soothe the feelings of mortification and anger which she could not but own it was natural should be excited by her brother's disgrace, she rose from her seat, and advancing towards him, placed a chair by his side; which she had no sooner occupied than her husband left his own, and betook himself to his former perambulations on the velvet-pile carpet.

"George," she said, "he is going up again in October. The examiners themselves say he is certain of a first."

"I tell you he has made a greater fool of me than I was ever before made in my life, or *will be again*," replied her husband. "Here have I been preaching up his abilities and genius (if there is such a thing; I, for one, don't believe in it) to the minister, telling him he was a certain first, on the strength of what that fool Conway wrote me! and now if he isn't plucked!—plucked, I say! It all comes of——! I wish I had never—I wish—anything had happened rather than this!"

Poor Mrs. Perigord, suffering for her brother's misfortune, suffering for the depth to which he had sunk in her husband's estimation, suffering for her husband's disappointment, and for herself suffering far more keenly—she scarcely knew why, for she *would* not. She could not but be conscious, however, that it was by reason of certain words or phrases which fell upon her ears from her husband's mouth, jarring with an excruciating discord. Poor Lucy! good, beautiful, rich, courted, beloved, newly married to a husband she tenderly loved—the raggedest little urchin in a dirty town lane is happier than she!

"But, my dearest George," she said, looking up into her husband's face with an expression of the most imploring tenderness, "do not think so harshly of him; I feel sure it is not his fault. He says there is some reason he cannot explain. Besides, his class is only put off for a few months. Sir Robert need not know that he has been before the examiners at all."

"Some reason!" ejaculated Mr. Perigord: "yes, I have no doubt there is some reason, and a very good one too. Mrs. Roakes is right after all. The ill-nature you were making such a fuss about, does not turn out so gratuitous as you imagined."

"Talk of the—what is it?—bad one! *ez—ez—ez!* I think that is the proverb, is it not?" inquired Miss Fonderson.

"Talk of the bad one, I think you said, did you not? What were you going to say? He's sure to come, do you mean?" asked Mr. Banbury.

"Yes, to be sure; that is the proverb, is it not?" replied Miss Fonderson. "I think I know that knock from any one's. It's a tremendous knock—'as rushing out of doors,' *ez—ez—ez!*—is it not—the play; I forget those things, you know all about them, Mr. Banbury."

"What author do you allude to?" inquired the gentleman appealed to.

"Don't you know?" continued Miss Fonderson; "something about 'if Cæsar so unkindly knocked or no!'"

At this juncture of the conversation, Sykes, who was a bit of a humorist, flung open the breakfast-room door with that peculiar swing which he invariably reserved for Mrs. Roakes, and announced that lady with a pomposity amounting to bombast.

Mrs. Roakes entered in a great state of nervous flurry and excitement, her efforts to conceal which were very evident and very unsuccessful.

"Dear me! how early I am!" she said. "My dear Mrs. Perigord, I hope you will excuse my calling so early. How do you do, Mr. Perigord? I am quite ashamed to intrude upon your morning meal; but I thought you might not have heard from Oxford; and as I have—but I fear I am the messenger of ill tidings. Have you heard the Oxford news? My son Lionel has just come from there."

"And pray may I ask what your son Lionel says?" inquired Mr. Perigord.

"Dear me! have you not heard, Mr. Perigord? Mr. Sumner is plucked," she replied.

"I know it, madam—I know it," said that gentleman: "does your son Lionel throw any further light on the subject?"

"Have you not heard, Mrs. Sumner, what he was plucked for?" inquired Mrs. Roakes, glancing at Mrs. Perigord as she spoke.

"I have not," replied Mrs. Sumner; "from what we *have* heard, I should not think it very likely that you know correctly."

"Oh, now, do tell us; what is it?" asked Mr. Banbury.

"He was plucked for copying," replied Mrs. Roakes.

"What did you say, madam?" said Mr. Perigord, with an expression of countenance which did not escape his wife's anxious observation. "For copying, did you say?"

"For copying," was the reply; "it is well known all over Oxford."

"For copying!" echoed Mr. Perigord—"I cannot tell you the reason; and you must never ask me!" Of course not! Plucked—dishonourable! What next! Madam, I beg that you will excuse my seeming abruptness, but I have been so disturbed that I really must wish you good morning."

"Good morning!" echoed Mrs. Perigord, rising to take farewell of her visitor, who had intended her enjoyment of the discomfiture she had occasioned to be of rather longer duration.

"Good morning, Mrs. Roakes," said Mr. Banbury, "good morning! I am very much distressed to hear this."

"Good morning!" said Miss Fonderson, rising and approaching slowly Mrs. Roakes; "I hope the next intelligence you bring will be—what d'ye call it?—true!"

And Mrs. Roakes was fairly bowed out of No.—, Hyde Park Gardens.

"A story-telling, vulgar woman, say I!" ejaculated Miss Fonderson.

Mr. Perigord stood gazing at the door through which Mrs. Roakes had just passed, with brows knit and lips compressed. Whether from something in that gentleman's appearance and manner, or from an instinctive consciousness of the sort of thoughts that were boiling in his turbid mind, or from whatever other reason, another long silence ensued, which lasted throughout the whole time during which Mr. Perigord stood musing on his massy ivory-handled and ivory-hinged carved oak door. It was only once disturbed: and that was when Mrs. Perigord, whose fear and anxiety, as well as sundry other emotions, became absolutely intolerable, softly advancing to her husband, her deep blue eyes filled with tears, laid her snow-white fingers with almost imperceptible gentleness on his shoulders, and looking up into his overcast countenance with an expression of such beseeching and winning tenderness, as seemed sufficient to put a whole host of evil spirits to flight, said, in a voice trembling with timidity, as though afraid herself of what her love was urging her to do,—

"Dearest George!"

"Do not be absurd," was the amiable reply. "Have the goodness, Mrs. Perigord, to return to your seat, and perhaps in the course of the day you will write to your brother, and inform him that he had better not trouble himself to come to London. It would be disagreeable to me to have an interview with him just at present."

Mrs. Perigord, thus rebuffed, returned to her chair, as her husband had desired; and covering her face with her hands, she gave free vent to those tears which it was now wholly out of her power to control. Mr. Perigord remained another second or two gazing at the door, when it was suddenly opened by Sykes, and Harry Sumner stood before him.

"O Harry dear! O dear Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord, the instant she caught sight of him, at the same time hurrying to him and throwing herself into his arms,—*"I am so overjoyed to see you! What a miserable letter is yours! O my dear brother, I am so sorry for you?"*

Harry Sumner returned his sister's embraces with a warmth equal to her own, and then hastened to his mother, to give and receive the same greeting.

"My dear Harry, what have you been doing?" she said to him. "You have so disappointed me. I am afraid you have been joining a dissipated set of young men. You knew how I had set my heart on your distinguishing yourself at the examination."

"O dear mamma, do not speak so—pray do not," implored Mrs. Perigord of her affectionate but very strong-minded parent. "It was not his fault—indeed it was not. You never copied, did you, Harry dear?—say you did not."

Harry Sumner remained silent. His mother's rebuke had cut him to his very heart of hearts; the usually anxious expression of his noble forehead became more and more intense; the veins and muscles might have been seen moving and working, his chest heaved with emotion, but it was repressed, and he stood tearless and silent before his mother and sister.

"Oh, do not be angry, Harry dear," said the latter; "mamma does not mean all she says: she only wants to have the denial from your own lips. She knows you never copied, as well as I do. Say you did not. O do, Harry, for my sake."

Still silent and tearless stood her brother. Not a sound was heard in the room for several seconds, except the convulsive sobbing of the afflicted bride and sister, and the deep and heavy breathing of Harry Sumner.

Meanwhile Mr. Perigord had turned himself round, and almost mechanically approached a few paces nearer his brother-in-law, scrutinizing him with a gaze of the most earnest interest. At length, after waiting his reply for a few minutes, in breathless silence—

"He cannot!" he exclaimed angrily.

The rest of his sentence was interrupted by the entrance of Sykes, who placed a card in his master's hand, and added,—

"A gentleman is down-stairs, and wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him into the library, Sykes; I will be with him directly," said Mr. Perigord to his servant, and then turning again to Harry Sumner, "Mr. Sumner," he continued, "you have disappointed me; I had wished and hoped to have been such a friend to you as I anticipated being to my wife's brother: I tell you I repent of my connexion. You have been plucked, and plucked for a dishonourable action. Good morning, sir; I had hoped to be your friend."

Poor Sumner, who, in the midst of his noble qualities, possessed several foibles, inherited amongst these a somewhat tropical heat of blood. These insulting expressions of his sister's husband were of all others the very ones he was the least able to brook, as they were, in fact, the least applicable and the most odious to his chivalrously honourable nature; "You and your friendship may both go to the devil together!" he exclaimed with passionate vehemence, as Mr. Perigord left the apartment.

(To be continued.)

THAT which is best in our hearts, never comes forth from them.—*Lamartine.*

IN SHAKSPEARE, one sentence begets another naturally; the meaning is all *in-woven*. He goes on, kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes, and parts of scenes, which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun, after a great achievement of his highest genius.—*Cole-ridge's Table Talk.*

GRAHAM'S ISLAND, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,

IN the June number of your Magazine for 1846, I see Graham's Island mentioned under the head of "Remarkable Volcanic Phenomena." I happened to be coming from Malta in the *Melville*, at the very time this volcano was in full activity, and as I believe I am the only lady who had the opportunity of witnessing this remarkable and magnificent phenomenon, if you think the accompanying short notice (written from notes taken at the time) worthy of a place in your interesting periodical, you are most welcome to insert it.

F. M.

THOUGH it is now some years since this subterranean wonder appeared, yet it is a subject that can hardly be devoid of interest at any time to those who love to watch the wonderful works of God, displayed in the extraordinary as well as in the daily routine of his great creation; and whether we consider it as an outbreak from the volcanic vein which has shown itself at intervals in the north of Italy, then southwards at Vesuvius—the Lipari Islands—Etna, and the north of Africa, where the remains of extinct volcanoes are to be seen; or as a sudden burst of fire, which appeared for a time like a meteor on the bosom of the ocean, and almost as suddenly disappeared, leaving no visible trace behind; it certainly may claim a place among the natural phenomena which have at different periods excited our wonder and admiration.

The first appearance of this volcano was seen by the brig *Adelaide* on her passage from London to Malta, at 1 p. m. on the 18th July, 1831, in the form of a column of white smoke, rising out of the water, and distant about 15 miles. This after a time changed into columns of black smoke, intermixed with flame like lightning,—the surrounding water greatly agitated. Latitude, about 37° 10' north; longitude, 12° 30' east.

This account, which was confirmed by the report of other merchant vessels passing in the same direction, excited a great sensation in Malta; the inhabitants of which looked upon it as the precursor of some calamity, while some were desirous of ascertaining the exact nature and situation of the phenomenon, which was of the more importance, being in the direct track of vessels coming from the N. W., midway in the channel of Malta, between Pantellesia and Sicily; and the *Philomel* and *Hind* cutter were accordingly despatched to make observations. In the mean time H. M. brig *Rapid*, Capt Swinburne, on her way from Marseilles, had seen the new volcano, and brought many additional remarks, made by her intelligent commander and officers. Previous circumstances, frequently symptomatic of volcanic existence, had not been wanting, for on the eve of the 28th of June, when on the very spot where the island afterwards appeared, the *Britannia* and *Rapel* in company experienced the shock of an earthquake.

The *Philomel* and *Hind* shortly after returned, with accounts varying only from the former as to the increasing size of the island, and Admiral (then captain) Nesham, commanding H. M. ship *Melville*, then about to proceed to England, determined to take it on his homeward course, and thereby gave me, a passenger on board the *Melville*, an opportunity of witnessing the sublime spectacle of a volcano in full eruption, rising out of the hitherto unbroken current of the ocean. No words of mine can ever do justice to the wondrous grandeur of the sight; I shall therefore merely describe my own impressions at the time, in which I believe I shall be fully borne out by all who were then present; many of whom had been in all

parts of the world, and said this far surpassed any thing of the kind they had ever seen.

On the afternoon of the 31st of July, the *Melville* left Malta, and on the 5th of August at 6.30 p. m., smoke was first visible, at the supposed distance of about thirty miles. This as we proceeded became more apparent, rising to a considerable height above the horizon; at first, as it appeared, from three sources, but farther observation showed it to be but from one divided by the wind, for presently another column arose to windward, whose more rapid ascent showed it originated immediately from the volcano, and which, as it settled over the water in a tardy progress to leeward, assumed a thousand picturesque forms. Bright forked flames were seen to dart upwards, and a loud rumbling noise was heard; compared by a young midshipman on board, to the rattling of a chain cable, when the anchor is let go.

At day-break the following morning, I was awoke by a rap at my cabin door, some one telling me that we were fast approaching the island, and that I had better make haste, as we should soon have passed it, if the wind continued in the same direction. I made a rapid toilette, and putting on my bonnet and cloak ran upon deck, and never shall I forget the sublime sight! In the soft and warm grey light of a Mediterranean morning, and from the bosom of a perfectly unruffled ocean, the new volcano was exhibiting its mighty operations. From the crater, which appeared in the form of a cone, jagged at the top, a fleecy vapour rose in globular clouds, which, expanding themselves majestically, assumed in their ascent the form of a towering plume. Large stones, carrying with them a quantity of black dust, were thrown up, and as they rose and fell, broke into a thousand curious shapes; and the effect of this through the white vapour was magically beautiful. All this time the white smoke was extending itself so as to cover the whole island, hanging together like that which issues from Vesuvius, and then ascending in an unbroken column for a much longer time than smoke in general does.

The eruptions appeared to be most violent at intervals of two hours, and at 11.30 one took place in some respects different from those I have attempted to describe. It began with a similar burst of white vapour and similar projections of stones and dust, but immediately after the latter followed a copious mass of black lurid smoke, which overpowering the white vapour, covered in its turn the whole island. The effect of this was less beautiful than the former, but more rapid. At this time we were sufficiently near for the deck of the vessel to be covered with the black dust, which was thrown up in great quantities, and of which, as well as of some cinders, I have a specimen. It is harsh to the touch, and in colour resembles gunpowder.

The wind was light, and the *Melville* made but little way; at 1 p. m., however, we passed the east corner of the island, when the immediate source of these eruptions was visible. Here was the mouth of the crater. On this side the island, which resembled in form the shape of a horse-shoe with the sides somewhat beaten out, did not rise above the level of the sea, but formed a bay, and from this ebbed a boiling, bubbling stream, leaving its own track in the sea for about three quarters of a mile. Here it seemed as if a continual conflict was waged between the two elements of fire and water. The sea rushing into the mouth of the crater, was opposed by the fire within, and partly repelled, formed a whirling steamy Charybdis.

A volcano must always be an object of awe and

admiration, but suddenly emerging from the sea, at the depth of 170 fathoms, this was indeed a sight never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it. Every eye was on the island during that day; and to me the words of the Psalmist in describing the majesty of Jehovah were perpetually recurring: "The Lord sitteth upon the water-floods, and the Lord remaineth a king for ever." "At the greatness of his power his clouds removed, hail-stones and coals of fire." For six-and-thirty hours we were within sight or hearing of this grand phenomenon, but it was between 5 and 6 P.M. that our excitement was at the highest. While we were at dinner, the Commander, Captain N. entered the cabin, and announced, with a look of some anxiety, that the little wind there was having died away, the ship appeared to be fast drifting into the strong current caused by the volcano: we were at this time within a mile of it, and a brig which was in the offing actually carried to Malta the report that we were engulfed. The captain, jumping up with a true sailor's exclamation, ordered the boats to be lowered that her head might be towed round. Every one rushed on deck to witness the manœuvre; and as I passed into my own cabin at the moment it was performing, the length of the vessel as it were *foreshortening* the distance, it appeared as if the next heave must throw us on the fiery island. I have often wondered that I, who am "coward" enough "to die a thousand deaths" under circumstances infinitely less alarming than this really was, did not feel at this moment a sensation of fear, except that it is said the mind cannot receive at the same time two great impressions; and wondering admiration was then predominant in mine to the exclusion of every other.

Some officers on board were very desirous to try a landing on the island, but Captain N. positively refused a boat for this service; and I think the general feeling was rather a nervous one, when we were sufficiently close to be covered with the showers of black dust or pulverised cinders, and to feel our "good ship" shake to her very keel, from the subterranean thunder that issued from the volcano. But it was awfully magnificent, and long after it had gradually faded from our view in the shades of night, our ears were on the *qui vive* for the sound of some fresh explosion.

Still longer will the remembrance of that sight be vividly impressed on the minds of all who saw it. It was incident enough for one voyage; and we reached England without any other; the next fires we saw being those lighted on the coast in honour of the coronation of his late Majesty, William IV.

Subsequent accounts from Malta mentioned that the week after the sailing of the *Melville*, a party were sent out by Sir Henry Hotham who then commanded in the Mediterranean. All appearances of fire and smoke were gone, but a column of water rose to the height of several feet from the crater. They landed on the rock, planted the Union Jack, and named it Graham's Island, after the first lord of the Admiralty. The Jack after this was taken down by some Neapolitans, who hoisted their own standard, calling it Sciacca from the nearest town on the coast of Sicily; but a few days after, an end was put to the contest by Neptune claiming it for his own; and a shoal under water, only a few feet below the surface, is all that now remains to mark the site of Graham's Island.

MAUDE ALLINGHAME;

A LEGEND OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART THE SECOND.

THERE'S a stir and confusion in Redburn town,
And all the way up and all the way down
The principal street,
When the neighbours meet,
They do nothing but chafe, and grumble, and frown,
And sputter and mutter,
And sentences utter,

Such as these—"Have you heard,

The thing that's occurred?

His worship the mayor?

Shocking affair!

Much too bad, I declare!

Fifty pounds I've been told!

And as much more in gold.

Well, the villain is bold!

Two horse pistols!—No more?

I thought they said four.

And so close to the town!

I say, Gaffer Brown,

Do tell us about it."

"Thus the matter fell out—it

Was only last night that his worship the mayor,

Master Zachary Blair,

Having been at St. Alban's and sold in the fair

Some fifteen head of cattle, a horse and a mare,

Jogging home on his nag

With the cash in a bag,

Was met by a highwayman armed to the teeth,

With a belt full of pistols and sword in its sheath,

A murderous villain, six feet high,

With spur on heel and boot on thigh,

And a great black beard and a wicked eye;

And he said to his worship, 'My fat little friend,

I will thank you to lend

Me that nice bag of gold, which no doubt you intend

Before long to expend

In some shockingly slow way,

Or possibly low way,

Which I should not approve. Come, old fellow, be quick!"

And then Master Blair heard an ominous click,

Betokening the cocking

Of a pistol, a shocking

Sound, which caused him to quake,

And shiver and shake,

From the crown of his head to the sole of his stocking.

So yielding himself with a touching submission

To what he considered a vile imposition,

He handed the bag with the tin to the highway-

man, who took it, and saying, in rather a dry way,

'Many thanks, worthy sir,' galloped off down a bye way."

The town council has met, and his worship the mayor,

Master Zachary Blair,

Having taken the chair,

And sat in it too, which was nothing but fair,

Did at once, then and there,

Relate and declare,

With a dignified air,

And a presence most rare,

The tale we've just heard, which made all men to stare

And indignantly swear,

It was too bad to bear.

Then after they'd fully discussed the affair,

To find out the best method of setting things square,

They agreed one and all the next night to repair,

Upon horseback, or mare,

To the highwayman's lair,

And, if he appeared, hunt him down like a hare.

(1) Continued from p. 149.

Over No-man's-land¹ the moon shines bright,
 And the furze and the fern in its liquid light
 Glitter and gleam of a silvery white;
 The lengthened track which the cart-wheels make,
 Winds o'er the heath like a mighty snake,
 And silence in that lonely spot
 Hath undisputed empire got.
 Save where the night-breeze fitfully
 Mourns like some troubled spirit's cry;
 At the cross roads the old sign-post
 Shows dimly forth, like sheeted ghost,
 As with weird arm, extended still,
 It points the road to Leamsford Mill;

In fact it is not
 At all a sweet spot,
 A nice situation,
 Or charming location;
 Even Robins himself, in despite his vocation,
 Would deem this a station
 Unworthy laudation,
 And would probably term it "a blot on the nation."

In a lane hard by
 Where the hedge-rows high
 Veil with their leafy boughs the sky,
 Biding their time, sits his worship the mayor,
 Master Zachary Blair.
 And my Lord Dandelion,
 That illustrious scion,
 And Oxley the butcher, and Doughy the baker,
 And Chisel the joiner and cabinet-maker,
 And good farmer Daere,
 Who holds many an acre,
 And, *insuper omnes*, bold Jonathan Blaker,
 The famous thief taker,
 Who's been sent for from town as being more wide awake;
 (Excuse that comparative, sure 'tis no crime
 To sacrifice grammar to such a nice rhyme.)
 And up to the dodges of fellows who take a
 Delight in being born in "stone jugs," and then fake a
 way all their lives long in a manner would make a
 Real Archbishop to swear, let alone any Quaker,
 Wet or dry, you can name, or a Jumper or Shaker,
 And, to add to this list, Hobbs was there, so was Dobbs,
 With several others, all more or less snobs,
 Low parties, quite willing to peril their nob's
 In highwayman catching, and such-like odd jobs,
 To obtain a few shillings, which they would term bobs.

'Tisn't pleasant to wait
 In a fidgety state
 Of mind, at an hour we deem very late,
 When our fancies have fled
 Home to supper and bed,
 And we feel we are catching a cold in the head;
 (By the way, if this ailment should ever make you ill,
 Drop some neat sal-volatile into your gruel,
 You'll be all right next day,
 And will probably say,
 This, by way of receipt, is a regular jewel.)
 To wait, I repeat,
 For a robber or cheat.
 On a spot he's supposed to select for his beat,
 When said robber won't come's the reverse of a treat.

So thought the butcher, and so thought the baker,
 And so thought the joiner and cabinet-maker,
 And so thought all the rest except Jonathan Blaker;
 To him catching a thief in the dead of the night
 Presented a source of unfailing delight;
 And now as he sat
 Peering under his hat,
 He looked much like a terrier watching a rat.

Hark! he hears a muffled sound;
 He slips from the saddle, his ear's to the ground.

Louder and clearer,
 Nearer and nearer,
 'Tis a horse's tramp on the soft green sward!
 He is mounted again: "Now, good my lord,
 Now, master mayor, mark well, if you can,
 A rider approaches, is this your man?"

Aye, mark that coal-black barb that skims,
 With flowing mane and graceful limbs,
 As lightly onward o'er the lea
 As greyhound from the leash set free;
 Observe the rider's flashing eye,
 His gallant front and bearing high;
 His slender form, which scarce appears
 Fitted to manhood's riper years;
 The easy grace with which at need
 He checks or urges on his steed;
 Can this be one whose fame is spread
 For deeds of rapine and of dread?

My Lord Dandelion
 Placed his spy-glass his eye on,
 Stared hard at the rider, and then exclaimed, "Well—
 at—
 'Tis really so dark! but I think 'tis the fellar."
 While his worship the mayor
 Whispered, "O, look ye there!"
 That purse in his girdle, d'ye see it? I twigged it:
 'Tis my purse as was prigged, and the willin' what
 prigged it!"

Hurrah! hurrah!
 He's off and away,
 Follow who can, follow who may.
 There's hunting and chasing
 And going the pace in
 Despite of the light, which is not good for racing.
 "Hold hand! hold hand! there's somebody spilt,
 And entirely kilt!"
 "Well, never mind,
 Leave him behind,"—
 The pace is a great deal too good to be kind.
 Follow, follow,
 O'er hill and hollow,—
 Faster, faster,
 Another disaster!
 His worship the mayor has got stuck in a bog,
 And there let us leave him to spur and to flog,
 He'll know better the next time,—a stupid old dog!
 "Where's Hobbs?"
 "I don't know."
 "And Dobbs and the snobs?"
 "All used-up long ago."
 "My nag's almost blown!"
 "And mine's got a stone
 In his shoe—I'm afraid it's no go. Why, I say!
 That rascally highwayman's getting away!"

'Tis true. Swift as the trackless wind,
 That gallant barb leaves all behind;
 Hackney and hunter still in vain
 Exert each nerve, each sinew strain;
 And all in vain that motley crew
 Of horsemen still the chase pursue.
 Two by two, and one by one,
 They lag behind—'tis nearly done,
 That desperate game, that eager strife,
 That fearful race for death or life.
 Those dark trees gained that skirt the moor
 All danger of pursuit is o'er;
 Screened by their shade from every eye,
 Escape becomes a certainty.
 Haste! for with stern, relentless will
 ONE RIDER'S ON THY TRACES STILL!

(1) The name of a lonely common near Harpenden, formerly a favourite site for prize-fights.

'Tis bold Jonathan Blaker who sticks to his prey
In this somewhat unfeeling, though business-like way.
But even he, too, is beginning to find
That the pace is so good he'll be soon left behind.
He presses his horse on with hand and with heel,
He rams in the persuaders too hard a great deal;
'Tis but labour in vain,
Though he starts from the pain,
Nought can give that stout roadster his wind back again.
Now Jonathan Blaker had formerly been
A soldier, and fought for his country and queen,
Over seas, the Low Countries to wit, and while there, in
Despite of good teaching,
And praying and preaching,
Had acquired a shocking bad habit of swearing;
Thus, whenever, as now,
The red spot on his brow
Proved him "wrathy and ryled,"
He would not draw it mild,
But would, sans apology, let out on such
Occasions a torrent of very low Dutch.
One can scarce feel surprise then, considering the urgency
Of the case, that he cried in the present emergency,
"Ach donner und blitzen," (a taste of his lingo.)
"He'll escape by —" (I don't know the German for "jingo")
"Tausend teufel! sturmewetter!
To think I should let a
So imp like that get away, don't I wish now that I'd ha'
Drove a brace of lead pills through the horse or the rider,
Pr'aps there's time for it still — Mein auge, (my eye,)
'Tis the only chance left, so here goes for a try."

Oh, faster spur thy flagging steed,
Still faster,—fearful is thy need.
Oh, heed not now his falling breath,
Life lies before, behind thee death!
Warning all vainly given 't too late
To shield thee from the stroke of fate.
One glance the fierce pursuer threw,
A pistol from his holster drew,
Levelled and fired, the echoes still
Prolong the sound from wood to hill;
But ere the last vibrations die,
A WOMAN'S shriek of agony
Rings out beneath that midnight sky!

The household sleep soundly in Allingham Hall,
Groom, butler, and coachman, cook, footboy, and all;
The fat old housekeeper,
(Never was such a sleeper,)
After giving a snore,
Which was almost a roar,

Has just turned in her bed and begun a fresh score;
The butler, (a shocking old wine-bibbing sinner,)
Having made some mistake after yesterday's dinner,
As to where he should put a decanter of sherry,

Went to bed rather merry,
But perplexed in his mind,
Not being able to find
A legitimate reason
Why at that time and season

His eight-post bed chooses, whichever way he stirs,
To present to his vision a couple of testers!
Since which, still more completely his spirits to damp,
He's been roused twice by nightmare and three times
by cramp!

And now he dreams some old church-bell
Is mournfully tolling a dead man's knell,
And he starts in his sleep, and mutters, "Alas!
Man's life brittle as glass!
There's another cork frown, and the spirit escaped;
Heigh ho!" (here he gaped,)

Then, scratching his head,
He sat up in his bed,
For that bell goes on ringing more loud than before,
And he knows 'tis the bell of the great hall door.
Footman tall,
Footboy small,
Housekeeper, butler, coachman, and all,
In a singular state of extreme dishabille,
Which they each of them feel
Disinclined to reveal,
And yet know not very well how to conceal,
With one accord rush to the old oak hall;
To unfasten the door
Takes a minute or more;
It opens at length and discloses a sight
Which fills them with wonder, and sorrow, and fright.

The ruddy light of early dawn
Gilds with its rays that velvet lawn;
From every shrub and painted flower
The dew-drops fall in silvery shower;
Sweet scents perfume the air; the song
Of waking birds is borne along
Upon the bosom of the breeze
Which lightly fans the waving trees;
The crystal brook that dances by
Gleams in the sunlight merrily;
All tells of joy, and love, and life—
All—Said I everything was rife
With happiness?—Behold that form,
Like lily broken by the storm,
Fall'n prostrate on the steps before
The marble threshold of the door!
The well-turned limbs, the noble mien,
The riding coat of Lincoln green;
The hat, whose plume of sable hue
Its shadow o'er the features threw;
Yon coal-black barb, too, panting near,
All show some youthful cavalier,
While, fatal evidence of strife,
From a deep hurt the flood of life
Proves, as its current stains the sod,
How man defiles the work of God.
With eager haste the servants raise
The head, and on the features gaze,
Then backward start in sad surprise
As that pale face they recognise.
Good reason theirs, although, in sooth,
They knew but half the fatal truth,
For, strange as doth the tale appear,
One startling fact is all too clear,
The robber, who on No-man's-land
Was shot by Blaker's ruthless hand,—
That highwayman of evil fame
Is beauteous Maude of Allingham!

L'ENVOI.

"Well, but that's not the end?"
"Yes it is, my good friend."

"Oh, I say!

That won't pay;

'Tis a shocking bad way

To leave off so abruptly. I wanted to hear
A great many particulars: first, I'm not clear,
Is the young woman killed?" "Be at rest on that head,
She's completely defunct, most excessively dead.
Blaker's shot did the business, she'd just strength to fly,
Reached her home, rang the bell, and then sank down
to die."

"Poor girl! really it's horrid! However I knew it
Could come to no good—I felt certain she'd rue it—
But pray, why in the world did the jade go to do it?"
"Tis not easy to say; but at first, I suppose,
Just by way of a freak she rode out in man's clothes."
"Then her taking the money?" "A more idiosyncrasy,
As when, some months ago, a young gent, being with
drink crazy,

Set off straight on end to the British Museum,
And, having arrived there, transgressed all the laws
Of good breeding, by smashing the famed Portland Vase;
Or the shop-lifting ladies, by dozens you see 'em,
For despising the difference twixt tum and meum,
Brought before the Lord Mayor every week in the papers.

Why, the chief linen-draper
Have a man in their shops solely paid for revealing
When they can't keep their fair hands from picking and
stealing.

'Twas a mere woman's fancy, a female caprice,
And you know at that time they'd no rural police."
"Hum! it may have been so. Well, is that all about it?"
"No; there's more to be told, though I dare say you'll
doubt it—

's being true; but the story goes on to relate,
That, after Maude's death, the old Hall and estate
Was put up to auction, and Master Blair thought it
Seemed a famous investment, bid for it and bought it,
And fitted it up in extremely bad taste;

But scarce had he placed
His foot o'er the threshold,—the very first night,

He woke up in a fright,
Being roused from his sleep by a terrible cry
Of 'Fire!'—had only a minute to fly
In his shirt, Mrs. Blair in her — Well, never mind,
In the dress she had on at the time; while behind
Followed ten little blessings, who looked very winning
In ten little nightgowns of Irish linen;
They'd just time to escape, when the flames, with a roar
Like thunder, burst forth from each window and door;

And there, with affright,
They perceive by the light
Maude Allingham's sprite—
Her real positive ghost—no fantastic illusion
Conceived by their brains from the smoke and confusion—
With a hot flaming brand,

In each shadowy hand,
Flaring up, like a fiend, in the midst of the fire,
And exciting the flames to burn fiercer and higher.
From what follows we learn that ghost, spirits, and elves,
Are the creatures of habit as well as ourselves;
For Maude, (that is ghost Maude,) when once she had
done

The trick, seemed to think it was capital fun;
And whenever the house is rebuilt, and prepared
For a tenant, the rooms being all well scrubbed and aired,
The very first night the new owner arrives
Maude's implacable spirit still ever contrives

Many various ways in
To set it a blazing;
In this way she's done
Both the Phoenix and Sun

So especially brown by the fires she's lighted,
That now, being invited

To grant an insurance, they always say when a nice
Offer is made them,

'Tis no use to persuade them,
If a ghost's in the case, they won't do it at any price."

MORAL.—

And now for the moral! Imprimis, young heiresses,
Don't go riding o' nights, and don't rob mayors or
mayoresses;

As to robbing your suitors, allow me to say,
On the face of the thing 'tis a scheme that won't pay;
Though they sigh and protest and are dabs at love making,
You'll not find one in ten

Of these charming young men
Can produce on occasion a purse worth your taking;
Don't refuse a good offer, but think ere you let a
Chance like that slip away, *that you mayn't get a better.*

One more hint and I've done—
If by pistol or gun
It should ere be your lot,

(Which I hope it may not,)

In a row to get shot,

And the doctor's assistance should all prove in vain,
"When you give up the ghost don't resume it again."

If you do choose to "walk" and revisit this earth

To play tricks, let some method be mixed with your
mirth.

As to burning down houses and ruining folks,

And flaring about like a fire-king's daughter,

Allow me to say there's no fun in such jokes,

"Twould far better have been

To have copied Undine,—

There's no harm in a mixture of *spirits and water!*

THREE GENERATIONS OF GENIUS.

THE VANLOO FAMILY.

THIS name, though not one of the most illustrious in
the annals of art, was well known on the Continent and
in England in the last century; and the adventures of
the family of painters who bore it, their struggles in
pursuit of bread and fame, we now purpose briefly to
follow.

The first of whom we hear was Jean Vanloo; and of
him we know nothing but that he was an artist. Jacques,
his son, was born at Ecluse, 1614; and early
losing his father, he studied under an old portrait-
painter in his native town. His grandfather, who was
of a noble family, had made a large fortune at sea,
and had lost it all again by a shipwreck. However,
Jacques Vanloo could not content himself with being,
like his master, a travelling painter of cheap portraits;
he took his mother and grandmother to Amsterdam,
and completed his studies at that place, where he
speedily acquired fame as an historical painter. Soon
after his arrival he married a penniless young woman,
and a son was born. Without fortune, with a sick and
aged grandmother dependent on him, how was he to
support her, his mother, his wife, and his child, when he
had no resource but his genius? He took a shop and a
painting-room; in the latter he painted large pictures,
upon which he expended the fire of his soul; in his
shop he made inferior paintings, and was no longer the
artist, but the workman. He also took likenesses of
any one who would pay him three or four florins, often
painting three of these in a day; but he still remained
poor. Being of gentle blood and education, he loved
the comforts of life—at least for his wife. He had a
heart always open to charity, and many a destitute
artist was relieved by him. Above all, he was anxious
to make his mother forget that she had lost her fortune.
He struggled manfully against all his difficulties, atten-
ding to the shop, though his instincts drew him to the
studio; and more often neglecting the latter than the
former. To the painting-room he led his son at eight
years old, saying to him, "This is your place, here you
shall study the great masters. If you are ever obliged
to descend to the shop, like your poor father, bid adieu
for ever to the studio, destroy your pencils, be in truth
and reality a sign-painter, as I am; for I—am I any-
thing higher than a sign-painter?"

Young Louis Vanloo soon brought trouble into the
little household by his irregularities. He was fond of
fencing and drinking; but Jacques, far from despairing
of him, declared that he had been the same himself, and
foretold that his son would be a good and original
painter. At seventeen, the young man talked of
travelling, and it was resolved that he should go to
France, where art was yet in its infancy, but where
artists of all kinds were well received; so one morning
Louis Vanloo set off with his knapsack on his shoulder,
his stick in his hand, and with hope in his heart. His
father would have accompanied him, had the grand-
mother been able to travel. Louis passed through
Flanders, studying a little on the way, and in three

months reached Paris with an empty purse. He presented himself at the studio of Jean Michel Corneille.

"Master," said he, with a low bow, and opening a portfolio of drawings freely and boldly touched, "these are my letters of recommendation to you."

"They are sufficient. I welcome you as my son," replied Corneille. "To work at once, my young traveller. You shall partake of all I have,—my bread, my wine, and my pencils."

Touched by this parental hospitality, Louis Vanloo studied more ardently than ever; and in the second year he obtained the highest prize of the Academy of Painting. Meanwhile, his mother being dead, Jacques Vanloo set off for France with his wife, and arrived at Paris with no other possessions than three or four masterpieces on serious subjects, which were also his sole letters of recommendation to the great city.

"You are a fine painter," said Jean Corneille, gravely, to him; "but I am sorry to inform you, that in our country those who would live themselves must not paint works that are to live. I foretell that you will return to portrait-painting."

He was right: Jacques Vanloo painted portraits at Paris, for which he was well paid, being nearly the best artist in that line; and to punish his country for neglecting his genius, he became a naturalized subject of France. In 1663, the Academy admitted him a member for his portrait of Jean Corneille, which is still in the Louvre, and shows the free touch of a master with good colouring. But neither the title of Academician, nor an increasing fortune, could make the last day of Jacques Vanloo happy. His wife died; and in all the wide kingdom which he had chosen for his home, not one heart beat as a friend for him. He could not rely upon his son, for he led an irregular life, wasting, without honourable results, the talent he had received from his father and from Heaven. Even Jean Corneille was no longer his friend: jealousy had sown dissension between them, and Jacques Vanloo regretted having left the country of his birth, with its sea-fogs and its commerce.

"Here I warm my forehead in the sunshine," said he, sadly; "but there I had old friends who warmed my heart."

He had left at Echuse and at Amsterdam his youth, its dreams, its early disappointments, its first pleasures; and more than this, he had left the grave of his parents. Regret for his birthplace, grief at the loss of his wife, constant vexation at the errors of his son, destroyed Jacques Vanloo's health: and this man, who had in his youth so well borne up against adversity, died at fifty-six, made happy by neither renown nor riches. He died with his brush in his hand, refusing all medicinal aid. It is said that his son, finding him in his arm-chair, with his head slightly reclined, supposed him asleep; and, seeing the rough sketch of a picture, he took up the palette, and put a few touches to a head of St. John.

"It is not so," said a sepulchral voice.

Louis Vanloo turned round, affrighted. "What did you say, father?"

But Jacques Vanloo had not stirred. His son beheld him in the same attitude as when he entered the room. Alarmed at his paleness he took his hand, and surprised at its icy coldness, he called upon his father; Jacques Vanloo answered not.

The last words of the painter long haunted his son. Whenever the conscience of the man or the artist was dissatisfied, he heard that dying voice repenting to him, "It is not so! It is not so!"

Louis Vanloo was intimate with Michel Corneille, who had made a rapid progress as an artist, and was now painter to the king, besides being constantly employed in decorations and fresco-painting, in which Louis, who coloured on a large scale, was extremely useful to him. He might now have made his fortune, had not his conduct interfered. A country gentleman brought his wife to have her portrait painted by Vanloo.

She was handsome; the painter was presuming; the husband remonstrated; the wife replied; and the artist was insolent: when the gentleman, giving way to his anger, trampled the picture under foot, and seized his wife by her hair, on which Vanloo threw himself upon the gentleman, and, having rescued the lady, appeased the angry man by promising to give him satisfaction. Accordingly, they met the next morning at sunrise, at Vincennes; they fought—Vanloo was an expert swordsman—and the unfortunate gentleman fell, pierced to the heart. The duel made some noise. Vanloo learned his danger, and fled the kingdom. Not knowing whither to go, he took the disguise of a poor sign-painter, and proceeded slowly southward, painting signs at public-houses in return for his lodgings. Having skirted Savoy, he stopped at Nice, where he met with a lady of consequence, whose portrait he had painted at Paris, and who introduced him to the principal persons in the town. He there painted several portraits and a picture for a church. But he regretted his adopted country, and exile from France became so painful that he ventured to return. He went to Aix, where he met with an acquaintance. This person was married, and Vanloo saw him so happy with his young wife and little children, that he asked him to find him a wife also.

"That is soon done," said the friend. "Here is a cousin of my wife, tolerably rich, but as ugly as sin, which is of no consequence to you, who are always looking on the faces of angels."

"I think differently," replied Vanloo. "In my opinion the best ready money in marriage is beauty."

"Still the business is done," replied the friend.

"Another cousin of my wife, Marie Fassé, has no fortune but her handsome black eyes. She is like a Madonna of Raphael."

Louis Vanloo married the last cousin, and had no reason to repent doing so; he was an excellent husband, but his wife insisted upon being always his model, and forbade his painting portraits of ladies. A year after his marriage he had a son, Jean Baptist, who inherited his passions and his genius. Little is known of Louis about this time, except that he painted a St. Francis for the chapel of the Grey Friars at Toulon; that he then went to Nice, where his son Charles was born, and where he died, as his father had done, with his brush in his hand. Not coming to dinner, his wife descended to his studio, and called him, but had no reply. She entered, beheld his face pale, and his eyes fixed, and she screamed with terror.

"It is not so! It is not so!" said Louis Vanloo, waving the brush which he held.

His son, just arrived from Nice, entered at this awful moment; taking his father in his arms, he laid him upon his bed, and procured proper assistance, but all was over with Louis Vanloo, October, 1712, and he was buried in a chapel which he had painted in fresco.

This second Vanloo was an excellent draughtsman; his touch was bold, he understood the management of light and shade, and formed his groups well. His picture of St. Francis was praised for the grandeur of its style, but his fame rests on his frescoes. His colouring was good, but rather too purple. He possessed so good a recollection of features that he never required models, saying that he had virgins and saints enough of all kinds in his memory.

JEAN BAPTIST VANLOO.

TILL this period the family of Vanloo are but half French, but the genius which had its root in Flanders, and which prospered under the sun of Italy, attained its finest verdure in France with Jean Baptist Vanloo, who was born at Aix, 1684. Although at that time most children were taught to read and write, his father gave him neither alphabet nor pen, but he gave him a pencil, and thus the child very early became an excellent draughtsman—a great advantage. At seven years old he made good copies of the great masters; at twelve he boldly

left the paternal roof to copy the famous pictures in Toulouse, Montpellier, and Marseilles, rejoining his father at Nice with a portfolio of drawings, which were the pride of the old painter's heart. The day after his return his father placed a brush in his hand, saying, "Let us see whether you are born a painter." Jean Baptist began his work unhesitatingly, and in less than an hour and a half he had painted a head in one of his father's pictures which the latter would never retouch. After some years in the studio he was sent for to restore some Italian pictures at Toulon, and there he had a lawsuit with the chapter which he put into a lawyer's hands. This lawyer had a handsome daughter, with whom Jean Baptist fell in love. The young lady received the passionate glances of the young painter in his visits to her father with smiling approbation; and while the latter was pleading the one cause in court, Jean was pleading the other to the daughter; both were successful, and the painter received the young lady's hand. He remained a year at Toulon, working at a Holy Family for the church of the Dominicans, and taking portraits as much for amusement as to increase his income. All was going well, and his wife had just given him a son, when Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, besieged Toulon. In fear for his wife, for his child, and perhaps for himself, he thought of taking refuge at Aix. But how could he get there? Not a single conveyance was to be had. He bought an ass, placed his wife and infant of five weeks old upon it, and, conducting the little party himself on foot, reached Aix in safety without a complaint or a frown. There he dwelt for five years, experiencing by turns want and good fortune. Till, in 1712, a kind of presentiment called him to Nice where, as we have seen, his father died immediately on his arrival, leaving large pictures unfinished. What did Jean Baptist do? His mother was helpless, he must work for her, and he passed eighteen months in finishing the last pictures of Louis Vanloo. He was now in his turn destitute, with a wife and six children looking to him for bread, and he knew not where to lay his head, when the Prince of Monaco sent for him to paint the princesses, for which he was well paid. He then went to Genoa, and to Turin, where he painted the Prince of Carignan; thence to the court of Savoy to paint the royal family; after which the Prince of Carignan sent him to study at Rome, retaining his family in the palace.

At Rome Jean Baptist studied with Benetto Luti, and painted two pieces on copper which passed for Carlo Maratti's. He now sent for his family. His brother Charles was of nearly the same age as his own sons, and they were old enough to be taught to read, but Jean Baptist understood no books but pictures, and he taught them to draw and paint, which education they liked well enough. Vanloo thought himself settled at Rome, but the Prince of Carignan sent for him to Paris, offering him and his family a home in his hotel. Jean accordingly took his wife and eight children to Paris, where his patron gave him his saloon for a studio, in which those interested in the arts, and the idle nobility, crowded around the painter. He soon became celebrated, and was offered a place in the Academy if the prince would present to it Vanloo's "Triumph of Galatea," which he had just finished. The prince refused, and a short time after Vanloo, who loved independence, left the hotel and pursued portrait-painting, made a fortune, lost it by Law's scheme, and also lost his patron the Regent, Duke of Orleans. The latter had said to Vanloo, "Depend on me, paint the king's portrait, and I will re-establish your fortune." But he died, and permission to paint the king was refused. In despair Jean went off to Versailles, saw the king, studied him with a painter's eye, returned to Paris and completed the most striking likenesses existing of Louis XV. The king heard of this masterly work, sent for Jean Baptist, and, complimenting him highly, ordered him to paint a full-length portrait, which has served for nearly all

the likenesses of Louis XV., and was then thought a *chef-d'œuvre*. In 1731 the Academy elected him a member; he had made a second fortune, and friends and admirers flocked around him, while his great work, "Henry III. installing the Comte de Gonsalez a knight of the Holy Ghost," put the seal to his fame, and the Academy unanimously elected him professor. But his love of wandering returned, and he came to London, where Sir R. Walpole received him nobly, and where he painted the Prince of Wales and most of the court. His wife and younger children having joined him, he might have been very happy when he learned the death of his son Francis who was travelling in Italy, a blow from which he never recovered. His wife took him back to France, and, leaving the children with a friend at Paris, she conducted him rapidly to Aix, where he languished out his last days. He died September 1745, very anxious as to what was to become of him after death, and, in his singular ignorance, hoping that he should still be employed in painting portraits. It is remarkable that after all his wanderings to and fro he was buried in the church where he was baptized. The works of Jean Baptist Vanloo are characterized by freedom and lightness of touch, by a style somewhat dramatic, and by great freshness of colouring, which, in his own day, caused him to be compared to Rubens. In person he was handsome, in disposition generous and charitable, doing good secretly, of which the following is an instance. Hearing one day of a young painter in great distress, not having wherewith to find food for his family, he sought him out.

"Friend," he said, "I have a picture ordered, but have no studio, will you let me work in yours?"

"I think I have seen you before," said the poor artist.

"That can scarcely be; I am just come up from the country, where I daubed pictures for churches."

He began to work, and in six days, to the astonishment of the painter, he had finished a magnificent "Elopement of Dejanira."

"Are you conscious that you possess very high genius?" asked his host.

"Do you think so?" replied Jean Baptist; "I differ from you so much that I shall not complete that, I give it to you in return for your civility. Touch it up, and perhaps you may make something good of it. Adieu!"

Vanloo then went to the Prince of Carignan, with whom he then resided.

"You, who are so generous a patron of art and artists, might perform a good deed by calling on a young painter near by, who at this moment has in his painting-room a sketch which is boldly handled, and which is worthy of a place in your gallery. He will tell you that the canvass is not his; do not believe him nor contradict him."

"What is it worth?" asked the prince.

"Twenty-five louis."

The prince lost no time, and bought the picture of the needy artist for the sum Vanloo had fixed upon it. This work of Jean Baptist, at least, will not be forgotten.

CHARLES VANLOO.

THIS artist, the second son of Louis Vanloo, was born at Nice, 1705, and when a year old narrowly escaped death by a shell which fell into the cellar whither his mother had carried him for safety during the siege. He owed his life to his brother Jean Baptist, who had but that moment taken him from the cradle to hush his cries with caresses. To this excellent brother Louis Vanloo had confided his son when dying with the words, "Be his master; make him a Vanloo;" and fully was the bequest fulfilled. Jean Baptist was to Charles, as to his own sons, a patient master and a generous friend. Charles received his first lessons at Rome in the studio of Benetto Luti: and the first time Jean Baptist saw him handle his pencil he cried, "That is right, he

belongs to our family." In truth, Charles very early showed genius; and the sculptor Legros, admiring his wonderful facility, instructed him in his art, which the young man, an enthusiastic admirer of Michael Angelo, would have combined with painting, but Legros died, and Charles was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the chisel and resume the pencil. He was then scarcely fifteen, but he painted the landscapes and accessory parts to his brother's pictures. His conduct, however, gave great uneasiness to this good friend, for no remonstrances could prevent Charles from passing his time among the actors, who humoured all his whims on condition that he drew their pictures; of these portraits he sometimes made ten in a day. With difficulty Jean Baptist persuaded his brother to accompany him and his family to Paris, and when there the unsteady conduct of Charles so much annoyed him that he used to exclaim, "This unlucky boy will come to a bad end; he seems always to have in his heart the bomb which burst upon his cradle." Wearied by his brother's remonstrances Charles left the Hôtel de Carignan and went to the opera, where he became a finished scene-painter.

"This is unworthy of your talent," said Boucher to him.

"Talent is a fine thing," replied Charles Vanloo, "but I love money, pleasure, play, society, better;" and he drew Boucher into the same follies.

In 1727 Charles set off for Rome with two sons of Jean Baptist—Louis Michel and Francis Vanloo. There the love of his art seems to have conquered his wild passions, and soon after his arrival he gained the Academy prize for drawing by his "Feast of Belshazzar." The Pope conferred knighthood upon him, for which he cared little, more welcome was the pension from the French Academy which he obtained through the Cardinal de Polignac. He then painted several sacred pieces, and departed for Paris with his two nephews, who were worthily treading in their father's steps. When near Turin, Francis wished to drive the young and fiery horses which were attached to the handsome carriage in which they travelled, but he had scarcely mounted when the animals plunged, reared, and, losing his control, Francis fell with one of his feet hanging in the stirrup. Vainly did his brother and uncle try to succour him, the frightened horses galloped on, dragging poor Francis with his head nearly touching the ground. If the stirrup gave way he is dashed to pieces! Charles cried for help, Michel was mute with horror, their eyes were fixed on the victim, who was groaning heavily. At length the horses stopped before a house, but it was too late. Francis was raised in a dying state mangled by the stones and bushes on the road: describing his agony, he held out a bleeding hand to his companions, saying, "I have no lips to kiss you," and presently expired in their arms.

Charles Vanloo remained at Turin painting for the King of Sardinia. He there met Christine Somis, the nightingale of Italy, who to her fine voice united the charms of beauty and wit. Charles having seen and heard her asked permission to take her portrait. He, who could paint a full-length in a day, was five weeks painting Christine, and was then not satisfied; for at the last sitting, impelled by despair and love, he destroyed with one stroke of his brush the long-cherished work, and, throwing himself at Christine's feet, declared that it was not her picture that he desired. He spoke with so much effect that he married Mademoiselle Somis, and returned to Paris, where his handsome style of living, his wife's singing, and the welcome he gave to artists, filled his saloon. Praises and critiques were poured upon him, but he cared for neither; nobles and savans, ladies of rank and ladies of wit, all courted him; Madame Geoffrin presiding at his easel. He painted the queen, and Madame de Pompadour, then more influential than the queen, condescended to sit to him twenty times. At length she said, "Vanloo, I am tired, I cannot sit any more."

"As you please, Madame," said Vanloo, "only permit me to visit you as if you were sitting. I will paint you as I find you. For instance, you are now about to take tea, a very good opportunity;" and he painted the beautiful portrait thus named.

Charles Vanloo was so generally beloved that on entering the Opera-house after a dangerous illness the audience arose and cheered him.

Another anecdote relates to Mademoiselle Clairon. A foreign princess offered this actress either two fine horses, a valuable diamond, or a pearl necklace, as a tribute of admiration. The actress seemed undecided which to choose, and the princess said, "Tell me, what is it you wish for?"

"My portrait by Vanloo," was the reply.

Charles died poor, July 1765. Diderot says he was born a painter, but painting was to him more a trade than an art. Too often his works show an imitation of various schools, but in his best pictures he saw nature with his own eyes. His outline was good, his touch smooth, his colouring rather too red and white; and his figures have more dignity than character, more grace than beauty. His facility was wonderful, his industry great, he would paint for twelve hours together, and always standing, caring not for cold.

The cloud of grief overhung the last days of Charles Vanloo. He had two sons and one daughter, even more beautiful, more graceful, more charming, than her mother, with a voice which seemed intended for singing rather than speaking. "Oh! Raphael! Raphael!" Vanloo would exclaim while gazing on his daughter, and the feelings of the painter gave place to those of the father. In the beautiful countenance of Caroline Vanloo was seen that heavenly light which forebodes an early death; she was less a woman than an angel. From childhood she had been wrapt in dreamy reverie; speaking seldom, passing all her time in reading and thinking, caring not for worldly amusements, at the ball she danced not, at the fête she gave only her enchanting smile; her mind only seemed to be alive, the body which clothed it was as cold as marble. "Books are killing her," said her father, who had never learned to read, and to whom the thousand black marks running after each other were cabalistic signs. She often sat in the painting-room, reading or dreaming, while her father could scarcely get her to speak three words. If he asked her advice upon the heads of saints or pagan goddesses she answered not, but he had looked at her; "Good, very good, my daughter, you need not say more."

One morning she descended to the studio more pale and abstracted than usual, and, not finding her father there, she sat down before a canvass daubed with a few touches, and, taking a pencil, she began to draw. Vanloo, who had followed her into the room, was struck by her inspired manner, and concealed himself behind a large picture, murmuring, "Such are the Vanloos, they know how to draw before they are taught."

After a few minutes Caroline laid aside the pencil, contemplating the figure she had just traced. Vanloo came forward, and, at the sight of her father, of whose entrance she knew not, she screamed.

"You frightened me," said she, holding out her hand to him.

At the same moment the poor father turned pale, for he saw the figure which his daughter had sketched—it was Death! Before him were those shrouded bones, those feet which unceasingly wander through the world digging a grave at every step, and that terrible scythe of an everlasting harvest! But what struck Vanloo with the greatest alarm was the head of this solemn figure; Caroline, perhaps unconsciously, had bestowed her own angelic features upon Death; these features were lightly sketched, and no one but Vanloo would have recognised the likeness—but the father!

"Child," said he, hiding his tears by a burst of forced laughter, "artists do not begin thus; rise, I will give you a lesson."

Caroline rose silently ; her father seated himself, with an agitated hand rubbed out all his daughter's sketch except the face, took the red lead and quickly produced a metamorphosis. Presently a sweet smile animated the face, curls of silken hair seemed to wave in a spring breeze, light wings arose from the gracefully rounded shoulders ; it was no longer Death, it was Love. Now the painter sketched in a quiver, some flowers, a pair of doves, and other mythological emblems. Caroline watched her father's pencil with a smile at once sweet and melancholy. When he had finished Vanloo turned to his daughter, and, controlling his emotion, "Is it not so ?" he asked, kissing her hand. "No," she replied, bending her head with a melancholy air.

Her father, seeing her become paler, took her up in his arms, and carried her into her mother's room. "Death ! Death !" cried the poor girl wildly, and extending her arms. She was delirious from this moment. The father's de-pair is indescribable ; neither by night nor day did he leave his Caroline's bed-side, beseeching God for the first time in his life. She died in a few days, and the first physicians in Paris could not decide her disease. Might it not be called weariness of life ? In the opinion of her father books alone caused the death of Caroline Vanloo, but it is not said what books.

The poor painter never recovered this terrible blow ; his fortune and his fame were obscured.

The Dauphin meeting him at court some years after asked him why he was so melancholy.

"Monseigneur, I wear mourning for my daughter," he replied, wiping away a tear.

The canvass on which Caroline had sketched Death he kept in his studio as a sad memorial, by examining it very closely the mournful outline by her pencil was apparent under the figure of Love which covered it. Madame de Vanloo gave this canvass to the Count de Caylus.

The last of the Vanloo family were Michel and Amadeus, the surviving sons of Jean Baptist. Michel rapidly made his way, and was first painter to Philip V. of Spain. He made some money which he lent to a friend for a sea speculation. The ship, the friend, and the little fortune, were shipwrecked and lost. Michel had a noble heart ; on hearing of the disaster he cried, "I have lost a good friend." On the death of Philip he returned to France, where he established his fortune, partly by portrait-painting ; and died at sixty-four years of age, mourned by all who knew him, especially by his brother, sister, aunt, and niece, whom he had gathered around him. He succeeded better in painting men than women, and his pencil was more sure than his palette.

Amadeus Vanloo passed his best years in Germany, and returned to France but to die. He was the last of this family of artists, for the sons of Charles Vanloo did not follow the path of their father. F. C. B.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

See Illustration.

THE accompanying Engraving, from Sir Joshua Reynolds' well-known picture of the Shepherd Boy, tells its own tale so plainly that any lengthened description of it is unnecessary. The thoughtful, pensive face of the boy, thoughtful beyond his years from the solitary nature of his occupation, and the good understanding that evidently exists between himself and his fleecy charge, recall to our memory the pleasing and descriptive lines of that Laureate of the Homestead, Robert Bloomfield, which we offer no apology to our readers for quoting :—

"'Twas thus with Giles ; meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more ;

No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued ;
His life was constant, cheerful servitude :
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book !
And, as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Small was his charge : no wilds had they to roam ;
But bright enclosures circling round their home,
No yellow-blossomed furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's rough producer, had their fleeces torn ;
Yet ever roving, ever seeking there,
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety."

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No V.¹

EDITH KINNAIRD.—PART III. CHAP. VIII.

PHILIP EVERARD was not a man to be overcome by any circumstances in which he might be placed ; his will, vigorous and disciplined, rose to the encounter with a strength which failed not to increase in proportion to the difficulties which opposed him. Yet, on the present occasion, his self-possession well-nigh forsook him, his eye sank, his voice trembled, and, for the first moment, strange as it may appear, Edith, in the very desperation of her enforced composure—Edith, the weak and unstable woman, was apparently the calmer of the two.

"There is some mistake, I think," said she, gently, in answer to his scarcely articulate salutation, and, but that her hand closed tightly on the back of the chair by which she stood and her lips quivered a little, there was no outward sign of agitation. "You inquired for Miss Forde."

"I can scarcely hope to be forgiven for an intrusion which must seem so unwarrantable," replied he, hurriedly, "but my visit *was* to Miss Forde. Can I see her ?"

"She is not at home."

"And you expect her—"

"Not for a fortnight, at the least."

Quietly, though with a certain breathlessness, were these few every-day sentences exchanged ; who would have dreamt that such a Past lay hidden under such a Present ? But it is ever so ; the lava destroys, the earthquake engulphs, and then the ground closes, and the humble village arises, and the very existence of the proud city beneath it is forgotten.

Everard hesitated for an instant, and then walked up to Edith with a mixture of reluctance and determination, his manner visibly changing, as if under the influence of irrepressible feeling. "Then, Edith," said he,—"Miss Kinnaird, I must needs speak to you myself. God strengthen us both. I beseech you to summon all your courage."

At the first note of tenderness in his voice all Edith's assumed self-command gave way, and she sank upon a chair, vainly labouring to conceal her tears. Everard continued to speak, and nothing but the exceeding and cautious gentleness of his manner betrayed that he had perceived her emotion.

"I wished to see Miss Forde," said he, "because I



The Shepherd Boy.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS; ENGRAVED BY GEO. DALZIEL.

thought she would communicate what I have to tell better than I could do it myself. I know I must distress you greatly; God knows what it costs me to do so. I do not bring you good news."

He was evidently trying to prepare her for some terrible intelligence—the most painful task which ever falls to human love, and yet one which none but the truest love should execute. At first she had scarcely grasped his meaning, but now it suddenly flashed upon her.

"Tell me at once," cried she, starting up, and for the first time lifting her eyes to his face. "Frank?" she could say no more.

"He is alive, and there is hope," said Everard, quickly.

Edith neither screamed nor fainted, but she trembled from head to foot, and her white shivering lips tried in vain to shape the words with which she panted to question him. He understood her perfectly, and, without inflicting upon her all that well-meant torture of petty delays and useless restoratives so commonly employed in cases of sudden affliction, so needlessly oppressive to the sufferer, he proceeded to do the best thing he could, namely, to tell the truth, calmly, quickly, and sympathizingly.

"He has met with an accident," said he; "do not fancy that I am keeping anything from you; I am going to tell you the exact truth. There is hope that he may recover,—with his youth and strength there must be considerable hope; but I must not conceal from you that he is in danger. It was a fall; he went too near the edge of a cliff and part of the earth gave way. I came myself, both because he wished it, and because I was sure you would desire to come to him directly, and I thought there might be some difficulty; I thought, too, it would be a satisfaction to you to be quite sure that you were hearing the exact truth."

"Thank you," said Edith, in a choking voice; "I may come directly?"

"As soon as you feel equal to it," he replied. "A carriage is waiting."

"Thank you," repeated Edith. She was half stunned; it was a strange, unreal, dreamy sensation; she could feel no conviction of the truth of what she had been told, still less could she persuade herself that Everard was in the room with her, and that she had learned it from his lips. She put her hand to her forehead, and looked up with a delirious inclination to laugh, and tell him that it was all nonsense, and she was not deceived.

Everard rang the bell for some water, and, holding the glass for Edith to drink, he very clearly and deliberately repeated his intelligence to the servant, adding an order that she would pack up her mistress's things as quickly as possible, and get ready to accompany her, as it would be necessary for them to set off almost immediately. He watched Edith's face while he spoke, but there was the same unnatural, incredulous expression in it, and a cold fear came into his heart, and made it pause in its beating as though a strong grasp had closed upon it. Then he

took both her hands in his, and spoke with the utmost tenderness. "My dearest Edith, be comforted; trust in God. Exert yourself for Frank's sake—he is longing to see you—you must be his nurse and companion, but you know you will not be allowed to be with him if your own strength fails. I have known worse cases than this recover; and if not, Edith,"—he was afraid to encourage hope, for the surgeon's opinion had been very desponding,—“will you not try to submit to God's will and to take comfort? will you not try to support yourself? I know how hard it is, almost impossible in the first moment,—but, for Frank's sake."

The soothing words had their effect. The strange, wild expression passed away, and she bowed her face upon his hands, and wept like a child. When she looked up there were tears on his cheeks also. She rose hastily. "Now I am quite well," she said, "and quite ready. Do not let us waste a moment—pray let us go directly."

He judged wisely that it would be cruel to detain her, and went out to expedite arrangements for their departure. When he returned he found her bonneted and shawled; very pale, but quite composed; her hand shook as she accepted his arm to walk to the carriage, but she did not withdraw it, neither did she speak, and they crossed the hall together. At the door she paused, shuddering and sobbing—he looked anxiously at her. "The last time we were together," said she, in a broken voice, "I vexed him."

Everard was too deeply moved to answer immediately, but in a few moments he said, gently, "Do not think of it. I am sure he has long forgotten it. He spoke of you with the fondest affection."

"When?" cried Edith suddenly.

"The last time he named you," returned Everard, with a little hesitation,—“yesterday, I think."

"Not since—" (she could not say "his accident.") Why is a word so much harder than a thought?) "not when you left him?"

"No," replied Everard, "he did not speak of you then."

Edith felt the import of the sentence, and, burying her face in her hands, suffered herself to be assisted into the carriage. Immediately afterwards, however, she put out her head, unable to abstain from asking the question, though she was almost certain of the answer, and said in a low, desponding tone of voice, "Will he not know me?"

"He may, very likely; indeed, I trust that he will. But, you know, temporary insensibility is the common result of an accident of this sort, even when it is not very serious, and I came away as soon as I learned that there was no immediate danger."

"How far?" inquired Edith.

"Twenty miles only."

And not another word passed between them. Silently Everard placed the maid in the carriage beside her mistress, directed the coachman to drive quickly, and, springing on a horse, which was in waiting for him, soon outstripped his fellow-traveller. Edith kept her face covered, and unclosed not her

lips during the whole journey. Who shall tell what passed within her during that silence? First, there was tumult, and wild, unnatural thoughts struggling with hurried prayers and trying to drive them out of her heart; and despair, and unbelief, now in God's mercy, now in the reality of her affliction; demon-whispers that seemed prompting her to utter derisive words which it would have been madness to speak. And then the prayers conquered, and there was a strange sort of peace, like the hush in a chamber of death, and her spirit prostrated itself as if communing with the presence of an angel, and said almost without an effort, "Here am I; do with me as Thou wilt!" and then came a quick burst of bitter tears, and a throng of sudden memories that hurried past her like phantoms in a dream, bright and smiling as they approached, but withering into pale corpses as she gazed upon them. And paler, sadder, than all, wringing, as it were, tears of blood from her heart, came self-reproach, the only unbearable pang in the dreary catalogue of human woes,—the tormentor, which, like Eastern despots, not only impales its victim, but refuses him the cup of water which might assuage or shorten his anguish,—the one agony that knows no consolation. Counsels neglected, unwar words resented, little faults unkindly judged, motives unfairly attributed; small injustices and forgotten wrongs, done in the wantonness of prosperous affection or the heedlessness of irritation, all started to life, and proclaimed that now they must needs live for ever, since she could neither recall them nor atone for them. Oh, how sternly does the absence or suffering of the beloved teach love to remember its sins! Oh, how far more deeply and irremediably does an unkindness or an offence wound the heart of him who has inflicted, than of him who has suffered it!

And then, through all this pain and fear, and shame and sorrow, the words and the tone of Everard thrilled suddenly upon her memory like an echo of far music heard through the howlings of a tempest, or the momentary gleam of one pale star when darkness covers the skies. But she put away the thought, and well-nigh hated herself that she had harboured it for a moment. "It was only compassion," said she in her heart, "the pity of a cold but not unkind indifference." And she betook herself once more to prayer.

The carriage stopped. Everard was at the door to receive her, and spoke before she had time to question him. "He has been sensible; he has undergone the necessary operations; he is asleep."

"A good sign?" asked she, breathlessly.

"Yes,—so far good," rejoined he, with unspeakable dread of encouraging too far her sanguine nature. He took her hand, and gently led her up-stairs to a dressing-room adjoining the sick man's chamber; there were refreshments on the table, and of these, though little enough inclined, she partook; for the quiet authority of his manner made her a very child in his hands. Then they sat down, side by side, close to the open door, to wait for the waking of the sleeper.

No sound but the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, and the low note of its chimes as it told ever and anon that another quarter of an hour of life had passed away. It seemed the audible footstep of coming Death, and Edith clasped her hands upon her ears that she might not listen to it. No sight but the table visible through the doorway, with the phials and the strips of torn linen upon it, here and there spotted with blood, and the motionless curtain of the bed, and the composed but grave face of the surgeon, who sat beside it. Edith kept her straining eyes fixed upon that face till its quiet seemed stony and spectral to her, and she could look no longer, but turned away with an inexplicable terror. The still folds of the bed-curtains seemed to her to be endued with an unreal motion; she saw them tremble as with the breath of the sleeper; she imaged to herself the ghastly form which they concealed, with every possible feature of distress and horror; she expected to see them suddenly put aside; she felt as though she could not endure to look upon the spectacle which must then be revealed—as though the slightest movement of the drapery would shake her reason from its balance.

The chime again! She has watched three hours. Was it fancy, now, or was there indeed a movement in that fearful room? Yes, the surgeon rose, and, softly approaching the bed, put his head cautiously within the curtains. There was a low murmuring sound: the sleeper must have awakened. Edith was springing to the bedside, but Everard's firm but gentle grasp detained her; and he whispered, scarcely above his breath, "Remember, he does not know you are come; be patient a moment; he must not be startled." And then he supported her trembling form, tenderly as a child takes a wounded bird to its bosom, and their eyes met, and shrank not from each other's gaze; and, without a word, each knew that the love of the other's heart was stronger and purer even than it had been when they parted four years before.

Five minutes' only!—but the matter of a lifetime was compressed into their brief silence. The surgeon leaves the bedside; Everard beckons to him; he comes into the outer room, carefully closing the door behind him; Edith looks not into his face, for she dares not, but she looks into Everard's, and there is a smile on his lips; and, dizzy and weeping, she gathers her failing senses to comprehend the blessed words, "There is every hope. I expect that he will recover,"—strives to fold her hands and bend her knees in thankfulness, and knows no more, for the revulsion has been too great, and she has fainted.

When she opened her eyes from that happy swoon, she was lying on a sofa, with Everard kneeling beside her, her hand in his. And the first words he whispered were—what? An assurance of forgiveness? No. An entreaty for it. Oh! with what humble and self-condemning words did Edith answer him! How tearfully did she pour forth her confession and her penitence! How earnestly did she justify him—how sorrowfully reproach herself! Not

that she had ceased to love him, as he indeed had thought, but that she had ceased to be worthy of his love. With the eloquence of few words and many tears, blending the shame of true repentance with the happiness of perfect reconciliation—finding no ease save in avowing and dwelling upon the wrongs which yet she cannot contemplate without the keenest pain—striving, as it were, so to outgo him in condemnation of them as to leave room for nothing but pardon in his heart. It is forgiveness which makes the sense of a fault everlasting, the memory of it indelible.

And had Everard no self-accusation on his part? Much, truly, and he was not slack to utter it. He had been harsh, impatient, unjust; he had learned by bitter self-inflicted discipline the need (so he said) of that charity of temper, the deficiency of which was once rather a boast than a shame to him. He had learned that the love of good is better than the hatred of evil; that unconscious self-worship lies at the root of misanthropy; that bitterness against the sins of another generally accompanies blindness to our own. He did not think that he deserved the exquisite happiness of the present any better than Edith.

And so the Gardener found his Lily again, rooted in the bank whereon he had unthinkingly flung it; and the cankered blossom was severed by the fall, and the rich array of spotless buds had expanded in the spring sunshine, pleading to him with a thousand silent voices, and bidding him forsake his unlovely domain, and make a new garden for them to dwell in. And the plant of Love, being cherished and tended, bore its natural fruit, which is the beauty of life in this world, and the promise and foretaste of it for the next.

It is said, that if a silken thread be tied around a perfectly moulded bell at the moment of sounding, the bell will burst asunder, and shiver into a thousand pieces. So is it when a heart of perfect and delicate harmony in itself seeks to manifest its life among other hearts: the slightest revulsion is enough to destroy the expression for ever.

Let us draw aside, and keep silence, and watch quietly in the distance; we dare not *speak* of this joy. Let us be very silent, and listen heedfully to the inner chime of our own hearts, if it have power to make itself heard; happy indeed are we if it convey to us an echo caught from the great chorus of Love.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Coming home is either the happiest or the most sorrowful thing in life, and the one ingredient on the presence or deficiency of which its character depends, is Love. If there be only Love in a home, let its other qualities be what you please, let it be full of faults, abundant in discomforts, pinched by poverty, and darkened by sorrow, still there is happiness in coming back to it,—still there is no happiness, worthy of the name, conceivable away from it. It is the soul's native element, and out of it there is for her no healthy growth or free development—nothing better than a sickly hot-

house life, brief and evanescent, or an untimely withering, a going down while it is yet day. But if the home be loveless, you may steep it in external sunshine till it glitters with radiance, yet it will ever strike a chill to the heart; unless you take refuge in making the heart loveless too, and for that labour you will need a giant's strength and a life's perseverance, and the end of it all will be—failure. You may make the surface callous, and you may continue the hardening process deeper and deeper inwards, but there comes a point where you must stop, humiliated at the impotence of your own will; for the celestial fire burns at the centre, and you cannot quench it, for it is immortal. Never was there a truer word than the poet's,—

“The deepest ice that ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.”

Fear and Hope are the symbols of Love; nay, they are the very manifestations of its presence,—the very language of its thought: and if, having nought to lose, Fear may be dead within you, still it is hard for you to slay the infant Hope, who looks pleadingly into your face, and seems to promise that if you will only let it live the speechless eyes shall acquire a distincter eloquence, the feeble limbs a more conscious strength, and it shall be to you a counsellor and a comforter. “In Hope,” says Schlegel, “such as it at present is among men, lies the chief defect; for Hope ought to be strong and heroic, otherwise it is not that which the name expresses.” And where Hope and Fear are both dead, or have lain so long in torpor that their awakening seems impossible, there is yet another witness to the secret life of Love, perhaps more convincing than either—namely, Bitterness. Where the scorn is most loudly expressed, depend upon it, the need is most deeply felt. Who would be for ever warding off blows, unless he felt that he should suffer from them? Who would proclaim defiance that did not fear defeat?

But what coming home was ever so happy as Aunt Peggy's, when, released from the bedside of her querulous brother, she was welcomed by Edith's sparkling eyes and warm embrace, and led to the sofa in the western window of that pleasant drawing-room, where Frank, pale, but fast regaining strength, received her somewhat more vociferously, and Everard's silent pressure of the hand seemed perhaps the warmest welcome of the three? Much had she to hear, and something to tell; tea was speedily disposed of, and the joyful group, reinforced by the addition of Mr. Verner, gathered around the invalid's couch, which was moved to his favourite position, where a flood of mellow light from the sinking sun poured in through the tender green of budding rose-trees which skirted the window, and framed, as it were, the garden-picture outside. The thick blossoms of an almond-tree spread themselves out in a pattern of delicate rose colour against the vivid blue of the eastern sky; the horse-chestnuts exhibited their manifold clusters of white, heaven-pointing spires; the ground was

redolent with the fragrance of lily-bells and bursting violets. Every tint was so light, so transparent, yet so intense, that the whole scene looked more like an illuminated picture in some splendid missal than a real corner of the visible world; against the glowing west, one almost expected to see in sharp relief the serene form and angel face of the Maid-Mother, with the wondrous Babe cradled on her bosom. Night too, seemed coming onward with a half-playful stealthiness, like one who should say to a child, "Only let me hide your eyes for a few minutes, and you shall see what fresh beauties I will make ready for you by the morning!" Edith felt Everard's hand clasp gently upon her own, and as she gazed forth in quiet perfect happiness, she could not but remember the autumn sunset which she had watched from the foot of the oak in Beechwood Park, —she could not but think how cheaply the spring had been purchased by the intervening winter. Cheaply, indeed! Alas for those whose winter ends not! yet even for them there shall one day be a spring, when the heavens and the earth are made new, if only they keep their patience and their faith.

"And now tell me the news from Mrs. Dalton," said Aunt Peggy; "you said you had a long letter from her."

"I dare say," cried Frank, "she is just the sort of person to write half-a-dozen sheets at a time, crossed all over so as to make a multitude of little squares with an I at every corner. In the language of her own nonsensical philosophy, she is a capital specimen of the universal Me."

"My dear Frank, your hatred of poor Mrs. Dalton amounts to a real monomania. But this accusation of egotism is quite a new one—and about as correct as your quotation from her philosophy, as you call it."

"There are a great many different ways of being egotistical," grumbled Frank.

"Quite true, my dear fellow," said Everard, encouragingly. "Keep to those grand general observations, and you will be comparatively safe. I'll provide you with the practical instances—for example, one of the commonest forms of egotism is intolerance of all modes of thinking and feeling with which we don't exactly sympathize ourselves."

"I don't understand that," began Frank.

"I dare say not," remarked Everard, quietly.

"Oh! you shan't put me down in that manner," resumed Frank; "I know very well you were speaking sarcastically——"

"It is quite a comfort to your friends to find that you understood so much," interrupted Everard. "Suppose you meditate upon the rest, while we go on with our conversation, and tell us how far you have got an hour hence."

"I appeal to the company from this satirical gentleman," cried Frank,—"I appeal to Mr. Verner. Is not sarcasm a form of egotism?"

"A very metaphysical question," said Mr. Verner, "but I think I may answer yes, inasmuch as it seems to imply a state of self-satisfaction, and contempt for others."

"I think it is about the worst form there is," said Frank, complacently.

"And I perfectly agree with you," rejoined Edith, "but you know what follows from that."

"What?" inquired he.

"That it is about the unkindest accusation which one friend could bring against another—in earnest."

"Oh! if Edith is going to take up your defence, Philip, I must surrender at discretion," exclaimed Frank. "The rebuke is quite sentimental, but it doesn't touch *me*, you know, because I wasn't in earnest."

"So people always say when they are proved wrong," observed Edith, demurely.

"People may, but I don't," said Frank, bluntly. "At any rate, I always confess my faults—that's to say, if you give me a little time to make sure of them. So now let us go back to Mrs. Dalton."

"I hate sarcasm in every shape," said Aunt Peggy, who had been not a little amused to observe the slight touch of earnest in this badinage; Everard having kindled because Edith's friend was attacked, and Edith because she thought Frank spoke sharply to Everard, yet both having so completely the air and tone of pleasantry, that it required a very delicate observer to detect the tiny edge of seriousness which had sharpened their wit.

"Yes, but you don't hate jokes, do you?" said Everard; "and in friendship, you know, (taking it for granted that there is such a thing,) apparent sarcasms must always be either jokes or mistakes."

"True," replied Frank, "unless one of the friends is in a passion with the other, which will sometimes happen, you know."

"Oh, then I don't call them sarcasms at all," interposed Edith; "the man who utters them does not at the time see their real meaning, and is the first to disown it when the anger is past. Anger, or irritated feeling, you know, makes one very often use words the true sense of which we should indignantly disclaim, and perhaps we are slow to confess it, only because we are slow to perceive it, never having really intended it."

"And so," said Mr. Verner, interrogatively, "you would excuse every kind of injustice on the plea that it was done in anger and unconsciously?"

"Not excuse it," cried Edith; "oh, no! condemn it, deplore it, repent it, whenever I think of it,—only entreating that it should not be supposed to be the habit of my mind, and that therefore I should not be hardly judged in future because of it. Yet even such hard judgment, I suppose, is only a fitting punishment, and should therefore be taken meekly."

"Yes," said Mr. Verner; "we are not, I think, the best judges of the measure of severity which our own faults deserve."

"And now for Mrs. Dalton," said Aunt Peggy.

"First, let me tell her wonderful piece of news," replied Edith, blushing in spite of herself. "Mr. Thornton is going to be married!"

"Mr. Thornton!" said Everard and Frank in a breath.

"Yes," continued Edith. "Now please listen quietly, for it is very wonderful, and I scarcely think you will believe it. He is going to be married to Alice Brown."

"What a triumph for simple goodness!" exclaimed Aunt Peggy.

"I am most excessively sorry to hear it," observed Frank, whose opinions, or rather feelings, were as invincible as they were hearty and genuine. "She is not very attractive, to be sure, but she is a gentle good girl, and is worthy of a better lot than being tied for life to a heartless dandy."

"Let me speak a word for him," said Mr. Verner. "He has many noble qualities, though circumstances, and a deplorable feebleness of will, have hitherto combined to keep them in the back-ground. But I have every hope for his future. I saw symptoms in him when I was last with him, of the uprising of another spirit than that which has hitherto ruled his life; and perhaps no better proof of it could be given than his present choice—as most certainly he could have found no surer safeguard against a relapse. As for her, I am almost afraid to say how highly I think of her; she is eminently what a woman should ever be—the companion and the consoler."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so much," replied Frank. "Perhaps I did him injustice. I always classed him with *that* Mrs. Dalton."

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Verner, quietly, "you did her injustice too."

Edith felt that keen and painful shyness so natural to one who sees that allusion is being made to a matter, the secret of which *she* knows, while the person most intimately concerned is ignorant that she knows it. Hurriedly and awkwardly she changed the topic.

"The Daltons are going abroad," said she, "they are quite tired of Beechwood, and they mean to spend the summer in travelling, and to winter at Rome. But, dear Aunt Peggy, I want to ask about *your* piece of news. You wrote me word that Mr. Owen Forde was engaged to Mrs. Albanley."

Aunt Peggy's colour rose, and she looked exceedingly blank. "It was a mistake, my dear," said she.

There was a somewhat awkward pause, which the good lady herself broke by adding, "Since I have been so extremely foolish, it is useless to try to make a mystery of it, but I am sure I need not ask you all to consider this as said strictly in confidence—for of course it would overwhelm Owen with annoyance if he knew that I had told you. The fact is, I ought to have said nothing at all about it; but he mentioned it to me in so confident and decided a tone, that I thought it was all settled, but it turned out afterwards that he had only sent the offer—and—and—"

"It was refused," said Captain Everard, looking as though he repented the words the moment they had passed his lips, yet uttering them in a tone of considerable satisfaction.

"Yes," replied Aunt Peggy, in a very downcast manner.

"Mrs. Albanley has gone to London, I think," said Mr. Verner.

"Yes," answered Aunt Peggy, "she has taken a house in Belgrave Square for the season, and afterwards I believe she is going to the Rhine."

"A very pleasant programme," remarked Frank, yawning, "but I thought the good lady's means were so small that it was all she could do to live with comfort, and dress with fashionable decency."

"She had fifty thousand pounds left her the other day," said Everard, laconically. Frank elongated his face, and drew his lips together with a very significant expression. Delicacy towards Aunt Peggy prevented him from saying a word, but he could not help congratulating himself inwardly on the poetical justice executed upon Mr. Owen Forde. He had offered to fifty thousand pounds, on the strength of his own fascinations—and been rejected.

"And now," said Aunt Peggy, with a little malice, "there is another question which I want to ask, and I am not quite sure to which of this illustrious company I ought to address it; so I will ask it generally, and let him answer who can. Who is Miss Bracebridge?"

"I will undertake to satisfy you on that point," cried Everard, with the utmost alacrity.

"Indeed you shall do no such thing," interrupted Frank; "don't listen to a word he says. I know of old his faculty for so dressing up a story that the very hero of it can't recognise it. I won't trust my character in his hands."

"Your character!" repeated Aunt Peggy; "I didn't know *you* were particularly interested in the matter."

"Let him go on," said Everard, throwing himself back in his chair; "he will exhibit himself far more effectually than I could. Give him plenty of rope—I wouldn't interfere with him for the world."

"Well," responded Aunt Peggy, "I will apply to him, then; Captain Kinnaird, may I entreat you to afford me a little information concerning Miss Bracebridge?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Frank; "Miss Bracebridge is—that is to say, I don't know that there is anything very particular to be said about her. I suppose she would generally be considered pretty."

His manner was so elaborately terse and dignified, and so uncontrollably embarrassed, that the rest of the party could not resist joining in the laugh which Everard timed. Frank looked very good-humoured, but a little really vexed, which his friend perceiving instantly changed the subject. He afterwards imparted to Aunt Peggy the true explanation of the mystery; namely, that Frank having been himself desperately enamoured of the pretty Miss Bracebridge, and not receiving as much encouragement as he desired, had been violently jealous of Everard, and had taken refuge in a sort of haughty misanthropic theory, that he was not to be happy in this world, but that all his friends were to enjoy themselves at his expense. This idea, not being very congenial to his nature, had been dismissed as soon as he found how matters really stood with Everard, and it did not appear impossible that he might return and prosecute his suit hereafter, with some hopes of success. Everard's

intimacy with the young lady had been simply that easy and pleasant communion which the public is apt to mistake for a flirtation, but which is, in fact, a much better thing, and is sometimes an introduction to one of the highest of earthly goods—a vestibule, as it were, to the sanctuary of Friendship. But it seems to require a faith greater than that which is able to remove mountains to induce people to believe, that there can really exist such a phenomenon as a friendship between man and woman. It is not very common, perhaps, to meet with a true friendship at all; for human nature is often changeable, often heedless, often unreasonable, and there are a thousand fine and tender links, the snapping of any one whereof may indefinitely retard the final formation of the chain; but nevertheless there *is* such a thing, and it is well to note it where we find it, if only by way of exception to general rules,—by way of contradiction to the popular belief, according to which the fairest beginning is only the prelude to indifference or disappointment. The question, of course, is really whether the true germ be in both hearts, or not; if it be there, it must needs grow up and bear fruit, in spite of all possible disadvantages of sun and shade, rain and drought; but if we have mistaken another plant for the heavenly seed, we must bear to see it perish before the first unkindly blast. Fancy, convenience, community of pursuit, may deceive us for awhile, but these have no root; they are the annuals of the spirit, and fade after a single season's growth. Woe, then, to him who has mistaken them in another for that which they are not!

Everard and Edith walked together that night in the shrubbery. There is no record of their conversation, but, as they returned to the house, they paused and looked back together upon the moonlit garden, as Edith had before done in her desolation and remorse. She looked up now in his face. "Is it possible," said she, "that happiness can harden the heart? I could not think harshly of any human being at this moment. My heart seems like a garden, so full of sunshine, that the tiniest flower, the meanest blade of grass, has somewhat of glory and beauty—thanks be to my sun for shining on them!"

"And the dreary cold of the past has prepared the soil for bearing this sweet harvest," returned he.

Then there was silence between them. There is no expression for perfect happiness but perfect silence. It is not human enough for language; and the fullest concord of harmonious sounds is, after all, *only* a sigh after the *Infinite*. No sound in the whole catalogue of earthly notes expresses unmixed joy but the laughter of a very young child, and we all know how that changes to tears in a moment. Yet if speech and sound are but the voice of longing, so after all is silence, rightly understood, only the voice of waiting. When will that Future come wherein the Present shall satisfy the soul?

"My poor Amy! Will she ever be—not as happy as I am, but happy in any sense?" murmured Edith, as she laid her head on the pillow, for a night of joyful dreams, and yet more joyful wakening.

Gentle public, we leave you to answer this question. And according to your answer shall we judge, whether or not you have appreciated the *MORAL* of this story. For it has a moral, we do assure you, sage school-masters and philosophers, and may, on the whole, be not inaptly named a "book of instruction." This fact will, of course, be held to excuse it for dullness. In conclusion—for the tale is ended—we would humbly entreat you to believe, that Mr. Verner was in reality a very delightful personage—in fact, an *IDEAL MAN*—we have contrived to present him to you on paper in the aspect, we are somewhat afraid, of a very oppressive *prig*; but we pray you to believe that the fault is ours, not his, and has arisen out of a species of that human deficiency to which allusion has so recently been made, which renders the expression of perfection of any kind well-nigh impossible. Should you agree with us, we can only say we are sorry that we attempted it; and so we wish you a long farewell, for Aunt Peggy is about to betake herself to a retirement, which perhaps she might deem herself wiser if she had never left. S. M.

SPEAK GENTLY!

SPEAK gently!—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently!—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently!—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will;
When elements were fierce in strife,
Said to them,—“Peace, be still!”

Speak gently;—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

FACTS IN THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF
SACRED HISTORY.—No. V.

, BY MRS. POSTANS.

IN the first chapter of the book called Exodus, and at the eleventh verse, we read of the taking and afflicting of the children of Israel by the King of Egypt, who employed these Hebrew captives on all the public works: "And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." The custom of erecting treasure cities is very usual among the princes of the East; and on all public works it is equally common to employ enforced labour; thus Mahomed Ali, as it is well known, marched down by hundreds the cultivators of Upper Egypt, to excavate, under taskmasters, the great Malinoudic Canal, paying them only with scanty rations of grain and vegetables, and making them "to serve with rigour." The British government in Sindh, adopting the system of the East, caused their prisoners, the Beloochees, to labour in public works; and the Ameers of Sindh themselves had "treasure cities," forts in various parts of the deserts, between Upper Sindh, Beloochistan, and Rajpootana, in which they stored arms, money, and jewels. In the seventh verse of the fifth chapter, we read of the command of Pharaoh to the taskmasters of the people and their officers, saying, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves." The cities of the East, its forts, and places of reception for travellers, are usually built of sundried bricks, formed of earth and water, to which greater strength of cohesion is given by chopped straw, mixed in the mud before the bricks are shaped and dried.

Without the gates of the city of Shikarpoor were numerous spots used for this purpose; and great care is required to prevent the too rapid drying of the bricks, and their consequent cracking; the people therefore water and turn them frequently. The walls and bastions of these cities are often seen rent from summit to base; yet they prove strong enough for shelter, and afford protection sufficient against the attacks commonly made by sword and matchlock men. The flat roofs of the houses, the benches without the doors, the hearths and windows, are formed with great facility with this straw-strewn mud; and when dry, it presents a smooth and equal surface, capable of being faced with a stucco of fine lime, called *chunam*, which when polished resembles marble; or it may be surfaced with a mosaic work of glazed tiles of various patterns, which are particularly curious and very handsome in effect. The Arabs, the successors of the descendants of the Pharaohs, still in Upper Egypt build their villages on the banks of the Nile of the same material for which the children of Israel had vainly laboured to collect straw when "the people were scattered abroad, throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw." When I visited Luxor and Carnac, the magnificent pillars of the ancient temples and palaces were, I found, built round with the hovels of the Arabs, swarming with their filthy families, and guarded by fierce dogs, who rushed on us from the doorways, and sprang from the walls, as if they would have torn the intruders to pieces on the spot. These walls and hovels were all built of sundried bricks mingled with straw which the Arabs collect from their fields, *idly*, and not as those who once bowed before the Egyptian

tyrant in these same halls, when "the officers of the children of Israel came and cried unto Pharaoh, saying, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?" Near Siout is seen the oldest form of pyramid in Egypt, and this is built similarly of sundried brick mingled with straw. This pyramid is entered from the summit, and is considered to be of an antiquity so remote as to render it possible that the Hebrew prisoners of the Pharaohs erected it as part of the task-work of their captivity. I first saw this pyramid on ascending the Nile, and was told it was seldom visited, from the difficulty of entrance, cords and a ladder being required for the interior descent.

In the seventh chapter of Exodus, and the eleventh verse, we read of the "magicians of Egypt," how with their enchantments they endeavoured to rival the powers bestowed on Moses and on Aaron. It is not remarkable among a people highly imaginative, whose reasoning powers are uncultivated, who are unpossessed of the knowledge of natural science, and who have a religious worship which teaches them the existence of good and evil spirits, mingling personally in the affairs of earth, that superstitions of the strongest kind should exist, or that the cunning of individuals should induce them to seize on the fact of this credulity among their fellows for the purpose of acquiring wealth or of gaining influence. Thus, in Cairo, at the present day, magicians drive a thriving trade; and in India a similar class are celebrated for their talents of jugglery and necromancy. "Snake-charming" is one of the commonest tricks, and pursued by men called "Sampuri;" and about two years since, at the town of Chakun, in Western India, I saw this art practised to great advantage. Our sleeping tents were pitched a little away from the walls of the house, that its reflected heat might not reach them; but the servants feared attendance after sunset, in consequence of snakes having been killed in, and seen about, the hedge of euphorbia that fenced the garden; and under the circumstances the appearance of two snake-charmers, or sampuri, in the compound, was, it will readily be supposed, most welcome. These men, the "magicians," were attired in tawny-coloured robes, turbans of the same colour, and large black beads encircling their throats.

The elder man carried a pair of round wicker-baskets slung from a bamboo over his shoulder, and the younger, a species of double flageolet, on which he piped at intervals. The baskets having been placed on the ground, and the covers removed, a huge cobra capella reared its crest, rising with powerful muscular action, and vibrating in the manner common to that creature when about to make its fatal bound; but the enchanter now piped a slow and pleasing melody; the hood of the cobra fell, its angry vehemence ceased, and the man, lifting it from the basket, wound it round his neck. The magician next advanced to the euphorbia hedge, piping soft melodies; but as it seemed to be without result, an idea was suggested of "the deaf adder, who stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;" and this more particularly when the magician laid aside his instrument, and loudly called to the serpents supposed to be lurking there, that he was their master, and, as such, commanded them to come forth. A pause ensued; the mandate was unresponded to, when again he recurred to a plaintive melody, and scarcely had sounded the first notes, when the gliding form of a cobra emerged from the hedge, dragging its length towards the "charmer," who, darting forward, caught

it by the throat, and flung it into his basket. The ingenuity of the people of the East, more particularly of those known as Kalatnees, and supposed to be of the same stock as the gipsies, who speak of an Egyptian origin, is remarkable; and their feats of sleight-of-hand and dexterity are so wonderful, and so far surpassing all that has ever been imagined of such powers in Europe, that we can suppose, if the magicians of Egypt, as they probably did (fostered and encouraged), far exceeded those jugglers seen at native courts and in various parts of India, we can scarcely feel surprise that Pharaoh imagined the arts of magic as great in power among the Egyptians as among the Hebrews, and so "called the wise men and the sorcerers" to his presence, trusting to the learning of his magicians, who, as we know, effected the production of appearances much as a skilful Kalatnee would now do before a prince of India; and the juggler, having performed his clever feat in such a case, would, with much indifference, return his rod into the close-mouthed bag of tawny-coloured cloth. But we find that in the presence of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, "Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." And the magicians, doubtless, retired trembling to inquire of their masters, the priests of Isis and Osiris, jugglers well skilled in those arts that made them great and feared among the people, wherefore the magicians of the Hebrews had superior powers to theirs; for the sorcerers of Pharaoh knew not of that great sight when "the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

In the tenth chapter, and the twelfth verse, we read the command given to Moses while Pharaoh still refused to let the "people go," of, "Stretch out thine hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come up upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land." During my residence in the province of Cutch, which from the character of its climate was particularly suited for the growth of English vegetation, and the gardens of whose camp were rich and productive, I was, on one occasion, startled from my employment by the loud, harsh, discordant sounds of every variety of native instrument, suddenly heard in full force on every side. Much wondering what this might mean, I immediately passed into the garden, and found the air literally darkened with flights of locusts, brought over on the wings of the north wind from Sindh. In consequence of the noise caused by the cultivators, who, in the hope of saving their crops, had, immediately on the appearance of the band of locusts, rushed forth, armed with every implement and instrument capable of sound, to scare the mighty army from their fields, the creatures had not settled, but now they did so undisturbed on the little flourishing vegetable gardens of our camp. "Very grievous were they;" it seemed as if a carpet of green, and red, and orange-coloured pattern, had suddenly been drawn over all on which the eye had previously rested; the locust-band was so dense that no form of vegetable could be seen for them. And thus they rested until the morning, devouring from the branches of the neem trees and the mimosas, every leaf and every blossom, but when the following mid-day came, a strong north wind arose, and drove these locusts to the coast at Mandavie. Our trees were bare, our vegetables were all devoured; of our figs and our grapes, not one was to be seen, "and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land." The locusts, however, yet rested in the coasts; for, a few days after their disap-

pearance from our camp of Bhooj, I was at Mandavie, a singular old city, surrounded by productive gardens, situated on the Gulph of Cutch. The palace has a flat roof of considerable extent, on which our sleeping tents were usually pitched and our evenings passed; but both habits were equally impracticable now, in consequence of the locusts, that here, as they had done in Bhooj, darkened the air; and the servants, in bringing supplies from the town, carried heavy pieces of flat wood with them, and covered their faces, to protect themselves against the locusts, that flew in clouds, wounding them with their sharp and armed bodies. Here, also, the poor cultivators, with unwearied toil, strove to prevent the locust band from settling on their fields and gardens, but unfortunately with very partial success; and many a poor family was utterly ruined by their devoting all the "herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees" they were unable to protect, until the wind, a strong and mighty wind, arose at midnight, which, flapping together all the heavy wooden doors of the old palace, and rousing every one from sleep, drove the locusts into the sea, and in the morning there remained not one locust in all the coast. Thousands of these devastators, strong as they are on the wing, perished in the storm-excited waves of the Gulph, and were washed on shore, where they were collected by the plundered peasants, who stripped away their legs and wings, dried, and salted them. I tasted the locusts in curry, and could not have distinguished them from prawns. This is evidently an ancient custom, for Herodotus mentions, that the Nasamonies were accustomed to hunt for locusts, which having dried in the sun, they reduced to a powder, and ate with milk. I have observed the same food to be a favourite one among the Arabs, and that it is much preferred to the pod of the locust-tree, which I have seen at Malta, and which in form and colour resembles that of the acacia. The people at Malta and Gozo, as in Egypt, eat the bean, sometimes undressed, and sometimes as a pickle. The winged locust, however, is decidedly more generally eaten, both in India and the coasts of the Red Sea; and when dried, is part of the provision commonly made by persons travelling in the deserts, and when about to place themselves in positions where food cannot readily be purchased,—a fact which leads to the impression that it was probably this annual locust, and not the locust bean, which was the food of St. John when in the wilderness of Bethabara. It is not, I think, unworthy of remark, that all the sources of the plagues brought upon the King of Egypt for the deliverance of the Hebrew captives in Upper Egypt, are still to be seen there, and do not in all instances extend themselves to the lower country, but are peculiar to the river-banks above Siout. The nightly croaking of the frogs by the villages where our boat was often tethered for the night, prevented all rest, and so completely is "the dust of the land lice," that in stepping on shore for a few moments, while the dragonman was procuring milk and unleavened bread at a village, in preparation for breakfast, our dresses became unwearable; and the baths were in immediate requisition,—a misery that never assailed us in the desert of Suez or below Siout. The swarms of flies, also, that fill the houses of the Egyptians, rendering it impossible to eat a meal without the use of fans or napkins to beat them away, are to be found at seasons in Cairo, but are said to be brought by the prevalence of particular winds blowing from

the Thebaid. The year I was myself in Egypt there was "a very grievous murrain" upon the cattle of Egypt; day by day by the banks of the Nile we saw the diseased and stricken creatures dying by the water's edge, and their carcasses strewn along the borders. The murrain was "upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep;" and the suffering was so great that scarcely any cattle remained for service; and the popularity of the Pacha was greatly increased by his giving up his private stud of horses to the public service.

In the ninth chapter, and at the twenty-fifth verse, we read of the hail that "smote every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field." And I was once the spectator of a storm of hail on the desert of Suez of a violence greater than I have ever elsewhere witnessed. We were in a van with four horses when it suddenly commenced, and the alarm of the Arabs was excessive; they immediately crept under the vehicle, and all joined with loud voices in reciting verses from the Koran, with many prayers as taught by the Mahomedan moolahs; and when the storm abated they were serious and frightened,—very unusual for an Arab,—and on gaining the outskirts of Cairo, we saw huts cast down, and piles of the *débris* of trees and habitations; and it was impossible, with these facts before our eyes, not to think of the time when the direction went forth, "Se d, therefore, now, and gather thy cattle, and all that thou hast in the field, for upon every man and beast which shall be found in the field and shall not be brought home, the hail shall come down upon them, and they shall die." And this night in Egypt many cattle were found in the field, and did die, mules, camels, sheep, and oxen, and the people in the suburbs of Cairo were loud in their lamentations for the loss of animals who formed perhaps their chief dependence, and without whom their water-wheel and their oil-mill would be unworked, their corn uncarried, and their fields untilld. It was "three years since hail had fallen, and this was indeed "a very grievous hail," descending "upon man and beast, and upon every herb of the field throughout the land of Egypt." Notwithstanding the impeding of our journey, the suffering of the unsheltered men, the terror of the horses, which seemed to paralyze them, vicious as Egyptian horses are, still, in the midst of this terror-inspiring storm on the desert, with thunder and hail, while "the fire ran along upon the ground," it was pleasing to hear the chorus prayers of the Moslems and the invocations of the wild Arabs. Thus is it ever in the East. Neither does the Hindoo nor Moslem ever question the wisdom of the power of creation, but humbly submits to its chastisement: when affliction comes, the follower of the Prophet reverentially exclaims, "God is great;" and in the case of suffering or terror ever commits himself with humbleness to a governing power; and thus even on this desert, many a professing Christian, who, similarly situated, would perhaps have poured forth the language of irritation or blasphemy, might well have learned of our half-clad Arabs, whose hearts were not hardened like that of Egypt's monarch, but who, humbly in the midst of the mighty storm, recognised the power of God, and fell prostrate, with their faces on the earth, in prayer before Him who had in like, though more impressive, manner, spoken by His servant Moses before Pharaoh and all his people.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE P. MORRIS, OF AMERICA.

It is a well-known fact that the "*Chansons*" of Beranger have been the means, upon many occasions, of prompting the energies of the light-hearted denizens of the French metropolis, and kindling the easily excitable sympathies of a people ever ready to listen to the lays of patriotic enthusiasm. In our own country, the classical genius and elegant versification of Moore have lent additional fervour to the aspirations of those senators whose services have been enlisted on the behalf of popular views and opinions. The song-writer of a nation has no irresponsible duty; his vocation may be one pregnant with great results, imparting to him the power not only of amusing, but of instructing the mass of his fellow-men; and it is needless in these days to say how fearful the consequences may be if that power is improperly exercised.

Mr. George P. Morris, who may not inaptly be looked upon as the Moore of America, seems to have hit the *juste milieu*; his songs are conceived with a great amount of felicitous expression, and with a precision and freedom from conventionalities, which offers an excellent example to all other lyrists emulous of attracting public favour and attention. In every part of the United States his ballads and songs are deservedly held in high estimation; and by none so zealously as the ladies, who appear, one and all, lavish in their praises of their favourite bard. Many of his stringing compositions have found their way to this country; and though well known and appreciated, have had their parentage generally attributed to the talented individual who has been mainly instrumental in introducing them to English ears. Every one who has attended Russell's entertainments must have heard "Woodman, spare that tree," and "Land Ho!" and probably gone away with the idea that the vocalist was their author; or, it may be, read in the criticisms of the daily journals words to that effect. *Palmarum qui meruit feral* is a fair axiom all the world over; and it is but justice to a clever and amiable man to inform the public to whose muse they are indebted for the delight they have experienced. "Land, Ho!" is a sea song, and is written with all that spontaneous heartiness and warmth of feeling for which the lyrics of Dibdin were so justly celebrated. It breathes of the sea, and the words dance along as merrily as the tossing and rolling waves themselves.

"*Up, up with the signal!* The land is in sight;
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.
The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Land! land, ho! All hearts grow with joy at the sight;
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

"*The signal is waving!* Till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again, [birth,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
Ho! land, ho! we near it—we bound at the sight:
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night.

"*The signal is answered!* The foam sparkles rise,
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!

One health, as chime gaily the nautical bells,
To woman ! God bless her ! wherever she dwells !
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD ! and, thank Heaven, all's right ;
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night !"

One of the greatest difficulties which besets the efforts of the lyrical poet is the avoidance of all harsh or inharmonious words and rough and unmusical accentuations, such as too frequently try the skill and tax the dexterity of the vocalist to overcome, at the expense of all true and fit expression. Morris has been very happy in this particular, and appears in his songs to have selected the most vocal phrases, adapting them so feelingly to the images they depict, that they possess, as it were, music in themselves. He has not been content, however, with one species of ballad minstrelsy, but has evidently studied the quaint and fanciful writers of the Elizabethan era, as these verses will testify :—

Lines after the manner of the Olden Time.

" Love bathes him in the morning dews,
Reclines him in the lily's bell,
Reposes in the rainbow's hues,
And sparkles in the crystal well ;
Or hies him to the coral caves,
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

" And everywhere he welcome finds—
Through cottage-door and palace-porch
Love enters, free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung."

Very merry was the minstrel's life in the days of old, when he roved at will beneath the greenwood tree with the bold outlaws, or wandered, a welcome guest, from baron's hall to princely castle : in these our times he tunes his harp to audiences more critical and more refined, ever modulating his art to the studied requirements of the age. Variety of themes were as ardently cultivated and sought for by the troubadours and minne-singers as they are now : versatility of talent and vigorous illustration were in especial demand. A graceful exposition of these qualities is in our epoch the principal constituent of high popular excellence.

In tasteful adaptation and genuine simplicity Morris is by no means deficient : his sympathies are never too vehement, or his similes too vague and undefined. The following extract is a pleasing specimen of his style :—

" Where Hudson's wave, o'er silvery sands,
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crown'd with a single star !
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capp'd earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

" The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define :
But Ida's dearer far than these,
To this fond breast of mine.

" My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow ;
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now !

I bless the star-crown'd Highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam—
Oh ! for a falcon's wing to bear !
Me onward to my home."

" My Mother's Bible " is one of those pure and truthful effusions which will of necessity please all readers : it will not bear dividing, and is too long for entire quotation.

It is gratifying to learn that our author is thoroughly appreciated by the people of America, and that all his friends and acquaintances concur in paying high tribute to the excellences of his character and the great amiability of his nature. As the Laureate of the New World, he is deserving the consideration of his transatlantic brethren. Long may he prosper, and pen, for years to come, as feeling poetry as the productions which are now lying before us. In the woods and rivers of his native land there is a wide range for his fancy and imagination ; let him seek his inspiration there, and he will be sure to acquire new laurels to adorn his poet brow.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF ELLORA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE fine city of Aurungabad was decked as for a triumph. From minaret and mosque floated the green banners of the Prophet, and glittering spears, surmounted by the Crescent, studded the rich orange groves like a galaxy of stars. From the courts of every house might be heard sweet minstrelsy, and the hum of voices was deafening to the listener's ear. In the great bazaar all was festive bustle or luxurious idleness. The sweetmeat-vendors and the barbers alone had business ; other traders had closed their shops, and sat on carpeted benches beside the doorways, smoking their kaliums, and chatting with their neighbours. In the hujjams' shops might be seen handsome Moslems, gravely waiting their turn in the trimming of beards and curling of moustaches ; and the handsome pelisses of green cloth, broided with gold, and the turbans of fine white muslin, worked in the looms of Dacca, would have seemed somewhat out of place, had it not been remembered, that Orientals are ever singularly inconsistent in the matter of costume, and that the wearers of these glittering robes on the morrow might possibly be seen clad in cotton of very questionable cleanliness, and crowned with Bokhara skull-caps, unpleasantly absorbent. The road was clear, had been well swept, and scattered with fresh leaves ; the ordinary stragglers, in the form of idle buffaloes, noisy curs, and the donkeys of potters, had been secured for the day, and the chief passengers now consisted of fruit-sellers, laden with the grapes and oranges for which the neighbourhood of Aurungabad has ever been so famous, or an elephant, on his way from having his ears fresh painted, fanning himself as he went with a newly-broken mangoe bough. Without the city the features of a general holiday were yet more decided. Families of Moslem women, encumbered with their heavy satin trowsers and embroidered velvet slippers, were scuffling in

merry groups towards the suburbs, leading well-pleased urchins, whose sole attire consisted of necklaces and bangles of gold and emeralds and pearls, with little caps, embroidered by the clever Dirzis of Aurungabad. Here and there might be noted a Hindoo girl, but very rarely; yet, when the eye did fall on such a figure, it gazed still on with lingering admiration, so beautiful in contrast seemed the slight elastic figure, the delicate ankle, and the elegantly draping saree, to the clumsy attire and laboured gait of the trowsered Mussulmaunis. The vineyards and orange-groves were scenes quite worthy the pen of a Boccaccio, or the similes of a Hafiz. The common earth was concealed with glowing carpets of Herat, brilliant in colour as a parterre of freshly blowing poppies; vessels of gold and silver, bowls of newly-gathered rose-leaves, vases of perfumed sherbets, hookahs, whose cooling water was redolent with musk and attar, were grouped around; and beside these carpets, under the shade of the widely-spreading trees, reclined *tufahs* (bands) of Natch girls, chosen beauties from the Delhi court, whose delicately tinted cheeks and kindling glances were well suited to keep alive the hopes of all true believers in the anticipated delights of the Eternal Gardens. But if all these demonstrations of public joy announced the satisfaction of a mighty people, equally powerful and luxurious, they were yet weak compared to the preparations in the palace; for there priest and soldier, mistress and minister, slave and son, alike awaited, with anxieties and emotions almost equally strong, even when in character so materially differing, the return of that great, victorious, accomplished, yet cruel potentate, the mighty and powerful Aurungzebe, from his latest Deekan war.

In an apartment of the harem, gazing forth upon the rich landscape of wood and hill, garden and lake, lying around the splendid palace of the prince, reclined the object, dearer, perhaps, than all else it loved to the great Moslem nation; for high as every heart would beat at the name of Aurungzebe, the hand of mercy that dried the tear the conqueror's sword too often caused to flow, was ever that of his gentle and devoted sister, the Princess Rabea. As the lady thus leaned on a pile of cushions of the richest purple kinkaub broided with silver crescents, and surrounded with all that the most gorgeous taste could dictate, her cheek was pale, and a tear stole from the imprisonment of the soft eye fixed upon the way now soon to be crowded by the regal procession of the mighty Alungir. But the lady mused not thus alone, and a hand softly stole to hers, and a voice fell upon her ear, whose tones of silvery utterance well interpreted the pure and loving thoughts of which it was the minister. Fierce have been the feuds of Moslem and of Hindoo princes, unsated the thirst for blood, unheard the cries for mercy, when, in the name of Allah and the Prophet, the Moslem fanatic whetted his sword against the hapless worshippers at India's ancient fanes; but love is of all faiths, older than all false religions, and (where evil finds not entrance into a human heart,) will bless it, despite of creeds. And

thus it was that the sister of Aurungzebe, the fierce soldier of the Crescent, the mutilator of idols, the slayer of thousands and ten thousands of the pagan people, loved with all the tenderness of her sweet nature, and had selected as her chosen friend the beautiful Indranee, the daughter of a Rajpoot chief, the sister of a Nagir Brahmin. And well, indeed, did that fair girl seem fitted to excite such tenderness and love, as she now sat, breathing words of sweet sympathy, at the feet of the musing princess. Her high brow, a birthright of her Rajpoot lineage, was pale and tranquil as a moonbeam; but the light of her full dark eye, though now melting in tenderness, told of a spirit worthy of her race—a spirit too pure, too brave, to repine in sorrow, or to be sullied by disgrace—a spirit such as led the maidens of her land to arm their lovers for the battle-field; but, if recreant there, themselves to kindle a funeral pyre, and perish in its fierce flames, as widows of those they held as dead, honour once lost!

In later days, the touching beauties in the character of the young Rajpootnee had rendered her dearer to the princess, but she first loved her as a generous heart will ever love those bound to us by gratitude. Indranee, condemned to perish by the cruel laws of Rajpoot custom, while yet a smiling infant, was saved by the gentle sister of the Moslem prince, and cherished in her harem; thus, then, she lived and grew, loving and beloved by all around her.

"Sweet lady," whispered the fair Rajpootnee, and her voice was low and soft as the evening breeze sighing through a garden of young palm-trees, "why so sad, when my lord, your noble brother, valiant as Kristna, draws near to fold thee to his heart, as the lotus-flower of the blue Yamuna in its pride of beauty clasps the sunbeam to its bosom?"

"Alas, alas!" sighed the gentle Rabea, pressing the soft hand that lay clasped within her own; "I forget the brother in the conqueror, Indranee; and in all the pageantry that will attend the entrance of the mighty Alungir to his noble city, I see but the mockery of those his armies have rendered desolate. O Allah! can it be that men must learn thy mercies by the sword; and that the smoking city, the wails of bereaved women, the shrieks of the weak crying in vain for pity, the tears of the orphan and the widow, must herald the true faith throughout the earth, itself so bright, beneficent, and beautiful—alas, alas! can this be true?" and the suffering princess bowed low her head, while tears of sweet pity stole over her fair cheeks.

"Dear Rabea, weep not thus," entreated Indranee, in her gentlest accents. "There is war in all religions, I believe; we Hindoos have our Goddess Doorga, who sprang, all armed, from the head of Bramah to war against the giants; and then we have our Sun-God, Krishna, and Roostum, too.—But see! see where they come—their bright banners waving in the breeze, their tall spears glittering in the sun—and ah! what shouts of joy to greet the emperor!"

Brilliant, indeed, was the cortége of the Deekan's conqueror. In heavy phalanx, heading the proces-

sion, moved slowly forward the royal elephants, bearing richly decorated howdahs, and behind them, a forest, as it seemed, of spears and banners, among which towered conspicuously the flag of cloth-of-gold, borne by the emperor's standard-bearer. As the cortège advanced towards the city gates, the elephants filed off on either flank, and with loud trumpeting made way for the advance of the prince, who appeared attired in bright chain-armour, and mounted on a black Arab of rare breeding. On his right, rode his favourite priest and counsellor the Fakir Musafir, and around the outer group appeared the chiefs of the Moslem host, caracoling their well-trained steeds glittering with their gorgeous trappings. The body of the victorious army followed; and the tramp of horses, the roaring of the camels, the loud minstrelsy, the tomtoms, and the horns, overpowered even the shouting of the people, who were now thronging the walls and bastions of the city. From time to time, but with haughty mien, the prince acknowledged the people's homage by lightly raising his hand towards his brow; but, once within the gates, he glanced towards the palace, and whether the keen eye of Aurungzebe there caught the form he loved, or not, the Fakir Musafir, the king's own secret-holder himself, perhaps might doubt, until the prince, striking his spurs sharply against his horse's flanks, dashed forward, and the rich foliage of his palace gardens shrouded the people's idol from their desiring gaze.

The scene was wild—grotesque, perhaps, to a stranger's eye—yet full of beauty. Above the fertile plain of fair Yerool, with its lakes and gardens, now sleeping under the bright moonbeams, and embedded in a dense jungle of forest trees, stretched the low range of hills surmounted by Roza, the beautiful City of Tombs; and in the face of these hills were to be seen excavated temples, the wondrous fanes of India's olden worship. Columns and porticos, richly sculptured galleries, idols of huge and fantastic forms, dim corridors, and mighty altars, there appeared, chiselled in the living rock, and in form taking shapes more and more fantastic as the moonlight cast its partial beams athwart their surfaces. The cave-temples were of many ages, as their huge idols and wondrous sculptures proved. Some were crowded with the gods and demi-gods of the creed of Bramah's priesthood; others were adorned only with the contemplative Bhudd; some were as colleges for the philosophers and men of learning: some contained sculptured histories of India's early wars; but all were monoliths, and from the living rocks of beautiful Ellora had men thus wrought symbolic forms of nature's attributes, and excavated the magnificent temples dedicated to their worship.

It was an hour after midnight; the Brahmins had lain down in the temple courts; the last bell had long been unringed by Siva's altar; the last lamp was now extinguished; all nature seemed at rest, and the only sound that met the ear was the occasional low growl of the tigers seeking their prey in the

neighbouring jungle. Suddenly, however, a flash of light burst forth,—another, and another, until the whole façade of the beautiful cave of Kylas was irradiated with the red glare of a watch-fire, and the sound of low voices rose from beneath the old peepul tree, that threw this portion of the ground into deep shadow. The group on which the piled faggots and crackling thorns thus threw their lurid gleams, appeared to be but ordinary travellers, resting on a weary night-march to light their kaliums, and repose in safety until the minars with their shrill notes heralded the dawn; but the words that fell on the ear were full of dread mystery.

"And is it your will, Sheikh Wuzeer," inquired a full, low-toned voice, "that we rest here as priests and merchants at Ellora, even when the people of Aurungzebe are travelling without escort from the Deekan, laden with spoil? By the axe of Devi! the brethren of the cord were not wont to be thus slow to serve the goddess!"

"Saw you not the omens, Baloojee?" was the quick reply. "Have you not heard of the emperor's wrath, and the fierce oath he swore upon his sword, after that affair of the murder of Sheikh Sulliman, at Somnath—that he would seek out and slay every brother of the cord and axe, from Delhi to the sea? And noted you not that but to-day, as we set forth, a hare ran shrieking across our path; and would you dare to disregard the warning of the mighty Kalee Devi, and bring her curse upon us?"

"It is well," was the reply. "You Moslem Thugs were ever fearful. Is not the Fakir Musafir of our mysteries, and would not he have given us the *pala* (sign) had aught gone wrong? Besides, the prince, it seems, passes his days in the harem of the Princess Rabea, enslaved by Camdeo, the Love-God; and a Rajpoot girl will not readily be won, even by the mighty Aurungzebe——"

"Hush!" exclaimed a voice. "Know you not that the Lady Indranee is the sister of the ministering priest of Kylas? Are you mad, brethren? Hear you not even now the crickets on every side, the surest warning of the goddess? Let us rest, to-morrow, in the viharas of the Bhuddist temple, and send Sitaram, as a mangoe-seller, to the city: he will bring us all the latest news of the great bazaar."

Relieved against the strong glare of the fire-light, a tall figure might now be seen to rise, and shake the ashes from his kalium, ere he moved forward from the group—it was the Sheikh Wuzeer; and as he drew the cummerbund that bound it more closely round his waist, he hoarsely muttered, "Ha! ha! is it so? The Rajpoot girl, with her jewels, her gold, her thousands of rupees, the gifts of her princely lover, may make amends for our late ill fortune. I will rid myself of these Hindoos, who insist that the goddess forbids the sacrifice of women. By the beard of the Prophet, this is indeed good news. The prince will speedily send the young Rajpootnee to his garden-palace at Deogurh—and then, Inshallah! she is *Niamut*" (doomed).

Days passed. In the palace of Mobarickpoor was whispered a tale of the unhallowed love of the Moslem conqueror for the beautiful Rajpootnee; and how, with all the purity and pride of her ancient race, she repelled the prince, and in secret wept tears of saddest anguish. It was said that the Fakir Musafir brought all his subtle art to bear upon the helpless girl, and that the princess pitied her friend, yet was, for the time, powerless to protect her. The tale reached the ear of the chief Lugharee; and, as he listened, deep were the curses he poured forth upon that weakness of purpose which had led him to spare his child, rather than quench her young life with the kusamba bowl; but his determination was soon taken. "Ere to-morrow's sun," said he, "sinks behind the tower of the great temple of Mahi Devi, the sword of Kurnack Sing shall save from pollution the honour of our race."

The lotus-flowers on Indra's favoured lake had closed their rosy blossoms, and the last rays of departing day tinged with gold-like light the grotesque sculptures of the beautiful temple of Kylas, when, from the dark recesses of the Lanka chapel, the fair Indrance timidly stole forth from beside the altar of the goddess. Her beautiful hair still glittered with gems, and the graceful folds of her drapery seemed but to repeat the delicate outlines of her fair form. But her cheek was pale as the moon-flower; and the light of her dark eyes was like the bright flash of the fire-fly gleaming through the rains of a tropic midnight. Strong in purpose, but in all else weak and powerless, the young Hindoo girl too well knew, that, flattering and fair as all might seem, she was, indeed, wholly in the power of those who knew not mercy. The baffled passions of the Moslem prince would turn to deadliest vengeance; the crafty homage of the priest, to pitiless determination against the Brahmin family he now only sought to humble and destroy. The gentle princess, beloved as she was, had little influence over the violent and self-willed Aurungzebe when swayed by his darker passions; and thus the hapless Indrance, knowing that in the palace of her father, a brother's sword, or the kusamba bowl, too surely waited her, in the high-wrought agony of her spirit, fled to the temple sanctuary, there to lay her sorrows at the feet of the protector of her race, the Sun-God, Heri.

As the maiden slowly advanced from the temple sanctuary, a new and strange tremor agitated her frame. The scene in which she stood was new to her. A hushed stillness was on all around. More transient and feebler were the rays of light that struggled through the masses of sculptured columns, and stole through the long low aisles of the now dimly illuminated chapel. On every side, around, above, were the chiselled legends of her people's faith; grotesque, and wild, and terrible to the maiden's eye. Like most Hindoo women, Indrance knew only of the graceful, the poetical, the beautiful portions of her creed—of the lovely Candeo, floating in his bed of lotus blossoms on the waters of the blue Yamuna—of

the Indian Apollo and his fabled loves and sports in the forest shades; of the graceful Bowani with her feast of lamps and flowers; and when she now looked on the unsheathed sword of the destroyer, with his skeleton groups around him, on the fearful Kalee, with spear upraised, blood dropping from her lips, death struggling beneath her foot, terror grew by what it gazed on, and the maiden, unable to proceed, sank half-fainting at a pillar's base. At this moment, the dark gem-like eyes of a huge cobra capella met her gaze, glazing from beneath the loose fragment of a broken idol; it raised its body, with that fearful vibratory motion which is its fatal signal, the hood was spread, the fork-like tongue extended with its hissing death-note—another moment—but, ere it came, a heavy sword-cut severed the glittering reptile, and Indrance, with a low cry, lay at her preserver's feet. • • • There are moments which, in the fate of those who feel and suffer, do the work of years; and thus was it with the Rajpoot girl—to the ear of him who seemed to pity Indrance poured forth her tale of sorrow. The Priest of Kylas, as she knew, was now at far Ajunta: but, skilled in the secret passages of the temple, its revolving altars, its hidden chambers, and its many avenues necessary for mystic rites, she would here wait his coming, peaceful and secure.

"Nay, lady," replied her listener, "not so; even here the power of Aurungzebe will reach you. The emperor's might defies the Hindoo priesthood; and did they fail to yield you from the sanctuary, a thousand Moslem axes would batter Kylas to the ground ere the prince and his Fakir minister would forego their prey. The chief, your father, too, would seek you here; a day's journey only from the royal city, your way will soon be traced, nor Lanka's chambers avail you aught against his vengeance. Sweet lady, be advised; an hour after dawn to-morrow, I and my friends will load our camels and travel forward to Ajmeer; we will guard you to Ajunta; you have jewels beside these, and gold, you say; attire yourself with all, and at the foot of Heri's altar await our coming."

Tears of warm gratitude flowed over the pale but beautiful face of the young Rajpootnee, now rescued, as she felt, from all the horrors of her impending fate, with her brow bent on the earth, she invoked the blessings of her people's gods upon the fate of him who would save her from that which her soul feared far more than the poison of the serpent; and light and joy, even in that dark, dread-inspiring temple, seemed to poor Indrance to surround her as with a glory.

"Inshallah!" muttered Wuzeer Khan, as he hastily crossed the court-yard of the temple; "we have her now; the goddess Devi has wrought well in our behalf; and ere to-morrow's sun gilds the palace of Aurungzebe, the spirit of the fair Hindoo will be in the courts of Indra, and her gold and jewels in the saddle-bags of Wuzeer Khan, and of those who are worthy brethren of the cord and axe. These Hindoo Thugs know little of their work when they spare women and aged men; why a Begum

or a Rance, laden with her bangles, her nose-jewels, her anklets, and her cloth of gold, or an old priest with his signets and tawceds, is worth a score of ordinary travellers with turbans which will not sell for a rupee a-piece, and whose cocoa-nut and bazaar kaliuns are not worth the smoking ; " and as Wuzeer Khan thus argued, he took a twisted handkerchief from the folds of his cummerbund, formed a slip-knot on it as he strolled along, and then, lighting his chillum from a burning faggot under the old tree, reclined there, pondering upon deeds of blood.

The morning dawned. The bright Pleiades were lost in the pale blue light of coming day ; the air had that delicious freshness peculiar to the climate of the East ; the cultivator in healthful peace went forth to his labour ; the tiger and the snake stole back to their coverts, and the gay birds replaced them in the jungle shades, sipping the sweet dews, and carolling their welcome to a new-born day. Indrance had been long before the mighty idol of the Sun-God, her young heart beating with hope and gratitude ; already had she offered her morning oblations — already wreathed the altar with cool fresh blossoms — already entreated protection for the coming day ; and now, with her saree closely folded round her graceful form, waited the coming of her new-found friends. Nor long did she thus tarry ; but, as she rose to meet them, the maiden noted that the party were all Moslems ; no gentle-eyed woman, no merry children, were there to greet her kindly, or speak sweet words of welcome to her longing ear ; none of her own race mingled with the band, and the glance of each man, as it met her own, was rather the glare of triumph than the look of kindness. The truth burst on the mind of the terrified girl — they were Thugs of Hindostan, the band of whom she had heard, the murderers from Somnath against whom the prince had whetted his sword of vengeance ! With a loud shriek, Indrance sprang like a panther from the altar foot ; but, alas ! the grasp of Wuzeer Khan was already on her arm. "Chillum Lao !" he loudly cried, and at the fatal signal the *roomal* (twisted handkerchief) of Devi was cast upon her neck, but ere it could be drawn, from behind the altar of the Sun-God rose a tall figure, fully armed, and with one blow felled the Moslem murderer to the earth.

On the eastern colonnade of Kylas is a sculptured group that tells this tale. The Hindoo worshippers believe it to have been the god, who, to defend his sanctuary, so protected the daughter of his faithful people ; but near Ajunta, beside its lovely waterfall, long dwelt, 'tis said, a Brahmin in deep seclusion, as of prayer or penance, and ministering to him from youth to age was seen a gentle woman, whom the simple people in that sequestered spot so revered that they would salaam in low obeisance as they passed her flowery home, and set offerings at the porch, believing her in her rare loveliness to be in truth a form of bright Parvati, their mountain goddess.

MEDITATION.

PENSIVE she sat, while on her marble brow
Reflection cast its shadow : visions wild
Floated, like storm-clouds, o'er her trançèd soul.
Imagination, like a wanton steed,
Freed from the stern control of Reason's power,
Ran riot through the spirit-realms of Thought.
A soft neglected tress of raven hair,
Drooping unheeded o'er her damask cheek,
Showed like to ebon upon ivory.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.

T. N. H.

July 11th.—TO-DAY has been one of the most cloudless summer days we have had this year, bright, fresh, and joyous. Yet it has very nearly been one of the most unfortunate which I have spent here. We all went out, (except the rector, who, as usual, has been employing the morning in parochial visiting,) with the intention of reaching a little wood in the neighbourhood, delightfully shut in by a cluster of hills, (so they said,) and an excellent spot for another of our Shakspeare readings. We had to go through two meadows on our way ; in one of which, alas, for female heroism ! there was a decided bull. We were scattered about ; Montague with his younger sister was a little before, while I was passing through the meadow with Miss Montague. As we were about half-way across, the beast made towards us at full speed, and we, *of course*, took to our heels. However, he gained on us ; whereupon I seized Miss Montague's parasol, and backed with my face towards the animal, covering the lady's retreat. He was frightened by the opening and shutting of the weapon with which I had provided myself, and took flight. But Miss Montague in her hurry stumbled, and fell with great force into a dry ditch. Her head hit against a sharp limb of a tree, which was sticking out, and the blow stunned her. Her brother came to the rescue, and by the help of a little water, which I carried as well as I could from a streamlet close by, and sprinkled on her face, she soon revived. Her forehead was severely bruised, and the skia was broken. She complained of sick headache, and once nearly fainted on the way home. Poor Montague turned as white as a sheet, when first he saw her pale and motionless after the accident ; but this was the only sign of emotion he showed. He acted as coolly and collectedly as possible ; did everything that ought to be done, and half-led, half-carried her home again. The younger sister was in a terrible fright for the moment ; however, she behaved



Meditation.

DRAWN BY ALEXANDER JOHNSTON; ENGRAVED BY G. DALZIEL.

altogether very well. It is impossible now to say how it may end. The invalid has gone to bed. On first reaching the house, she felt very faint again. It's a great nuisance. I hope it will end well. Montague has been with her ever since; he watches over her like a child. The rector, unfortunately, is not at home yet. How astonishingly an accident of this sort upsets people! Montague has just been into my room for a moment, and has told me that his sister has fallen asleep. I suppose I must have been frightened, for he looked quite startled when he came in, and said, "Why, my dear fellow, you are almost as pale as Mary! Did you run your head against anything too?"

"No," I said, "but you know I have been terribly bullied."

"Oh! Freeman, what a wretched, miserable pun! But seriously, you need not be alarmed," he said, in a very kind tone of voice, "there is not much the matter, and you could not help the accident happening, you know."

Very true, most worthy friend and counsellor; nevertheless, I cannot help feeling somewhat anxious.

The rector is now coming in with Hutchins—they have met at the door. Mr. Montague's face is a little flushed.

It's all right; there is nothing to be alarmed about; and it is pronounced that she will be well again to-morrow.

July 11th. N.B. It was very dull this evening, somehow. In a small family the absence of one makes a great difference.

July 12th.—Miss Montague is, as was predicted, quite well again. What a glorious fellow her brother is! He could not be kept for long from his sister's room yesterday, and positively did not go to bed all night, although one of the servants sat up with his sister. I know this, for I heard him moving about in his own room, which is next to mine. We are all rather queer from yesterday's business; and I'm a little exhausted from want of rest. It's quite absurd to think of going to sleep, when you know that your next-door neighbour is awake and up; so I made a virtue of necessity, and read Fouqué's "Magic Ring."

We were quietly watching the last rays of a very beautiful setting sun from the breakfast-room window, and the rector was pacing along the walk in front of the house, when a ring at the gate startled us, as it was late for visitors. Montague looked quite imperturbable about it, and was the only one among us who did not appear to be anxious. Our curiosity was increased tenfold, when up the path, preceded by the maid servant, there walked a man with a thin parcel under his arm. The rector came in to investigate, for it was directed to him. When he opened it, there, lo and behold! was the very picture of Gainsborough which he had spoken about at Mr. Hutchins's. This astonished him not a little, till turning it round away from its brown paper envelope, he saw a small slip of paper, whereon was written, "To the Rector of ———, with his son Charles's love." The old man looked up at his son for an instant or so very fixedly, and then suddenly left the room. He passed me at the door, and his eyes were evidently filled with tears. We all united in admiration of the picture, which was indeed beautiful. When the rector came back, which he did very soon, he went up to his son, and taking his hand, pressed it warmly in his own, and kept it there for a while. He uttered nothing, for his heart was full; but his manner and look expressed his deep sense of

this delicate filial love better than ten thousand words. True hearts, howsoever bound together, by whatsoever forms of affection, know each other. It is the glorious excellence of the highest earthly love, (and this between the rector and his son is of such kind,) that it has a symbol speech of its own, which the two initiated in the holy mystery alone understand. The child cannot speak; no, nor even press with the hand of affection, but it speaks love and gratitude in the smile of its eyes. Blessed are they who can love as the child loves; for *there* there is no suspicion. Oh! for one friendship, so eternally and unchangeably foundationed, that *appearances*, and seeming contradictions, and things for a season unexplainable, have no power to raise a moment-living suspicion! Oh! for a love, which shall buoy us up in the tempest-stirred ocean of life—the haven of the weary spirits—the refuge in distress—the bright sunshine of the soul! Can this be *human* love? Is there in the four quarters of this noisy, quarrelsome earth such a paradise as this? Perhaps not in its fulness; yet a type of it there *may* be, for there *has* been. It is as the visit of a phoenix. Happy, thrice happy, yes, and perchance *too* happy, he who finds it! It is a foretaste of something higher. It is too near heaven for most of us. It is to recline our life long, very children, in the bosom of a tender-hearted, earnest, anxious mother.

July 13th.—To-day Colonel Hawkner was buried. When his earthly remains were carried from the house to the bier, Miss Hawkner was so overpowered by the circumstance, and showed so many incipient indications of double-pressure hysterics, that at her own particular request a strong glass of port-wine negus was instantly procured for her by her attendant maid. She could hardly swallow it for her sobs and tears; but under its genial influence she speedily became composed, and bore the loss with an affectingly tranquil resignation. This secret of the port-wine negus was divulged by the talkative maid, in the presence of Montague, his father, and the rest of the mourners, to her friend the housekeeper, who happened to be in the breakfast-room at the time, arranging and superintending the refreshment part of the business.

On the return from the funeral the will was read by the solicitor, a Mr. Goodchild, from Dorchester. Montague and his father were present, as they were both of them executors, and therefore had been requested to attend. Montague told me that it was the greatest fun in the world (rather shocking!) But he certainly must have been tickled, for he has done nothing but laugh ever since he has been in. He said that while they were waiting for the reading of the will, it was quite instructing to hear Miss Hawkner's discreet mixture of pious reflections on the vanity of human life, and sundry bursts of sisterly affection, with which in a drawing, sentimental tone of voice, and with up-turned eyes, she benefited the rector. She, in fact, did her best to *improve the occasion* for the benefit of all present, whom, as the carnal-minded Montague profanely avowed, she regarded with an altogether self-satisfactory religious pity. She then mentioned Colonel Hawkner's many marks of piety, and dwelt with great force on the consoling fact, that he had been with her only a month ago to hear her own dear minister at — church. She said he had always had a *serious turn* from a boy, and was, she trusted, a *saved character*.

How all things did change when the will was read, and it appeared that little Hutchins was to have the property! All these little memories of a pious past

disappeared, and she became quite furious, indulging in countless inuendos against her brother. She said that what he had now done was unjust—shameful—ungrateful. She trusted she might have strength to forgive him—said that she had never been treated as a sister ought—that for years she had been his slave, and said nothing about it—that nobody knew what she had to put up with—that she knew it was for her good, but it was hard to bear; but she was quite sure that Mrs. Hutchins, though she was in legal bondage and unconverted, would never be such an unfeeling, heartless mother as to part with her only child—that, she was sure—however, everybody seemed against her! It was very cruel! saying which, she burst into most opportune tears, and left the room. She has, it appears, an excellent competence of her own, and as she is very careful of it, it is more than sufficient to maintain her in her former position. But Montague says that her gradual change of face, as the truth came out, was irresistible. The rector, who was present at the end of our conversation, said that his son was very harsh; that Miss Hawkner was a person whose mode of thought was very different from ours, and that therefore there was much to be said for her; though, of course, he could not defend all she had said about the dead; “For *they* at least,” I must quote his own words, “are not to be judged by man’s judgment, least of all to be accused by surviving relatives. The awful silence of their graves, and the void they have left among us, should surely teach us this, if nothing else.”

July 14th.—Montague proposed this morning another walk with me, as it was a fine day, and he wanted to continue the conversation we had had together when he took me to see his former school. This time he proposed we should walk to the seacoast, where there were some exquisite peeps of scenery. So we started, passing Mr. Hutchins’s house, and continuing along that same lane, which became more and more shaded with overarching trees, as we trudged on till we neared the coast.

“Well, Freeman,” said Montague, “you hinted at a subject in our last gossip together which I want to hear more about; as, if I understand what you mean rightly, it quite hits with my views. Feelings and thoughts are all the same to me, you know. I do not care sixpence about them, because I can do without ‘em. Labour and *work*, something *done*, that is what takes me; as for the rest, tears, and sighs, and ecstasies,—it is all entire, unmitigated rubbish.”

“What I meant does certainly,” I replied, “bear upon this opinion of yours—”

“Not an opinion.”

“Well, this judgment of yours, if you please, but only incidentally. Neither do I at all agree with your naked proposition, as it stands, though I say amen to its spirit. The great doctrine which we need to be taught now-a-days is, that there *are* truths which can only be morally apprehended; that all the intellect in the world will not avail us in dealing with these subjects, which moreover happen to be the very highest and most necessary.”

“I see what you mean; that moral subjects, and religious ones more particularly, are not to be understood by the head so much as by the heart; for there is an understanding of the *heart*, and that infinitely higher than mere mental understanding. It is that of which ‘Reason’ in the Kantian system is a caricature; in *our* case, it is, when habituated,—Faith.”

“Quite so. Men, now-a-days, worship intellect.

No matter what a man *is* so long as he is clever. And so, very often, the unblushing excuse for the admission into families of a tainted literature of unmistakeably evil tendency is, that it is wonderfully talented; and poor unhappy Virtue is obliged to rest contented with some such pitiful, half-apologetic apostrophe as this. ‘What a man he might have been if he’d only been good!’ The result of all this is inevitable. Not only do men take to mere mental knowledge, and the more purely mental the better; but they even trust, in their moral and religious guidance, rather to genius than virtue; as though religion were a syllogism, and the science of virtue as purely intellectual as a problem of mathematics.”

“Then I suppose you will quite sympathize with what a learned philosopher of our Church has written, ‘The reason why, notwithstanding all our acute reasons and sharp disputings, Truth does not get on more in the world is, that we so often separate goodness and truth, which can never be really disunited; they grow both from the same root, and live in each other.’ I think these are his words.”

“Yes, I do agree with him, indeed. And it goes much farther than we imagine at first sight; for if we only remember that beauty is the garment of truth, that, so to speak, truth and beauty are related to each other, as heat to light, we can plainly see how science and art will depend in their subjective condition upon the empire of virtue. For the highest of all truth is moral truth. We may have light, indeed, without heat: but it is *borrowed* light, receiving all its glory from that, to which it is, as it were, the unconscious mirror.”

“Do you mean to imply, then, that a man must be good in order to be really scientific, or to be a good artist?”

“In a way, I do; of art, however, more than of science, and for this reason: the discovery of intellectual truth depends on the human understanding, and therefore vice will affect the progress only so far as it enervates the intellectual faculties, and gives an unhealthy bias. But a creation of art depends entirely upon the individuality of the artist. It is a reflex of himself. As that same writer, Dr. Smith, whom you quoted, has said of an infinitely higher subject, that ‘such as men themselves are, such will God himself seem to be;’ so we may say, that such as artists themselves are, such will the beauty that lurks in the visible seem to be; and such, therefore, will their artistic creation be. Fra Angelico never essayed his brush without the precious purification of previous prayer. He prayed for heavenly aid, and yielded himself to the guidance of guardian spirits, like a docile and unquestioning child. Is it not horrible even to imagine that the coarse and voluptuous figures of a Titian, or the graceful but earthly conceptions of a Correggio, could have ever befouled his canvases? For in his case all was supersensual, and breathed of heaven. The spiritual beauty which has been enshrined in the visible order of things, to pacify yet animate man’s longings after the primal beauty, which eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, was seized on by his purified heart and mirrored in it. To the lascivious he is severe; to the earthly and self-indulgent, deficient, perchance, in grace; to the meek and humble, he is a blessed revealer of things secret and hidden, through whom glimpses of glories unspeakable are granted to them. What a strange contrast to this saintly painter does his contemporary, Fra Filippo, present! Breaker of solemnest vows registered in heaven,

—a recreant, evil and impure, this man, though he studied ceaselessly day and night, and introduced great improvements in the mere execution of his art; yet in the representation of *sacred* incidents was 'sometimes fantastic, sometimes vulgar.' One picture of his, now in the Louvre, to take an example, described to be 'of great beauty, and marked by all his characteristics,' represents the Virgin with a 'head commonplace or worse; while the countenance of the Infant is heavy, and the Angels, with crisped hair, have the *faces* of street urchins.' There are excellencies in it, where his evil heart would not so much interfere; but where love seeks for faint symbols of the presence of beauty, in its most awful manifestations, there he miserably fails; for his eyes are blinded that he cannot see. And even in the contemplation of external nature, whether animate or inanimate, the sensuality of vice and evil passions depraves the taste, and the beautiful is not to such an one what it is *in itself*, the cloud-vesture of God's love and goodness, but a very will-o'-the-wisp, floating over the impure and fœtid marsh of his own turbid passions."

"I see. You mean, in plain words, without any fine rhetoric, that a man who has been making up his books all his life long in a counting-house cannot enjoy a fine landscape, but prefers Margate or Ramsgate instead."

"No, I do not mean that at all. Your plain words have unfortunately missed the meaning of my rhetoric. You know well enough, Montague, that if a man has an honest and good heart, he may be a tradesman or merchant, and, yet more, his duty may require him to attend to accounts constantly; yet he may rejoice like a young child in the sweet breath of green fields, and the beauties of the dear good earth, when he can get to them. It does not require that a man should be born and bred in a large park, and be surrounded with costly exotics, and pass his weary life in killing game, and securing the ill-will of a grumbling tenantry, in order to see the lovely things of God's creation: nay, from such, as the infinitely despicable, they are hidden. The veriest child at the rich man's lodge, if only it does its appointed work, looks up to its God, and loves on from morning till night, sees more glorious visions than ever have been or can be seen by its very excellent master, spite of all his easy circumstances. Servants, you know, can do all manner of serviceable things for their masters; but those matters cannot seduce Nature to a like obedience. She quietly smiles: for she has seen a thousand such lords, whose bodies have long ago crumbled to dust in her boism, and she esteems them at their worth; for she knows well enough that they have misinterpreted her message according to their own unworthy bent. She does not ask how much they *have*, but what they *are*. She does not count up the number of their acres, but rather the number of their good deeds."

"A notable diatribe, verily, O most redoubtable champion of milkmaids and ploughboys against the rich and the noble! This is, I confess, a novelty. Nature a radical! Oh! Freeman, Freeman!"

"A *true* radical, in sooth; I know no one who so effectually preaches the doctrine of equality. But it is almost hopeless to get you to talk seriously, my dear fellow. Yet you provoked this conversation. But you know as well as I do that I have not been abusing the rich or noble, as a body, since this would be a manifest injustice. Indeed, it were impossible for an Englishman to do so, since he must know that the higher classes have contributed as much as, if not more than the rest, to the number of the great and good.

No! all I maintain is, that *leisure*, and the otiose inactivity of wealth, do not give a prescriptive right to the beautiful; for this were the worst philosophy of all; since at all events the votaries of intellect do place the power of apprehending beauty *in themselves*; whereas the slaves of luxury and pride confine it to the chance of outward circumstances. Nature utters her sweet speech to the simple and honest, the open and hearty, the industrious and active. For Nature is, to repeat the same doctrine which I have already laid down for your benefit, what we like to make of her. We may mould her to our wishes; and some may prefer the trim gardens of Versailles to the mighty pine-forests of Norway. But she is so sensitive of human touch that her spirit passes when men begin to analyze and investigate her. So long as we venerate and love, and offer her our hearts, she admits us to the very shrine of the inner temple, and we can see multitudes of angels, and can hear the running of a pure river of water, and can know that we are on the first step of the majestic portal to the all-embracing and all-containing invisible. From the unreachable distance float down thrilling notes of a mystic music, and the whole creation passes before us in the garment of adoring devotion. All things sensible are hand-posts, plainly pointing towards their meaning and life, the ministering spirits of heaven, who carry on the machinery, so to speak, of earth; and our ears hear the continuous harmonies which well forth from the deep silence of the presence, and the eyes of our souls are opened to see the golden links which bind this vast fabric of matter, and join it on to God's throne, whence it has its ascertained forms, which proceed in infinitely diverging rays from the Divine beauty, itself inexpressible and uncontained. And as they originally proceed from, so may they be traced back to, their One Source. And this is the Religion of Nature."

"Well, this is all very pretty, and perhaps I might agree—I don't say I do, mind, but perhaps I might as regards art: but what has a good heart to do with science?"

"Why, science has truth for its object, like as art has beauty; and though I have already granted that science is less affected by our moral condition, yet it is also influenced. For the highest truth is moral and religious; the solution of the problem of our own being, and the discovery of the final cause of the universe, and the proof and extent of a moral governance. But vice and sensuality blunt the edge of our understanding, and truth shrinks dismayed from such polluted touch. Truth dwells in God alone, as much as beauty, and as it is the pure in heart alone who shall see Him, so therefore is it they only who can see truth. 'When Zoroaster's disciples asked him what they should do to get winged souls, such as might soar aloft in the bright beams of divine truth, he bids them bathe themselves in the waters of life; they asking what they were, he tells them, the four Cardinal Virtues, which are the four rivers of Paradise.' Of course, if you only consider the physical sciences, which are the lowest of all, moral preparation will have little to do with the matter, but since these only contemplate phenomena, and do not reach reality, I do not see what they have particularly to do with truth."

"Oh, visionary, Germanistic, fanciful, unpractical Harry Freeman! I take it, it will be all up with chemists, and lecturers on electricity, and British Institutions, and Adelaide Galleries, when you are made philosopher-in-chief to her most gracious

Majesty. But if you can for a moment recall your mind from metaphysics to the dull realities of this outer world, just look at this glorious view."

It was indeed beautiful. We were in sight of the sea; a little village lay bedded between two steep downs, on one of which we were standing. There was not a tree within sight; but the wild thyme filled the air with its grateful perfume. Sheep were quietly grazing around us; but not a sound broke the stillness of the hushed air, except the low murmur of the sea on the sandy shore beneath us. The waters were a bright emerald green. The sky was unclouded, though the far horizon was veiled in a slight mist, as though the hot sun had been weaving a veil to hide the near embrace of sky and ocean. The little village, wedged in between the two undulations of ground, shone brightly under the noontide sun, and plainly showed us the clambering descent to the shore.

"How beautiful," I exclaimed, "is the plaintive music which the sea is now uttering to lull the heart of man to rest! It seems like the yearnings of her mighty bosom for repose and love.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

"Why, really, I shall begin to vote Tennyson a nuisance, my dear Freeman, he makes you so very sentimental. There are no grey stones here, unfortunately for the aptness of the quotation."

"Montague," I said in reply, "you do yourself an injustice, and shut yourself out from many sympathies which belong of right to you. You are reserved, and want others to be communicative. You seek for disclosures of feeling, yet either shrink from them, or laugh at them, when they are made. It is not fair, and it inflicts wounds that may be felt."

I said this in rather an angry tone, and gave it thereby a very different emphasis from that which it bears in itself. Montague turned round sharply, and his face flushed. He compressed his lips violently for a moment, and then said in a low, muttered, quick way, "A man wounds himself when he will run up against a whole row of spikes. It is not my nature to make confidants in a hurry, before I know what I'm doing: I have been so often deceived."

Words simple, true, and honest; yet they made my whole tide of blood become cold as ice. I trembled violently and sunk into utter silence. So this was to be the finish of my dream of affection! Thus was one of the tenderest ties to be broken! Thus I pondered, and dark clouds, murky and black, rose round my soul. I felt how unreal, how unnatural, it was for us to walk together. The awkwardness of the silence was oppressive. Hot, burning tears were struggling to my eyes, but I stayed them with the disdainful barrier of a momentary pride. I hated myself for my weakness. In the midst of all I dreaded lest he should think me sullen and touchy if I did not speak; yet I knew that if I uttered a word, I should play the woman before him; and this would have been matter for infinite self-contempt. And then, again, I saw him gazing on me with a melancholy fondness, but he did not speak till, as we reached the parsonage, he put his arm within mine, and taking my hand in his own, said,—

"My dear Freeman, forget what I hastily said just now. I spoke unjustly; but I have causes of bitterness which at present you little know. Think

of me as before, if you can. I love you, and *will*, and *do*, put all confidence in you."

He spoke under strong excitement, and left me just in time, for I was fairly upset, and should have betrayed it. But the shock remained, spite of myself. It was the first check my heart had received: I had not yet become cold and wise enough to endure it with assumed indifference. The vision of life seemed a blank, and a veil of thick darkness passed over the brightness of my youthful hopes. This, I suppose, made me more than usually silent, for the younger Miss Montague observed and rallied me about it. I laughed it off, or rather attempted to do so, and never more signally failed; for the knell of my hopes, spite of myself, was ever ringing in my ears. When we retired to our several apartments for the night, Montague followed me to mine, and without uttering a word, pressed my hand warmly in his own, and left the room. What fools these stupid things make of us!

July 15th—I have passed such a night! I do not remember to have been so restless and distressed with dreams before, some of them very curious. I may thank them, however, for indescribable and unexpected contentment. However, now for the dreams:—

I was walking, as I fancied, across a dreary, desolate moor, without a tree or hedge, at the dead of night. It was pitchy dark; for there was no moon, and the stars were hidden by thick clouds. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and howled dismally over the plain. The rain and sleet poured down in torrents, driven against my face as I went on. Suddenly I felt an icy numbness over my frame. I could not move a member of my body. An indescribable horror seized on me, without apparent cause or reason. I tried to speak, just to ascertain whether I was alive, but my voice failed me. It was necessary that I should be at Oxford by the morning, and I could not stir. At length, I saw a ghastly handpost, half broken down, in the darkness; and when I looked at it my hair stood on end. I trembled as I had never trembled before. And suddenly it became full of life; the cross-bars changed into arms, and the face of Montague, stern and pale as death, peered on me from the top. His eyes were glowing like fire, an expression of mortal hatred and contempt was in his features, and he said, hissing the words out like serpents, "You have deceived me! Ah, ah! My sister is dying, Harry lies in his grave! all your doing, your doing! A friend indeed! ha, ha!" I shrieked and fell to the ground; then I fell down and down into a pit without bottom, when I awoke in a cold perspiration. I heard a slight noise in Montague's room, and got out of bed to listen, just in that ambiguous condition when the dream is even still half a reality, and one has not quite shaken off the horror; however, all noise had ceased, so I went to bed again.

Again I dreamed, and I was in the midst of a gay party at Oxford. The room was brilliantly lighted with countless golden chandeliers. Mr. Linsey was there, and Mr. Hutchins somehow was vice-chancellor. We were all dancing, and the vice-chancellor himself was in the middle of a minuet, when suddenly all the chandeliers fell, and were smashed to pieces. Then we were all in darkness, till one came into the room, out of whose mouth, and from the tips of whose fingers, there burnt a pale blue flame, which dolefully lit the chamber; and I saw a number of strange little persons, all in red, come

tumbling in at the window, and declaring that Colonel Hawknor was furious against such revels, and was at the head of a mob; and that Miss Hawknor was with him, in a preacher's gown, haranguing against the worldly-minded. Then the ladies fainted, and the men rushed down-stairs, but I could not move; till suddenly I was alone, and Montague came in, dressed in black, and his eyes dim with tears, and he looked on me with a glance of unutterable sadness and said, "Oh, for broken friendships and cruel words!"

But I could not speak, though I would have given worlds to say only one word. An agony came on me, which I hope I may never really have to endure. I saw him turn away, and I heard a piteous sigh, as if from the depths of his bosom. I strove with an awful energy to address him, but I could not. Again I tried, and my voice whispered, but he did not hear; and, in intensest horror, I awoke, and found myself sobbing like a child. I turned in the bed with my eyes towards the room, and there, by the light of my night-lamp, to my utter amazement I saw Montague in his dressing-gown, sitting in the arm-chair. I was in terror for a moment, for I could not fancy it was an earthly vision. His face was buried in his two hands, and he was moving restlessly to and fro. I coughed, to assure myself whether I was really awake, and this roused him; for he came to my bedside, and said to me, "My dear Freeman, you are not well. You have been crying out violently in your sleep. I never heard such a noisy fellow." This he said in an assumed tone of joke, but his voice was tremulous and husky, and he added, in a low sort of whisper, which broke out once or twice into a hoarse loud note, "You must forget yesterday—*indeed* you must, and forgive it. We do not always know the sensitive hearts we are having to do with; I don't particularly, because it is not in my way; and you know, Harry—" but here he suddenly left me, and went to the window.

He soon returned, with some wine, which he had at first obtained for me from the cellaret when he heard me so restless, and now was pretending to be looking for. He pressed me to take a little, which I did, although I did not want it, because I knew it would please him best. I thanked him for his great kindness, and begged him to go back to his own room, as I was sure he would be ill if he did not. He said he should stay in my room as he was up, inventing some lame excuse or other, which was evidently unreal, and begging me not to attempt to dissuade him; so I was obliged to acquiesce. He told me that I had often called his name out, and had spoken the words which I fancied in my dream that he had uttered. I could not sleep, for I was too full of joy; this was one of those bright hours in life, when, by an apparently chance circumstance, all hindrances of pride, distrust, and over-sensitiveness, are for the time utterly swept away, and two loving hearts live in the bright morning glow of affection. Then do gushing founts of feeling open, and leave glittering dew-drops on the early grass, too soon, alas! to be brushed away by careless feet of active life, or dried up by burning heats of noontide suns; but still, while they last, shining pure and transparent, a coronet of pearls on the open brow of Friendship; and the whole creation becomes bright and joyous in the glow of the genial morning. The air is fresh, and birds sing carols of gladdening spring, and sympathizing Nature weaves gay chaplets of flowers, intertwined with budding myrtle. Earth

and heaven offer one harmonious anthem of praise for man, and delight in the once again returning note of unity which binds each to each, and all to one. Love is the life of man, and shall be in completer sense his life when the mortal shall have passed off into the ages that are gone. It was worth while enduring the pains of yesterday; yes, if they had been increased a hundred-fold, for the blessed satisfaction of to-day. Naturally concealing his pent-up feelings, and with a harsh exterior, so that I did not understand him, Montague has given way, and granted me a glorious assurance that he has indeed a deep affection for me. Bright day in the calendar of life! when friendship becomes thus sealed, not by formal compacts, but by tones and deeds which build for eternity; these are the shadows of the unseen, and teach the heart, spite of human imperfection, the deep unison of that awful love which contains, satisfies, in-dwells, and upholds all things created.

July 18th.—I went the day before yesterday with Montague to the church. On Saturday he always practises the choir in the chanting and singing for Sunday. It is a great thing for the rector that his son knows so much of the theory of music, and has so beautiful a bass voice. He can detect the slightest possible discord in any of the parts, so that at Church they are able to do, what is generally impossible in any but cathedrals or college chapels, namely, to sing in harmony. One of his principal difficulties was to break them of their bad pronunciation, which must spoil the finest music. They at first had an invincible hatred to *h's*, and indulged in other similar prejudices; but they took pains, and were greatly assisted by the organ, which was beautifully played by Miss Montague. Mr. Montague had put the organ into his church at his own expense. At first the bass-voles, flageolets, and flutes,—who had been used to dole out before the admiring faces of their gaping fellow-villagers "lugubrious psalmody," to quote Mr. Shen's very descriptive words, "and dismal hosannas,"—were outrageous; considered it an unheard-of innovation and intrenchment on their authority; and the most of them, together with the greater number of the vocalists, resigned their offices, to the great contentment of the rector. His son immediately (for he happened to be at home at the time) began training a few boys, whom he had chosen for their voices and good behaviour. To these he added a bass, tenor, and contralto, and in a few months had a good church-choir, who behaved reverently at service, which their predecessors had not done; for the new choristers were all, except those who were too young, obliged to be regular communicants.

When they first began the new chanting in church, Miss Hawknor gave it as her opinion, *quite in confidence*, to everybody she could meet with, that it was dreadfully formal and cold; and for her part she thought the psalms, and all the rest, were much better read. And it made the service so long. Besides, it was more solemn and impressive to read it with emphasis. She thought music quite out of place at prayer time. This was not altogether surprising, as the good lady did not thoroughly grasp the difference between "Rule Britannia" and "Lydia," of which latter tune she was nevertheless very fond, because, as she said, there were so many beautiful shakes and turns in it; ornaments, however, which were (to give merit its due), the most of them, the spontaneous conception of the very talented singers, who were wont to indulge not unseldom in this wonderful composition in a neigh-

bouring church, where Miss Hawkner used generally to sit, as she said there was so much more warmth and spirituality, and it always put her into such a devout frame to be there. Sundry mischievously disposed persons ventured to hint that her frame was very devout indeed, especially in the afternoons, as she was continuously bowing her head, particularly during the sermon. However, this must be considered as a calumny, since Miss Hawkner was always able on her return to give accounts of the beauty and solemnity of the discourse. She endured such backbiting with laudable resignation; and, indeed, told her friends, while her face flushed crimson, and her voice quavered with perturbed feeling, that she pitied the sad dark state of those persons who could so openly go against religion. For these dear people, somehow or other, by a queer self-delusion, identify religion with themselves, in *all humility* of course.

But I am running wild in my diary, so hereby return to the practising on Saturday evening. When we reached the church, all the singers were there, collected in the choir, where the organ was placed. That part of the church was the only part lighted; all the rest was dark, which gave a very beautiful effect to the interior. While they were in the midst of their chanting, one of the boys suddenly turned to Montague, with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Please, sir, there's a sperut;" (he had not quite learnt the new system of pronunciation,) at the same time pointing to the end of the church, where there certainly was a dark figure moving. Montague immediately went down towards the tower, and found that it was one of the villagers, who had come in to listen unobserved. When he returned to the choir he said to the boy, "Now then, Harman, you see it was not a spirit after all. But if it had been, you need not have been frightened, for what sort of spirit must it be?"

"A good angel, sir," said the tallest of the boys, directly.

"And why, Newton?" said Montague.

"Because bad spirits cannot get in here, sir."

"Why cannot they?"

"The bishop has been here, sir."

"Yes, quite true."

"And bad spirits, sir, could not stop here, if they got in," said little Harman, "because they can't abide church music; can they, sir?"

"No, my boy, they cannot. And if a bad spirit should come to you, as they can, you know, and do, in other places, you need not fear; need you, unless you are a bad boy?"

"No, sir, for they can't hurt me; because I am God's child."

This struck me very much. The children seemed so fond of Montague, that it was delightful to see them. They would watch his face, and listen to everything he said with all possible obedience and love. Sometimes he is obliged to be severe with some one of them; and then, he tells me, they all feel it as if it had happened to themselves. And they care more for his displeasure than for the actual punishment, which they submit to easily enough, if they know he has pardoned them. And to children alone does Montague talk just as he feels, *really*.

I said as we returned, "Montague, you are very fond of those boys?"

"The little vagabonds!" was his altogether unreal answer; for his voice was saying, by all kinds of

tremulousness, "Dear little fellows, how much I love you!" But it was *effeminate* to utter such words, however felt; or perhaps the feeling was too warm and sensitive to come out into the cold air of earth; or perhaps a vision of Miss Hawkner conjured up a natural, yet unworthy fear of sentimentality; howsoever it was, he said not a word more about his "little vagabonds," to use his own phrase, but muttered out in a half sort of whistle,

'Tis vain, in such a brassy age,
I could not move a thistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge,
Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or at the most, when three parts sick,
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heelsaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

"There never was such an unmusical nation. The very beasts are affected with our shop-propensities; horses consider it the end of life to draw omnibuses and be whipt; asses, to be the drudges of some costermonger, and oxen to draw the plough. Ours is a money-grasping, unpoetical nation, indeed! What say you, my dear fellow?"

"Why, I say that you are getting into one of your disagreeable cynical fits, so I shall be off." And I accordingly ran up-stairs from the garden, where we had been loitering for a little while, and arranged my toilet.

When I came down into the sitting-room, the conversation turned on the subject of the choir, and the rector said, "It is extraordinary to me, that more pains are not generally taken in our parishes to encourage church-music among the children. The effects upon them are highly beneficial. It humanizes them, to say the least. These boys of ours have become almost polished in their manner, and very much refined in their feelings and tone of thought, whereas they were once as boisterous as most at their age. I do not say it is all owing to their singing. Nor do I pretend to say *how* the music affects them. All I know is, that it does affect them, and that is enough for me."

(To be continued.)

THE BURTHEN OF LIFE.

S. M.

THERE stood a man in grief and fear
Because his sight had been made clear
To see life's burthen, huge and near.

"Have mercy on me, Lord!" he cries,
"I cannot see Thine earth or skies,
This is so close before mine eyes.

"When Dawn along the dazzled sea
Swells like a soft note suddenly
Mantling to perfect harmony;

"When Twilight through the downy shade
Does like a dying echo fade,
Till moonshine consecrates the glade;

"They charm not me; a leaden screen,
A joyless shadow lies between,
And they are lost, and this is seen.

"Look! where it haunts me, late and soon,
No spectre of a waning moon,
But Life—a shape that walks at noon.

"A discord in a strain most sweet—
A stumbling-block before my feet—
Upon my heart a winding-sheet!"

There spake a demon: "Turn and flee:
This hideous burden cast from thee,
And where it lies, there let it be.

(1) This incident is a *fact*, and the conversation given as nearly as possible *verbatim*.

"It is mere childishness that rues
A portion which it did not choose,
And yet lacks courage to refuse.

"Turn but away, and to thy side
Opening her treasure-ports wide,
Life shall steal, blushing like a bride."

But at his heart there linger'd long
A murmur like a cradle-song,
A whisper, "Fear to do this wrong!"

A mother-tone, a tearful face—
A sign which sin could not erase—
These held him back a little space.

And dews once softly on him shed,
Like breathings by a sleeper's bed,
Seem'd iron weights upon his head.

Oh! mystery of Mercy's laws,
He stops, unconscious of the cause—
There spake an angel in that pause

"Lift it!" With many a weary groan
He kneels, obedient to that tone—
Lo, to a cross its shape hath grown!

And when upon his shoulders laid,
He dares look forth on sky and glade
As one that is no more afraid,

No leaden gloom, no hopeless pall,
Hides from his eyes earth's festival,
But a grave shadow softens all.

And in the watches of the night,
A Shape, all pale, but strangely bright,
Comes suddenly upon his sight;

With arms outstretched and forehead crowned,
As from his cross, but now unbound,
It comes to him without a sound.

No fuller sight his faith demands,
Speechless it passes where he stands,
And blesses him with bleeding hands.

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR A —,

THE forests of New Zealand may unquestionably be set down as the main features of the country, they are majestic beyond description, numerous, and of immense extent, and are composed of noble trees of vast variety and usefulness. For some particular kinds of timber, New Zealand merits all the high encomiums that have been passed upon it; for spars of vessels, and all other purposes of naval architecture, for building uses, furniture, and a great variety of other things: these islands, in fact, abound with trees scarcely to be surpassed in magnitude and close contexture of grain. The one most esteemed by the natives for making their canoes, &c., and by traders and settlers for masts, yards, and other purposes requiring strength, solidity, and durability, is the "Kauri," a magnificent species of pine, growing principally on the northern island, and particularly about Kiapara, from sixty to eighty feet high—three to four feet thick.¹

The "Tawaiwai," or "Tanekaha," is also used for similar purposes, and is esteemed an excellent wood for making casks, &c.

(1) From the Kauri exudes a gum very plentifully, which the natives are in the habit of chewing, and in the kindest manner possible pass it from mouth to mouth. It is found in large masses in different open situations, proving that the growth of this tree has formerly been very abundant.

The "Pohutukawa" and "Rata" are two splendid trees, hard, close-grained, and very heavy; the former grows about the coasts, and is remarkable for its beautiful crimson foliage in the summer months; the latter is chiefly to be met with in more inland mountainous districts; both are of one family, designated, by their characteristic appearances, as *Metrosideros tormentosa* and *robusta*. They are excellent woods for ships' timbers, knees, boats' keels, &c.

The "Totara" (*Pedocarpus*) is also used by the natives for constructing casks, canoes, and the building of their houses; it is preferred before some others for shingling, fencing, and flooring, as it does not easily rot when exposed to wet.

"Kaikatia" is another kind of timber used for floors and the lining of rooms, but it is generally considered unfit for fences, as it decays very rapidly at its insertion into the ground, where the air and soil can affect it. It is not generally preferred, either, for shingling, as it is soon affected by the weather.

"Pukatia" is rather selected for these latter purposes, and is likewise useful for boat-lining, planks, &c.

The "Rimu" (*Dacrydium cupressinum*) is highly esteemed for making furniture; it is a beautiful grained wood, that takes an excellent polish, and is therefore very suitable for table-tops, pannels, wainscoting, boxes, &c.

The "Tawero" is also used for similar purposes, whose red grain gives it an elegant appearance when dressed up. With it may be named the "Matai," which is of a yellowish hue; an excellent and durable wood, and well calculated for box-making, chests, and desks, though it is extremely heavy, and might be deemed inconvenient for travelling-cases.

The "Lewarewa" is another wood of great usefulness in shingling and fencing, as it splits very readily and evenly; it is called the New Zealand honeysuckle.

The "Tawa" and "Hénau" are of the pine species: the bark of the latter is used by the natives to dye their mats.

The "Chocka," or "Horocka," which is the lancewood of New Zealand, is remarkably tough, and well adapted for gig-shafts, and other purposes, where strength and elasticity are required.

The "Manuka" is a hard, durable wood, of which the people make their paddles, spears, arrows, and other instruments. Sometimes "this tree grows to a very large size in the forests, frequently to the height of thirty or forty feet; but in the plains it is a diminutive shrub, seldom more than four or five feet high." The leaf, as it appears on the shrub, is of the myrtle character, and possesses a strong but pleasant aromatic flavour; it is often made use of as tea, in a weak infusion; but if it be made too strong it yields a harsh and unpleasant bitter. It is astringent in quality, and is much used by both natives and settlers, medicinally, in cutaneous diseases, and in a variety of other complaints as a tonic.

Besides these, may be named the "Puriri," or New Zealand oak; it is a wood that may be usefully employed for heavy work, as carts, wagons, and strong fencing, &c. The "Nikou," or palm-tree of this island; "Totaro," is abundant about Rotorna; and is considered as less liable to shrink, a circumstance which unfortunately affects most New Zealand woods. "Tanekaha," the bark of which the natives use for a red dye. "Towai" is a beautiful red-grained, cedar-like wood, and exceedingly useful. "Kowai," now very scarce, bears a yellow blossom; but is a tree of no great size.

Many of these woods, and particularly the Puriri, when in a decayed state, give existence to a large grub, called "huhu," which the natives consider very delicate eating. They fix a number of them in a split stick, and thus roast them before the fire until they are temptingly crisp.

Lastly, I may name the *supple-jack*, or "Karoao," running in the forests fifty or sixty feet long, to the great annoyance and obstruction of travellers. The natives employ it in the manufacture of crates and rough baskets, and also in the construction of some of their houses. Fruit-bearing trees, I have already observed, are very rarely to be seen of indigenous growth; but there is a shrub, known by the name of "Tutu," which bears a black berry in large clusters, and from which, by expression, the natives make what they call their wine. These berries, when swallowed, give rise to alarming convulsive symptoms; but the juice obtained from them makes a very agreeable and cooling beverage, and, when added to some kind of sea-weed which the people gather, forms a very fair sample of native sweet-meats.

There is also the "Karakā," a beautiful evergreen, which bears a fruit something like a small egg-plum. The natives eat the pulpy part; but they have discovered, by woful experience, that the kernel of the nut, if eaten raw, produces alarming symptoms of contortion of the limbs and frightful convulsions; but by boiling, these effects are counteracted.

The berry of the "Pohutuhutu," which is frequently found in the woods, of a deep purple, may be mentioned as another of the indigenous fruits. It is often eaten by Europeans as well as natives.

Of the "Ti" there are two species, one of which resembles the grass-tree of New South Wales. The root abounds in saccharine matter; it is very large and deep, corresponding to the carrot; but sometimes, in one kind, six or eight feet long. From one of these species of roots the natives make a sweet preparation, which they call "mauku."

The "Kawakawa" root is the New Zealand pepper; it is a powerful sialogogue, its properties and taste somewhat resembling the Spanish camomile-root, *anthemys pyrethrum*. There is also the berry of the "Titoki," which is black, hard, and glossy, and contains a pulpy substance like the raspberry, of a scarlet colour. The natives express an oil from this berry to anoint their heads, &c.

The country abounds in swamps many square miles in extent, fresh-water lagoons, and creeks ramifying in every direction. The two former are mainly remarkable for the vast quantity of the *Typha angustifolia*, or flag, which is here produced in abundance. This is the raupo, or New Zealand bulrush, before mentioned, with which the natives cover their houses; it is only used for this purpose when quite dry, and in this condition they find it very serviceable for a variety of purposes. About the sides of the rivers and creeks, flax, the *phormium tenax*, grows very luxuriantly; and it is also frequently observed in a cultivated condition in more inland districts. The plant, as thus grown, is of much better quality than when grown in the swamps, and is used exclusively for making garments, nets, fine baskets, fishing lines, floor mats, and other ornamental fancy articles.

But fern is the prevailing natural product of the soil of New Zealand; hill and dale are clothed with this

plant, and the clearing it away constitutes the chief difficulty of the cultivator. Its growth, of course, varies with the quality of the soil; sometimes it is seen short and stunted, in other places it rises to the height of ten or twelve feet, or even more, and densely thick: but even this apparently useless weed is employed by the natives, like everything else, to some convenient purpose.¹ You may occasionally meet with a curious and interesting-looking tree, with a rough scaly bark, and whose slender boughs shoot out from its top; it receives the name of the *Fern-tree* from the circumstance of its leaves having the characteristic appearances of those of that plant. It is the root of this plant, however, which, from time immemorial, has formed one of the principal articles of food for the natives, and is frequently used at the present time, either when potatoes are scarce, or they feel disposed for a change of diet. The young leaves and tops of the tree are likewise appropriated for delicate food, and its stem is admirably adapted to fencing purposes, as it is apparently everlasting, neither heat nor wet seeming to affect its tough composition. It rises from twelve to thirty feet high.

A climbing shrub, or creeping plant, called "Kiakia," bears a large white blossom, succeeded by a fruit, "Tawera," which the natives, and even some of the Europeans, consider quite a dainty.

Here I must not forget to mention a curious natural production, the "Hawato," or "Hotete," but as I am not very apt at description, I shall take the liberty of giving it in the words of the Rev. W. Wade, formerly a missionary in New Zealand, whose little work you will find extremely interesting:—"The Hawato appears above the ground as little more than a dried stalk, scarcely discernible among the withered leaves and rubbish (about the lesser roots of the 'rata' tree), but bearing a minute bulrush-like head, which, when closely examined, appears to be a collection of capsules. On digging carefully round the brittle stalk, you come to what forms the root of the plant, but which has evidently once been an organized and living caterpillar. The stem grows upwards from the head of the caterpillar. Some specimens show the exterior of the caterpillar so perfect, that you might clearly distinguish the hairs over the body, and the sharp hooked claws on the foremost legs. Whether cut transversely or longitudinally, the substance of the 'hotete' exhibits precisely the same vegetable character as the stem that grows from it; only that you may clearly trace the whole length of the intestinal canal. The hawato is used by the natives in a state of charcoal to blacken the incisions which they make in their flesh. The manner of reproduction of this plant never having been discovered by the natives, they easily settle all botanical disputes about the matter, by asserting that it comes down from heaven!"

The principal herbaceous productions that are here and there scattered over the country are wild celery, parsnip, spinach, canary, and ray-grass, the plantain, the turnip, and some few others of a nondescript character.

Notwithstanding the general mountainous appearance of these islands, yet there are some very extensive plains, in different parts, which might be made available to all agricultural purposes, with very inconsiderable trouble, by draining—such particularly are those in the districts

(1) The root of the fern is of a highly farinaceous quality. There are supposed to be 100 distinct species,

of Taranaki and Waipa. Here there are thousands of acres which seem to invite the farmer's attention, for quality of land, for excellence of water, for abundance of timber, and every other accommodation a settler might require, excepting, of course, that at present there is not that advantage of land and water carriage which would be desirable. Taranaki, from its want of a harbour (being an open roadstead), is very objectionable, though there is a considerable quantity of flat land, and of good quality, especially suitable for agricultural purposes. Owing to this circumstance, great quantities of finely grown grain, of all sorts, are annually spoiled for want of a market, or the means of conveyance to one. This district is considered to hold out the fairest prospects for whaling establishments, but being so open to the sea, these advantages are not at present made available, as the danger to boats and shipping is imminent. In Waipa the plains are intersected by several large, rapid, and beautifully tortuous rivers, which are navigable only by boats and canoes, a mode of conveyance which is found both inconvenient and expensive, as travellers in this part of the country can sorrowfully testify; but if measures were adopted for the ready transmission of produce by roads and bridges, perhaps there are few parts of New Zealand that would contribute more to the general prosperity of the colony than the plains of Waipa and Taranaki.

So much for the productions of the island. I will now proceed to favour you with a few remarks on the inhabitants; and here you will probably charge me with having "begun at the wrong end of my alphabet," and think I should have commenced by saying something in reference to the origin of these people, and have entered more into the detail of their persons, manners, and customs. But truly, with regard to the first of these subjects, I fear I cannot much enlighten you, but must plead the excuse of all former writers upon it, that to trace the origin of the New Zealanders is a task at once "difficult and hopeless," one that is enveloped in a cloud of mystery, without the light of tradition, or any other guide, to lead us to the truth. It is much easier, perhaps, to deal with the matter negatively, and say what they are not; but as my object in writing these Letters is rather to amuse and interest, in showing the present and former aspect of affairs, I shall leave all speculative reasoning on the one subject or the other to regular book-makers, and content myself with what appears to me, from all I can learn, to have been their original source. We are not to consider them altogether as an isolated class, though differing in many things from their immediate neighbours, for in examining the manners and customs of all the Pacific islanders, we perceive such striking resemblances one with another as compel us to consider them all of one stock. Their languages are very similar; their systems of polity, their civic orders and social regulations, all bear a close analogy, and afford pretty clear evidence of the fact. Their religious worship, their feudal form of government, the modes of warfare and defence which distinguish these islanders, afford proofs almost convincing that they are all descendants from the Malays, or perhaps, generally speaking, are of Asiatic extraction. But when I come to dwell more at large on the customs, &c. of these people, you will be able, by comparing them with the published accounts of the Asiatic islanders, to perceive the resemblance more satisfactorily. But, as I before observed, my object is to speak of these people

truly as they are, and I shall spare you all random speculations as to what they were.¹

Whatever, then, may have been their origin, it is evident that they are possessed of good, natural endowments, both of body and mind, though, like their lands, they are as yet in a woefully uncultivated condition. That they are ingenious, may be demonstrated by the skilfulness and variety of their works; that they are persevering, when interest beckons them on, must also be acknowledged; and that they are very apt at learning, is clearly evidenced, whether in reference to good or evil. Indeed, I should have no hesitation in saying, that for natural capabilities they are not inferior to any nation in the world. But they lack both patience and ability in undertakings that depend solely on thought and invention; they are indolent and procrastinating in employments that do not immediately concern their livelihood, and foolishly improvident as to future wants, and reckless of future consequences. As I said before, I am not sufficiently acquainted with their language to pass a critical judgment either on it or their conversational talents; but from the metaphors they employ, and what I occasionally hear of the stringent questions they ask, they are not deficient in imagination, wit, or acuteness; and I have little doubt, that were the better classes of Europeans capable of talking and reasoning with them in their own language, they would discover quick perception, and perhaps philosophical thought. But, unfortunately for these natives, their intercourse with Europeans has been of a most debasing instead of an improving character. The settlers who first came out here, were a parcel of ignorant and unprincipled vagabonds, such as run-away convicts, discharged sailors, and others of a sad licentious grade, who diffused the poison of their vicious habits far and wide. Their self-indulgence and profligacy soon took with these simple, unsuspecting people, and tended in a great measure, no doubt, to make them what, in most instances, they now are—cunning, knavish, and disgusting in their habits. Much of their craft and subtlety bears too often indisputable marks of civilized roguery, if I may use the expression; they study well the cozening arts of the more depraved settlers, and have even the ingenuity to improve upon them.

A short time ago, it was held almost proverbial, that when a native had once made a bargain, there was no demur or cavilling on his part although he might find himself the loser; but now he exhibits very opposite qualities—he is never satisfied, and he is as extortionate and hard to trade with as an accomplished horse-dealer. The settlers are continually complaining of the covetousness, rapacity, and double-dealing of the Maori; but they little consider how much they are themselves to blame for it all, and seem quite unconscious of that most natural of all natural results, that their own flagrant examples of dishonesty and dissimulation should take root and grow up in the minds of these imitative people. Such, however, is the case; and, until their honesty be

(1) "The natives have a tradition amongst themselves, that they originally came from an island situated to the northward, called Hawaiki, where the kumera, or sweet potato, grows spontaneously, and that it was brought from there by them, in consequence of which they claim that esteemed vegetable as exclusively their own. They further relate that their emigrant forefathers landed at Kawia, on the west coast, where, to this day, is an upright stone, which they point out as the petrified canoe which transported them to this island. The sail which they employed on the occasion, they say, was taken up into the skies, and now forms one of the constellations."

measured by some more equitable standard, it were unjust to condemn them for what they are taught by example to deem right and fair in the way of trade. Hitherto their business transactions have been conducted on the system of barter; and this is, even now, in the inland parts, the general mode of traffic: but, since the golden god has dispensed his favours more lavishly in the larger settlements, the natives have made themselves better acquainted with the value and purposes of money, so in these markets they refuse any other medium of doing business. They are already becoming adepts at the game of profit and loss, and it may be confidently expected that, in the course of a few years, they will display as much circumspection and adroitness in trading matters as their more experienced antagonists.

It is laughable to observe the eagerness of some, however, (who, perhaps, for the first time in their lives are possessed of a few shillings,) to put their money in circulation, no matter, seemingly, whether or not they get an equivalent for it; they spend it for the novelty of the thing, as children do with their weekly pence, for a new but trifling toy. We can scarcely be surprised at this; but if they do not soon grow wiser by their own wits, their white brethren's avarice will shortly teach them.

From these few remarks you will rightly infer that Maori faith is not much to be depended upon; and, indeed, I am convinced it is not. Like most other people, they are honest enough to the eye; but only grant them opportunity, and their fraudulent cunning is conspicuous in every transaction. They can act the hypocrite to perfection, and can dissemble, lie, and cheat, as cleverly as any black-leg in civilized England. It is a remarkable anomaly, though, in their character, that if you entrust them with any article, and they are at the same time aware that you well know both its quality and quantity, they are scrupulously exact and honourable in its restoration. Place anything in their charge, not excepting tobacco even, and it is as safe as in your own possession. All this may arise from a cowardly fear of detection, for it has often been proved, that when an inventory of the things has not been kept, it is pretty certain that some part will be missing.

I was given to understand, on first arriving here, that honesty was the main feature of Maori character. I cannot, however, set down as facts all that I was told, for my own senses evidence against them. and I must at least hazard a doubt as to the entire truth of the statement. But, in almost every instance of their petty larceny, their deep cunning and falsehood avail them nothing, for they keep their own and one another's counsel so abominably ill, that some of their friends or associates are sure to impeach them sooner or later; so that, when a white man misses any of his property, let him but treat the suspected parties with some of their favourite "weed," and, if he does not receive his own again, he will at least soon find out the thief.

These people have a curious system of robbery amongst themselves, which they put in practice on some remarkable occasions; and what we should deem an aggression of the deepest dye they consider a compliment and a mark of friendship. Thus, after a family calamity, as the death of a wife or child, the afflicted survivor would think himself greatly undervalued and highly affronted if his relations, friends, and others, did not come and strip him of most of his property. The same peculiar feeling is exhibited after any supposed or real grievance, as robbing, cursing, trespassing, and the like; but

the person thus aggrieved takes it all in good part, and feels himself honoured on the occasion. The native curse, "kanga," was regarded by the New Zealanders as a great crime before their association with Europeans, and is often, even at this time, followed by summary punishment in destroying the aggressor's property; but, a few years back, I am told, he would not only have lost that, but, most probably, his life also. With this view of the heinous nature of swearing, it is somewhat surprising that they have not oftener visited some of the "accomplished" settlers with the severest marks of their displeasure. True it is that some white men have had their houses fired in return for a volley of oaths, and have even been stripped of all their property, but I am not aware whether or not any of them have lost their lives by such conduct. The general leniency of the natives under their frequent insults proves in an especial manner the respect they entertain towards the white people; for, when there was no law to intimidate them, and when they were much more frequently exposed to the assaults of daring and reprobate characters than they now are, and when their old savage passions and prejudices rendered them far more excitable than they are at the present time, since their closer intimacy with Europeans: yet it has seldom been known that they have retaliated in the manner we might expect from a strange and barbarous people. Here, of course, as in all other places, some portion of the community disgrace themselves by the most vindictive and atrocious acts, but these cannot be assumed as national characteristics; then, in certain parts of these islands, some natives are centuries behind others in civilization, and occasionally give awful demonstration of their lingering spirit for blood and carnage. But amongst such of them as have been subjected to the humanizing influence of true Christian example, I certainly discovered much in their character that reconciles me to many of their barbarous propensities; and particularly when I see that they have within them the seeds of good qualities which only want the genial influence of good example and benevolent treatment to make them bear an ample return of kindness and good-fellowship. They have their faults, it is true, but where is the nation or individual that can boast of an immunity from such defects of character? where a set of people who have been more exposed to the demoralizing influences of bad example? or where a class who have resisted these so determinately, so effectually, and have risen so quickly in the "scale of beings" in spite of every opposing obstacle? Englishmen may censure their faults as they will, but I am convinced that were their own crimes (even those arising out of self-interest alone) put into the balance with all the failings of the New Zealanders, naturally proceeding from ignorance and bad example, the former would greatly preponderate. I by no means wish to extenuate the natural or acquired vices of these people, for they are many, and are much to be deplored; but let fair justice be done to them, and let us endeavour to reclaim them by Christian teaching and example.

Amongst their most prominently disqualifying characteristics may be noticed their habits of idleness. The whole body of natives, men, women, and children, are lamentably lazy and impatient of labour; they appear to have no natural turn towards any kind of exertion either of mind or body; even their exercises and amusements are of an indolent character. They spend one-half of their time in sleep, the other in

eating, smoking, and idle conversation: they will squat round a fire, or lay basking in the sun for hours together; and with many among them, neither duty, bribes, nor compulsion, will have the slightest effect in arousing them to action. Some others, who are partially civilized by living with Europeans of the better stamp, will occasionally show a little alacrity, especially if you put a job into their hands that is new and to their fancy; for a limited time they will work, perhaps contentedly and perseveringly, but as soon as the novelty is over, or any fresh attraction interposes, their application ceases, and the Maori is himself again. Then all of them are excessively teasing in their importunities for payment, or "*utu*," even before their work is completed: tobacco is now their constant cry; whatever a native may be engaged in, he must have his pipe, no matter how it interferes with the labour going on; if he cannot be so indulged he is sullen and obstinate, and if his wish is humoured it renders him still more lazy than he naturally is, moreover it is the occasion of frequent interruptions to the progress of his employment. His pipe is the darling idol of his soul, and everything else must give place to it. The writer of the small work before noticed, to whom I am indebted for some interesting particulars, remarking on "the extravagant attachment of the natives to their pipes and tobacco, and the much greater value set upon these articles than upon the interests of their best friends," relates, that "on the occurrence of a wreck, his boy, when he had heard that the boat was to be cleared, instead of joining heart and hand to help us, called out with the calculating earnestness of a man who wishes to save a treasure from destruction, '*Kiri pakaru taku pipi*!' 'Don't break my pipe!'" This is truly characteristic of a Maori's solicitude for the luxury of smoking.

Arising out of their lazy habits are many other faults of a disagreeable and perplexing character; their extreme carelessness and improvidence are justly to be censured. Both these are observable in all their transactions, but their improvidence of time out-Herods Herod. If, for instance, they be ever so hastened in the preparation of food, they will invariably dress the meat, peel the potatoes, and perform a hundred other jobs, before they think of cutting even their wood to make a fire. It might appear in this that they were economical in their fuel, but the shameful waste they otherwise make of it contradicts the supposition; no, it arises from their native indolence and their habit of putting off the most disagreeable and difficult work to the last. Whatever tools, utensils, &c. they may have occasion to use, also, they throw aside after their work is done as if they were no more to be wanted; as for replacing anything in its usual situation, it seems absolutely out of their nature. But all this more particularly applies to property belonging to another, especially if the owner be a white man, to whom they look, as a matter of course, for all their supplies, and on whom they lay all responsibility in case of loss or accident. Thus is their carelessness and extravagance seen daily in a thousand instances, all of which, for want of a little forethought, puts every one about them to perpetual annoyance. With regard to their food they are oftentimes equally improvident, and care not to make provision for it, unless it be in anticipation of a feast, or when they contemplate a journey, on which occasions they are extravagantly wasteful: although

their appetites are insatiable, and it is impossible to obtain their services until hunger is appeased; yet they are so apparently insensible to any future want, that cooking utensils, provisions, and all, are carelessly thrown aside until the gnawing sensations of hunger again remind them of it. I have frequently observed them after cramming in as much as their stomachs could contain, selfishly throw away the remainder, far out of the reach of any other person, or even of the poor half-starved quadrupeds around them, whose beseeching looks express too eloquently the thoughtless indifference of their owners.

I must not forget to mention among their other indolent habits, their vexatious fondness for procrastination, and their uniform disposition to treat all affairs of importance as neither urgent nor necessary. They are provokingly easy if they see you are in a hurry about any work. Their tantalizing "*Taihoa*" is ever on their tongue, and would weary, by its repetition, the patience of a Job.

This ready and convenient word bears many significations; according to the humour of the party using it, it may be intended for by-and-by, immediately, presently, or merely intimate an intention that has no reference whatever to any definite time. Thus, if you ask for anything hurriedly, your reply would be "*Taihoa*;" or if importunately, perhaps "*Taihoa, taihoa*," but *when* your demands are to be satisfied is an enigma not easily solved. I verily believe, if the house were in flames, and you called out, "Water, water, water!" your answer would be, very coolly, "*Taihoa, taihoa, taihoa*."

But I find I am exceeding my epistolary limits, and therefore must beg to conclude for the present, while I promise to afford some further illustrations of these curious people "*taihoa*," by-and-by, or at some future time.

Yours, &c.,

KIR.

(To be continued.)

SOME PASSAGES FROM A JOURNAL THAT WAS NEVER KEPT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THREE FRIENDS AND MYSELF WENT TO A REGATTA.

THE country is very delightful and pleasant, very calm and soothing to the spirit; but yet there is a tinge of dullness about it. I speak more particularly, mind you, reader, when you are staying for change of air and scene in a strange neighbourhood. All the people round new to you, are themselves at home and cheerfully employed, while you are thinking of what is going on in your usual haunts, and how So-and-so are perhaps missing you. At least, these were the feelings of Jones, Hensley, and myself, after we had spent two days in the peculiarly quiet village of Hemingford, in Hampshire.

Ellis, the fourth of our party, was "jolly enough," to use his own phrase; but he was a sailor, and that interesting class of men are so generally obliged to accommodate their feelings to their situation, that they seem to have the power of doing so under all circumstances. He was, however, happily for us, a splendid fellow — could do almost anything, and was a valuable addition to any society. He was as great a favourite with the fair sex as with his own; had not the remotest idea of scientific singing, yet never refused a call to the piano in his life; danced

with far more vigour and hilarity than grace, yet always had the prettiest girls in the room for his partners; the old ladies doated on him, and so did we, and we had him all to ourselves for the time. And yet we were getting dull. We had tried some fishing near, which was said to be good, but could not even discover a fish with our eyes; and if there had been even one, Ellis must have caught it, his luck was so good, if his skill was nothing great.

And so it was that, on the evening of the third day, as we walked slowly back through the village after in vain applying at the post-office for any letters, we unanimously considered it a peculiarly happy thought of Hensley's that the next day was the Southampton Regatta. To "go, of course," was the decision, the how to go the next point. But three Cambridge men and a young lieutenant could soon find the way when once they had conceived the will. Hemingford contained a gig and a four-wheeled chaise; the latter would hold us all, but then it is such a bore to sit behind, and then it would be so heavy for the horse—it is astonishing how humane we are when thoughtful humanity runs parallel with our wishes. We had some talk of a leader for the four-wheel, but it was an unusual style of equipage, and the unsophisticated villagers scarcely jumped at the idea, so the gig and its more heavy colleague were ordered to be at the door of the little inn at seven sharp on the following morning.

And a glorious morning it was;—the dew on the grass still, though every little drop was growing smaller each minute under the sun; a southerly wind, and no cloud in the sky. In good health, good spirits, an eighteen miles' drive through a delightful country, a regatta, a little dinner afterwards, and then the eighteen miles back in the cool of the evening. Reader, our prospects were flourishing, and yet before that day closed, or rather, before the next rosy morn had tipped the hills, we had learnt—but stay, we are not writing an essay, and consequently are not compelled to let the world know our moral beforehand. We were not long in deciding how to arrange ourselves in our vehicles; we should have been, mind you, perhaps, if we had not decided on the pacific plan of tossing for our respective places in phaeton and gig. And here, if we might, we would insert a long panegyric on this excellent plan of tossing—not in the low gambling sense, of course, but as a pleasing and simple mode of settling all doubts and difficulties. Think, reader, of all the well-sustained arguments you have heard—think of the ill blood which you have perceived stirred up—think of the damp that has been thrown upon many a well-disposed party by a long, and what is misnamed, a friendly argument; and then think if, after all, you ever saw either side convinced, or at any rate confess they were so. Depend on it they had far better have tossed up on the mooted question at first, and then dropped it altogether. Why, a friend of ours was once saved from a peculiarly unpleasant fate by this easy device. He had met a very charming widow, understood she was possessed of a delightful competency; she was evidently struck with him, and he thought of pushing his way. He went home, pondered, and, like a wise man, tossed up. The coin went against his inclinations, and he somewhat more than half regretted he had vowed to stand by the trial; but, like a true man, he did it. In fourteen days from that time, the lady—the rich widow—was arrested for a debt of 1,500*l.*, her assets being *nil*. Now I do

not say that this perfectly establishes a general rule, but it is indisputably in favour of my point. At any rate, this was the way we managed, and the very fact of my being in this case, as I generally am, unlucky, proves my complete disinterestedness in supporting the principle—Hensley and myself in the gig, Ellis and Jones in the phaeton.

Now, Hensley was a very good sort of fellow, very amiable and agreeable, but scarcely what one would call a good whip. He had never been thrown in the way of horses, or I dare say he would have succeeded very well; and yet such is human nature, the very fact of his never having driven twenty times in his life, made him the more determined to drive then. What could I do? I let him; and very noble and dignified he looked as he sat bolt upright by my side, with his whip held perpendicularly before him. He had generally a sort of military air about him, and carried his chest well forward, and on this occasion he surpassed even himself,—not to say a heavy dragoon, in his bearing. Our horse was not a spirited one, not by any means likely to bolt, or execute unseemly gambols on his course, and if Hensley had not been ambitious, probably all would have been well, but unhappily (and it was very odd), the good man was proud of his driving, and he yearned to exhibit his skill by some dexterous feats. I saw this by his mode of procedure, the road was wide enough for three wagons to pass abreast, yet Hensley would pass every coming vehicle with the smallest possible shave. I feared that if I spoke of it, it might tempt him to some more peculiar exhibition, yet after passing half-a-dozen carts with such a perilously small space between our wheels, that I involuntarily shrank into the minutest compass, and looked out for the soft places in the bank, I ventured to ask him what his object might be in this performance. I scarcely expected a satisfactory reply, but I must confess I was not prepared for his answer. Delight beamed from every lineament of his martial face, "You have observed it then, old boy; I thought I could show you something of my skill. I knew you imagined I could not drive. Why, you could not have put a crown piece between the wheels last time, but I'll beat that, there sha'n't be room for a miserable fourpenny piece the next thing we meet."

I told him I believed implicitly in the superiority of his chariotteering, that I desired no further proof, his specimens already were quite enough to prove the excellence of his eye, in short, that I preferred our own side of the road; it was of no use, he was inexorable. "No, Charley," was his reply, "seeing is believing. I know, I say again, that you doubt my driving powers. Why I have driven in the most crowded streets of London the most spirited horses," (this I doubted, but he was warming with his subject) "and you think I can't manage on a country road; it's good practice, old fellow: I tell you, there sha'n't be room for a fourpenny piece between our off-wheel and this cart." He was right, there was *not*—a jar, a grinding noise, a hundred thoughts crowded in one short skim through the air, and I found myself sitting in the adjoining field, with a very vague consciousness of my locality or individuality. Poor Hensley! he was decidedly stunned, as he raised his tall stiff figure from the ground, and without taking the slightest notice of the wreck he had made, commenced walking rapidly, yet with a wandering step, in the directly opposite direction, yet I firmly believe to this day, that he made himself appear rather worse than he really was, in order to escape some of the reproaches

which he expected to receive. When he found, however, that I was not disposed to be too hard upon him, he gathered courage and coolly advanced a statement, to which he obstinately sticks to this day, that the horse in the cart made a sudden lurch as we passed, and thus frustrated the success of his attempt. Between ourselves, I do *not* believe that this was the case; but he did believe it, I quite think: if this should meet thine eye, old Hensley (you are not a great reader, and the odds are against it, yet all the world, too, reads "Sharpe,") pardon the faithful confession of thy still faithful friend. The injuries to our gig were not so great as we at first feared, a little manœuvring to the harness put it in tolerable order, and the gig was quite in a condition to proceed, with but one draw-back, the loss of the splash-board. To have the horse's tails whisking about our boots would be, Hensley contended, so degrading, that he should certainly walk. Now, this was all very well, as I could have got a seat in the phaeton, but what would become of the gig? There wasn't a house within a couple of miles, and the cart had gone off directly the driver discovered that we were not seriously hurt. This had a good effect, as in meeting our friends he had named the accident to them, and in the midst of our deliberations, up drove the slow but sure four-wheel. Where was the difficulty in which Ellis was not at home? it was in cases like this he shone. The more numerous the obstacles, the more boundless his plans; and so it proved on the present occasion. "Difficulty, my boys!" cried his laughing voice, "not the least in the world; of course tie the gig behind our thing, and you sit with us. Oh! there's the horse though; well, Hensley can ride it. There's no saddle, but what is that to a good horseman? the Gauchos on the Pampas don't trouble themselves about saddles. By the bye, 'twill look strange in the streets, or we'll tie the animal's legs together with a pocket handkerchief, and then it can't stray, and wheel the gig back into that old quarry. Difficulty! why there's not the slightest; I've given you a hundred plans already." Neither of the hundred plans struck us as being particularly eligible, and so I suppose our unconfirmed faces testified, for Ellis immediately commenced his second batch of hundreds. Outspoke the fertile one, "But why leave the gig here at all? what difference does a splash-board make? I'll drive, and Charley Carleton (me, reader) will come with me; won't you, old fellow?"

What could I do? there was no particular reason against it, I did not wish to be met by any acquaintances, but there was little chance of that; I hadn't a friend within fifty miles of Southampton that I knew of. So in we got, Hensley had jumped in with Jones, and driven off directly he had heard Ellis's proposition, and unfortunately had not thought, or had not cared to take our splash-board with him, so we had to carry it with us. It was inconvenient certainly, but necessary, and Ellis's good temper and ready reply laughed off many a joke that assailed us on the road; and we safely entered that pretty town Southampton. It was very full, and I confess to a feeling of shame, and to a hint to Ellis to drive by the back streets, and also to a little deception in pretending to guide him by a short cut to the Inn at which we agreed to stop. From one of these narrow retired streets, suddenly to my great annoyance we came out into the middle of the High Street. "What difference can it make," said my careless friend; "no one knows us, and they may think it's a new style direct from Town to have no splash-board."

"More likely," thought I, "if they did not see me holding one on behind." That an eccentric man might choose to do without that usual appendage was possible, but that any man should be *so* eccentric as to carry one behind for no possible purpose but to fatigue his right arm, was certainly not probable. No, the sole consolation was, "Nobody knows us."

Too confident expectation! too hasty belief! To my horror I beheld slowly sauntering up the sunny side of the street a family that I had every reason to suppose to be at that moment something like 180 miles off. "Ellis, for heaven's sake turn,—drive into a shop, do anything,—spill us, or something,—here's Emily!" "Emily, man! who's Emily?" was the only reply of my friend. "Confound it! for her to see me in such a thing as this!" "Cut her, my good fellow; cut her, and tell her next time you meet her, that on this identical day you were lying with a broken leg at Lancaster." "But the splash-board, man,—this confounded splash-board!" "Drop it, by all means, if that distresses you; we can send back for it, and cut her dead, as I told you." I did drop it, and tried to cut the party generally so joyfully hailed, but such a miserable attempt was it that it only made matters infinitely more awkward.

I could not keep my eyes from her (*them* I mean), and to all their laughing and surprised nods, returned a vacant, confused, idiotic stare, while Ellis, the wretch! as if taking all their greetings to himself, raised his hat, and bowed with the grace of one who walked the quarter-deck of the *Thunderbolt*. And so we passed them. "My good Carleton," said Ellis, à la Charles Matthews in "Used up," "there's *nothing* in it." Driving *me* mad by his cool indifference, he drove the *gig* into the stable-yard of the Dolphin, while a band of small boys followed us, bearing aloft that wretched affair the splash-board, with their shrill voices raised in one united chorus of "Stop, sir! stop! please, Sir, you've dropt something."

And this is how we reached Southampton: if Mr. Editor is agreeable, and the reader is desirous, he may know hereafter how we spent the day, and how we got back.

P. E. G.

(To be continued.)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

If the artist be the true citizen of the world, surely music may be called in an especial sense "The Universal Language." The child learns it long before he begins to comprehend articulate words; the soft intonation of love in a mother's voice calls the first smile to his lips, the harsh note of anger has power to make him shrink and shed tears he knows not for what. And in this, as in so many other things, the sweet imperfect faculties of infancy seem to be fragments and figures of that spiritual constitution which can never find its perfect development in man so long as he remains a dweller upon earth—lights, which to the heathen might well seem to be the relics of an unknown Past, while the better-instructed Christian, gratefully recognising their origin, looks on them rather as leading-stars to an anticipated Future. The beginning and the end of life do thus, as

it were, join to form one lustrous arch across the intervening space : would that the turbid waters which flow beneath had no power to shake its foundations or to mar its symmetry !—Thus music, the first expression of feeling apprehended by the scarcely conscious babe, is likewise the highest embodiment of devotion, the fullest utterance of reverent love which the grown man and perfected Christian is capable of presenting. It is all we know of the worship of angels ; and we may therefore well believe that it is a part of our nature, which having in it most of the divine element, and being most capable of separating from and elevation above the human, is pre-eminently the faculty for the appreciation of things divine and super-sensual. The frequent eccentricities of great musicians, and the fact that they are, as a class, more subject than any other to the tremendous visitation of insanity, appear rather to favour than to discountenance this view. The living seed must needs burst the rough husk wherein it is imprisoned ere it can spring up into a graceful and luxuriant plant.

In some few instances, however, the vessel has been endowed with a harmony and strength of organization fitting it to become, at least for a time, the receptacle of the divine fire, without being itself consumed. *For a time*—we need no more significant and sorrowful witness to the justness of these words than the name of him whose loss the world of Art is now deploring.

The few and simple details of his life are familiar to most of us. It was the perfect realization of the idea of an artist's life—serene, active, devoted. His marvellous gift showed itself so early as fully to vindicate its super-human origin. Born in 1809 (at Hamburg), he composed his wonderful musical representation of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1825—in the very first ardour of boyhood. Yet there is nothing immature or extravagant in this delicious composition, which, while it literally overflows with fancies so new, so luxuriant, and so sportive, that they seem only another language for the ideas of Shakspeare, another series of forms for the poet's conceptions, is yet governed throughout by the purest taste, and constructed with the most refined skill. It is gratifying to remember that our own Philharmonic Society was the first to do honour to this exquisite production. His oratorio of "St. Paul" was composed at Düsseldorf, where he received a musical directorship in 1834—that of "Elijah" is but a year old—and at the time of his death he was engaged in the composition of a third entitled "Christ," which he himself considered to be the greatest of his works. And if ever so awful a subject could fitly be attempted, it surely was by Mendelssohn, whose reverence and spirituality of thought eminently distinguish him among modern composers of sacred music, and

seem to associate his works in *conception*, though differing as widely as it is possible to imagine in *embodiment*, with that elder school in whose footsteps none have since been found worthy to walk, and who form so remarkable a parallel with the analogous development in the sister art of painting, now lately beginning to receive due honour and estimation from us. There is no joviality in his exultation, no prettiness in his pathos, no effeminacy in his imaginativeness. One idea in his "Elijah" will be sufficient to illustrate our meaning, and draw attention to the characteristic which, as we think, so eminently distinguishes him from all other competitors since the days of Palestrina. There is a recitative, "Above Him stood the seraphim ; one cried to another." It is followed by the words, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Now in what manner would the lover of oratorios expect to find these words musically represented ? Would he not anticipate the burst of the chorus, sublime in sound and fury (we will not add "signifying nothing") and endless reiteration of phrase and thought ? The roll of the accented thunder, the roar of wind instruments, and the steady gallop of violoncellos, and double basses ? But what does he find ? A momentary pause, followed by the soft blending of a few high trebles with a far faint sound producing an indescribable sensation of distance—shut your eyes, and you may deem you see the heavens opened, and the white-robed choir standing on either side of the great throne, shadowed only by their towering wings ; and that it is the echo of their sweet, solemn voices which has reached downwards to earth.

Having indicated what we believe to be a point of resemblance between Mendelssohn and the early writers, (let it be understood that this is no approach to a scientific or technical criticism of forms, but simply a notice of ideas and feelings,) it may be well to allude to one signal difference,—perhaps the fundamental difference in the habit of conception which, apart from varieties in the gift itself, and the fashion of its embodiment, and alteration or progress in the science by which it was to be embodied, caused the results to differ so widely from each other. One great element in the early sacred music was that which we may call severity, or discipline, resulting in a species of reserve which must be felt, and which it is useless to speak of to those who do not feel it. These men seemed to write under a perpetual consciousness of the presence of God ; they worshipped with a holy worship, they rejoiced with trembling. It is this element which appears to be well-nigh extinct in modern musical art. And it is perhaps worth notice, as a curious fact, that this seems to be the characteristic pre-eminently sought, and put forward by the revivers of that ancient school of painting

to which allusion has been made. They, with a few exceptions, would seem comparatively to have lost the wonderful and spiritual beauty—to have retained the severity. But this severity loses much of its force when we do not feel that it is a restraint upon natural luxuriance; just as self-command becomes unloveable unless you know or suspect that it is the suppression of vehement and tender feelings—in fact, it ceases to be self-command at all, and is rather a natural insensibility.

The exquisite accuracy of Mendelssohn's sense of time appears to have been one of his special gifts; it was this, which, joined to a transparency of touch, never, we believe, equalled, rendered him as great in execution as he was in composition. It is this, too, which imparts a charm and a difficulty, of peculiar character, to many of his melodies; the rhythm is so essential, yet so delicate, we had almost said so hidden, that it requires power of no common order so to mark it, that the full meaning and connexion of the passages shall be rendered, without giving it undue or obtrusive prominence. He never wrote coarsely or superficially—he was in some respects the Keble of musical art. As conductor of an orchestra he has never been approached; and for his actual performance it may be said that where Meyer, Listz, or Dohler, drew thunders of applause, Mendelssohn would draw tears.

The history of his last organ improvisation is too interesting to be omitted, though it has already appeared in more than one journal. "The place was a hamlet church by the side of the Lake of Brienz, inaccessible by road, and only to be reached by steps in the rock, overgrown with ivy, moss, and maidenhair; the organ a poor little instrument built by a Vallaisian maker. It seemed, however, as if the poet's spirit gave it power, and voice, and grandeur, as he sat there for the pleasure of one or two friends, exciting himself by his own performance. Chain after chain of lofty thoughts and noble modulations unfolded themselves, till the confined space, and the limited means under his grasp, were forgotten in the triumphant exercise of that art which, Milton says, brings 'all heaven before our eyes.' He had been almost tempted to pass on to Friburg, to play upon Moser's organ, but the weather prevented him. 'Winter,' he said, 'was coming, and he had better draw quietly homewards.'" The words have all the pathos of unconscious prophecy.

He had never recovered the grief caused by the death of his sister Madame Hensal, in the preceding summer. At Leipzig, on the 8th of October, he was seized with paralysis of the brain; and on the 4th of the November following he died, his wife, his brother, and his friend Moscheles, standing by his bed. He was buried beside his sister in the cathedral at Berlin; the

coffin, covered with palms and garlands of flowers, was attended from the Johannis Kirche at Leipzig by a large body of friends, eager to do honour to his memory, and greeted at each station between Leipzig and Berlin by a company of singers. One of the melodies performed was his own beautiful "Song without words"—the first in the Fifth Book. Both at Leipzig and in London there have been public performances of selections from his works, as a tribute to his fame, and more than one crowned head has offered condolences to his widow.

And so another star has fallen from the scanty galaxy of these our modern skies.

THE LITTLE FRIDEL AND HIS VIOLIN.

(From the German of Grimm.)

THERE was once a little boy who appeared not destined by fate to be a handsome or even a passable man; for, besides being at the age of fifteen only the height of Tom Thumb, he had, moreover, the misfortune to have crooked legs; but, on the other hand, he was of a joyous disposition, acutely intelligent, and had a head well stored with waggish tricks.

An orphan at an early age, without any heritage beyond the parental cognomen, he was compelled by sheer necessity to engage as servant to a farmer. At the end of three years' service, doubtless imbued with a desire to be his own master, he made the following request:—

"Master, for three years I have served you honestly and to the best of my power. I think now of embarking in the world, and tying my fortune; therefore, be kind enough to pay me the wages you think I am entitled to, and allow me to leave."

The farmer immediately went to his desk, opened it, took out a small basket which contained his money, and, after fumbling for some time among his copper coin, succeeded in finding three farthings, and spreading them out in his hand, said, "Here, look, here are your wages,—a farthing for each year; I think so little a boy should be satisfied with that. Besides, if you make a judicious use of them, they will make your fortune: forget not that he who can properly lay out a farthing fails not in the end to amass many crowns. Therefore, good luck to you! go, you have my sanction."

The little Fridel took the three farthings, placed them joyously in a little purse which he had made of a mouse's skin, in anticipation of his monetary wealth, and put them carefully in his fob; then, taking leave of the farmer's wife, and kissing the children, bounded out of the cottage on his future career. As often as he halted, whether for repose or for passing the night, he invariably drew out his mouse-skin purse, and reassured himself of the safety of his precious coin.

Several days had passed away without an opportunity of advantageously embarking his little capital, and, travelling on, he found himself benighted in a long chain of mountains, or rather of rocks, so steep, so barren, that, on every side, the eye vainly sought some mossy mound whereon to stretch the weary limb. A solitary pine here and there, sometimes of gigantic height, sometimes stunted, rose from amidst

the rocky chasms, whose gloomy foliage added to the horror of the spot. Often, also, the path became so narrow, so perpendicular, that it was with the utmost difficulty the higher stony ground could be reached. The silence of this wild nature was only broken by the hoarse cries of rooks, perched on diluvian-era pines, and by the angry roar of the impetuous torrent, rushing headlong down the craggy rocks, and foaming in the depths of the ravines and precipices which bounded the oft-untrodden path, so that the bewildered traveller in these desert parts at midnight hour needed all the stoic courage he could muster, to ward off feelings of more than awe,—of superstitious fear.

But the little Fridel knew not fear beyond its name. He had seen what bore that name in the faces of his master's children, and had enjoyed the laugh against them; now he was to be put to the test: how he endured it the sequel will show. Heedless of danger, he continued his mountain way with a joyous heart and merry thoughts, giving utterance to the exuberance of his feelings in a gay, loud song. By the time he reached the summit of the loftiest peak, night had fairly set in; all around was gloomy, and, had it not been for the pale reflection of the moon on the pine-tops, and on the fantastic-shaped rocks, he must have abandoned his progress. He now glanced hopefully round in quest of some village steeple, where he could find a night's shelter, but in vain; nothing could be distinguished except dark grey rocks, black pines, and an immense quantity of stones stored one upon another. He determined, therefore, to remain where he was; and, having found a patch of moss near a cluster of pines, stretched himself upon it; but, according to his invariable custom, before giving himself up to sleep took out once more his mouse-skin purse, and satisfied himself of the safety of his treasures. As he was putting his coins one by one in the palm of his hand by the light of the moon, a strange kind of vapory shadow passed across him. Endeavouring to account for this, he perceived suddenly before him a man whose face was almost entirely enveloped in a grey beard which reached to his feet; his robe was folded in many plaits around him, a part of it was thrown back on the head, like a capuchin, so that only his face was visible; and, though he was motionless, his robe floated in the wind in continual waves. This incessant rotation, and the grey colour of his beard and attire, gave him a supernatural appearance; indeed, he might more easily be taken for a vapory column springing out of the earth than for a mortal. So thought Fridel, who, after scrutinizing the spectre, first taking it for a man, then for a column of vapour, felt his hair stand on end, and his joyous mood vanish, to be replaced by cold fear. Grasping tightly his purse with its contents, he hastily rose up, and was about to leave the spot, when he felt himself held back by the hair, and, though affrighted, mustered courage enough to turn and face it. This time the figure appeared that of an old man in a grey mantle, who, seeing his fright, said to him, in an encouraging tone, "Fear not, Fridel; I wish you no harm."

Fridel breathed more freely, and answered, "It is very kind of you to speak to me; that proves to me that you are a mortal; but it is much kinder to promise not to harm me. You will not then take the three farthings I have earned in three years, will you?"

"Provided you do not agree to let me have them of your own good will, you will be free to take all three of them with you."

"Very well," said Fridel; "if it is so, there is nothing to fear. I have no objection to you as my bedfellow."

"I am not come to share your bed," grumbled the stranger, in his beard, "but to propose a bargain, for I am pressed for time, having a hundred miles to travel to-night. Say, what will you take for those three farthings?"

The little Fridel now perceived he had not to do with a column of vapour, but with a powerful mountain spirit, who desired to possess the three farthings, probably because they were of copper formerly dug out of this very mountain. Our little fellow, who was keen enough, hastened to reply:—

"I desire nothing better than to give one of my three farthings, provided you will make me a present of a gun which will kill every bird at which I aim."

The spirit immediately presented Fridel with an excellent gun, but without his being able to see from whence it came.

"Well," said Fridel, "I must see that it is a good one before I pay for it." Then, taking aim at a leaf of a tree at some distance off, he cocked it, fired, and severed the leaf from the branch. Fridel now joyously gave the farthing. The spirit continued:—

"You have not made a great request for your first farthing; be careful and make a better choice for your second."

"Oh, yes," replied Fridel, laughingly, "as you will see. I am not formed for dancing, as you may perhaps perceive, for, to tell you the truth, my legs are like crotchets; but I am passionately fond of dancing, and, not being able to dance myself, my greatest happiness is to see others dance; therefore, for the second farthing, I will only ask for a violin which will make everybody dance, whether they will or no, as soon as I draw the bow across the strings."

"Here is again a very thoughtless wish, Fridel. Now you have only one farthing left: be wise this time,—make a better use of it, and require something useful."

"Very well," said Fridel, giving him his second farthing;—"I desire that everybody shall be unable to refuse the first request I may ask of them."

"At last a reasonable wish," replied the spirit; "I grant it willingly. Be it as you wish."

Fridel now remitted his last farthing to the spirit; a brisk and soft breeze descended from the summit of the mountain, and, as the spirit withdrew, it appeared again to the little boy nothing more than a vapory shadow carried along by the wind.

For, as the wind arose, swifter and swifter the spirit glided away, till it was completely lost and confounded in the shades of night which were thickening rapidly around.

The little Fridel was filled with joy at the bargains he had just made. "The spirits whom we are taught to fear are, after all, the best fellows in the world," said he, making the rocks re-echo the strain of his good fortune. He could not sleep; he feared lest, on awakening, he might find himself without gun or violin. But, as he had walked a considerable distance that day, he sat down again to rest the weariness of his limbs, and impatiently awaited the return of day.

When the stars began to grow dim, the wind to freshen, and day to announce its dawn by purple and golden-tinted clouds, our little traveller left his hard bed; and the better to remove his giddiness and circulate his blood, he descended, on all-fours, the mountain side, which he had so painfully climbed the

previous evening, in the direction of a town which he perceived in the plain at some distance off, laughing all the time at the idea of making everybody dance, *volens volens*.

When he had reached the last hillock leading to the town, he met a steward, who, catering for his master the Lord of the Manor, was carrying on his shoulders a large wallet, containing at that early hour smoked ham, eggs, and other offerings, tributes from neighbouring housekeepers. Coming alongside the caterer, our little fellow hailed him with the following words:—

"Well, Mister Steward, whence are you at this early hour?"

"Just come from the adjacent village," replied he, in a surly voice, "where I have been catering for my master; and now I am bound for the town, to receive what its good inhabitants may give me."

"Then we will go together," added Fridel, "for I am bound there also."

"So I imagine. It is Kermesse-day,¹ and you are going to try your fortune with your fiddle."

"Just so—that is it," said Fridel, smiling, who already was laughing in his sleeve at the trick he had in reserve for the fat steward.

Together in silence they walked for some time, when the steward, seeing a pigeon settle on the branch of a tree, exclaimed, "Look, my boy; oh, look! what a fat, plump pigeon perched on that bough."

"Yes, it is a fine bird," said Fridel. "I like pigeons, because they are harmless birds, and remind us of the goodness and providence of God."

"Truly, on a spit they are of a gusto so delicious!" replied the man, devouring the bird with his eyes. "This one, especially, is exceedingly plump," added he, "nicely roasted and seasoned, it would be a delicacy for a king. Oh, if you are able, kill me this fine bird, my boy!"

"Willingly," said Fridel, "but you must fetch it yourself from the other side of the hedge, where it is sure to fall: with my distorted legs, I could never cross the hedge; and besides, I am afraid of the omens, which would surely tatter my clothes."

"Oh, as to that, I will fetch it readily, when you have shot it," replied the steward. "My woollen robe is rough, and proof against nettles and briars."

"But, upon reflection," remarked Fridel, "we are in Lent, and cannot eat animal food; therefore, let this poor bird live, as you could not keep it fresh till fast time is over."

"Oh, if that is the only reason, I will not betray you," replied the man. "I can eat flesh even in Lent; if unseen, there is no sin."

"Really!" answered Fridel—"you betray me! surely you mean that I will not betray you. Well, you are a nice kind of fellow! I suppose that I am doing myself a favour by wasting my powder for the gratification of your palate. You say it is no sin to eat meat in Lent, if you are not seen: is that so?"

"Yes, my boy; there is no sin at all then."

The little Fridel, indignant at the greediness of the man and at the pliability of his conscience, said within himself, "Wait a moment, thou impudent deceiver and hypocrite, you will be rewarded as you deserve." Then turning towards him, "Very well, go and fetch it; I will kill it;" and, taking aim, brought it to the ground among some briars. The steward hastened to pick it up, and having crossed the hedge, seized the prey. But in the mean time the

little Fridel had adjusted his violin, and, drawing his bow across the bridge,

"Let us see," exclaimed he, "if my instrument is in tune;" and passing and repassing the bow across the strings, began to play a very lively dance, although it was the first time in his life he had ever handled a violin. Nevertheless, as soon as the joyous sound reached his ears, our fat friend, although satiated with a smoking breakfast, and loaded with his heavy haversack, commenced dancing in the midst of the brambles, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on another, and with such springs and jumps, that all the eggs his wallet contained were broken, and inundated his sleek visage with the yellow liquid they produced. Still on he danced, puffing and blowing; at last he contrived to utter these words:—

"St-op-p, oh, st-st-stop, pray; I di-die!"

"Oh, but forsooth," replied Fridel, "you are not so easily killed. Now I will change the measure; here is a jig, so alter your step."

Again he played; again the despairing steward began to dance more quickly than ever, to the great delight of the juvenile fiddler, who, with loud bursts of laughter, mischievously eyed the man's dress torn to pieces and sticking on the brambles, making them keep pace with him. At last the steward, in a broken and agonized voice, shrieked out,

"My good friend! stop, I beseech you! and I will give you all the money I have collected. Have pity on me, or surely you will kill me!"

"Had you any pity on the poor bird?" retorted Fridel.

However, discontinuing playing, the man stopped, took breath, and wiped the perspiration which, mixed with the yolk of the eggs, flowed down his cheeks; then disentangling the tatters that remained of his robe, he re-scaled the hedge, this time with great difficulty, and resumed his road, forgetful of the pigeon, on which a little time before he had feasted in anticipation. But when Fridel claimed the money he had promised, not only did he refuse to give it, but read him a lecture on his want of respect in making him dance.

"That is the way you take it! You will not, then, remit the money you promised?" said Fridel. "Very well; since it is so, you shall dance and re-dance, my good Sir, till you remember your promise, and fulfil it."

But at the first stroke of the violin, the fat fellow submitted; and in order to do so, let down the wallet from his shoulder; at the sight of the broken eggs, he could not refrain from heaving a sigh.

"What nice omelets would not these have made!" exclaimed he. "Can any one without shame have thus brought to nothing what have cost me so many visits?"

"A truce to your sighs, my good Sir,—a truce to your sighs. Consider, where is the good of regretting your eggs? Have you not had as compensation a very lively and gay dance? Come, decide upon unloosing your purse-strings! be a philosopher! Doubtless it is irksome for you, who are always accustomed to receive, now to give. But once cannot be made a custom!—come, out with your money, and you will have my esteem; if not, to the dance."

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" murmured the steward, piteously drawing out his purse, and more piteously still emptying its contents into Fridel's bonnet.

(1) An annual Dutch fair.

"Thanks," replied the wag—"thanks, my worthy Sir. Now I think I am well paid for the trouble I took to make you dance."

"It is well," added the steward, "for him to laugh who wins."

The little Fridel shrugged his shoulders, and gaily pursued his way, whilst the steward, with downcast eyes and head, took the other side of the road, meditating dire revenge. At last they arrived at the town, and reaching the inn, whose sign was a Squirrel, the little fiddler cried out,

"Now, good-bye, sir; I hope you will make a good supper of the pigeon, if you have not left it behind: my good wishes accompanying you. Good luck; may you amass this afternoon a sum which will amply repay the inroad made on your purse. For myself, I shall put up at this inn, to give the good folks a dish of my own making. They shall dance, as you did, with all their heart."

Then leaving the steward to pursue his way, he entered the room, and, seating himself at a table, called for a pint of wine. Having drunk it, he began to play his fiddle, which caused all his auditors to dance, even the innkeeper and his servants, who came to inquire the cause of the unaccustomed noise they heard. But all these persons were merry fellows, fond of laughing, drinking, and dancing; therefore they were delighted with the sympathetic joyousness which Fridel's violin produced; and when he stopped, they begged him to continue, and play a new air. This made Fridel indiscreet, for the passers-by even were affected by the joyous tones of the dancing-making violin.

Whilst this was going on, the steward went on his way, hobbling along, still very angry against Fridel for having carried off his hard-earned coin; and having ascertained the residence of the mayor of the town, found him out, and laid his complaint before him. The mayor told him, that if he could direct him where this vagabond fellow was to be found, he would take care to punish him.

"In that case," said the steward, "send a police-officer to seize him. He is at the Squirrel Inn: it is a boy with crooked legs, with a long gun slung on his shoulders, and with a violin."

The mayor immediately sent the constable to secure the offender, who, arriving at the inn, found every body dancing, not only in the street, but in the large hall of the inn, in the kitchen, in the garden, in the rooms,—all hopping, skipping, jumping, and dancing, at the merry sound of Fridel's violin, who, mounted upon a table, appeared quite happy at the loud gait he was causing around him. The constable, hearing the stirring music, was preparing to cut a cross caper, when, fortunately for the result of the mission on which he was employed, Fridel, fatigued with the exertion of playing, stopped, to the great displeasure of the dancers. The constable thereupon advanced towards him, and, seizing him by the skirt of the coat,—“Hollo, my young fellow!” said he; “I have found you at last; so come along,—you must follow me.”

Fridel, curious to know the object of his seizure, willingly allowed himself to be led away; for, thought he, if the worst come to the worst, and the ugly policeman show an intention of locking me up, I will ask him to release me, which he will be obliged to do, since no one can refuse my request.

The constable led his prisoner before the mayor, near to whom was seated the offended steward. Fridel immediately perceived the reason of his arrest. Sud-

denly the mayor said to him: “Come, vagabond, confess;—have you committed that of which this worthy man accuses you? After having irreverently made sport of him, did you not compel him to give you his money?”

“It is true, Sir Mayor,” replied the culprit, “I cannot deny it.”

The mayor then remarked, in a severe tone:—

“You young rogue!—could you not play your tricks upon your equals, instead of annoying so respectable a man? Do you not remember this injunction:

“Your elders you must still revere,
If you old age would gain;
Rob not if you'd be happy here,
Nor others' goods retain?”

Wait, you figure of fun, wait a moment, since the injunctions are a dead letter to you,—you will see what happens to those who break them. You shall hang on the gallows in the presence of the whole town, as an example and warning to similar rogues, who might be otherwise tempted to follow in your footsteps.”

Calling the executioner, he committed to his charge the young culprit, with orders to lead him to the gallows, and to hang him,—*coram populo*. The officer of justice seized Fridel, tied a rope round his body, and led him away, the judge following, to see his orders properly executed; a monk, that he might give absolution at the scaffold—only if he repented; and a large crowd of young and old, every minute increasing, curious to see how the young fiddler would meet his end.

When the monk approached for the purpose of exhortation, Fridel said to him, “I only ask you one favour now, my reverend father,—to leave me in peace. I dare say punishment is deserved, therefore I am resigned; though really I do not think anything worthy of death has been committed by me. I am passionately fond of seeing dancing; is that a great sin? Is it, then, so culpable in me to have made a man dance a rigadon against his will?”

In the meanwhile they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the spectators circling around. The ladder was brought. The hangman detached the rope which bound Fridel, and fastening it round his neck, said,

“Come, my fine fellow, make haste! I am expected to dinner. Follow me.”

Fridel mounted unhesitatingly a couple of steps; then, thinking it high time to make his request, as, mounted any higher, he would incur the risk of not being heard, turning to the judge, he said:

“Ah, sir, I have a request to make—to make before reaching the top of the ladder—I hope you will be kind enough to grant it.”

“I will not refuse you if it is a reasonable request, and in my power to accord it,” replied the judge.

“Very well,” continued Fridel. “You know my passion for the violin; I cannot bear the thoughts of parting from it without playing for the last time. Therefore allow me, I pray, your worship, the gratification of once more beholding it, and of playing before my death some air which may divert both you and me.”

“Take care, your worship, how you accede to his demand,” interrupted the steward. “It will be a signal of death to us all if he commence to play his violin.”

The mayor, however, did not agree with him, and replied, “One cannot refuse a wretch about to be launched into eternity so reasonable a wish.”

At the same time he commanded the constable to

give Fridel his violin, who, receiving it with a secret feeling of joy, began to draw the bow across the strings; immediately all the children and those around the scaffold began to dance. The executioner himself exclaimed, "I cannot resist it any longer, I must dance also," and began dancing on the platform of the scaffold.

Then the mayor, after casting a glance at the assembly and perceiving that even the constable had mingled with the dancers, having placed the gun of the condemned behind the ladder that he might trip it with more ease, and seeing that everybody around was in motion, exclaimed,—

"Since everybody dances, why should not I?" so saying, he began to skip and jump with everybody else.

The monk, observing this, cried out, "I should like a dance, too," and immediately mixed among the moving mass; but he was soon tired out, being too encumbered with fat for such an exercise. Addressing the mayor, "For goodness sake," exclaimed he, "your worship, order him to stop! It is a disgrace to us thus to dance, mixed and confounded with the populace. Did the steward not warn you? he knew what would happen!"

But the judge, who had taken a liking to the amusement, and who was becoming more and more inspirited, contented himself with replying, "Dance on, my reverend sir—dance on; I have no desire to give over yet; the air is much too lively and sprightly."

"Yes, is it not?" remarked Fridel. "And now, to vary your pleasure, I will give you a jig. You know it, Sir Steward,—do you not? It is a nice dance! Is it not,—eh? Come, confess!" So saying, he began the jig.

The surrounding crowd, with constable, mayor, steward, monk, women, men, children, executioner and assistants, all commenced immediately to dance one with another, so that there was nothing but a pell-mell around and on the scaffold, and a clapping of hands as in the "*Macabre*," but a thousand times more loud and eager than the famous "*Ronde du Sabbot*;" many were hurraing and hallooing, and never was so much gaiety seen at an execution.

Our little fellow, intended for the gallows, had no inclination to have his throat tickled with a thick, ugly, rough rope, nor his body made to dance at an inconvenient height from the ground, therefore, leisurely descending the scaffold, still playing the lively jig, he took his famous gun, which he put under his arm, opened a passage through the dancing crowd, and retreated as fast as possible.

The mayor, monk, steward, policeman, executioner, old and young, men, women, and children, followed him dancing, all infected with the dancing mania, which did not leave them till, worn out, they fell on the ground incapable of movement. The fat steward was the first to fall, puffing and blowing like a whale, for he had danced his uttermost; next, the mayor; then, heavily, the constable; then the hangman; then a couple of children here, another there, and so on. The little Fridel still played on, and still men, women, and children, were falling down from exhaustion, and at last the dance ceased for want of dancers.

When the urchin saw them lying on the ground, he burst out laughing. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "it is to my good violin that I owe my life!"

He visited other towns and villages, amassing large sums of money with his violin, and playing such amusing tricks that from one end of the country to the other, nothing else but Fridel and his violin were

in the mouths of the people. So well did he contrive, that he escaped many threatened dangers, and attained to a good old age. On his death, the strings of his violin suddenly distended; they endeavoured to remount them, but they could never be properly adjusted; and besides, the sound part of the instrument was gone, and when one attempted to play on it, no sound was produced—all was still!

D.H. C.

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC AGENT.

OUR notice of this highly important discovery will be best prefaced by the definition of the very expressive, but less euphonious adjective at the head of this article, "Anæsthetic." It is a term borrowed from the Greek, that tongue more wealthy than our own, and signifies "rendering insensible." From this explanation it will be easy to conjecture what is to be the nature of the subsequent remarks. A few months since we had the satisfaction of introducing to the notice of our readers that inestimable gift of science to humanity—the painless system of operations. In these cases, ether only, of a pure description, was the pain-annulling agent, and as such it has already acquired a world-wide reputation, in the most literal acceptance of the expression, operations under its influence having been performed in some of the remotest corners of the earth. By one of those sudden revolutions which shake the dominion of medicines as well as that of empires, ether, before the knowledge thereof can reach the distant boundaries of its kingdom, will probably have been dethroned, and its high position occupied by another anæsthetic power, chloroform. This was one of the results we confess ourselves to have anticipated from the revival of the long-neglected, much-despised department of medicine, Pneumatic Chemistry. Ether was by no means perfect as a remedy, yet in its time we hailed it as the most precious boon yet bestowed upon suffering mankind. Much was, therefore, to be expected from the newly-directed investigations of the acute intellect of our time; and, we believe, much may still be anticipated from the same source, much in the treatment, alleviation, or cure of human maladies.

Our subject belongs in strictness to the science of medicine. But the great question it has solved, being one in which the whole world, generally and individually, claims a deep interest, the partial annihilation of suffering, we deem an apology for noticing it in our pages both superfluous and impertinent. We owe the valuable discovery we have thus announced to Professor J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh. It appears that ever since he saw etherization put into successful practice, Professor Simpson was deeply impressed with the conviction that other remedial agents of equal, if not of greater efficacy, were in reserve for the cultivator of this branch of the science. With this view several experiments were instituted during the course of the summer and autumn upon the effects of ethereal tinctures. More recently, in order to avoid

if possible some of the inconveniences attending the exhibition of ether vapour, the inhalation of other volatile fluids was commenced, the principal object of search being the discovery of a more agreeable liquid than that. Many were thus inhaled with various effects, until at length, at the suggestion of a chemical friend, the chloroform, or perchloride of formyle, was tried, the great desideratum was discovered, and in that day,—we speak without hyperbole, when we say that we believe the ethereal kingdom was moved to its very centre. The news rapidly spread, experiments, which were easy of performance, were instituted with avidity, and in every case within our knowledge were attended with success; and amid these triumphant victories over pain, neither ordinary nor unvaried, chloroform began its career.

Although new in its application, chloroform is by no means a new substance. It was discovered separately, yet about the same time, by the eminent chemists Liebig and Soubeiran, about sixteen years ago, and it underwent a careful examination in 1835 at the hands of Professor Dumas, who we may mention was present at the operations and witnessed with evident delight the application to the noblest purpose of a substance which he had hitherto regarded only with the eyes of a chemist. "It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark," writes Professor Simpson, "that when Soubeiran, Liebig, and Dumas, engaged a few years back in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any *practical* purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to show that the *cul bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as it has been in many other instances." This substance has been also used medically, but in minute doses, for the relief of asthma. Its inhalation, its crowning application, is due entirely to Professor Simpson. At the risk of employing one or two chemical terms, we will shortly mention the manner in which this interesting fluid is formed.

The stinging sensation produced by ants has been attributed to the presence of a peculiar acid in the liquid injected into the wound, called "formic acid." Formyle is what is termed the hypothetical radical of this acid of ants. When formyle unites with chlorine gas it forms a chloride, of which there are several; and the highest of these is the perchloride of formyle, or chloroform, the wonderful agent in question. In practice, it is easily procured by distilling in a capacious retort chloride of lime, water, and pure alcohol together; the chloroform distils over, and after undergoing a few simple processes, is fit for use. In this experiment, formyle is (hypothetically) produced arti-

ficially by the decomposition of the alcohol, but it is identical with that which is the theoretical radical of the acid of ants, or formic acid. It is hoped this succinct statement will be readily comprehended, but, believing as we do that this is the kind of knowledge most valuable in a scientific communication, though the mastery of it may prove a little distasteful, we make no excuse for its introduction. As thus obtained it is, when pure, a heavy, colourless, transparent liquid, possessing a very agreeable ethereal, fruit-like odour, somewhat like that of apples, and a pleasant saccharine taste. It readily evaporates, boiling at 141° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. It is next to uninflamable, and this is an advantage which the Professor appears to have overlooked, as there was always a great risk attending the employment of so highly combustible a liquid as ether in large quantities. A bottle upset, and an accidental light falling upon the spilled fluid, would fill an apartment with a sea of fire. No such consequences would attach to a similar misfortune with chloroform. Such are the chemical and physical properties of this extraordinary fluid.

In reference to the subject of anæsthetic agents generally, Professor Simpson makes the following observation, which goes to demonstrate that while we extensively may employ the substance, yet we are ignorant of the manner in which its valued effects are produced. "It is now well ascertained that three compound chemical bodies possess, when inhaled into the lungs, the power of superinducing a state of anæsthesia, or insensibility to pain in surgical operations, namely, nitrous oxide," (or "laughing gas,") "sulphuric ether, and perchloride of formyle. These agents are entirely different from each other in their chemical constitution, and hence their elementary composition affords no apparent clue to the explanation of their anæsthetic properties."

In speaking of its physiological powers, the following are the advantages which this agent possesses over sulphuric ether. It is much more powerful; usually a hundred, or a hundred and twenty drops are equal to the production of complete anæsthesia; in some cases, even so minute a portion as thirty drops of this potent fluid has induced insensibility. It is much more rapid and complete in its action; and its effects are more persistent. A few, perhaps twenty, deep inspirations of its magical vapour reduce most persons to a death-like condition, of course only of a temporary character, thus much time is saved, and the preliminary stage of excitement is often altogether avoided. We have, therefore, no such amusing and extraordinary cases to relate, as we adduced in treating of etherization. Chloroform does not impel elderly gentlemen to dance the polka, or young gentlemen to exhibit feats of amateur pugilism, or young ladies to wink at the spectators, nor does it reveal seraphic views of bliss, nor unfold terrorizing scenes of horror, as ether did. It breathes over a man, and he becomes as stone. Besides this very obvious advantage, the odour of chloroform is infinitely more agreeable than the suffocative smell of ether, so that it is inhaled without the smallest repugnance by all

persons. Nor does the odour remain long in the expired air from the lungs, nor exhale for the rest of the day, or for two or three days from the person and clothes, as in the case of ether. And the last, and in our opinion a pre-eminent advantage is that no special inhaling apparatus is requisite. Thus the terrifying and costly array of ether apparatus is swept away at a blow. A hollow sponge or a handkerchief slightly saturated with the fluid is all the apparatus necessary. This is a fact the importance of which cannot be too highly estimated, as at all times medical apparatus of any complication is to be avoided if possible, and cases will arise in which it is impossible to obtain it, as in country practice medical men have often experienced.

It remains for us now to relate several cases in which the powers of this new remedy have been displayed. Professor Simpson has employed it with entire success in obstetric practice, also in the performance of some minor surgical operations. One of these was the case of a dentist, who had formerly had a tooth extracted under the influence of ether, having felt no pain, although perfectly conscious of the operation, wishing the extraction of a second, he inhaled thirty drops of chloroform, in a few seconds he became perfectly insensible, but he was so completely dead, that he was not in the very slightest degree aware of anything that took place. The subsequent stupifying effects disappeared almost immediately, and he was perfectly well, and able again for his work in a few minutes. Besides these cases, several tumours were removed, abscesses opened, deep, and otherwise painful punctures made, all with the same delightful results. More recently, it was determined to test the powers of chloroform before a large concourse of eminent members of the profession, among whom were M. Dumas of Paris, and Dr. Milne Edwards, in the Royal Infirmary. The first was a little Gaelic lad, wholly innocent of a word of English. A handkerchief on which some of the liquid had been spilled was held to his face, which rather alarmed him, but being gently held, the vapour soon entranced him, and he fell into a deep stertorous sleep. An incision was then made, and a large portion of one of the bones of the forearm was removed, without the slightest evidence of the suffering of pain. The operation was concluded, and the child carried in a sweet sleep back to his bed. Half an hour after he was found like a child newly awakened from a refreshing sleep, with a clear merry eye, and placid expression of countenance, wholly unlike what is found to obtain after ordinary etherization. A Gaelic interpreter having questioned him, he stated that he had not felt the least pain, and that he felt none then; on being shown his wounded arm, he expressed much surprise.

The next case was that of a soldier, who had previously undergone two minor operations, which he bore very ill, proving unusually unsteady, and bitterly complaining of severe pain. On the present occasion he neither winced nor moaned, and when he returned to consciousness declared that he had felt

nothing. His first act when apparently about half awake, was to clutch up the sponge with which the chloroform was exhibited, and re-adjust it to his mouth, obviously implying that he had found the inhalation of it anything but a disagreeable duty. The third was a young man, who was thrown into an equally insensible state, and on awaking after a severe operation, gratefully declared his entire and perfect freedom from all pain and uneasiness during its performance. It is deserving of remark that the consumption of the chloroform in these three instances did not exceed half an ounce, whereas several ounces of ether would have been required for the production of the same effects, thus demonstrating its greatly superior energies. A young lady was also operated upon, under its influence, and she was as manageable as a wax doll or lay-figure; and declared she had experienced only the most pleasing and agreeable sensations. A large number of operations have been also performed in the metropolis by the late Mr. Liston, Messrs. Lawrence, Ferguson, and others, and in each case with success equally gratifying and complete. Altogether Professor Simpson, to whose "account" of the properties of this agent this article is much indebted, states that he has exhibited it to about fifty individuals, and that in not a single instance has the slightest bad result of any kind occurred from its employment.

We would, in conclusion, while congratulating the medical science upon this invaluable addition to its resources, beg to add a word of caution which we believe to be of some moment. Having thus learned the vast powers of this medicine, may we not be allowed to express a fear of their perversion to evil purposes, by the designing, unless some restrictions are laid upon it? Let those who prepare it be prohibited from selling it to any but accredited members of the medical profession, or to dentists. Thus some check will be placed upon its use, and its newly awakened energies, instead of serving the purpose of the malevolent, will be purely directed to the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind. R. E.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

A FABLE.

P. R.

THE gossamer insect, floating in the air one fine autumn morning, paused to gaze upon the gigantic and symmetric web of the diadem-spider. Thrown from shrub to shrub in a flower-garden, it sparkled with silvery dew-drops in the sunshine.

"Observe," said the queen of weavers, "the perfection of my work, the fineness of the threads, the accuracy of the angles, the correctness of the circles——"

"Methinks," interposed the little aeronaut, "it is sadly disfigured by the quantity of dead and dying that are involved in its meshes."

For the queen of spiders there was no alternative, she must murder to exist. Will the queen of commerce long continue in silence to behold the thousands that perish in order that half-a-dozen great manufacturers may wear coronets in the next generation?

ORTHOGRAPHY AND PRONUNCIATION OF "LAUGHING."

NEARLY two centuries and a half have elapsed since a critic of the olden time "vowed to get the consumption of the lungs, or to leave to posterity the true orthography or pronunciation of *laughing*."—MARSTON'S *Parasitaster*, 1606. Custom has now made easy to every well-trained schoolboy what in those days was so hard, and has obviated the difficulties which occasioned this "dreadful lay." But the difficulties then *were* great. First, *Laughter* was pronounced according to the legitimate sound of the diphthong, including *both* vowels, and rhymed accordingly:—

"What meane you to do, sir? committe *manslaughter*?"
"To kyll fortie such is a matter of *laughter*."

Ralph Roister Doister (before 1551),
Shaksp. Soc., reprint, p. 73.¹

"And read it in their *laughters*;
There's more, I guess, would wish to be my *daughters*."
Mercury Vindicated, BEN JONSON, Gifford, vii. 256.

Secondly, It rhymed with, and *perhaps* was pronounced as, *after*:—

"Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till red, with
laughter,
They shall look fresh a week *after*."

Prol. to *The Fox*, BEN JONSON, by Gifford,
iii. p. 169. See, also, *ibid.* 236.

Thirdly, Yet, I believe, that "after" had then a *broad* sound, and was pronounced, as it is now among the less polished, "a'ter," because I find these rhymes:—

"So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish *after*,
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest
daughter."

Taming of the Shrew, SHAKESPEARE, by
Boswell, v. 394.

"I have been all day looking *after*
A raven feeding upon a *quarter*."
Masque of Queens, BEN JONSON, vii. 127.

Fourthly, But we here come to stranger rhymes, where the *spelling* of the verb may also be called in question:

"When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to *laugh*;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be *enough*."
EVANS'S *Old Ballads*, ii. 131.

"And when hee's gone, to one another *laugh*.
Making his meane the subject of their *scoffe*."
Young Gallants' Whirligig, repr. by Shaksp.
Soc., p. 133.

"And if your edge be not quite *taken off*,
Wearied with sports, I hope 't will make you *laugh*."
Prol. to *The Widow*, MIDDLETON, by Dyce, iii.
343, or Beaum. and Fletch. iv. 305. See,
also, GAYTON'S *Festivous Notes upon Don Quixote*, p. 290.

The only instance of the orthography being *decidedly changed*, that at present suggests itself to me, occurs in our great Dramatist:

"And tailor cries, and falls into a *cough*,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and *loffe*."
Midsommer Night's Dream, vol. v. p. 208.

(1) See, also, Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 180, and *Fuimus Troes*, Act i. *sub fin.*

Whether the stalwart critic actually incurred the *phthisis pulmonalis* or not, we have not been informed, "caret quia vate sacro;" but Posterity, whether indebted to him or some other, certainly enjoys his *intended legacy*.
L. S.

MARY BEATRICE.

S. M.

[MARY BEATRICE, consort of the unhappy James the Second, when escaping by night from London, stood some time on the banks of the Thames, under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, with her infant son in her arms, waiting for the boat in which she was to depart. She is said to have looked long at London, trying to distinguish the lights of Whitehall, where she had left her husband.]

DARKLY and swiftly the river went past,
Like a snake through the underwood creeping,
Or the river of life, ebbing darkly and fast
From the woman who stood by it weeping.

She stood on the shore, and the babe at her breast
Was rock'd by her heart's hurried beating,
Oh, soft was that cradle, and happy that rest,
Of the anguish beneath it unweeting!

Pallid, and pure as the hope of a saint,
When sorrow and prayer have subdued it,
Was that angel-face, where the starlight shone faint
Just caught by the tears that bedewed it.

One mighty remembrance, one record of crime,
The city rose frowning and stately,
But showed scarce a trace in the solemn night-time
Of the earthquake that shook it so lately;

So loom from the past, through the shadows of years,
Dim shapes of a bygone existence,
And faint are their smiles, and forgotten their tears,
As they come from the depths of the distance.

She dreamed of her youth, of the sweet convent-time,
Of the sister-band, tender and soft,
Of moments whose measure was soft as the chime
Even now through her thoughts ringing slowly;
But she gazed where the Abbey rose sombre and tall,
Fit tomb for a queen's heart breaking,
And the far-gleaming lamps of her fatal Whitehall
Shone cold on her eyes' weary aching.

Is yonder the portal she crossed in her bloom,
When crowds on her smile hung enchanted?
Is that the dark window, whence passed to his doom
The Martyr-King, calm and undaunted!

Why clasps she her babe with so bitter a sigh?
God strengthen her faith if it fainted!
Full little the price as the Martyr to die
For a life, as the Martyr's, untainted.

She breathed a soft prayer for that desolate place
Where all that she loved lay in sorrow,
And a smile fitted then o'er her sleeping lord's face,
For he dreamed of a happier morrow.

Pray on, gentle saint! turn away thy sad eyes
From the gloom of that cold faithless city,
And look where the walls of the Temple arise,
And the Cross lifts the arms of its pity!

Kneel down in that shelter, and through the low door
Thou shalt see the long aisles dimly blending,
And a taper's pale gleam on the far altar-floor,
A light out of darkness ascending;

Oh, thus, on thy heart's lowly altar, thy will
In the Cross's calm shadow is lying,
And thus comes a gleam from the East, pure and still,
To promise a dawn never-dying!



ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DALZIEL.

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DRAWN BY G. DODGSON.

WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

The sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky.

. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white;
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste.

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.—*Winter*.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAPTER XXII.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

THE result of my conversation with Mr. Frampton was, that I agreed to ride over on the following day to the little inn at Barstone, see old Peter Barnett, hear his report, and learn from him further particulars concerning Clara Saville's parentage, in order to establish beyond the possibility of doubt the fact of her relationship to Mr. Frampton, who, in the event of his expectations proving well founded, was determined to assert his claim, supersede Mr. Vernon in his office of guardian, and endeavour by every means in his power to prevent his niece's marriage either with Wilford or Cumberland. The only stipulation I made was, that when I had obtained the requisite information he should take the affair entirely into his own hands, and, above all, promise me never to attempt, directly or indirectly, to bring about a reconciliation between Clara and myself. Not that I bore her any ill-will for the misery she had caused me; on the contrary, my feeling towards her had from the very first been one of grief rather than of anger. But a girl who could possibly have acted as Clara had done, was not one whom I ever should wish to make my wife. I could not marry a woman I despised.

After Mr. Frampton had left me, I sat pondering on the singular train of circumstances (chances, as we unwisely, if not sinfully, term them,) which occur in a man's life—how events which change the whole current of our existence appear to hang upon the merest trifles,—the strange, mysterious influence we exercise over the destinies of each other,—how by a word, a look, we may heal an aching heart or break it. It is, I think, in a poem of Faber's that the following lines occur—(I quote from memory, and therefore, perhaps, incorrectly):—

"Perchance our very souls
Are in each other's hands."

Life is, indeed, a fearful and wonderful thing—doubly fearful when we reflect that every moment we expend for good or evil is a seed sown to blossom in eternity. As I thought on these things, something which Mr. Frampton had said, and which at the moment I let pass without reflection, recurred to my mind. He asked me whether I was certain that the words I heard Clara address to Wilford, referred to me. Up to this time I had felt perfectly sure they did; but after all, was it so certain?—might they not equally well apply to Cumberland?—was there a chance, was it even possible, that I had misunderstood her? Oh that I dare hope it! gladly would I seek her pardon for the injustice I had done her,—gladly would I undergo any probation she might appoint, to atone for my want of faith in her constancy, even if it entailed years of banishment from her presence, the most severe punishment my imagination could devise; but then the facts, the stubborn, immovable facts, my letters received and unanswered—the confidential footing she was on with Wilford—the—But why madden myself by recapitulating the hateful catalogue? I had learned the worst, and would not suffer myself to be again beguiled by the mere phantom of a hope. And yet, so thoroughly inconsistent are we, that my heart felt lightened of half its burden; and when the pleasure-seekers returned from their expedition, I was congratulated by the whole party upon the beneficial effects produced on my head-ache by perfect rest and quiet. Lawless and Coleman made their appearance some half-hour after the others, and just as Mr. Frampton had promulgated the cheering opinion, that they would be brought home on shutters, minus their brains, if they ever possessed any. It appeared the chestnuts having at starting relieved their minds by the little *ballet d'action* which had excited Mr. Frampton's terrors, did their work in so fascinating a manner, that Lawless, not being satisfied with Shrimp's declaration that "they was the stunnin'est 'orses as hever he'd sot hyes on," determined one of the party should accompany him on his return, whereupon Freddy Coleman had been by common consent selected, much against his will; however, "the victim," as he termed himself, escaped without anything very tremendous happening to him, the chestnuts, (with the slight exception of running away across a common, during which performance they rushed through a flock of geese, bringing a premature Michaelmas on certain unfortunate individuals of the party in a very reckless and unceremonious manner, and dashed within a few inches of a gravel-pit, in a way which was more exciting than agreeable,) having conducted themselves (or more properly speaking, allowed themselves to be conducted) as well-bred horses ought to do.

When the party separated to prepare for dinner, I called Fanny on one side, and gave her Mr. Frampton's letter: on opening it, a banker's order for 5,000*l.* dropped out of it—a new instance of my kind friend's liberality, which really distressed more than it gratified me.

(1) Continued from p. 207.

During the course of the evening Harry Oaklands expressed so much anxiety about my ill looks, appearing almost hurt at my reserve, that I could hold out no longer, but was forced to take him into my confidence.

"My poor Frank!" exclaimed he, wringing my hand warmly, as I finished the recital, "to think that you should have been suffering all this sorrow and anxiety, while I, selfishly engrossed by my own feelings, had not an idea of it,—but you ought to have told me sooner."

"Perhaps I should; but it has been, from the very beginning, such a strange, melancholy affair, so unlikely ever to turn out happily, that I have felt a strong repugnance to speak of it to any one; and even now I must beg you not to mention it to Fanny, at all events till my last act in the business is performed, and Mr. Frampton takes the matter into his own hands."

"After all," rejoined Oaklands, "I feel there must be some mistake; she never can be false to you—never love that villain Wilford. Oh, Frank! how can you bear to doubt her?"

"It is indeed misery to do so," replied I, sighing deeply; "and yet, when one's reason is convinced, it is weakness to give way to the suggestions of feeling."

"If Fanny were to prove false to me, I should lie down and die," exclaimed Oaklands, vehemently.

"You might wish to do so," replied I, "but grief does not always kill; if it did, in many cases it would lose half its bitterness."

A look was his only answer, and we parted for the night.

Daylight the next morning found me again in the saddle, and I reached the little inn by eight o'clock. On my arrival, I despatched a messenger to old Peter Barnett, telling him I wished to see him, and then, determining that I would not allow myself to hope, only again to be disappointed, I rang for breakfast, and set resolutely to work to demolish it; in which I succeeded very respectably, merely stopping to walk round the room, and look out of the window between every second mouthful. At length my envoy returned, with a message to the effect, that Mr. Barnett would come down in the course of the morning, but that I was by no means to go away without seeing him, and that he hoped I would be careful not to show myself, as the enemy were out in great force, and all the sentries had been doubled.

"What does he mean by that?" inquired I of the boy who delivered the message,—an intelligent little urchin, who was evidently well up in the whole affair, and appeared highly delighted at the trust reposed in him, to say nothing of the harvest of sixpences his various missions produced him.

"Vy, sir, he means that the gamekeeper has had two extra assistants allowed him since you vos there the other day, sir, and they has strict orders to take hup any body as they finds in the park, sir."

"They need not alarm themselves," replied I; "I shall not intrude upon their domain again in a hurry.

Now look out, and let me know when Peter Barnett is coming."

So saying, I gave him the wished-for sixpence, and, with a grin of satisfaction, he departed.

With leaden feet the hours crawled along, and still old Peter Barnett did not make his appearance; when, about twelve o'clock, a horseman passed by, followed by a groom. As he rode at a very quiet pace, his face was easily recognised, and I saw at a glance it was Mr. Vernon. Fortunately, he never looked towards the window at which I was standing, or he must have seen me. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, when old Peter arrived, breathless from the speed at which he had come; his grotesque but expressive features gleaming with delight and sagacity, while his merry little eyes danced and twinkled as if they would jump out of their sockets. Reassured, in spite of myself, by his manner, I exclaimed, as I closed the parlour door behind him, "Well, Peter; speak out, man,—what is it?"

"Oh! my breath!" was the reply, "running don't suit old legs like it does young uns. I say, sir, did ye see *him* go by?"

"I saw Mr. Vernon pass, a few minutes since," replied I.

"Ah! that's what I've been a-waiting for; we're safe from him for the next four hours: he didn't see you, did he?"

"No," returned I, "he was fortunately looking another way."

"Well! it's all right then, everything's all right; oh! lor, I'm so happy."

"It's more than I am, then," replied I, angrily, for feeling convinced that nothing could have occurred materially to affect the position in which Clara and I stood towards each other, the old man's joy grated harshly on my gloomy state of mind, and I began to attribute his excessive hilarity to the influence of the ale-tap. "You will drive me frantic with your ridiculous and unseasonable mirth. If you have anything to communicate likely to relieve my sorrow and anxiety, in the name of common sense speak out, man."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I was so happy myself, I was forgetting you; I've got so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin rightly—but however, here goes—to the right about face! March!" He then proceeded to give me, with much circumlocution, which I will mercifully spare the reader, the following account. After he had left me at the conclusion of our last interview, feeling as he said "more wretcheder" than he had ever done before, in going through the park, he observed two persons, a man and a woman, in close conversation; on his approach they separated, but not until he had been able to recognise Wilford, and one of the female servants, Clara's personal attendant.—"This," as he continued, "set him a-thinking," and the result of his cogitations occasioned the mysterious hint thrown out to me in his note. On receiving my letter for Clara, he found an opportunity of delivering it in person, inquiring when he did so, both when she had last heard from,

and written to me, at the same time informing her, that he had a very particular reason for asking. He then learned what he had more than suspected, from the interview he had witnessed in the Park, namely, that since Wilford had been in the house, she had not only never received one of my letters, but had written to me more than once to ascertain the cause of such an unaccountable silence. These letters she had, as usual, given to her maid to convey to Peter Barnett, and the girl, cajoled and bribed by Wilford, had evidently given them to him instead. This induced Peter, as he expressed it, "to open his heart to his young mistress," and with deep contrition he confessed to her the suspicions he had entertained of her fickleness, how he had communicated them to me, and how circumstances had forced me to believe them. Clara, naturally much distressed and annoyed by this information, blamed him for not having spoken to her sooner, assured him that he had wronged her deeply in imagining such things, and desired him somewhat haughtily to lose no time in undeceiving Mr. Fairleigh. He then inquired whether she wished to send any answer to my note, on which she read it through with a quivering lip, and replied, "Yes, tell him, that as he finds it so easy to believe evil of me, I agree with him that it will be better our acquaintance should terminate." She then motioned to him to leave the room, and he was obliged to obey, but, glancing at her as he closed the door, he perceived that she had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping bitterly. He next set to work with the waiting-maid, and by dint of threats of taking her before Mr. Vernon, and promises if she confessed all that he would intercede with Clara for her forgiveness, he elicited from her the whole truth, namely, that by the joint influence of bribes and soft speeches, Wilford had induced her to hand over to him her mistress's letters, and that he had detained every one either to or from me. "Well, sir," continued he, "that was not such a bad day's work altogether, but I ain't been idle since. Mr. Fleming, or Wilford, as you says he is, started off the first thing this morning for London, and ain't cumming back till the day after to-morrow; so thinks I, we'll turn the tables upon you, my boy, for once, that there letter dodge was very near a-ruining us, I wonder how it will hact the 'tother way; and a lucky thought it was too. Muster Fairleigh, for sich a scheme of willainy as I've descivered all dewised against poor dear Miss Clara —"

"A scheme against Miss Saville!" exclaimed I, "what do you mean?"

"I'm a-going to tell you, sir, only you're in such a hurry, you puts me out. After the thought as I was a-mentioning cum into my head, off I walks to meet the postman—'Hany letters for us, Giles?' says I. 'Well, I don't rightly know,' says he, 'you've got some folks a-staying with you, ain't ye?' 'Let's look, my man,' says I, peeping over him as he sorted the letters. Presently he cum to one as seemed to puzzle him. 'W. I. L.' says he, 'W. I. L. F.—' 'Oh!' says I, 'that's the gent as is a-staying at our

'ouse, give us 'old on it.' 'And here's one for Mr. Vernon, and that's all,' says he, and he giv me the letter and walked off. 'That's right, Peter,' says I to myself, 'we shall know a little more of the henemy's movements, now we've captivated some of their private despatches, by a *coo-dur-mung*, as the Mounseers call it; 'so I locks myself into the pantry, and sits down, and breaks the seal."

"You opened the letter!" exclaimed I.

"In course I did! how was I to read it if I hadn't? all's fair in love and war, you know—the blessed Duke of Wellington served Bony so many a time, I'll be bound; besides, hadn't he opened Miss Clara's, the blackguard? Well, sir, I read it, and he's lucky as I did; oh! he's a bad un, he's a deal wickeder than Muster Richard hisself, and that's saying sumthing—it's from a Captain——"

"Really, Peter, I cannot avail myself of information obtained in such a manner," interrupted I.

"Ah! but you must though," was the reply, "if you want to prevent this black willain from carrying off Miss Clara, and marrying her, *nolus bolus*."

"Carrying off Miss Clara! what do you mean?"

"I was a-going to tell you," returned old Peter, with a cunning grin, producing a crumpled letter, "only you wouldn't listen to me."

As I (not being prepared with a satisfactory answer) remained silent, he smoothed the letter with his hand, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was unfortunately out of town when your letter arrived, and it had to be sent after me; but I hope you will get this in time to prevent your having to come to London, which is unnecessary, as I have been able to carry out all your arrangements as you would wish. A carriage, with four horses, will be kept in readiness, so that it can be brought to any point you may direct at half-an-hour's notice. I presume you and I, with Wilson (that's his valet) are sufficient to carry off the girl—young lady, I mean, even if there be any papa or brother in the case, who would be the better for a little knocking down; but if you like more assistance, I can lay my hand on two or three sprightly lads, who would be very glad to make themselves useful. You are flying at high game this time. Do you really mean matrimony, or is it to be the old scheme, a mock marriage? I ask, because in the latter case I must look out for somebody to play parson. Wishing you your usual luck,

"I remain, yours to command,

"FERDINAND SPICER,

"Captain in the *Bilboa Fencibles*."

"Spicer!" I exclaimed, as he concluded, "I knew a Captain Spicer once, who was a person likely enough to lend himself to a scheme of this vile nature. Well, Peter, the information is most important, however questionable the means by which it has been acquired. The matter must be looked to; but, first, I want to learn a few particulars about Miss Saville's mother." I then proceeded with a string of

questions furnished me by Mr. Frampton, by the answers to which I ascertained beyond a doubt, that Clara was indeed his niece, the orphan child of his favourite sister. Having established this point to my own satisfaction, and the unbounded delight of Peter Barnett, who at length began to entertain a not unreasonable hope that his pet day-dream of kicking Mr. Vernon out of Barstone Priory might, at some time or other, be realized, I said, "Now, Peter, I must somehow contrive to see your young mistress, and try to obtain her forgiveness; but as I cannot say I managed the matter over well the other day, I will put myself into your hands, to be guided by you entirely."

"Ah! I thought what was a-coming; well, that is speaking sensible like for once; but do you think you could write anything as would persuade her to meet you? She's precious angry, I'm afraid, with us both, and small blame to her either; for hit ain't over pleasant to be suspected when one's innocent, and she has a high spirit, bless her!—she wouldn't be her father's own daughter if she hadn't."

"I can write a few lines to her, and try," replied I, mournfully, for the old man's words sounded like a death-knell to my hopes.

"Come, don't be out of spirits, and downcasted like, sir," urged Peter; "suppose she did make up her mind she'd give you the cold shoulder, she'd be sure to change it again to-morrow, women is such wersytile creeturs; besides, she couldn't do it if she wanted to; it would break her heart, I know. I wonder where she'd find such another young gentleman," continued he *sotto voce*, as he turned to get the writing materials, "high-spirited, uncommon pleasant to talk to, six foot one, if he's an inch, and as upright as if I'd had the drilling of him myself."

With an eager, yet trembling hand (for I was in such a state of agitation that I could scarcely write) I snatched a pen, and hastily scrawled the following words:—

"Clara, will you—can you forgive me? It is of the utmost importance that I should see you and speak to you without delay, if but for five minutes; strange and unexpected things have come to light, and it is necessary for your happiness, nay, even for your very safety, that you should be made acquainted with them. Clara, dearest Clara, grant me this boon, if not for my sake, for your own; if you knew the misery, the agony of mind I have endured for the last two days, I think you would pity, would pardon me.

F. F."

"There," said I, as I hastily sealed it, "I have done all I can, and if she will not see me, I shall be ready to go and blow Wilford's brains out first, and my own afterwards. So, my good Peter, be off at once, for every moment seems an hour till I learn her decision."

"Wait a bit, sir,—wait a bit; you haven't heard my plan yet. You can't set your foot in the park, for there's the keeper and two assistants on the look-

out, and if you could you dare not show your nose in the house, for there's Muster Richard with his lovely black heyes a-setting in the library, and he's got hears like an 'are, besides two or three of the servants as would tell him in a minute. No, this is the way I means to manage,—Miss Clara generally rides a-horseback every day, and I rides behind her; and before I came out, I ordered the horses as usual. So, if she's willing to come, we'll go out at the back gate by the great oak, a quarter of a mile farther down this lane, and when we've got out of sight of the park paling, you've nothing to do but set spurs to your horse, and join us;—therefore, if you hears nothing to the contrary, when I've been gone half-an-hour, you mount your nag, ride quietly up the lane, and keep your heyes open."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FREDDY COLEMAN FALLS INTO DIFFICULTIES.

OH! that tedious half-hour! I should like to know, merely as a curious matter of calculation, how many minutes there were in that half-hour—sixty-five at the very least; the hands of my watch stuck between the quarter and twenty minutes for full a quarter of an hour, and as for the old Dutch clock in the bar, *that* was worn out, completely good-for-nothing. I am certain, for I ordered my horse round to the door above ten minutes too soon by that, and I'm sure I didn't start before my time,—it would have been folly to do so, you know, because it was possible old Peter might send at any moment before the expiration of that half-hour. But at last even it came to an end—and no message had arrived; so, burning with impatience, I sprang into the saddle, and with difficulty restraining myself from dashing off at a gallop, I reined in the mare, and proceeded at a foot's pace up the lane.

After riding about a quarter of a mile, I perceived a small hand-gate just under a magnificent oak, which I at once recognised as the tree old Peter had described. Unwilling to attract the notice of the game-keeper and his myrmidons by loitering about in the lane, I discovered a gap in a hedge on the other side the road, and, after glancing round to see that I was unobserved, I rode at it, and leaped into the opposite field, where, hidden behind a clump of alders, I could perceive all that passed in the road. But for a long time nothing did pass, save a picturesque donkey, whose fore-feet being fastened together by what are called "hobbles,"¹ advanced by a series of jumps—a mode of progression which greatly alarmed the sensitive nerves of my mare, causing her to plunge and pull in a way which gave me some trouble to hold her.

After I had succeeded in quieting her, I dismounted, and, tightening the saddle-girths, which had become loosened during her struggles, got on again; still no one came. At length, just as I was beginning to despair, I heard the sound of horses' feet, and old Peter, mounted on a stout cob, rode to the wicket-

(1) Query whether so called because they oblige the wearer to "hobble?"

gate, and held it open, while Clara on a pretty chestnut pony cantered up, and passed through it.

Oh! how my heart beat, when, reining in her pony, she glanced round for a moment, as if in search of something, and then, with a slight gesture of disappointment, struck him lightly with her riding-whip, and bounded forward. Old Peter seemed still more puzzled, and looked up and down the road with an air of the most amusing perplexity before he made up his mind to follow his mistress. About a hundred yards from this spot, the lane turned abruptly to the left, skirting a second side of the square field in which I had taken up my position; by crossing this field, therefore, I conceived I should cut off a great angle, and regain the road before they came up.

Setting spurs to my horse then, I rode off at speed, trusting to find some gate or gap by which I might effect my exit. In this calculation, however, I was deceived, instead of anything of the sort, my eyes were greeted by a stiff ox-fence, with a rather unpleasantly high fall of ground into the lane beyond,—a sort of place well fitted to winnow a hunting-field, and sift the gentlemen who come out merely to show their white gloves and buckskins, from the “real sort,” who “mean going,” and are resolved to see the end of the run. However, in the humour in which I then was, it would not have been easy to stop me, and holding the mare well together, I put her steadily at it. Fortunately, she was a first-rate fencer, and knew her work capitally, as she proved in the present instance, by rising to the leap, clearing the fence in beautiful style, and dropping lightly into the lane beyond, without so much as a stumble, just as Clara and her attendant turned the corner of the road and came in sight. My sudden appearance frightened Clara's pony to a degree which fully justified me in riding up, and assisting her to reduce it to order. Having accomplished this not very difficult task, I waited for a moment, hoping she would be the first to speak, but finding she remained silent, I began, “Really I am most unfortunate, I had no idea you were near enough for me to startle the pony, I hope I have not alarmed you.”

“How can you risk your life so madly,” she replied, in a tone of reproach, “and for no reason, too?”

“Is my safety indeed an object of interest to you?” inquired I; then, unable to restrain myself any longer, I continued, “Clara, dearest Clara, have you forgiven me? Indeed I have been punished sufficiently, I have been so utterly, so intensely miserable.”

“And have I been happy, do you think? Frank, it was cruel of you to doubt me,—you, to whom I have told everything,—you, who of all the world should have been the last to mistrust me; I never could have doubted you.”

“It was cruel; it was ungenerous in the extreme, I own it—and yet, believe me, dear Clara, I did not doubt you lightly, proofs that to my short-sightedness appeared incontrovertible, were brought against you,—the letters I wrote, entreating you, if but by a line or message, to relieve my anxiety, remaining

unanswered—letters which I was assured you had received,—your sudden intimacy with that hateful Wilford—”

“Stay!” she exclaimed, interrupting me, “let me explain that at once, it is easy to show you how that is to be accounted for—”

“Indeed, Clara, it is unnecessary,” I began.

“If not for your satisfaction, at least for my own, let me explain how this sudden good understanding with one so lately a stranger to me arose,” she continued. “Richard Cumberland, on his return, seemed resolved to throw off all disguise, and determined to make me feel that I was in his power; his attentions became most intolerable, and all my endeavours to repulse him appeared but to increase the evil. This went on till I was obliged to remain in my own room the greater portion of every day, and actually dreaded the approach of dinner-time, when I knew I should be forced to endure his society. The arrival of Mr. Fleming, or Wilford, as you say his real name is, was therefore a great relief to me. Cumberland, for some reason or other, appears most anxious to keep on good terms with him,—why, I cannot tell, for I am much mistaken if he does not both hate and fear him. Mr. Wilford, who, whatever his real character may be, possesses great tact and penetration, and can behave like a most refined and polished gentleman, appeared to discover by intuition that Cumberland's attentions were distasteful to me, and contrived in a thousand different ways to relieve me from them, always doing so with the most perfect *sang-froid* and apparent unconsciousness. Although from the first moment I saw him I felt an instinctive mistrust and fear of him, I could not but feel grateful for the delicate tact with which he came to my assistance, and as the only effectual way to distance Richard Cumberland appeared to be conversing with Mr. Wilford, I can well understand even a more intelligent observer than my faithful old Peter fancying that I gave him encouragement. I was further induced to admit his society from the fact that he never attempted in the slightest manner to take unfair advantage of the unusual degree of intimacy which circumstances had produced between us. He had never even alluded to Cumberland's attentions (though he must have been long aware of them, and of the annoyance they occasioned me) till that unfortunate morning, when the encounter took place between you in the Park.

“At the breakfast-table that day, some scheme had been proposed which would have involved my riding alone with Mr. Cumberland; on my endeavouring to avoid doing so, provoked beyond endurance he forgot his usual caution, and made some brutal allusion to the time when his will, and not my caprice, would be the law, doing so with such coarse violence that I left the room in tears. Mr. Vernon summoned me shortly afterwards to walk with him, in order, as I believe, to lecture me; but his purpose was frustrated by Mr. Wilford's joining us. Shortly before we met you, my guardian was accidentally called away, when Mr. Wilford expressed his indignation at the scene which had

taken place at breakfast, and his surprise that I found it possible to endure such insolence, adding that he had ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Cumberland on the subject, but had been angrily repulsed. I really felt obliged to him for what I deemed his disinterested kindness, and in the course of conversation allowed him to elicit from me an account of my early engagement to Richard Cumberland; and the words which you so strangely overheard referred, as you may easily believe, to that."

"Of course they did," exclaimed I. "What a self-tormenting idiot I have made of myself! However, I was only rightly served for ever having doubted your faith; but, dearest Clara, you must be subject no longer to the insolent attentions of Cumberland, or the sinister designs of Wilford; and it is at length my happiness to possess the power, as well as the will, to save you from farther molestation; strange things have come to light."

I then informed her of the existence of Mr. Frampton, and his relationship to her; told her of his generous intentions in my behalf, and how, thanks to these circumstances, her consent was the only thing wanting to our immediate union. With mingled surprise and pleasure she listened to my recital; and with downcast eyes and most becoming blushes, gave ear to my entreaties for pardon, and hopes that she would not throw any unnecessary delay in the way of our marriage. Before I left her, I had received full forgiveness for my unjust doubts and suspicions, and was allowed to indulge in a not unfounded hope that Mr. Frampton's recovery of his niece would only prove the precursor to my obtaining a wife. It was agreed that on the following day but one Mr. Frampton—who had to go to London to consult with his lawyer touching the legalities of the affair—should come to Barstone, and, bearding Mr. Vernon in his den, establish his claim. As Wilford was not to return till the same day, and as I proposed accompanying Mr. Frampton, I thought I should be alarming Clara unnecessarily if I were to inform her of Wilford's designs. I therefore merely cautioned her against him generally, begging her never to trust herself with him alone, and adding that I hoped she would see nothing more of him before she was placed under the protection of her uncle, of whom I drew—as he so well deserved at my hands—a most favourable picture, though I did not attempt to conceal his eccentricities either of manner or appearance, considering it better she should be prepared for them beforehand. So we rode on side by side, happy in each other's society, the bright sunshine, which threw its golden mantle over the gnarled limbs and wide-spreading branches of the old trees beneath which we passed, being scarcely brighter or more genial than the joy which shed its sunlight on our hearts, replacing the dreary shadows of the past with fair hopes and gladsome prospects for the future; and when we parted, which was not till we had ridden a circuit of some miles, and exercise had brought back the rose to Clara's pale cheeks, and joy the smile to her lip, we did so in the full assurance that after our

next meeting man's self-interest and injustice should be powerless to interfere farther with our happiness. Were these bright hopes ever fated to be realized?

After cautioning old Peter to watch over his young mistress as a mother over her child, telling him I should return in time to frustrate any plan Wilford might devise, and begging him if anything unexpected should occur, instantly to despatch a messenger to me; I took leave of Clara with one of those lingering pressures of the hand which tell better than words of full hearts, to which it is indeed grief to separate, and setting spurs to my horse, I rode back to Heathfield, as different a being from what I was when I left it, as though I had literally "changed my mind" for that of some other individual.

My first care on reaching the Hall was to relieve Mr. Frampton's anxiety, and when he learned that his niece was not the jilt he had deemed her, but QUITE PERFECTION, (for that was what I stated, with the same quiet certainty of promulgating an incontrovertible fact, with which I should have declared twice two to be four.) his delight knew no bounds, and the way in which he shook my hands and slapped me on the back, and told me, with many grunts, that I should "marry the girl," even if he had to thrash old Vernon with his own hand in order to obtain possession of her for me, was enough to do any one's heart good to witness. I had no lack of talking to get through myself either; first, Harry Oaklands had to be told the successful issue of the day's adventure, then Fanny was to be taken into our confidence; and next, the greatest caution was to be observed, and many deep and politic schemes concocted, in order to bring my mother to a proper comprehension of the whole matter without completely overwhelming her,—all which cunning devices were frustrated by Mr. Frampton, who got at her surreptitiously, and told her the entire affair in a short, sharp, and decisive harangue, which completely upset her for the rest of the evening, and left a permanent impression on her mind, that somehow or other I had behaved very ill.

Early on the following morning Mr. Frampton went off to town to consult his lawyer, promising to return in time for dinner, if possible, but at all events so as to be ready to start on our Barstone campaign the first thing the next day, that no time might be lost in freeing Clara from the disagreeables, if not positive dangers, which surrounded her. As I was crossing the hall after seeing Mr. Frampton off, Lawless seized me by the arm, and drawing me on one side, began; "I say, Frank, I want a word with you; there's something gone wrong with Freddy Coleman, I never saw him so down in the mouth before; there's a screw loose somewhere, depend upon it."

"Something wrong with Freddy," repeated I, "impossible! why I was laughing with him a quarter of an hour ago; he was making all sorts of quaint remarks on the chaise that came for Mr. Frampton, and poking fun at the post-boy—Where is he?"

"Eh? wait a bit, I'll tell you directly; he had a letter brought him just as Governor Frampton

started, and as he cast his eye over it, he first got as red as a carrot, then he turned as pale as a turnip, and bolted off into the library like a lamplighter, where he sits looking as if he had been to the wash, and come back again only half-starved."

"That's better than if he were 'terribly mangled,' to carry on your simile," returned I; "but didn't you ask him what was the matter?"

"Eh? no, I've made such a mess of things lately, that I thought I'd better leave it alone, for that I was safe to put my foot in it, one way or other, so I came and told you instead."

"Well, we'll see about it," replied I, turning towards the library, "perhaps he has received some bad news from home; his father or mother may be ill."

On entering the room we perceived Coleman seated in one of the windows, his head resting on his hand, looking certainly particularly miserable, and altogether unlike himself. So engrossed was he that he never heard our approach, and I had crossed the room, and was close to him before he perceived me, consequently, the first word I uttered made him jump violently,—an action which elicited from Lawless a *sotto voce* exclamation of, "Steady there, keep a tight hand on the near rein; well, that was a shy!"

"F' eddy," began I, "I did not mean to startle you so; but is anything the matter, old fellow?"

"You've frightened me out of six months' growth," was the reply, "matter—what should make you think that?"

"Well, if you must know," returned Lawless, "I told him I thought there was a screw loose with you, and I haven't changed my mind about it yet either. Any unsoundness shown itself at home, eh? I thought your Governor looked rather puffy about the pasterns the last time I saw him, besides being touched in the wind, and your mother has got a decided strain of 'he back sinews.'"

"No, they're well enough," replied Freddy, with a faint smile.

"Then you've entered your affections for some maiden stakes, and the favourite has bolted with a Cornet of horse."

"That's more like it," returned Coleman, "though you've not quite hit it yet—but I'll tell you, man, if it's any satisfaction to you to hear that others are as unlucky as yourself, or worse, for what I know. I'm not greatly given to the lachrymose and sentimental, in a general way, but I must confess this morning to a little touch of the heartache. You see, Frank," he continued, turning to me, "there's my cousin Lucy Markham, the little girl with the black eyes—"

"You forget that she was staying with us last week," interrupted I.

"To be sure she was," resumed Freddy; "this vile letter has put everything out of my head—well, she and I,—we've known each other since we were children,—in fact, for the last four or five years she has nearly lived with us, and there's a great deal in habit, and propinquity, and all that sort of thing. 'Man was not made to live alone,' and I'm sure

woman wasn't either, for they would have nobody to exercise their tongues upon, and would die from repletion of small-talk, or a pressure of gossip on the brain, or some such thing;—and so a complication of all these causes led us in our romantic moments to indulge in visions of a snug little fireside, garnished with an intelligent household cat, and a bright copper tea-kettle, with ourselves seated one in each corner, regarding the scene with the complacent gaze of proprietors; and we were only waiting till my father should fulfil his promise of taking me into partnership, to broach the said scheme to the old people, and endeavour to get it realized. But lately there has been a fat fool coming constantly to our house, who has chosen to fancy Lucy would make him a good foolless, and although the dear girl has nearly teased, snubbed, and worried him to the borders of insanity, he has gone on persevering with asinine obstinacy, till he has actually dared to pop the question."

"Well, let her say 'no' as if she meant it," said Lawless; "women can, if they like, eh? and then it will all be as right as ninepence. Eh! don't you see?"

"Easier said than done, Lawless, unfortunately," replied Coleman; "my fat rival is the son of an opulent drysalter, and last year he contrived to get rid of his father."

"Dry-salted him, perhaps?" suggested Lawless.

"The consequence is," continued Coleman, not heeding the interruption, "he is as rich as Cræsus; now Lucy hasn't a penny, and all her family are as poor as rats, so what does he do but go to my father, promises to settle no end of tin on her, and ends by asking him to manage the matter for him. Whereupon the Governor sends for Lucy, spins her a long yarn about duty to her family, declares she'll never get a better offer, and winds up by desiring her to accept the dolt forthwith; and Lucy writes to me, poor girl! to say she's in a regular fix, and thinks she'd better die of a broken heart on the spot, unless I can propose any less distressing, but equally efficient alternative."

"What does your Governor say? that she'll never have a better offer?" asked Lawless.

"Yes," replied Freddy, "and in the common acceptance of the term, I'm afraid it's a melancholy truth."

"Hum! yes, that'll do," continued Lawless, meditatively, "Freddy, I've thought of a splendid dodge, by which we may obtain the following advantages. Imprimis, selling the Governor no end; secundis, ensuring me a jolly lark,—and 'pon my word I require a little innocent recreation to raise my spirits; and, lastly, enabling you to marry your cousin, and thus end as the pantomimes always do, with a grand triumph of virtue and true love over tyranny and oppression! So now, listen to me!"

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.¹

WE have all had glimpses of the pastoral age: for the early days of life are as the earlier ages of the world—pastoral and golden. Our habits, feelings, speech, emotions, possessed the primitive characteristics of truth, simplicity, and nature. If not in perfect utterance, yet in earnest healthful feeling, were we pastoral poets; and from the rugged acclivities of after-life, looking backward upon the green and shining valleys of our childhood, we may each repeat with truth, "Et ego in Arcadiâ." Between it and us, however, time and circumstance have set a broad deep gulf, the extent and depth of which may be estimated by our fervid appreciation of, or frigid indifference to the music, truth, and beauty of the poet, and more especially the pastoral poet's song.

Of the few—the very few—who retain within their hearts and minds the most estimable characteristics of the golden age of life, who can look back upon its Arcadian valleys without regret, inasmuch as the green garniture of that blessed clime surrounds them still, the same blue cloudless heavens continue to bend over them, the same chime of running waters, the same low voices of the whispering winds, the same melodious rustle of the young green leaves, swell and die upon their ears perpetually,—who have been neither soured nor saddened by the philosophy which experience teaches,—who have mingled in the strife of politics, and yet kept unimpaired their love of peace and harmony, study and retirement, reverie and repose,—who, as Coleridge beautifully observes,—

"Delightedly believe
Divinities, being themselves divine."

Of this privileged few Leigh Hunt may constitute himself among the chief. A veteran in the field of literature, his relish for the accustomed delights of poetry is as keen, his fancy as buoyant, his taste as exquisite, and his judgment as mellow and as sound as ever.

"Age cannot wither him,
Nor custom stale his infinite variety."

And there is a certain contagion in his hopeful, healthful views, not merely of literature, but of mankind in general, which insensibly infects the reader's mind; while the obvious earnestness and sincerity of his opinions simultaneously exact respect, attention, and conviction.

Graceful and genial in all his writings, whether as essayist, story-teller, poet, or critic, it would be difficult accurately to define the extent of the influence he has exercised in humanizing, refining, and elevating the feelings and intellect of the present generation. What he has achieved in this respect has been accomplished quietly and without ostentation,

"In conscience and a tender heart."

If he would have you love and practise some peculiar moral virtue, he reads no grave and tedious homily thereon, but, by a felicitous illustration, or a quaint

and antique story, exhibits the virtue in the might of its own inherent beauty, conscious that, having done so, he may safely leave it to plead its own cause, and win an easy access to your heart. So, too, in his criticisms, he does not oppress you by his pedantry, or disgust you by his dogmatism, or overwhelm his subject with a ponderous mass of irrelevant verbiage. The scholar recognises the pertinence and beauty of his classical quotations—for in the freemasonry of literature they are, as it were, the pass-words of the craft—while to the unlearned reader they are made to have a novel and unexpected significance and charm. The favourite author of the man of letters becomes the more endeared to him from the glancing lights which the critic sheds on obscure or unnoticed passages, and from the music he elicits from many an exquisite, but hitherto neglected verse.

With a refined perception of the beautiful in poetry, in nature and in art, he strives to elevate others to the high vantage-ground on which he stands, to make them participators of his enjoyment, and congenial lovers of the objects which delight him most. "Every clever unlearned man in England, rich and poor," he observes, "if we had the magic to do it, should be gifted to-morrow with all the learning that would adorn and endear his commerce to him, his agriculture, and the poorest flower-pot at his window." The wish does honour to his heart: but, to our thinking, Mr. Hunt has accomplished something analogous to this. We believe, that in the mind of many a "clever unlearned man" he has, so to speak, evoked and fostered such a true, natural, and healthful taste as has enabled its possessor to appreciate whatever is most deserving of admiration, reverence, or affection, in the external forms of nature, in such humble works of art as come within his cognisance, and in the limited store of literary wealth already familiar to him.

To have achieved no more than this is to have done something worthy of the gratitude of his own and after generations; and we should rejoice to see the sphere of so wholesome an influence widened by the diffusion, in a cheaper form, of such works as "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," and the luscious "Jar of Honey" now before us.

Did space permit, we would willingly extract the whole "Legend of King Robert," which is, indeed, an "entire and perfect chrysolite;" but we pass on to briefer extracts:—

"The all-including genius of Shakespeare has given the finest intimations of pastoral writing in some of the masques introduced in his plays, and in his plays themselves: if, indeed, 'As you like it' might not equally as well be called a pastoral play as a comedy; though, to be sure, the Duke and his followers do not willingly take to the woods, with the exception of the 'sad shepherd,' Jacques; and this is a great drawback on the pleasures of the occasion, which ought to breathe as freely as the air and the wild roses. Rosalind, however, is a very bud of the pastoral ideal, peeping out of her forest jerkin. Again, in the 'Winter's Tale,' where the good housewife is recorded, who has 'her face o' fire' with attending to the guests, and 'my sister,' who has the purchase of the eatables, 'lays it on' (as her brother the clown says) in the article of rice, there

¹ (1) A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla. By Leigh Hunt. Smith, Elder and Co. 1848.

is the truest pastoral of both kinds, the ideal and the homely.

"*Shepherd.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived,
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook; upon
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end of the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip."

"What a poet, and what a painter! Now a Raphael, or Michael Angelo; now a Jan Stein, or a Teniers. Here also is Autolycus, the most exquisite of impudent vagabonds—better even than the Brass of Sir John Vanbrugh—selling his love ballads so, without indecency, 'which is strange,' and another ballad of a singing-fish, with 'five justices' hands to it,' to vouch for its veracity. But, above all, here is Perdita:—

'The prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward.
No shepherdess; but Flora
Peering in April's front.'

Perdita, also, though supposed to be a shepherdess born, is a Sicilian princess, and makes our BLUE JAR glisten again in the midst of its native sun and flowers.

'O Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Cytherea's breath; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!—O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
(Turning to her Lover) To strew him o'er and o'er.'

'Shelley has called a woman 'one of Shakspeare's women,' implying by that designation all that can be suggested of grace and sweetness. They were 'very subtle,' as Mr. Wordsworth said of the French ladies. Not that they were French ladies, or English either, but nature's and refinement's best possible gentlewomen all over the world. Julia d'Arragona, the Italian poetess, who made all her suitors love one another instead of quarrel, must have been a Shakspeare woman. Gaspara Stampa was another; and we should take the authoress of 'Robin Gray' for one.

'Sidney's sister, Penbrooke's mother,'

and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, must have been such. So was Mrs. Brooke, who wrote 'Emily Montagu'; and probably Madame Riccolini; and certainly my Lady Winchelsea, who worshipped friendship and green retreats, and her husband;—terrible people all to look upon, if the very sweetness of their virtue did not enable us to bear it."

"Allan Ramsay is the prince of the homely pastoral drama.—Burns wrote in this class of poetry at no such length as Ramsay; but he was pastoral poetry itself, in the shape of an actual, glorious peasant, vigorous as if Homer had written him, and tender as generous strength, or as memories of the grave. Ramsay and he have helped Scotland for ever to take pride in its heather, and its braes, and its bonny rivers, and be ashamed of no beauty or honest truth, in high estate or in low;—an incalculable blessing. Ramsay, to be sure, with all his genius, and though he wrote an entire and excellent dramatic pastoral in five legitimate acts, is but a small part of Burns—is but a field in a corner compared with the whole Scots pastoral region. He has none of Burns's pathos; none of his grandeur; none of his burning energy; none of his craving after universal good. How universal is Burns!—what mirth in his cups!—what

softness in his tears!—what sympathy in his very satire!—what manhood in everything! If Theocritus, the inventor of a loving and affecting Polyphemus, could have foreseen the verses on the 'Mouse,' and the 'Daisy,' turned up with the plough, the 'Tam o' Shanter,' 'O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,' 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,' &c.,—not to mention a hundred others, which have less to do with our subject,—tears of admiration would have rushed into his eyes.

"Nevertheless, Allan Ramsay is not only entitled to the designation we have given him, but in some respects is the best pastoral writer in the world. There are, in truth, two sorts of genuine pastoral,—the high ideal of Fletcher and Milton, which is justly to be considered the more poetical; and the homely ideal, as set forth by Allan Ramsay and some of the idyls of Theocritus, and which gives us such feelings of nature and passion as poetical rustics not only can, but have entertained, and eloquently described. And we think the 'Gentle Shepherd,' in some respects, the best pastoral that ever was written, not because it has anything, in a poetical point of view, to compare with Fletcher and Milton, but because there is, upon the whole, more faith and more love in it, and because the kind of idealized truth which it undertakes to represent is delivered in a more corresponding and satisfactory form than in any other entire pastoral drama. In fact, the 'Gentle Shepherd' has no alloy whatever to its pretensions, such as they are,—no failure in plot, language, or character,—nothing answering to the coldness and irrelevancies of 'Comus,' nor to the offensive and untrue violations of decorum in the 'Wanton Shepherdess' of Fletcher's pastoral, and the pedantic and ostentatious chastity of his faithful one. It is a pure, healthy, natural, and (of its kind) perfect plant, sprung out of an unluxuriant but not ungenial soil; not hung with the beauty and fragrance of the productions of the higher regions of Parnassus; not waited upon by spirits and enchanted music; a dog-rose, if you will; say rather, a rose in a cottage-garden, dabbled with the morning dew, and plucked by an honest lover to give to his mistress."

Speaking of Brown, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," Mr. Hunt says,—

"Brown was a Devonshire man, and is supposed to have died at Ottery St. Mary, the birth-place of Coleridge. He was not unworthy to have been the countryman of that exquisite observer of nature, himself a pastoral man, though he wrote no pastorals; for Coleridge not only preferred a country to a town life, but his mind, as well as his body, (when it was not with Plato and the school-men,) delighted to live in woody places, 'enfolding,' as he beautifully says, 'sunny spots of greenery.' Shakspeare himself, prosperous manager as he was, retired to his native place before he was old. Do we think, that, with all his sociality, his chief companions there were such as a country town afforded? Depend upon it, they were the trees, and the fields, and his daughter Susanna. Be assured, that no gentleman of the place was seen so often pacing the banks of the Avon, sitting on the stiles in the meadows, looking with the thrush at the sunset, or finding

'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, (for if his poetry answered but to one small portion of Shakspeare, his prose made up the rest,) proclaims his truly pastoral heart, notwithstanding his satire, not only in his 'Galatea,' but in a hundred passages of 'Don Quixote,' particularly the episodes. He delighted equally in knowledge of the world, and the most ideal poetic life. It is easy to see, by the stories of 'Marcella' and 'Leandra,' that this great writer wanted little to have become a 'Quixote' himself, in the Arcadian line. Nothing but the extremest good sense supplied him a proper balance in this respect for his extreme romance.

Boccaccio was another of these great child-like minds, whose knowledge of the world is ignorantly confounded with a devotion to it. See, in his 'Admetus,' 'Theseid,' and 'Genealogia Deorum,' &c., and in the 'Decameron' itself, how he revels in groves and gardens; and how, when he begins making a list of trees, he cannot leave off.

"Chaucer was a courtier, and a companion of princes—nay, a reformer also, and a stirrer out in the world. He understood that world, too, thoroughly, in the ordinary sense of such understanding. Yet, as he was a true great poet in everything, so in nothing more was he so than in loving the country, and the trees and fields. It is as hard to get him out of a grove as his friend, Boccaccio; and he tells us, that, in May, he would often go out into the meadows to 'abide' there, solely in order to 'look upon the daisy.' Milton seems to have made a point of never living in a house that had not a garden to it."

The last sample we shall offer of our author's honey occurs in the chapter upon Bees, concerning which he gossips in this pleasant wise:—

"Bees do not teach men, nor ought they. We have some higher things among us, even than wax and honey; and though we have our flaws, too, in the art of government, and do not yet know exactly what to do with them, we hope we shall find out. Will the bees ever do that? Do they also hope it? Do they sit pondering, when the massacre is over, and think it but a bungling way of bringing their accounts right? Man, in his self-love, laughs at such a fancy. He is of opinion that no creature can think, or make progression, but himself. What right he has, from his little experience, to come to such conclusions, we know not; but he must allow, that we know as little of the conclusions of the bees. All we feel certain of is, that with bees, as with men, the good of existence outweighs the evil; that evil itself is but a rough working towards good; and that if good can ultimately be better without it, there is a thing called hope, which says it may be possible. We take our planet to be very young, and our love of progression to be one of the proofs of it; and when we think of the good, and beauty, and love, and pleasure, and generosity, and nobleness of mind, and imagination, in which this green and glorious world is abundant, we cannot but conclude that the love of progression is to make it still more glorious, and add it to the number of those older stars, which are probably resting from their labours, and have become heavens."

We cannot conclude this notice without alluding to the elegance displayed in the getting-up of the volume before us. The cover is, in itself, a perfect gem, and the illustrations, by the graceful pencil of Doyle, contribute in no small degree to the satisfaction with which we rise up from the "feast of reason," afforded by Mr. Leigh Hunt's very excellent "Jar of Honey." J. S.

MEMORANDA OF NATURAL PHENOMENA.

BY F. P. NICHOLS.

NO. II.—ATMOSPHERICAL ELECTRICITY..

ELECTRICITY is a sort of fluid disseminated throughout nature, existing naturally in a state of equilibrium, but of the presence of which we are insensible, until it is excited into activity by accumulating over-abundantly in any particular body, and, consequently, exhibiting certain

phenomena of which that body in itself is incapable.

Although, to a certain extent, all bodies are charged with this mysterious fluid, some are unable to retain it when it is under the influence of excitation, but suffer it to pass readily through them; these are called *non-electrics*, or *electrical conductors*. There are others which resist the passage of the fluid, and absorb it into themselves; such are called *electrics*, or *non-conductors*. As, for example, if two opposing electrical bodies be rubbed sharply together, the fluid becomes agitated, flows out of the conductor, and is absorbed by the non-conductor, which now, being charged with a superfluity of the electric fluid, is said to be under the influence of excitation; this is called *positive electricity*; the absence of the fluid in the other body is called *negative electricity*.

When a non-conductor is positively electrified, it has an attractive affinity to all bodies not in the same condition with itself, and on coming in contact with them, yields up a portion of its fluid, until an equality is restored, when it repels them. A very simple experiment will illustrate this: take, for instance, a piece of dry glass, or a stick of sealing-wax, rub it sharply up and down any woollen substance, as the coat-sleeve, and it will become slightly charged with electric fluid; this will be demonstrated by presenting to it a small piece of paper, (or any other light substance of that nature,) which will readily adhere to the glass or wax until it has become filled with some of the fluid, when it will be repulsed and fall off.

So we shall find that when two vessels are brought within attractive proximity of each other, the one being charged with positive, and the other with negative electricity, the surplus fluid will find its equilibrium by rushing into the other vessel; but the intervening air, resisting its free passage, causes it to ignite and throw off sparks of fire accompanied by a cracking noise. When this phenomenon is the result of atmospherical causes, the ignition, and the noise that attends it, are called lightning and thunder.

There is always a considerable amount of electricity contained in the atmosphere, produced either by the action of currents of wind, the passing of bodies through it, or from chemical agencies. There are causes also operating by which it is reduced, so that the air is differently electrified in different parts at the same time. Whenever any action tends to increase this difference to any extent, such as by the evaporation

of water, and its condensation into clouds, or by sudden transitions from heat to cold, the electric matter flows into equilibrium, throwing off in its passage sudden flashes of fire; this is that silent lightning that is frequently seen after very hot weather, of a summer's evening.

Whenever the atmosphere is rendered arid by excessive heat, a very considerable quantity of vapour is absorbed into it, the clouds thereby formed are consequently very highly charged, and have a very dense black appearance; sailing slowly along by the wind, they absorb into them all the lighter clouds, increasing until they have spread over almost the whole of the heavens. Thus an approaching thunder-storm is usually indicated by heavy clouds advancing in one direction, meeting and absorbing into them thin filaments of light clouds that are scattered about. When a cloud thus formed passes one negatively electrified, the fluid rushing out of it, separates the air, ignites, and forms a flash of lightning, the air collapsing again after its passage, causes the rumbling noise called thunder. When the air is strag and much agitated, and the passage of the fluid meets with great resistance, it flies about in a zigzag form, which is known as forked lightning.

So long as lightning is occasioned merely by the action of two clouds upon one another, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended; thunder being only a report, is perfectly harmless at all times. But when the electricity comes within the attraction of the earth, either by a cloud crossing over a lofty mountain, or sinking near to the earth's surface, it passes down from the cloud to the earth, sometimes in a straight line of fire, sometimes rolling along like a large ball, clearing out of its way everything that offers resistance to it; thus it will often tear up trees, set houses on fire, and even destroy animal life should it impede its progress. This ball of fire is a liquid in a state of fusion, and not (as has been supposed by some persons unacquainted with science) a metallic body, called a thunder-bolt. There are metallic substances sometimes precipitated from the air; these are termed *aërolites*, and have nothing whatever to do with the electricity of storms.

As soon as the cloud disperses, which is usually after a vivid flash of lightning and a very loud clap of thunder, the rain descends, the electrical power is destroyed, and the storm ceases.

Although storms arise from what may be called the accidents of nature, they are of great importance as an effort of nature, by which the atmo-

sphere is cleared of all those impurities it imbibes from noxious vapours, and other sources, and hence, despite their dangerous tendencies, and the terrors to which they give rise, they are productive of much advantage.

THE DOCTOR.

DOSE II.—MYSTERY-PLAYS—PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

"Sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done;
Her plot has many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play."

QUARLES.

SOME of our patients, peradventure,—assuming, for the sake of argument, that some one besides the printer swallows these doses,—may remember the delight with which the boy Dove, the embryo doctor, revelled in the stock pieces of Rowland Dixon's puppets, and discussed with his master the nature of the early miracle-plays. The hint thus early thrown out, the stitch thus early dropt in the work, is again taken up in the fragmentary chapters of this volume, and made the vehicle of a tempting chapter on two of these old and amusing plays. Every one who read the early hints felt what was preparing for them in the future; and many a one, when assured that the multifarious reader of Keswick was the author of the *brochure*, looked forward to a flood of curious learning on miracle-plays.

It would have been a thoroughly antiquarian and dramatic treat to have followed Southey from the drama of the Jew Ezekiel, partially preserved by Eusebius, down to the latest of the Coventry mysteries. To have read his quaint account of the pious moralities of the Saxon nun Rhoswitha, her country's wonder in the tenth century, or of the first mystery acted in England at Dunstable in 1110. The more than three hundred players that crowded the stage at Constance, when the English bishop invited its wealthy burghers, in the fifteenth century, to witness the mysteries of the Nativity, which some of his country's clergy had composed, would have afforded room for many a quaint description and word-twisting joke from the quaintly wily laureate. But what use is there in speculating on what he might have said or written? Let us e'en take to the matter he has compounded, and taste of the prescription he has left.

The Doctor loves to trace down these relics of the oldest dramas to the latest times. In his researches he alighted on two, the one of the beginning of the sixteenth century, the other, perhaps, a trifle later; the one written in Latin for a German audience, the other in the native tongue for an English one. George von Langeveldt wrote the more learned; the author of the other, like he of the Doctor in days gone by, still remains unknown: both bear the same title, relate to the same subject, enforce the same moral, and yet afford sufficient variety to make it evident that the latter was not translated, or "done," as the dramatic authors now-a-days have it, from the former.

Hecastus, a rich, pompous, worldly man, with his suitable wife Epicuria, are astonished at the appearance of an unasked guest at one of their great feasts. It is Nomodidascalus, come to summon the master before the Great King for judgment. In vain does the worldly great man appeal to his lawyer-son;—he knows the "belles lettres," but not the barbarous

tongue in which the summons is written. In vain he asks his sons or his kinsmen to go with him, or even his wife; each has his excuse, but advises him to take his slaves. Plutus, too, his daily god, rebels against being taken, and only succumbs to main force. Alas! he is on his road, with nought but slaves and wealth. Anon, Virtue—his old, tattered, despised friend Virtue—meets him, and promises to send him a priest. The priest comes, and for once the brothers agree—in keeping watch, lest he should persuade the dying man to give aught of his wealth to the poor. Satan comes to his chamber-door, sits on his threshold, and draws his indictment against the dying man. Here it is, “proud and arrogant in mind, body, and manners.” So commences the bill. But, within, the priest questions him of his faith—it is merely historical, a faith in facts: soon springs up a better faith, as Faith herself rules his chamber with Virtue. At the door Death meets Satan, gets abused for his delay, follows his master into the death-chamber as soon as he has sharpened his dart. But the contest soon grows warm, and Satan flies before Faith, Virtue, and the priest, and the soul departs on its mission freed from the power of evil.

Such was George von Langeveldt's play, represented by his scholars in 1550. “Non sine magno spectantium applausu,”—“crowded houses,”—“continued applause until the fall of the curtain,” as Messrs. Bunn and Co. now have it in the large type of their bills, with “Free List suspended.” Of the success of the English “Everyman” we have no contemporary record. Its prologue says,

“This matter is wondrous precious,
But the extent of it is more gracious,
And swete to beare away.
The story saith, Man in the beginning
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay.”

Death is sent to Everyman with a message.—

“To shew him, in God's name,
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape,
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.”

Everyman asks for twelve years' delay, to make up his accounts, and offers 1,000*l.* for the time. “No delay,” says Death, “but thou mayest have thy friends with thee.” So Everyman asks Fellowship to come with him; to eat with him, drink with him, or fight for him, he is ready, but not for such a journey. His relatives are equally unprepared, so Everyman applies to his “Goods.”

“Who calleth me?” answers Goods; “Everyman! what, hast thou haste?”

I lye here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags, thou may'st see with thine eye
I cannot stir; in packs low I lye.
Sir, an ye in the world have sorrow or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.”

Again his owner presses “Goods” to come with him as his defence, but he replies—

“Nay, Everyman, I sing another song,
I follow no man in such voyages,
For an I went with thee,
Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me.”

Good Deeds is willing enough to go with him, but lies cold on the ground, bound sorely by his sins; but she introduces Knowledge, who leads him to Confession, who gives him a jewel called Penance, and then Good Deeds rises in her strength and prepares to go with him. Besides this, Knowledge clothes him

in the garment of Contrition, and makes him call on his friends, Discretion, Strength, and Beauty, to help him on his pilgrimage, and his Five Wits to aid him with their counsel. For a time his newly summoned friends go on with him, but when as his limbs fail and his strength fades away, and he says—

“Into this cave must I creep,
And turn to earth, and there to sleep,”—

then one by one, Discretion, Strength, and Beauty fly away, and Good Deeds alone remains with him in his need.

Next, with a moral applicable to the faith of that day, as the song of the angel who receives his spirit is heard in the air, a learned doctor warns the audience of the transitory nature of earthly gifts, and bids them remember that even good deeds are of little avail “an they be small.”

And now, if there be only one amongst our readers who regrets that these glories of the ancient drama have long since ceased, and that even before the days of Marlowe and Shakspeare, they, and their kindred, though less spiritual, moralities, had ceased to be the staple amusement of our people, or who wish that they could have witnessed the last of these “iniquities,” as old Pryme calls it, that was played before James I. and many thousands of his subjects, at Ely House, in Holborn, on a Good Friday; if there be any one such, we remind him and them that a miracle-play, such as we have described from Southey, will be played in the autumn of 1850 in the secluded and romantic village of Ammerman, on the German side of the Tyrolean Alps.

Two hundred and four years have passed since the village of Ammerman was desolated by a virulent and contagious disease that spread throughout the valley of the Ammer. No *cordon sanitaire* could defend the little village, and within three weeks of the first victim's death more than eighty of the villagers fell beneath the pestilence. Then it was that, in the spirit of their religion, they vowed the decennial performance of a mystery called “The Atoning Sacrifice of Golgotha, and the History of the Passion and Death of Jesus.” With only a few interruptions during the desolating wars of Napoleon, the mystery has been performed every tenth year until the present time. Just outside the village the wooden theatre is raised, the stage in three stories, as in the old days, and alone covered in from the sky, whilst the seats remain unprotected. Some little alteration has taken place of late years, and the cauldrons and other paraphernalia of hell have been discarded, along with the chorus of dæmons with which the old play opened. “The stage,” says Górras, “is appropriated to the nature of the piece. As this is composed of dumb shows from the Old Testament and acted scenes from the New, the stage is divided into two parts. In the centre and towards the back of the great stage stands a smaller one concealed by a curtain; on either side were two streets of Jerusalem, between the side walls and the double stage, and the intermediate space is filled up with the houses with balconies.” Through these streets the long processions of the *Tableaux Vivants* march, whilst on the inner stage the scenes from the New Testament, the types of what is being represented in dumb show, are acted. The actors are as numerous as in the monkish days, between three and four hundred, and character far more than dramatic talent determines the rôle of the performers. A drunken or debauched Roscius would hardly

obtain a more prominent part than that of a mute, whilst a moral tyro would assume the principal part. The neighbours come in thousands to witness the *passion-spiel* of Ammergau, and sit from sunrise to sunset, with the intermission of one hour for refreshment at midday. The wits of Paris ridiculed the length of M. Dumas' drama of "Monte Christo," and pictured the actors marching to the reading of the play with their night-dresses and provisions. The sight-seers of Ammergau in the autumn of 1850 may reasonably be provided with one of these accessories.

A bad example must be our plea for having rambled from Southey to Görres, from England to Germany. A table spread with various viands doth provoke a varied appetite. Anon we shall come to a sad jumble—rats and killicrops, Luther's table-talk and fables.

A VISIT TO AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

(From the French.)

On reaching the eminence which overlooks the charming valley of Montmorency, not far from the Hermitage immortalized by Jean Jacques Rousseau, you perceive to the left a narrow winding road, bordered with villas built in the Italian style. About half way down this road, on the right-hand side, our carriage drew up at a little gate, the threshold of which we passed, full of that respectful emotion ever created by the contemplation of great talent, dignified by great misfortune. Here, in the summer months, dwells Augustin Thierry; hither he comes, with the return of spring, to seek strength from the fresh, pure air of the valley, to enable him to continue his labours. We found ourselves in an elegant garden; before us was a lawn varied with flower-beds, and beyond that a sloping shrubbery. On the right were a greenhouse and a summerhouse; in front of the latter lay, at full length, a handsome Newfoundland dog, which, raising its head, gave us a look of welcome with its mild, good-natured eyes. To the left, on the opposite side of the lawn, rose a rectangular house, white, simple, and in good taste, consisting of two stories, the lower windows opening into the garden.

Entering a small apartment on the ground floor, which was furnished with simple elegance, we were received by a lady attired in black; still young, of small stature, graceful manners, and an intellectual, but pensive countenance. It was Madame Thierry, the wife of the historian; she who has so appreciated the glory and happiness of associating her own with a great name,—her life with one of suffering,—of quitting the vain pleasures of the world, to devote herself wholly to the noblest part in the drama of life that can be assigned to a woman, the part of a guardian angel, of a spirit descended to earth, to watch over a great soul, imprisoned in a suffering body. Even had I not known that Madame Thierry is endowed with faculties that qualify her to take a direct and active part in all the labours of her husband; even had I not read the pieces, so remarkable for thought and for expression, that, proceeding from her

pen, have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of "Philippe de Morvelle," the destiny that she has adopted would be sufficient, in my eyes, to prove that hers is a noble heart, a noble mind.

We were soon joined by M. Amédée Thierry, the brother of the historian: a man of middle height, grave in speech as in countenance, wherein one may read the profound depression of his fraternal heart. On his arrival, the conversation became more general; but, for my own part, I scarcely listened to it, so deeply absorbed was I in expectation of him whom I was about to see, and in endeavouring to picture to myself, beforehand, the extent to which evil is able to attain to the soul through the medium of the body.

At length I heard the sound of approaching footsteps; a door on my right opened, and a domestic appeared, carrying on his back a man, blind, paralyzed, and incapable of movement. We all rose; my heart was penetrated with emotion at the sight of a man so powerful in intellect, so powerless in body. The servant, in his every motion, exhibited a respectful solicitude that sensibly affected me: he seemed thoroughly to appreciate the value of his precious burden; he bent gently back towards an arm-chair, in which he deposited his charge, and then proceeded to cover up the lower part of the motionless frame with a wrapper. This done, in an instant the scene changed, and that passage in the *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*, in which Chateaubriand describes the visit of a contemporary to Milton, came vividly to my mind. The passage is this:—"The author of 'Paradise Lost,' attired in a black doublet, was reclining in an arm-chair; his head was uncovered; his silver hair fell upon his shoulders, and his fine dark eyes shone bright, in their blindness, upon his pallid face." It was the same head, with the exception of the silver hair, that I now saw before me; the same face, more youthful and vigorous,—the noblest blind face that can be conceived. The head was firmly set upon broad shoulders; glossy hair, of the deepest black, carefully parted over an expansive forehead, fell in curls beside each temple; beneath their arched brows opened the dark eyes, which, but for the vagueness of their direction, I should have imagined animated with light; the nose was of the purest Greek form; the mouth, with fine, delicate, and expressive lips, seemed endowed with all the sensibility of which the eyes had been deprived; the finely turned chin had a slight dimple at its extremity. There was, in the contour of the face, and in its general expression, a remarkable combination of energy, subtleness, and sedate tranquillity. The tones of his voice were clear, well poised and distinct, though, from the feebleness of his health, not sonorous; his bearing was in the highest degree elegant; the lower portion of the frame, as I said before, was paralyzed; but the movement of the bust and of the arms was free; the hands, of which only the forefinger and thumb seemed capable of action, were gloved.

When the name of the lady who had introduced us was announced to him, the handsome blind man smiled; and like the smile of Chactas in Ren , "that

smile of the mouth, unaccompanied by the smile of the eyes, partook of the mysterious and of the celestial." The lady approached him, and Thierry kissed, with a chivalrous air, the fair hand placed in his own.

Conversation once fairly begun, that fine head seemed, as it were, radiant in the light of the still finer intellect within. I have been in the company of many persons who have the reputation of being good talkers, and who really do talk admirably, but I never remember to have heard anything comparable to the colloquial language of Augustin Thierry, for facility, perspicuity, and elegance. It is, doubtless, the habit of dictation that has given so much of style to his conversation; but, whatever be the cause, it may, indeed, be said of him, that without any effort, without any affectation whatever, he speaks like a book.

Throughout the conversation, to which I was a silent and attentive listener, I could detect in him not the slightest trace of selfishness, not the least reference to self; on the contrary, he who had been so cruelly tried by fate, spoke of the sufferings and infirmities of others with the most unaffected and touching commiseration. And thus, from day to day, does this martyr to learning intrepidly pursue the task he has imposed upon himself. At times only, when his pains are most racking, he is heard to murmur: "Oh! that I were only blind!" Except in such moments of depression, which are few and far between, and discernible only by his most intimate associates, he seems more a stranger to his own condition than those who surround and listen to him. Science, history, poetry, anecdotes, reminiscences of his youth—he applies to these and all other subjects the same full, rich, elegant, nervous, noble diction. Every shade of thought is reflected on his lips. At times, when an idea of a more peculiarly grave and lofty character arises in his mind, you can discern a movement in the muscles of the eye: those blind eyes, the dark pupil of which stands out in bold relief from the cornea, open wide. The thought within seems essaying to make its way through the opacity of the ball, and, after vain efforts to effect this, returns within, descends to the lips, which, receiving it, give it forth, not only in language, but with the expression of the look. From time to time, the blind man passes his poor weak hand over these, in every sense, such speaking lips, as if cherishing the precious organ, enriched, for him, with all the faculties that the other organs have lost. The two hours we spent with him seemed not so many minutes.

A. R. S.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE,

Page 220.

'Tis clear for is for ever;
A tune is an air;
And if fortune's propitious
May I have a share.

E. Y.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

ANOTHER month has glided down the stream of time, carrying with it a twelfth part of the yearly hopes and fears, joys and griefs, which, like the lights and shadows of an April day, chase each other over the play-ground of man's life; daguerreotyping in their rapid course his every thought, word, and action, on the pages of the day-book of Eternity. The gloss is already worn off the New Year, and its robe of virgin white stained by man's crimes and blotted by his tears, though here and there a bright little spot remains untouched, fit setting for the priceless gem of some noble deed and generous action; or, richer and rarer still, of sorrows endured with patient submission, faults eradicated, even at the cost of some heart idol more dear than life itself; or, rarest of all, because hardest to attain, that patient continuance in well-doing, which forms the brightest jewel in the sparkling coronet that awaits the life-long sacrifice of the spirit-martyr.

Dear Readers, do you ever think of these things? We do sometimes, and if it happens to be when we are pen-in-hand, we write, as in the present instance, a sermon instead of a postscript. Never mind, kind Readers, excuse us this once, and we will promise not to intrude our heaven-born fancies upon you too often for the future. And now, what shall we say to you this time? We must not write any more about our improvements, or how unmistakably they have succeeded, for one of you, of course a gentleman in the conventional, if not in the literal meaning of the word, (for ladies can never be disagreeable,) writes to us to find very great fault with our "puffing postscripts." We are not sure that we can quite agree with him in the principle that self-praise is no commendation; for a man, or a magazine, must be utterly besotted with vanity to vent self-gratulations on the possession of a quality in which he (or it) is notably deficient. We can forgive a man, with a Grecian nose, aristocratic upper lip, lofty brow, and well-formed chin, for looking in the glass, and thinking himself a very pretty fellow, as, after all, he has but come to a right conclusion: it is only when the result of such a course of self-examination fails to convince a person with a countenance calculated to fit him for an Ethiopian Serenader, that his face is not his fortune, that we hold him to be ridiculous. If, however, we do not agree with our correspondent in regard to the axiom above quoted, we go heart and hand with him, when he adds that "good wine needs no bush;" and acting on the hint, we will leave our good wine to produce its exhilarating effects upon our readers, only begging them not to be afraid of taking it in freely, for "there is not a headache in a hogshead of it."

But if we may not talk about our success, we may at least thank our Subscribers for the liberal kindness with which they have met our change from a weekly to a monthly publication, and the necessary advance in price by which this change was accompanied; owing to which kindness, our circulation has, if anything, rather increased than otherwise.

Dear Readers, we must condole with you on one sad event,—our "Maiden Aunt" is no more. We have for some time foreseen that her end was approaching, and now the melancholy event has come to pass,—in the Part before us she has positively breathed her last; but do not be too much dispirited, for, after one month's mourning for poor Aunt Peggy, we hope to have the pleasure of introducing to you—well, we ourselves are not aware of the precise name, so we had better drop metaphor, and say, in plain booksellers' English, a new tale by the Authoress of the "Maiden Aunt." And if the aforesaid Authoress be at all given to hoaxing, she will merely have to withhold her MS. in order to make very decided "April fools," not only of you, dear Public, but of our editorial self also. However, we will hope better things of her, and a hopeful being an agreeable frame of mind, we will e'en take leave of you therein until the arrival of blustering March.

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PREFACE.



THE completion of our **SIXTH VOLUME** affords us an opportunity of thanking our Subscribers for the kind and liberal spirit in which they have responded to our endeavours in their behalf. The change from a Weekly to a Monthly publication was, of course, an experiment, the result of which could only be ascertained by giving it a fair trial. Six months' experience, however, has proved to our satisfaction the complete success of the change, even during a time when, owing to the extraordinary events daily taking place around us, a depression such as we scarcely remember to have heard of before, and which could not fail also to have its effect upon literature, has been perceptible in all branches of trade.

The substitution of Steel Engravings, illustrating the letter-press, in the place of wood cuts, appears also to have been congenial to the taste, and to have increased the number, of our Subscribers. It is our intention in the July and following Parts to use an uniform type throughout, and we have decided upon one which will be so clear and legible, that we hope not only the bright eyes of our younger readers, but those also which examine our pages through the spectacles of the "Heads of Families," may peruse it easily and pleasantly.

The present Volume, like its immediate predecessor, consists of four months only, but for the future we shall resume the original custom of issuing two Volumes yearly, each containing six Monthly Parts.

In conclusion, we will merely add that our literary resources having become considerably extended of late, we shall hope to present our Subscribers with a variety of interesting and instructive matter, calculated to please the taste of all who love the pure and true in art; and it is for such alone that we shall ever be desirous to cater.

London, 1848.

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Madonn Hall.

DRAWN BY S. REAP, ENGRAVED BY JAMES COOPER.

HADDON HALL.

HADDON HALL is situated about two miles south of the town of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, on a bold eminence which rises on the east side of the river Wye, and overlooks the pretty vale of Haddon. The park originally connected with this mansion was ploughed up and cultivated about seventy years since. The gardens consist chiefly of terraces, ranged one above another, each having a sort of stone balustrade running along it. The prospects from one or two situations are extremely beautiful, and in the vicinity of the house there is a splendid group of luxuriant old trees. The manor of Haddon became, soon after the Conquest, the property of the Avenells, by the marriage of whose co-heirs, it was divided between the families of Vernon and Bassett, in the reign of Richard I.; but in the time of Henry VI. the estate had become the sole property of Sir Richard Vernon, whose last male heir, Sir George Vernon, died in the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth; a man so distinguished by his hospitality and magnificent mode of living, that he was locally called "the king of the Peak." By the marriage of one of this person's heiresses, who inherited the estate of Haddon, it came into the Manners family, in which it still remains, being the property of the Duke of Rutland.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. VOL. XI.

FIRST NOTICE.

"I JUDGE of character," said a wise and good man, "not by great actions, but by *little escapes*." Much truth and some falsehood would result from the indiscriminate application of such a rule, which indeed, like most other rules, seems to require the living spirit of a present and active judgment for the due administration of its dead letter. The question presented to this judgment for its decision, would of course be, whether the particular action or speech under consideration be indeed an indication of a whole state, a result of a long previous course of thought and habit of temper, or whether it be, as it not unfrequently is, in the case of individuals, an accident, depending upon some external and temporary cause. In quick observers of character, there seems to be an instinct leading almost unerringly to a due appreciation of this difference; those who lack the gift will be perpetually making blunders, and these will most probably be on the side of severity. For it is very observable, that the true practical definition of that quality which is popularly esteemed "a quick discernment of character," is rather "a quick eye for faults and foibles." The man who nods significantly when some fair-seeming action is discussed, and tells you in confidence the low or petty motive from which he believes it to be derived, is quoted as a man of penetration; while he who draws your attention to an unsuspected good, or seeks to explain away an apparent evil, is dismissed with the half-contemptuous encomium, "Poor fellow! he is so

good-natured." The one is esteemed a philosopher, the other a dupe; such is human nature's opinion of itself.

But though our rule would involve us in many erroneous decisions concerning individuals, though it would be manifestly unfair to found a sentence on the occasional irritability of the most gentle, or the transient submission of the most obstinate, we do not think that it will often be found to mislead us in passing a verdict on particular epochs in history. The idols which an age worships are perhaps better tests of its temper than are the deeds which it does; for the deeds are often done unconsciously, without full perception of their import and consequences—or they are, yet more frequently, not done at all, in any real sense, by the age which has received the credit of them, but which truly has done no more than finish, or perhaps only proclaim and sanction, what was secretly effected by its predecessor. That would be an interesting history which should treat of realities and not names, of the spirit rather than the letter of great changes; which should shew the cruel tyranny of licence, and the perfect servility of perfect independence; which should teach how the very same principle which in one shape was altogether intolerable, and could drive a whole nation into the fever and frenzy of rebellion, has only to change its dress in order to be welcomed with acclamation; how the king of a country must not assume a tone of authority in offering a constitution to his subjects, while the king of a people may complete unmolested his arrangements for imprisoning those subjects in their own capital, if only he does it civilly, with his hat (or does he perchance still affect the mediæval mockery of a crown?) in his hand. If, however, there be this difficulty in distinguishing the real from the ostensible in the history of an age, so that it is well-nigh impossible to arrive at a true estimate of its spirit from a careful contemplation of its events, we encounter no such obstacles to the application of the other test already named,—to wit, the idol, be it a school, a sect, or an individual, which an age has worshipped. Here is something definite and tangible; here is a result which must needs bespeak an immediate and active cause—a deed which can be nothing but the development of a thought. The conviction is as irresistible as that by which, when we see the wheat in full ear, we assure ourselves that there is the grain underground. That which an age enthrones, reverences, deifies, is ever the embodiment of its own secret life and thought, the idealization, so to speak, of itself; and if there be any truth in this observation, what shall we think of the age which chose for its ideal that monstrous anomaly, a woman without natural affection, undutiful as a daughter, cold and cruel as a sister, and which celebrated as the apostle of its liberties a man of brutal

manners, violent temper, and profligate life; one too, who was emphatically an alien in blood, language, and religion?

Miss Strickland will afford us ample matter to justify these descriptions. Apart from her manner of narration, which, however, we should be very sorry to lose, her discursive gossip (we are not using the term disrespectfully,) is a most agreeable relief from the buckram of historical costume in general; and her hearty partizanship, warm admiration and genuine disgust, springing as they do from a very laborious and minute examination of facts, are exceedingly refreshing in this age of impartiality. Toleration is a fair-seeming word, but how is it when you have so effectually established yourself in your respectable central position as to tolerate both right and wrong with a charitable indifference which gives the preference to neither? We unhesitatingly avow, that of all cant, the cant of impartiality seems to us to be the most flimsy and inconsistent. In the first place, we do not believe that the thing itself is ever to be met with; and in the second place, if it be, we can only hope that we may never be so unfortunate as to meet with it. The man who should succeed in convincing us that his heart never in any measure influenced the decisions of his head, would only prove thereby that he had no heart at all, and so, being deficient in one half, and that the more important, of spiritual organization, would be of all men the least likely to pronounce a true judgment in any case. It is perfectly amusing to see the shifts to which many modern writers are driven in order to avoid the imputation of being more disposed to one side than another. With what an affecting display of caution do they adjust the balance!—but who shall assure us that the one scale is not loaded already? If the unwary reader trust too implicitly to appearances, he may find that he has made but a sorry bargain after all. The straightforward old chronicler who told his story from beginning to end like a fairy tale, never once doubting or suffering you to doubt that the giant was in the wrong, and the prince in the right—that the one ought to be knocked on the head, and the other quietly installed in undisputed sovereignty—was, we shrewdly suspect, the safer guide of the two. You took him as you found him, a declared enemy, or a faithful ally; if he did not agree with you, well and good,—you *allowed for his colouring*, as the phrase is, and a pretty liberal allowance you made, we have no doubt; if on the other hand he *did* agree with you, he was a perpetual feast. Let then a jaundiced appetite, or a stern sense of duty, (which sounds much better) induce others to drink nothing but skimmed milk if they like; we shall take leave to prefer cream, which we must needs assure them is by far the nobler diet of the two, if only they were strong enough to bear it.

It is a strange scene, this life of Mary of Orange; of the earth, earthy, full of unseemly sights, low thoughts, mean standards, and unworthy conflicts, very wearisome to look upon. It reminds us of Andersen's fable of the "Drop of water," wherein the multitudinous forms were seen to bite, devour, and persecute one another with the virulence of demons—and they were nothing but animalcule after all! The total absence of elevation, the death of all greatness, the annihilation of the noble in man's nature,—these are the characteristics that meet you on the surface of society. One wonders how the miserable husk held together; how the dead ashes smouldered so long, when the divine spark was withdrawn from them. The sweet memory of Mary Beatrice comes back upon us like the thought of childhood amid the turmoil of middle age; and the quiet spirits and separated lives of a Kenn and a Sancroft seem to us like the chime of church-bells sounding through the unholy tumult of a city. But we must not linger by the fountain or the fragrant garden; we must not pause in the shadow of the cloister; our business is with the Actual at the farthest point of its removal from the Ideal, and to that we must betake ourselves. Yet let us indulge ourselves in a few brief extracts, which, like the background of a blue and cloudless sky, may throw the rest of the picture into bolder relief. The manner in which Archbishop Sancroft withstood the unfortunate James II., in the strength of conscience, is known to everybody; so also is his answer to Queen Mary when she sent to demand his blessing—he answered by silence, the most forcible of all rebukes; he calmly continued to pray for King James, as though no such person as his rebellious child were in existence. This was a triumphant vindication of the principle on which he had acted in his opposition to that monarch. Mary of Orange, however, might be emphatically designated as one who could not forgive; and the venerable primate was dispossessed and driven away, to make room for a successor of whom we will only say that the popular belief that he had never been baptized, has remained without controversy, he himself having treated it as a *subject of ridicule*. Miss Strickland writes:—

"The deprived Archbishop went forth from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books. He had distributed all his revenues in charity, and would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate in Suffolk. To an ancient, but lowly residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectably from father to son for three centuries, Archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost

adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits."

She proceeds to inform us that the sums which Sancroft saved out of his archiepiscopal income (by *personal* self-denial, for his charities were never restricted) were devoted to increasing the income of the poorer livings of the church, seven of which he thus endowed ere he was dispossessed. Then comes the following notice:—(We are culling extracts scattered throughout very different matter, in order to complete this touching history.)

"The queen signed (during her regency) warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely, and Lord Dartmouth. The latter, soon after, died in the prison of the tower. She likewise molested the deprived primate by sending a commission to his cottage, in Suffolk, to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could scarcely refrain from tears, when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door when he knocked, because his only attendant, an old woman, who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill."

Do we not long, as we read, to have made Queen Mary his housemaid!—only that such service would have graced her too far. And now for the close:—

"The venerable Primate of England, William Sancroft, died Nov. 23. 1693 in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics. The queen gained little more from her iniquities than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk churchyard. There is a tablet raised to his memory on the outside of the porch of Fressingfield church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village."

It is good that we remember a bishop who withstood two sovereigns, and died in poverty, not unworthy to be associated with the noble army of martyrs. We cannot leave this subject without noticing the effect which the fate of Sancroft had upon the powerful but utterly undisciplined mind of Swift, then first rising into vigour:—

"All hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness forsook him. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and

replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift nevertheless resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt the surface might be. He took his farewell, in his 'Ode to Sancroft,' of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire."¹

We know how far he sank. This trait seems to us painfully instructive. How many irregular and erratic minds, possessing within themselves the seeds of a nobler life than they are able to develop, have bound their faith upon a single idol, and with its dethronement perished utterly! Here, however, there was less excuse, for the idol, though dethroned, preserved its divinity untarnished: where the worshipper finds that he has been deceived, and that he was prostrating himself before a shape of clay, whose only life was the gift of his own imaginative reverence, the subsequent self-abandonment, though not, of course, justifiable, seems at least intelligible.

And now for a brief view of the age, and the persons by whom Sancroft was persecuted. Our business is with personal characters, not with political results. Let these latter be as glorious as you please, still we have a right to inquire how far the individuals who have received the credit of them deserved the halo which has thus been cast around their name; and we can scarcely be censured if, when we have ascertained the worthlessness of the individuals, we begin to question a little the value of the boons which they procured for us. Liberty is the watchword of the partizans of William and Mary. By the revolution which placed them on the throne, our civil and religious liberties (those who thus reason invariably place civil before religious) were secured. So be it. We dispute not the fact. But it is curious to notice a few of the enactments of that reign of liberty. Corporal punishment in the army was then first introduced; the horrible ordinance of blood-money, by force of which more innocent persons suffered, and more crime was sanctioned, and, so to speak, organized, than by any other modern legislative blunder, was Queen Mary's pet measure. By it a fixed sum of money was offered as a reward to every man who should succeed in the capture and conviction of a highwayman. It would be difficult to calculate the amount of perjury, and of judicial murders thereupon ensuing, which was the result of this unhappy error. One man alone, the notorious Jonathan Wild, boasted that he had received rewards for the hanging of sixty-seven highwaymen and returned convicts. Drunkenness, as being eminently and shamefully the national vice of the English, dates from this

(1) Miss Strickland's metaphorical language invites a little criticism. Taking farewell of an animus in order to devote oneself to a phase, seems rather allegorical than otherwise, and we crave an interpreter.

reign. Besides the encouragement which it derived from the personal habits of the king, who indulged habitually in the grossest excess, it was sanctioned, and, indeed, first made practicable, by the repeal of Queen Elizabeth's law, which rendered penal the conversion of malt into alcohol, except in small quantities and for medicinal purposes. "The liberty of the press," says Professor Smythe, one of William's most devoted admirers, "demands our special attention during this reign." We will present our readers with an example of it. Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of King James, was brought to trial by Queen Mary during her regency of 1693:—

"There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions; and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason. They were, however, reviled and reprimanded by Judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of Queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable; and he suffered death at Tyburn, under her warrant—the man solemnly protesting against the proceedings of the court. * * * John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the 'History of the Edict of Nantes':—'It was a wonderful pleasure to Queen Mary to see this history made English. It was the only book to which she granted her royal licence in 1693.' Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was really under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain; but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion."

This year, 1693, was rendered further memorable by the striking of a medal, "unique," says Miss Strickland, "among artistical productions," which was plentifully distributed throughout England by Queen Mary. It represented the death, by horrible tortures, of a man named Grandval, who was convicted of conspiracy against the life of the king, and executed according to the letter of the barbarous law against high treason, as it then existed. For the terms of the law, as Miss Strickland justly observes, it would be to the last degree unfair to make William and Mary responsible; but for the temper which induced them so ruthlessly to adopt, so triumphantly to proclaim its ferocity, it would be difficult to express too strong an abhorrence. But in hardness of heart the royal couple were well matched. The cruelties sanctioned by William in unhappy Ireland, remind us of the worst atrocities of Cromwell. The latter, it is true, has found a devoted panegyrist, who, while vindicating the claims of his hero to humanity and sincere piety, is not ashamed to print a letter wherein he thanks the Lord for enabling him to burn a hundred persons, men, women, and children, who had

taken refuge in the sanctuary of a church. Yet it seems scarcely possible that any refinement of logic should account satisfactorily to William's admirers for his order (charitably called by Miss Strickland "a peevish expletive"), after the raising of the siege of Waterford, when he was asked how he meant to dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners. "Burn them!" was his rejoinder. And shortly afterwards the place wherein "one thousand of these unfortunates were penned," burst into flames, and they all perished miserably! Queen Mary's easy freedom from all importunate sensibilities is attested by almost every event of her life. The glee with which she ran over the chambers of Whitehall, for her so populous with solemn and reproachful memories—rising, after a night of sound sleep on the pillows which so short a while before had been pressed by the fair cheek of Mary Beatrice—appropriating, with jocund rapacity, every toy and trifle which that gentle stepmother had left behind her in her flight,—ransacking drawers and closets with the eagerness of a child, haunted by no intrusive recollection of the father who had been driven out to make room for her, begins the history. It is appropriately continued by her unrelenting persecution of all the adherents of that unhappy father. They were tortured and put to death without mercy during the periods of her regencies. But, perhaps, no example of her masculine superiority to the softer emotions appears so strong and so unanswerable as her *personal* harshness to her sister, under circumstances demanding peculiar tenderness, and which seldom fail to excite the sympathy of one woman for another. She visited the bedside of the princess Anne on the evening of the day on which a son was born to her, who, to the inexpressible grief of his mother, died almost immediately after his baptism. The visit, we suppose, was one of condolence. The queen, however, did not take her sister's hand, made no inquiry after her health, expressed no pity for her sorrow. She sat down by the pale and trembling mourner, and exclaimed, imperiously, "I have made the first step by coming to you, and I now expect that you should make the next by dismissing Lady Marlborough." And on hearing the humble and deprecatory reply of Anne, Queen Mary arose without another word, and departed. A dangerous fever was, naturally enough, the result of such an interview at such a time, and for several days the princess Anne was on the verge of the grave; but the queen did not think it necessary to pay her a second visit; and, in fact, this was the last interview that ever took place between the sisters. The words of Cordelia naturally rise to our lips,

"Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?"

In point of talent, there was less equality

between Mary and her lord. Her abilities were of a very high order, while his do not seem to have been above mediocrity. He was famous for the number of his defeats, and he utterly failed in his one great object,—that of conciliating the opposite factions during his reign. The queen's conduct of government during the trying and perilous seasons of her various regencies, is proof that she possessed a clear, far-seeing intellect, an inexorable determination, and an invincible calmness. She was also refined in her deportment, so that her husband's vulgarities must have somewhat distressed though they could not offend her. It is ludicrous, but humiliating, to observe the uncontrolled vagaries of our "great deliverer;" to see men, for whom the stately courtesy of the Stuarts had been a burden too grievous to be borne, keeping cautiously out of the way of the Dutch master whom they had chosen for themselves, on the morning after a debauch, because, in the irritation and depression which are the natural penalties of excess, his cane was apt to fall too freely about the shoulders of his English nobles! Verily there was some change from the days when the high spirit of an Essex brooked not a pettish box on the ear from the hand of an angry woman! We are, however, forced by the testimony of the reluctant William himself to believe that all the virtue and honour of the country had withdrawn itself from him, and that the dregs or society had, for the time, risen to its surface.

"Do you believe," said the Earl of Portland to the King, when with grief and dismay they were discussing the utter corruption and systematic peculation which prevailed in all branches of the public service, causing the Duke of Schomberg to exclaim that he had never seen a nation so willing to steal as the English (!),—"Do you believe that there is one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?"

"Yes," replied King William; "there are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other—perhaps more: but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."

Of Queen Mary's mental refinement it is more difficult to judge than of the outward polish of her manners. If the lighter literature of a country be any criterion of the taste of its ruler—and one would fancy that in such matters a female ruler of cultivated mind must possess some influence—we must pronounce unfavourably. The whole of the light literature of this age is, according to Miss Strickland, "too atrociously wicked to bear examination." The queen's constant patronage of the worst specimens of the worst class of these abominations, as embodied in the dramas of Shadwell (her especial *protégé*) and Congreve, must certainly be received as an indication of the temper of her mind in these respects. She

sedulously frequented the performance of their comedies, and diligently encouraged the authors, the former of whom had not even the poor apology of talent.

Let us now turn for a moment to the brighter side of Queen Mary's character; to the one feeling of her heart, to the point wherein the whole womanhood of her nature was, so to speak, concentrated,—her love for her husband. Strangely indeed would her character as deduced from her letters to him, contrast with the view of her which is obtained by a comparison of all other parts of her mental history. Those letters abound in delicate and playful tenderness, and breathe throughout a spirit of profound and devoted submission; she is in them the very ideal of a wife. When his safety or happiness are in question, her coldness is at once transformed into the most sensitive timidity. We read wonderingly the expressions of anxious love, sympathy, and gentleness, and could almost fancy them the outpourings of a heart as warm, as tender, as self-forgetful as that of Mary Beatrice herself; though, to be sure, the comparison does savour a little of profaneness. But the transformation is indeed marvellous, and deserves consideration. We must give a few extracts, though we fear this article has already exceeded its due limits:—

"I have the same complaint to make that I have not *time to cry*, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason, *yet your absence is enough*; but since it pleases God, I must have patience. *Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease.*"... "Adieu, do but love me and I can bear all."... "I confess I deserve such a stop to my joy" (her joy was caused by her husband's victory over her father; it was "stopped" by the unexpected delay of that husband's return,) "since maybe it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon as it was at that of the Boyne; this is what goes to my heart; but yet I see the reasons for it so good that I will not murmur," &c. "Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour as much as may be to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.*"... "Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say, I ever suspect; but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."... "I have so many several things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things which, though you are used to, are quite new to me. I am

very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon; that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears; I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are."

In the same strain are all her letters conceived; sometimes with unquestioning humility she submits to some harsh reproof, and entreats forgiveness; sometimes with playful satire she writes as though she ruled him who was emphatically her lord and master, and promises to "govern gently." Again, with deep but quaintly expressed pathos, she speaks of the perpetual necessity for self-control while suffering inwardly, for his sake, the burthen of queendom: were she to look sorrowful, it would be supposed that "all was lost;" so she must needs "grin when her heart is ready to burst."

There is something at once ludicrous and melancholy in turning from these tender and passionate thoughts to the contemplation of him who was the subject of them. One thinks of Titania and Bottom the weaver. But was it not a retribution of the very essence of tragedy, which overtook and punished her here, where alone she could feel, and where alone her feelings win respect and sympathy? The open infidelity of this idolized husband was indeed a chastisement, and one which, as history records, weighed heavily upon her to the very last hour of her life. It seems as though this her one affection, this (as Miss Strickland calls it) the one spot of tenderness in her marble heart, had been bestowed upon her in order that here the bolt of the Avenger might strike. At every other point she was unassailable; not clad in impervious armour, but naturally and intrinsically callous.

The latter half of the volume under consideration is occupied by a record of the life of Anne after the death of Queen Mary, and before her own accession to the throne. We must reserve the consideration of it to a future article. It is almost superfluous to praise Miss Strickland; her accuracy and research render her labours valuable to the historian, while her genuine warmth of feeling and womanly fondness for the minute and the personal in delineation, cause her writings to be acceptable to the multitude. It is enough to say that the present volume is worthy to succeed the life of Mary Beatrice; if immeasurably less attractive, the fault is in the nature of the subject, and perhaps it is the more instructive for that very reason.

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PAIN itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which, I believe, few enjoyments exceed.—*Pulcy*.

SOME PASSAGES FROM A JOURNAL THAT WAS NEVER KEPT.¹

CHAPTER II.

WHAT WE DID AT SOUTHAMPTON.

"ELLIS, I shall never get over it!" was the exclamation of my wounded spirit, as I sank into a seat in the coffee-room, and despondingly laid my head on the table. My friend made no reply, but, ringing the bell, calmly awaited the entrance of the waiter; that functionary, he of the well-applied epithet "shilling seeking," glided into the room with the usual professional shuffle.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, Richard; your largest tankard of pale ale, and quickly, mind you."

"Ellis," said I, nettled by his unruffled coolness, "you don't know those people; they are correct to a fault: no one else I should have minded. I tell you, I shall never get over it."

"Yes, you will," was the only reply of this extraordinary man. "Your health, old boy!" and raising the tankard to his lips, he took a draught that a river deity might have envied, and passed the capacious goblet towards myself.

"Thank you, Ellis, I don't drink ale in the morning."

"As you like," said he, sauntering to the window, and whistling the first few lines of that strangely favourite melody, "Old Dan Tucker." Soon growing weary of this employment, he returned to the table, laid his hand upon the tankard, then suddenly putting it down again, burst into a loud laugh. "Charley, I thought you did not drink ale in the morning; quite right to do so, mind, and second thoughts are often best, but never forget the immortal Sarey Gamp's advice, 'Drink fair, Betsy, whatever you do;'" and so saying, he drained the last remaining drops. It was so, as the reader may suspect; lost and buried as I was in abstraction, my fingers had unwittingly stolen to the refused tankard, the grasp had tightened, and I had (quite unconsciously, of course) imbibed the greater portion of the contents. Dear, what weak mortals we are!

In came Hensley and Jones, who had been taking a turn round the town, to view the preparations; and after a slight arrangement of our *tourneur* at the glass, for we men are very vain after all—generally too vain to confess it—we all sallied forth into the streets. My spirits were in the ascendant. Ellis was right; I had "got over" somewhat more than three quarters of it.

To how many little falsehoods is this single phrase parent! The lady to whom you are thinking of proposing, accepts another man; you tell your confidential friend you can never "get over it." In a month the fair one is consigned to well-merited oblivion; you have "got over" it. You break the knees of your host's favourite horse; you can never meet him, you say, you can never get over it: you

(1) Continued from p. 279.

host kindly receives and silences your apologies; you *do* get over it, and in a couple of months you perhaps break the knees of another favourite. Your first, your cherished and boasted farce, that you have read over with exulting pride to your slightest acquaintance, is unequivocally *veto'd* (to use a mild term); you are found by your friends in a state of stupor on the hearth rug; it is utterly impossible that you can ever get over it. You *do*, though, and in a very short time write another, very likely to be *veto'd* too. And so in innumerable cases: our nature is essentially a "getting over" nature; and depend on it, desponding one! there is no fence of troubles so stiff that you cannot "get over," if you go well at it with steadiness, determination, and judgment. All journals moralize, you see, Reader,—even those which were never kept.

There was a large concourse of people on the pier and quay adjoining; there were a great many flags on the vessels, a great many boats shooting in and out, and continually getting in the way; a great many yachts with very white sails, and a few steamers with very black funnels; a continual firing of a small cannon,—and this, Reader, was the Regatta. But which boat was winning or which was losing, or why this won or that lost, I confess to you plainly, I had no more idea than you at the present moment. And there Jones and I stood, the "centre of a glittering ring," who took no possible notice of us, (we had missed Hensley and Ellis for some time,) and tried to make ourselves believe that we were enjoying the Regatta very much. I, for my part, know nothing more unpleasant, more thoroughly unsatisfactory, than to be present at some public amusement, surrounded by bevises of fair damsels, not one of whom you know. How you despise the presuming attendant cavaliers who flit around them and smother themselves in their soft smiles! What intense puppies you think them! How very silly seem the few rapid remarks which reach your ear! how much better you think you could talk than any of them; how far more you could interest the fair listeners! It was very disgusting, and our misanthropy was rapidly increasing to fever heat, when a louder laugh than usual made us turn our eyes to one side, and there—Well, I can take things tolerably coolly, but I was astonished. Standing in the centre of a fairy circle of beauty, all hanging on his lips—pouring forth his jests one minute, explaining the Regatta the next, calling the general attention to some odd scene or incident on land or water—was Ellis! as free, as unconcerned, as unreserved, as if Southampton were his native place, and every well-dressed person around him his first cousin. But who were his peculiar friends? who his chosen auditors? *His* friends, indeed! of all the crowded parties he must single out *my* friends, my correct friends, the Baverstocks; and of all the component parts of that company, he must single out Emily, *my* Emily, as the object of his particular attentions! Any indecision on my part, as to what course to pursue, was put an end to by himself; his quick eye caught me.

"Why, there he is, after all! Charley, my boy, come here, your kind friends have been seeking you everywhere. Approach, O knight of the broken splash-board!—draw near and pay thy devoirs, thou errant one!"

I felt as if I could have levelled him with the dust, but he was a strong man, and the police were in full attendance; so I withered him with my scorn instead. He did not, I confess, sink under my glance, as I could have wished. I am not sure that he did not whisper to Emily; she certainly smiled as I approached. But I repaid her: I passed with a killingly distant bow, *her* whom once I would have—Ah, well! that was gone by—and approached Mrs. Baverstock. Here, too, I was cut out: Hensley had *nailed* her. He was great with old ladies, was Hensley: his pompous yet deferential manner pleased; and I think Mrs. Baverstock thought him in the army; if she did, he certainly fostered the idea, and talked of when he last dined at the Mess of the 62d. (The wretch never dined with a Mess but that once in his life, and that was through me.) At length, when my friends deigned to be aware of my presence, what was their topic of conversation? With one consent, each mouth opened upon me with some tale of heroism performed by Ellis. "Such presence of mind!—a debt of gratitude too great to repay!" "My daughter owes her life to his intrepidity." Ellis was a lion of the first magnitude; they would have canonized him, if such a distinction had been applicable to the nautical profession—and for what? Emily had trodden on some ill-balanced plank in walking from a steamer to the shore; Ellis, passing by, saw the probability of an accident, and placed his foot on the other end of the treacherous timber. A school-boy could have done it as well; a half-hundredweight would have answered the purpose admirably: but it served Ellis for an introduction; he improved the opportunity, and thus I found him installed as the preserver of my Emily. And there he stood, rattling away upon the technical points of the sailing vessels: jibs, spankers, sheets, booms, sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, mizen topmasts, and all such confounded jargon, flowed glibly from his lips; and the ladies, silly things! listened, wondered, and admired, simply because they did not understand! What possible chance had I with Ellis? A Greek chorus would have been all the same to his hearers: but a regatta was going on, not a lecture. Ellis was a young lieutenant—they maintained that he had preserved Emily; and I stood and listened too in jealous, miserable silence. Jones had never approached the party; but, as we discovered afterwards, in despair of appreciating the regatta, had rushed to the billiard-room, and lost nineteen games to the marker.

Ellis had had his triumph; why did he trample on me? I was quiet enough; I had not spirit enough to attempt to oppose him; and Emily, malicious little thing! flirted outrageously. Even she arrayed herself against me.

"Why, Mr. Carleton, I always thought you prided

yourself on your driving; how could you make such a mistake?"

"Dear yes!" chimed in Mamma; "what an escape for your friend, Mr. Ellis! he might have been killed."

He killed, indeed! what had he to do with it? What had I to do with the upset? I hadn't driven an inch; that scoundrel Hensley had never acknowledged his share of the business; and from seeing myself and Ellis (who, of course, had thrown it all from his own shoulders) together in the gig, they had naturally laid down the accident to my charge.

It was a paltry revenge to expose Hensley, but I should undoubtedly have done so, but Ellis saw my intention, and stopped me. No one would listen to me when he spoke; and I was manifestly in an ill-temper, which did no good to my cause.

"Mrs. Baverstock," said my tormentor, "don't you think he ought to be punished? We might borrow a hint from the Ancient Mariner's Albatross, and hang the splash-board round his neck; he might fancy it an heraldic shield, and have his cognizance emblazoned on it. What say you, Carleton, to a gig-wheel volant?"

There are bounds to the sea, though poets call it boundless: there are bounds to a Job-like patience, a point beyond which endurance cannot last. That point I had reached. The next thing of which I was conscious was, finding myself on horseback, at a stretch gallop, I knew not where. A forest-fly attacked my steed, and he kicked, and reared, and plunged. I liked it; I should have enjoyed an unbroken, fiery dragon, my determined passion was so great; and I was even angry when, by some accident, the fly was dislodged, and my horse's proceedings became more calm. I jumped from his back, gave him to a boy to lead, turned from the road, and found myself in—Netley Abbey,

"High arch'd and ivy claspt,
Of finest Gothic, lighter than a fire."

as our friend Tennyson sings.

Reader, if you are ever driven to the verge of madness—if an Ellis (I dare say most of us know one) torment you to extremities—if your Emily join in the attack and laugh at your misery—if you are within twenty miles,—buy, borrow, or steal a horse, and gallop to Netley Abbey: I'll defy you to be in a rage there. Be the waters of your mind ever so troublous, the oil of that old abbey's peaceful calmness will flow gently over them, and all will be still. Were I about to be arrested for debt, I would hie me there, if I could, and write to my pursuing captor the trite laconic saying,

"Netley Abbey.

"Come and take me."

Even hand-cuffs there would lose their pressure, and be soft as silken velvet. I make no attempt to describe thee, fair ruin! first, because I could not do thee justice, and next, because all should see thee for themselves. And I stretched myself on the

grass beneath the waving ivy, and I lit my cigar (perhaps some fastidious one may blame me for this, but it is a great aid to quiet contemplation, and the old columns look more airy through the curling smoke), and I forgot Ellis and Emily,—or, if she crossed my mind at all, it was not the Emily on the Southampton pier, but some bright fairy thing as my dreams had ere now pictured her. And the afternoon stole away, and the sky in the west began to grow red, and then—oh, gross interruption! We must eat and drink! But why will English people eat and drink in old abbeys? The light laugh of childhood rings not discordantly through the old arches: but if the laugh must be coupled with the tinkling of tea-spoons and the rattling of china, away with the child, say we. We may watch the yellow wheat wave through the lancet, and hear the lowing of the kine, and see their forms steal slowly round the broken columns; but let us have no bread-and-butter within their time-hallowed precincts. At least, so say I, Charles Carleton, and so thought I on that evening, for I fled from the cool shades, and paced my horse slowly back to Southampton.

Now, Reader, you who are always so quick to find some fault in your author, so sharp in discovering an inconsistency, I dare say you have said to yourself, "How absurd this is! What does the man mean by calling Ellis a splendid fellow, and lauding him to the skies in Chapter I, and in Chapter II. confessing himself the victim of that same Ellis's heartless railery?" Softly, friend, I am giving you a page from my journal, and giving you my own feelings as they arose; and therefore you have no right to question: if Ellis had chosen to get up a perfect holocaust of my feelings, I may consider him a splendid fellow still. Besides, we must not judge individually and selfishly; for one person that he was putting to annoyance, he was thoroughly delighting the remainder of a large party: he did me no real injury by his conduct, and perhaps my ruffled temper deserved a little rallying. To take up a shield before you are attacked, often suggests the weapons to your adversary: but I am very tender upon Ellis's character, and should not like him to be fallen upon unprotected. And I must indeed have been unforgiving had I held out, when, out of breath with pursuing me down the High Street, after I had left my horse at the stables, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and in his own cheerful manner told his tale:—

"Come, Charley, your friends are waiting dinner for you; I said I could not join them unless I could find you. If I had had the least idea you would be so annoyed, I would never have alluded to that stupid gig. Never mind, old fellow, I've made every reparation, and told the whole truth, and Hensley has had many a hard hit; he deserves it too: but he has got his polite dignity armour on, and bears it all unmoved. I'm so glad I've found you! I was just off to give notice to the drags to be in readiness to act at a moment's notice.—Bravo! they've waited dinner!" and he pointed to an upper window of an hotel, where the party had assembled.

I confess I was a little ashamed of myself as I entered the room, and perhaps my humble looks increased the kind feelings of the party towards me. I tried at starting to be cool to Emily, but her first speech and first smile melted my attempted reserve in a moment. Ellis behaved like a man, seated himself beside *la chère mère*, and I believe scarcely looked towards Emily and myself the whole evening. And memory dropped a great blot over the morning events. Once again seated by Emily's side, I holdly started with the dear girl at the very point of confidence at which we had last parted some three months back, and she kindly allowed it; and my entire bliss was so great, that I can describe no separate part of it. And my first waking reality was, finding myself standing on the pavement waving my hand vigorously to where a carriage had last been visible before it turned the corner.

A rose and a sprig of myrtle pinned in my button-hole was my sole tangible relic of Emily Baverstock.

G. E. P.

(To be continued.)

A PARSEE WEDDING.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

It is not very long since I had the pleasure of being : spectator of one of the most interesting ceremonies it was ever my good fortune to witness in India,—the marriage of the lovely daughter of the highly respected and munificent Parsee knight, Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy, with her cousin, a very amiable and gentlemanly man, little older than the fair Ferozebbai, sister of Turquois.

While a guest in the house of my kind friend Meer Jaffur, the Nuwaub of Surat, this marriage was the great topic of native chit-chat; but in consequence of the illness of the Governor of Bombay, Sir Jemsetjee did not intend to issue general invitations;—a matter of deep regret to many beside myself, for the knight's princely hospitalities are so well known, and the preparations for the mystical celebrations were so extensive, that a participation in the sumptuous entertainment was of course most desirable. My friend Meer Jaffur, with his brother Meer Acbar, of Baroda, had been invited some time since, and had already selected several pairs of magnificent shawls, with which to return the presents, sent, *selon règle*, with the original invitation to the marriage; but for myself I saw no hope, so with other evening loungers on the esplanade was constrained, with what contentment I might, to admire night by night the magnificent *façade* of the knight's mansion, brilliantly illuminated, to wonder whether the pretty pavilion erecting in front of it was for a natch or a supper-room, and to gossip about the report that Monsieur Roserre, the Herr Döbler of the day, had been offered four thousand rupees, to do, what any Kalatnee would have performed more surprisingly, for three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine rupees less.

At about three o'clock on a certain day, however, a servitor of Sir Jemsetjee's came to "call them that were bidden to the wedding;"¹ and he literally said, in the Guzeratee tongue, "All things are ready; come unto the marriage." A polite affirmative was at once written by Meer Jaffur, on coloured French note paper, and enclosed in an envelope decorated with loves, doves, hearts, and violin players, an original design perhaps of the valentine producer's art-union; and the suitable missive despatched, Meer Jaffur and his brother Meer Acbar soon appeared, splendidly and most becomingly attired. The dress of Meer Jaffur was of fine white linen, flowered in Surat tambour-work with gold and coloured silks; his turban of Dacca muslin striped with gold, a long muslin scarf, such as Mohammedans always wear in dress, round his neck, and on his arm a magnificent green Cashmere shawl. Meer Jaffur's fine figure, handsome countenance, and graceful manner, adorn any dress; but the one in question was in such admirable taste, that I could not avoid its portraiture. Knowing well the power of perseverance in all mundane matters (even those with the most discouraging aspect), I determined mine should not be lacking, in a vigorously sustained endeavour, to see as much of this great Parsee wedding as the unbidden might; and being altogether urgent in curiosity, the Meer, with his usual kindness, assisted my laudable exertions with the loan of one of his open carriages, in which, sketch-book in hand, I quickly followed to the scene of action; and a brilliant one in truth it was.

Passing through the Sunkersett Bazaar, (as this part of Bombay is called, in compliment to the rich Hindoo landholder, Juggernath Sunkersett, Esq.) our way was constantly impeded by groups of women bearing marriage gifts; all richly dressed, and followed by their male relatives, about every tenth woman bearing on her right hand a salver, on which was a loaf of sugar, and an infant's suit of crimson satin brodered in gold or silver. As we passed through the church gates of the fort, the plot thickened, and the crowd was so dense that we could proceed only at a foot's pace, ourselves attracting attention from the crimson silk reins and silver harness of our steeds. This fact from time to time favoured my advance, but the way was choking with the processions of women I have described, and the masses of bidden guests, passing from every avenue towards the mansion of Sir Jemsetjee. Each guest wore "a wedding garment," and bore on his arm, closely folded, a Cashmere shawl. This wedding garment was a surcoat of fine muslin falling in full folds to the feet, fastened with large bows over the breast on the left side, and girded round the waist with flat broad

¹ Matt. xxii.

bands of a thicker material. It is proper that this dress should be of sufficient length to conceal the slippers, and must be of very ample dimensions. As we advanced, it was quite evident that the constabulary force had labour almost beyond their powers and patience, in warning off the hired shigrams filled with half-caste women, and the buggies, crested with English sailors, that marred the scene; but if Constable C, who appeared the very genius of order, possessed any taste connected with his public zeal, he must have backed, passaged, and caracoled that bay Arab, which seemed ubiquitous, with right good will. On one side of us was the splendid mansion of Sir Jemsetjee, its handsome portico, and broad flight of steps, occupied by the male members of the family welcoming the wedding guests, while Cursetjee, the eldest son, pointed to the place of each on the chairs and benches previously arranged. Thus honourable men who were bidden sat in the highest place; none were afterwards called on to give place, neither was it necessary to say unto any, "Friend, go up higher,"¹ arrangement having been previously made, according to rank, and thus "the wedding was furnished with guests."²

On the upper step of the porch was seated Sir Jemsetjee Jeejeebhoy, benevolence in his every expression, dignity in his every gesture. His garment was of white muslin of the most delicate fabric and ample dimensions, and on his breast he wore a noble decoration, in the gold medal presented to him by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in recognition of the princely munificence which dictated the erection of the noble hospital which bears his name. In front, and opposite to Sir Jemsetjee's house, stretched a line of temporary and highly decorated reception rooms, intended for the natch and supper, and here the band of the 20th N. I. played polkas with the most untiring spirit.

I had but time to direct my coachman to draw in at this particular point, as the best for seeing the passers by, when on the porch and steps of the mansion I observed the guests dividing as if to flank an avenue, and in a second more came forth a procession as brilliant, interesting, and beautiful, as could be imagined. It was difficult indeed to fancy myself the spectator of a matter of real life, so like was it to some of the rich, gorgeous, and well conceived groupings that delight us in a new opera, or a splendid ballet, on which colour, light, and design, have exhausted their best efforts for effect. In this case, however, truth added to the beauty, and instead of weary, worn-out *coryphées*, we had here the handsome friends and fair young relatives of the bride, bearing marriage gifts to the bridegroom's house. And on they came, *trouping* forth into the bright sun-

shine, clasped hand in hand, bearing salvers. Their rich attire was of French satin, of the clearest colours, bright blue, pale blush colour, and full primrose, each saree bordered with a deep band of gold or silver, and each foot flashing in a jewelled slipper. The band preceded this fair *cortège*, and as the whole moved on, bright smiles and mirthful glances gleamed upon the crowd, but the slow and measured pace served well to display the grace and natural dignity of the Parsee ladies.

Scarcely had this charming procession passed, when a jewelled hand was laid on the carriage door, and Cursetjee looked in: "I have come," he said, "the bearer of my father's compliments, to beg you to honour my sister's marriage with your presence; you would, perhaps, like to see the ceremony, and your friends the Meers are already here." The reader, to whom I have already confided my anxiety on this point, will sympathize in the delight I felt in thus becoming a bidden guest; in truth, at this moment, the invitation appeared the very pleasantest I had ever received, and I immediately followed its kind proposer to the portico, where Sir Jemsetjee received me with the courtesy which so eminently distinguished the fine old knight, and I soon found myself in the seat of honour, "the upper room at feast," between my friends Meer Jaffur and Meer Achar. Ours was evidently the most distinguished position, for Sunkersett was with us, with his fat, amiable son, and the Brahmin, Vindiack Gungadhur Shastree, Esq., with others of note. While those on the opposite seats, among those of less degree, I soon espied our "family physician," Budr-oo-deen, whose eyes revolved more than ever, as I thought, and looked much paler—an odd old gentleman, in sooth, and not at his ease as a wedding guest. But I am digressing, and while the Haakem is rolling his visual organs, as if boldly defying any cobra in all India to fascinate them, the din of women's voices grows louder through the lattice behind my chair, the lights burn more brilliantly, and Cursetjee summons me to witness the marriage ceremonies. The glare and noise on first entering the great saloon were quite overpowering, and it occupied some minutes before I could see and understand what surrounded me. It seemed that, a few moments previous to my entrance, a large curtain had been thrown down, which had been drawn across the chamber, the ceremonies connected with which had been strictly private, and from what I afterwards learned of the matter very properly so; but the mirth of the ladies was at its height, and although this was their sixth day of festivity preparatory to the marriage, rich peals of ringing laughter left no doubt of their untiring enjoyment, and their perfect appreciation of all the

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

¹ Luke xv.² Matt. xxii.

which had attended the performance of rites mystical to the stranger.

In the centre of the hall was spread a large square carpet, the edge of which I was particularly requested not to touch, even with the hem of my garment, it being for the time sacred. On one side of this were the bride and bridegroom, seated on richly gilt chairs; the young husband in the usual dress of the Parsees, and the bride enveloped in a veil, or saree, of gold gauze, edged with pearls. They were a handsome couple, and with little disparity of age, the bridegroom being perhaps eighteen, and pretty Ferozeibhai some four years younger. Facing the bride stood the *Dastur*, or Chief Priest, with flowing garments and white turban, peculiar to the order, and on either side *nobeds*, (priests of the second class), holding a dish with cocoa-nuts and rice, and a small fan. Between the priests and bride, were two small tables, tea-pots, as they are called in India, (a perversion of *teen-pong*, or tripod,) each supporting a lighted candle and a green cocoa-nut, on a silver salver.¹ As the *Dastur* thus stood, with hand upraised, he scattered rice and dried fruits towards the bride, repeating the nuptial benediction. This ended, the bride's feet were bathed with milk, the *kusti*, or cincture of seventy-two threads, blessed and adjusted, with some frivolous customs on which it is unnecessary here to remark, inasmuch as I was assured both by Manockjee Cursetjee, and my obliging friend Nourojee Dorabjee, the radical editor of the *Chabook* newspaper, that they were mere grafts of Hindooism, and "contemptible to speak of." The concluding ceremony, however, had too much absurdity in it to pass unnoticed, and the reader will, if a bachelor, perhaps thank Heaven that he, at least, was not born a worshipper of *A'ishk* (fire), to be liable to the suffering I am about to describe, in addition to that of a "wedding breakfast." In the marriage chamber were some hundreds of Parsee women, of all ages and various ranks, splendidly attired, for even those less wealthy than their neighbours were radiant in gold and satin; yet the elder ladies, and some even more than *passée*, had reason to rejoice that the saree, when required, levelled distinctions by concealment. Every individual of this crowd, from the moment, however, the nuptial ceremony was concluded, stepped upon the carpet and commenced a little benedictory appendix, performed by extending the hands, and passing them over the faces and garments of the bride and bridegroom, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, repassing them from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, and retiring after a low salaam. I fancied I could perceive a pitiable shrinking of the suffering bridegroom from the bony hands of some of the elder ladies, and a gentle

shaking of the pretty head of the bride, as if these harsh touches on her smooth face were absolutely painful. No doubt they were, but this is a "*custom*" in the East—a word of most extended meaning, powerful enough at all times to set aside any supposed necessity for reason, and affording an excuse for anything, however monstrous, absurd, or irrational. On entering the saloon, Cursetjee had introduced me to his mother, Lady Jemsetjee, a remarkably fine-looking person; her dress was a rich crimson satin saree, with a deep gold border, slippers worked in diamonds, and a nose jewel, composed of three large pearls, with an emerald pendant, an ornament which the Parsees, as well as the Mohammedans, very generally use.

After the marriage I was presented to the bride, and had the pleasure of seeing her sweet face unveiled by gorgeous drapery. She wore trowsers of white satin embroidered in gold, a flowered lace under-dress, with a pale pink satin boddice, worked with an elaborate design in pearls of various sizes, her slippers and nose ring being similar to those of Lady Jemsetjee. Numerous strings of large pearls depended from her fair neck, and her arms were half hidden by rich ornaments. Her manner was graceful and quiet, and I am told she is accomplished and very amiable; speaking English, and having been educated by an Englishwoman, who was accustomed to tuition in England, and is herself well informed. And here I cannot avoid remarking with commiseration on the condition of many of my poor countrywomen in India, whose position appears to be, if not quite destitute, helpless and wretched in the extreme; one sketch of which will serve as the portrait of many. A young woman, for instance, of a large and impoverished family, the members of whom, perhaps, all occupy the most dependent, and generally degraded position of governesses in second-rate families, is induced, with the hope of assisting in missionary labours, to come to India. She marries, perhaps, a clerk in an office, or some man whose family have been unable to provide him with a profession. He gains chance employment, probably in an office, or as English writer to some native gentleman, where he gains lodging and some three pounds (thirty rupees) a month. Disappointment now brutalizes him, he strives to deaden its sense by stimulants; a young family increases care; the wife struggles to improve things by teaching among half-castes and Parsees, for a stipend less than her husband's; mutual recrimination too often follows; the unhappy woman, unable to return to her country, fails in health; and the scene is one over which we would willingly draw a curtain, wishing that society had no such scenes which have for its actresses our sorrowing sisters, sorrowing and helpless in a foreign and most ungenial clime.

¹ Gen. i. 28.

I had quitted Sir Jemsetjee's house, and was enjoying the refreshment of tea with my kind friend Manockjee Cusretjee, at his house, a few doors from the knight's, when my attention was excited by a blaze of light, which I found to proceed from hundreds of lanterns, swinging in pairs from the tops of bamboos some ten feet high, and carried by coolies engaged to light the procession of the bride to her husband's house. An avenue was now formed, and the fair Feroze-bhai appeared, surrounded by her female friends, and enveloped in a crimson saree, closely drawn round her face and figure. She was then carefully placed in an open palankeen, decorated with cushions and tassels of green and gold; this was immediately raised, and borne between her male relatives, while the guests of both sexes attended it in distinct groups, but both men and women holding hands, and walking slowly, two and two. The innumerable lights gave full effect to this interesting scene, and two bands lent their aid to render it yet more dramatic.

The looker-on could not but be impressed with the singularity of the procession, and the strange fact of this fair girl, whose life had been passed in the seclusion of her own splendid home, being thus brought forth and borne above the heads of the crowd, through the close streets of the crowded fort; a blaze of light cast on her delicate and shrinking form, and curiously gazed on by the lowest of the people; and, this misery past, to enter her husband's house, and lead a life secluded as before. Yet such is the "custom," painful and revolting though it be, and, as I remarked before, no further explanation is required.

It was pleasant, however, to know that in the fate of this fair Parsee there was less harshness than attends the lives of many of those who dared scarcely look from their lattices upon her, a fact arising from the strictness of Mohammedan and Hindoo customs. Feroze-bhai, it was pleasant to remember, had not married one old enough to be her father, the present husband perhaps of a trio of fair dames; nor had she been betrothed in childhood to one she could not but detest; she looks not forward to a life whose sole pleasure is gossip, whose chief luxury is sloth; in her case there is no funeral pyre, with its greedy flames, ever dancing before a terror-excited imagination. Happily, no. Her cousin husband has won her girlish heart; she fears not the influence of other wives, or any degradation at her husband's hands. She will have cheerful association with her friends, and possess a degree of liberty unknown to other Eastern women; by Parsee edict, no legal rival can dispute her power; and, but that the venetians of her carriage are only half-open to the morning and evening breezes, as she drives to her country houses, to enjoy the family pic-nics

and festivities in which the Parsees delight so much, her fate does not materially differ from that of a young Englishwoman commencing the duties and cherished responsibilities of a wife. And thus, sweet bride, with heartfelt good wishes and pleasant thoughts, we say farewell to thee! Be thou as one among the "honourable women," whose clothing is not only vestures "of gold wrought about with needle-work," but whose "strength and honour are her clothing," and whose "works praise her in the gates."¹

"Lips though rosy, must be fed;" and lips of a less charming hue must also receive sustenance, despite ceremonies, cashmeres, and stiff muslins; the Parsees especially, too, agree in the idea that life in Bombay would be but a dull thing were it not illustrated by plates, as poor Theodore hath it of London; consequently, as soon as the bride had left her father's house, dinner commenced, and as this entertainment was likely to last some hours, I thankfully accepted Manockjee's invitation to look through his library; for which purpose we proceeded to his father's house. On the steps we met Manockjee's interesting little daughter, Koonver-bhai, who had run home for a moment to change her delicate blue and silver saree for a less brilliant one, in anticipation of passing the evening in romps and pastime with the bride and her companions. The little lady was in high spirits and under great excitement, but gentle, well bred, and courteous, as ever. Placing her little soft hand in mine, she carefully led me up the winding staircase of the house, smiling and chatting all the way, in the most winning manner, and never for a moment betraying the anxiety she felt to return to her more congenial party. On entering the drawing-room we found a weary group, for six days and nights of festival will tire the most zealous in mirth and gaiety; Manockjee's younger son, Shereen, was especially so, and taking off his little body-coat and turban, and appearing in his loose muslin vest, scarlet trousers, and blue satin skull cap, he threw himself on a sofa, and was soon fast asleep. Manockjee's wife was also there, with her pretty round-faced little baby; but as she spoke only Guzerattee, the language now used by the Parsees, our intercourse was confined to an interchange of smiles.

Soon after ten I left Manockjee Cusretjee's, to attend the natch at Sir Jemsetjee's "*Bower*," as the Parsees called it. The band of the 20th N. I. were still playing polkas with great zeal, and the guests had not yet left the feast. Cusretjee, Jemsetjee and the bridegroom, however, received us, and a servant presented a large salver, covered with bouquets of delicious roses; but no sooner had I taken one than he sprinkled it with scented water, from a golden golaubani, which notion of adding as it were "perfume to

¹ Prov. xxxi.

the violet," was too completely in native taste for me to approve. A few days before this the Meer, who had been at a large party at Sunkersett's, presented me a bouquet, every blossom in which was marred with gold leaf. Sir Jemsetjee's people were less barbarous in this case, but the little triangular packets of *pan suparree*, folded in fresh plantain leaf, were gilded most profusely.

The dancing-room was elegantly decorated, spread with rich carpets, and lighted with massive silver candelabras and splendid chandeliers; the cornices and pilasters painted with garlands of flowers, evidently by a French artist, and the draperies of pale pink silk. The taifa consisted of only two natch women, but good specimens of their profession; both were young and handsome, wearing the tight trowser and bell-shaped dress, of gauze, embroidered with gold. The contrast of colour was pretty; one dancer wearing dark crimson and gold, and her companion pale blue and silver. Natches resemble each other so nearly that a description of the present would be a work of supererogation indeed, and altogether intolerable to the reader; it is enough to say that the dancers at Sir Jemsetjee's were perfect in their art. They advanced, retired, revolved, and advanced again, as usual, while the musicians grinned, and nodded, and stamped, and made horrible faces of intense excitement, as it is their duty to do. Thus the spectators were lulled and charmed by turns into a succession of the most perfect satisfactions.

Behind the dancers a full curtain that depended from an arch excited my curiosity, and under pretence of viewing nearer the decorations of the *salon*, I peeped behind it. Stretching away to what really seemed an interminable distance, were supper-tables laden with rich plate, decorated with epergnes and roses, and abundantly studded with certain long-necked bottles, in vases of fresh ice.

The guests now strolling in, I felt that, as the only European present, I might be considered an intruder on the scene, and after being escorted to my carriage by a strong party of "links," I proceeded through the fort. The will to return was, however, easier than the deed; for the town generally, and the Sunkersett bazaar, with its environs, were filled with wedding parties; lights flashed from every house, coloured Chinese paper lanterns swung from every porch, tomtoms were beaten, and singers screamed in loud discord on every side; fireworks cracked, and torchmen rushed wildly from street to street. It may be imagined that all this merry madness, combined with a bright moonlight, and a pair of very fresh and shying horses, rendered my homeward course rather an erratic one, making it late before we drove through the gates of Gergaum House, whither my friends, Meer Jaffur and Meer Acbar, the hidden guests, had preceded me, I found, some hours.

CHARADE.

M. D. G.

WHEN aught of lustre charms the sight,
Emitting beauty's radiant light;
Then, I am seen, and can be felt,
My power the tender heart can melt.
Thus when the sun spreads o'er the east
Its vivid and its golden streaks;
Thus when I revel in the breast
And flush the conscious maiden's cheeks,
Or sparkle in her beaming eye,
And prompt the lover's heaving sigh,—
Acknowledge my attraction charms,
As equally my influence warms.

Can anything more wretched be
Than is my second! Death to me,
Gives sport to man, who, when abuse
His anger stirs, my name will use,
That he his great contempt may show;
Because my habitation's low.

My whole a gleam of fire seems,
When day's bright orb no longer beams;
But though I shine with glittering light,
Yet still prevail the shades of night.
No aid from me do mortals find,
My torch is for the fairy kind,
With them I haunt each lonely lane,
Pleased to attend their sportive train.

1812.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER V.

"Ah! what a sign it is of evil life

When death's approach is seen so terrible!"

Second Part of K. Henry VI., Act iii. sc. 3.

" . . . the touching image of death stands

Not as a fear to the wise, and not as an end to the pious."

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.

MR. LIONEL ROAKES was regaling his college friends and acquaintance with a handsome farewell breakfast, when the scout brought in a packet of letters.

"Williams,—little and great Williams!" he remarked, as, after a hasty inspection of their exterior, he cast them unopened into a wicker basket under the table. "Dirty, malevolent bills! What can be the use of sending them in to one who has no *pa—pa*? Here are confirmed *bilious* symptoms;" and, holding up the basket, he turned over its contents. "Immortal Homœopathy! I could never survive but for that science of sciences!"

"The most inveterate symptoms cured by infinitesimally small doses, eh?" drawled, the Honourable Mr. Browne, who was one of the guests.

"Splendid principle," continued Roakes. "Art backs nature; helps her to knock over the con-founded disease. Of course; how can there be any more symptoms when they're all spent?"

The speaker had articulated these broken sentences in a rapid and indistinct manner, whilst he carelessly turned over and over the various envelopes in his wicker basket. "What's this?" he suddenly exclaimed, as he snatched from the rest a letter directed

(1) Continued from p. 239.

in a well-known hand-writing. "From the old 'un! Shades of filial duty! Pitching a mother's affection amongst her son's ever-to-be-belaboured harpies! Browne, old fellow," (Mr. Browne curled his lip, and looked at the speaker)—"a glass of champagne, just to keep my spirits up before I 'open sesame.' To your first! How ever did you get it? What's this rigmarole on the envelope?—

*Lionel Roakes, Esq.,
Balliol College,
Oxford.*

*With his affectionate mother's congratulations on the
honourable result of his examination!*

"Lucky I'm going down. This blessed public sort of a mother's love would be all over Oxford in a few days. A dash under *honourable*! What can she mean by that? I 'gin funk, as the poets have it, 'and winkin m'ary buds 'gin wake,' et cetera. She's queer at times!"

At length, being quite up to the mark, Mr. L. Roakes collectedly tore open the envelope; and, drawing from thence a £300 Bank note, held it up, to the admiration of the company.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Roakes!" exclaimed a short, slight man, with a small quantity of sandy hair, quick grey eyes, and a pointed, penetrating countenance. And cheers resounded from all parts of the room.

"A trump, decidedly!—I wish I had written for more," murmured Roakes, thoughtfully.

Shortly after this incident the breakfast party broke up. Roakes paid a few of the more clamorous of his creditors. On the following day a Congregation was held, which, much to that gentleman's amusement, enjoyed the pleasant recreation of conferring upon him the degree of "Baccalaureus Artium." The next morning saw him with some of his friends on the top of the last surviving coach to London. A fee of one pound to the coachman purchased for him the privilege of holding the ribbons, and twisting and untwisting the long-lashed whip. The greatest industry he had ever exhibited had been in acquiring the art of catching the doubled thong neatly on the fall; and even the coachman ever and anon cast a leer of envy at the consummate skill with which he performed this feat.

Well, nay perfectly, as Roakes caught the whip-thong on the fall, it would have been sheer flattery to call him even a tolerable "whip." Dick Barnett, the coachman, however, was at his side; and, in spite of a little difficulty in managing the team into London, an honour he would almost rather have risked his own neck and those of the other passengers than resign, the journey was made in safety as far as to Hyde Park Corner. The last stage was a short one. It had been done somewhat leisurely, in order that the team (so said the present driver of it) might come in cool and gentlemanly; so that the animals, four bays, young, and in fine condition, were very fresh. To Roakes' unspeakable dismay, a dense mass of people was seen on the top of the hill, about the

gates of the two parks; and stretching so far into the road as to leave only a narrow opening for the passage of vehicles and horses. At the moment at which the coach arrived at this passage, two lancers trotted briskly past.

"Pull up!" shouted the coachman.

There was not much difficulty in obeying this word of command on the ascent of the hill. The horses shook their heads, as if dissenting from the doctrine of being pulled up wherever their driver chose, and fidgeted about, as if unwilling to wait for any one.

"Perhaps you had better take the ribbons," suggested Roakes, at the same time handing them to their rightful owner, and resigning his seat. Whilst he was making the exchange, his attention was attracted by a small but very high platform, filled with the very commonest people; and conspicuous amongst them, what should he discover but the desperately attractive dress of his mother! At this moment, the Queen's guard of lancers trotted past, and Mrs. Roakes, in turning to look at it, caught sight of her son on the coach box of the Telegraph; a species of article into which she instantly became transformed. The marabouts in her bonnet shook violently, her steel-bedecked reticule was elevated, and glittered dazingly in the sunbeams as she waved it in hopes of attracting her Bachelor son's attention. He saw the pantomime plainly enough—too plainly—but, drawing his hat over his eyes, looked in another direction. The grooms in front of the royal carriage now appeared through the gates; and, immediately succeeding them, the royal carriage itself. Shouts rent the air, and terrified the horses of the Telegraph. Never was seen such a laying down of ears, and kicking, and standing up on hind legs; nor ever was heard such a rattling of harness, and sound of hoofs against the splinter bars.

"Catch hold of their ears, or they'll be off!" shouted the coachman, in a deliberate and resolute tone; "and then I wouldn't give a tizzy for the ole kit o' ye!"

Instantly, a swarm of male bipeds of every shade of dirt and costume were busy assisting; but so violent were the "tits," that it required three or four men holding on to the ears, neck, and bit, of each horse to restrain them. One exceedingly elaborately dressed, delicate-looking youth of about twenty-five, beautiful in whiskers and an imperial, extended a white-gloved hand by way of assistance, smoking his cigar the while, and gently held a distant part of one of the reins with the tips of his fingers. The officiating coachman was one of the nearly extinct "bluff" species; and, in the profoundest contempt of this ill-placed dandyism, flipped him with the extreme end of the whip-cord of his whip with such precision and effect, that the young gentleman was heard to exclaim, as he walked off evidently in a more *smart* condition than before, "Pawn me word! hextrim hinsirulence!"

A very few seconds sufficed for the passing of the royal cavalcade, and the team was now at liberty to proceed.

"Let them go!" growled the driver; "I'll take it out on 'em to-morrow!"

The whole swarm which had settled on the heads and necks of the animals, looked up with an expression of astonishment into his face, as much as to say, "You don't mean that?"

"Let them go!" he reiterated, in a stentorian tone.

In an instant they were free. All four immediately took a survey of Piccadilly on their hind legs, and, dashing forward, sprung up into the air as though they would have cleared the metropolis at a jump. A steady but sharp pull of the ribbons from behind impressed a wholesome lesson upon their forwardness by throwing the two wheelers upon their haunches, and one of the leaders down upon his front legs. This seemed convincing; for three of them immediately trotted off at a handsome trot, the off leader still adhering to a short gallop, all, however, evidently in a somewhat mortified condition, and doing their work in some such manner as a Quaker pays church-rates. Scarcely were they well off before a loud crash, accompanied with piercing shrieks, proceeded from the multitude they were just beginning to leave behind.

"There's work for the milliners!" remarked the coachman, with his head turned towards the quarter from which the sounds had proceeded. "I wouldn't give second-hand price for the bonnets and gowns after that disaster. I hope nobody be hurt."

"I must get down here," said Lionel Roakes, who, on turning round, saw that the exalted platform and every one on it had entirely disappeared. "Leave my luggage at the Cellars. Pull up, Dick!"

"Sit still, sir; sit still," growled Dick; "I can't stop 'em again yet. They're like mad things still. You can't be of no good. Them's is smashed is smashed; and you can't unsmash 'em, you can't, sir."

"Pull up, Dick, do you hear? Pull up instantly. I shall get down here, on this spot," said Roakes, making a movement to descend.

"Oh, werry well, sir," Dick replied, with unusual suavity of manner, at the same time hitching his thong, and drawing the whipcord through his blue mouth. "By all manner of means. In course you must do as you please. Only take care of your shins. I shan't stop, as the treadmill said to the housebreaker."

Finding Dick thus inflexible, Roakes raised himself again to the box, and whispered something into his ear, which sent all the filial affection that dwelt in his corpulent frame, colouring up into the only features of Dick's face which could by any possibility have been redder than they already were.

"O bless me no! O bless me no!" he muttered, "Why on airth didn't you say so before? I beg your pardon—beg your pardon, sir;" and with one strong, steady pull, every one of the four bays was reined in as still as a stone wall.

Roakes lost no time in descending and hastening to the spot of the catastrophe; where he arrived just in time to attend his mother, as she was borne in a senseless state into St. George's Hospital. Deplorable

indeed was the state of external dilapidation in which Mrs. Roakes was laid upon the plain clean bed, in the only apartment in the hospital that chanced to be unoccupied. There she lay a complete wreck. How changed from the telegraphing splendour, which her son had been averse to recognise before his Oxford friends! Some evil disposed person had pirated her shawl in the confusion; her rich black satin dress was torn into tatters, like a fore-sail in a hurricane; the white chip bonnet was crunched into a handful; and of all the delicate marabouts which Madame Smithiano had so exquisitely arranged, only one wretched stump remained clinging to the fore-top. The beaded reticule was imbedded immovably in her clenched hand; from either side of which two tasselled corners protruded, in a state of apoplectic distension, through the violent pressure they were experiencing.

The house surgeon was quickly at her side; and in a very few minutes was able to pronounce, with some decision, that he did not apprehend more serious consequences than a severe fright, and perhaps one or two slight contusions. Her pulse was a trifle hurried, but strong and regular; her breathing was but slightly affected, and no limb was broken, nor feature displaced. However, it was impossible to decide positively until she came out of her present state of apparent insensibility. "In fact," continued the surgeon, "that is the only symptom that affords me the slightest uneasiness."

Just as this observation had escaped his lips, Mrs. Roakes opened her eyes, with such a fearfully scared expression depicted in them, that her medical attendant was all but thrown into a fit of violent titillation of the risible muscles.

"Where am I—where—where?" she asked, in a tone of agony; and shuddering violently, relapsed into her former state of apoplectic coma.

The surgeon was puzzled; and was just thinking of becoming anxious about his patient, when she returned again to consciousness. Throwing her eyes wildly about the room, "What is this?" she asked, "where am I? Not Mr. Perigord's? Am I dying? O tell me—am I dying? I won't die—I can't die yet!" And covering her face with her hands, she went into a strong fit of hysterical crying.

"That is exactly what I wanted; that will do her more good than anything. She will fall asleep after this," whispered the surgeon to Lionel Roakes; and then added in a gentle tone, to his patient, "Be calm, my dear lady, you have been very much frightened—you are not seriously hurt."

"O don't tell me so; I am—I know I am," she replied, "I'm dying—I'm dying—O doctor, keep me from dying. Where is my son? O dear, what am I saying?"

"I assure you, my dear madam, that you need not alarm yourself in the least," said the surgeon; motioning to Lionel Roakes not to come forward. "You will be well enough to return to your house, in an hour or two. You are in St. George's Hospital, where you were brought after the accident."

"St. George's Hospital! A beautiful country girl and her mother—" murmured Mrs. Roakes, in a half-conscious tone of voice; and fell into a profound sleep. As soon as Mr. — perceived this, he beckoned Mrs. Roakes's son to follow him out of the room; and there informed him that his mother had been fortunate. He did not think she had received so much as a sprain; the sleep into which she had fallen would completely restore her. He had better not remain in the room, as she might sleep for several hours; the nurse would be with her; and meanwhile, perhaps, he would like to witness the performance of a very difficult operation.

"Did I not hear your mother mention the name of Perigord?" continued Mr. —.

"You did," replied Roakes; "she is acquainted with some people of that name in Hyde Park Gardens."

"There is a clergyman of that name now with the old woman on whom I have to operate," observed Mr. —.

"Eh? that's odd too!" Roakes ejaculated. "Let me see—em! he has an uncle—Rector of Bribeworth."

"The same! are you acquainted with him?" inquired the surgeon.

Roakes informed Mr. — that he was, "very slightly;" and in obedience to an intimation to that effect, followed that gentleman to the operating apartment.

About an hour before these events happened, a solemn office had been celebrated in another room in the hospital. An old woman lay in that room, a prey to acute suffering. She was a native of Bribeworth, and had for many years been known to, and much beloved by, Mrs. Sumner and her daughter. By the advice of the Rev. Mr. Perigord, the rector of the parish, she had, as a last resource, come up to London, and betaken herself to the skill of the eminent surgeon who happened to be at hand when Mrs. Roakes was brought in.

Her only chance of recovery lay in a perilous operation; and in expectation of its being performed on the following day, she had requested Mr. Perigord, who, having just arrived in London on business, had called to see how his old parishioner was getting on, to give her what might be her last Communion.

Whilst, then, Mrs. Roakes is lying in one apartment in a profound sleep, not undisturbed with starts and groans, and other indications of a troubled mind, Mrs. Millisant—for such is the old countrywoman's name—is lying in the extremity of bodily suffering, sleepless, but very patient and tranquil. Her daughter, who had so narrowly escaped falling a victim to the false suspicion of Mrs. Roakes, and the lying and cunning of a pickpocket, was at the bedside; her right hand clasped in her mother's, on whose pale cheek she was impressing gentle kisses. Lucy Perigord, too deeply affected to be able to articulate a syllable—or she would have said, "God bless you—I will come to see you to-morrow," was

preparing to take her departure; while the old woman was pouring out her gratitude to her two benefactors, in such terms as if she could not quite realize so much condescension.

"Thank ye—thank ye both!" she said; "to think of your coming to see a poor crittur the like o' me! The blessing of a poor old 'oman upon ye. God will reward ye. And oh! Him—my Heavenly Father!" she continued, raising her clasped hands, and subduing her voice, "He is good to me! Well, well; thank ye, thank ye."

Thus she would have gone on uttering her gratitude beyond her strength, had not Mr. Perigord interrupted her with, "I am glad to see you so cheerful, Nanny. Tell me, is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Nothin' for me, your reverence, nothin'," replied the old woman submissively. "I ave a sort o' feelin' like, as nothin' more's to be done for me. But here's my darlin' Nanny, your honour, as good a gal as any in Bribeworth, though 'tis I as says it as shouldn't,—if I do die—she be quite strange in this Lunnun; when I be dead and gone,—no offence, your honour,—might I be so bold as to beg your honour to tell her how to get back to her father to Bribeworth?"

"To be sure;—I'll see her there myself," replied Mr. Perigord; and offering his arm to Lucy Perigord, who silently laid a sovereign upon the table as she took her leave, conducted her to her carriage.

"What good, kind gentlefolk!" exclaimed the girl, as they left. "I'm so thankful. But, dear mother, don't talk so, you do make me quite tim'rous like. Oh! what should I do without you, mother!" And, moving quickly to the bed, the tears coursing one another down her fair cheeks, she knelt down by the bed-side, and passionately and tenderly embraced her suffering parent.

"Doan't take on so, Nanny, that's a good gal," said the old woman, fondly. "You know God's will must be done. I ha'n't no will but his. We bea'n't to live for ever, Nanny: He knows best. If I had a wish, it would ha' been to a' seen my old man. If I do go, I should ha' liked to a' bid him good-bye like. He and I ha' lived together fifty year, come Michaelmas, and all that time we an't a' had scarce any words o' any consequence."

"O mother, mother!" exclaimed the poor girl.

"You know, Nanny," continued her mother,—*"you know what we did this morning;"* (and as the old woman said these words she wept with joy;) "and ever since that, Nanny, I be so calm and peaceful like, and happy, as nothing can be like it. Sumthin' must be a going to happen."

"You be goin' to get well, mother dear," said her daughter, smiling through her tears.

"I doan't feel as though I wanted to, Nanny—that be the strange thing—except for you and father."

At this moment the door slowly opened, and in trudged an old man in the Sunday dress of a labourer. The old woman had scarcely caught sight of him, when she closed her eyes; the tears might have been seen slowly starting from her closed lids, and her lips moved, as if in inward prayer. She was offering up

a short thanksgiving for this unexpected blessing. Then, with both her arms outstretched from the bed-clothes, "My Johnny!" she exclaimed, "my Johnny, be that you?"

"It be, it be!" said the old man, hurrying to the bedside.

"God be praised!" she said. "How did you get up, Johnny?—how did you get money?—did your master let you come?—how did you find us out? Dear old man!" and she embraced her aged husband with all the ardour and affection of a younger wife.

"Why, you see," he replied, "I bethought me, on the evenings, of the pain missus was in, perhaps; and I've never been so long away from you before, Nanny; and when I comed hoame, and put my bit o' steks on to get a bit fire to heat the kettle, I felt as how as I oughtn't to be a-doin' that; and when I sot light to 'em, and the flame cracked and sparkled, just as if she had been a-lightin' of 'em as was always used to, I were quite angered like. And then I sot down, and drank my cup o' tea, and I seed nothin' over the brim o' the cup but the walls;—no Nanny, with her brisk, cheerful face; I felt, I did, just as may be dead, and it was so unco and lonesome like; and I couldn't bear it no longer, and says I, 'I *woan't*,' says I, and that's all about it.' So I told measter; and says he,—he be a kind man, measter be,—says he, 'To be sure, John, and here be five shillings towards your 'spenses.'"

"Well, now, only think!" exclaimed the wife.

"May God in heaven bless him!" exclaimed the daughter.

"But, as I were a-sayin'," continued the old man, "that warn't enow, you know; and as I couldn't for the life o' me ha' helped a-comin, I made bold to go to the cottage,—where a poor man's never turned away, you know, Nanny;—well, and they told me as Mrs. Samner—that's a blessed woman!—she hadn't come back, but the servant knowed as she'd a-left some money with Parson Perigord to be gi'ed for such like purposes. Well, and what d'ye think? Parson Perigord were gone to Lunnon, and so the cooiate, ye know,—him as all the meetingers abuses so,—he happened to see me. Says he, 'What do you want, my good old friend?'—them was his words, Nanny,—says he, 'What do you want, my good old friend?' and so I tells him, and so he gies me a pound, he did,—a pound, whap down straight; and here I be!"

"May God in heaven bless him!"—may God for ever bless him!" old Nanny fervently prayed.

"Some o' them great folk be wonderfu' good to the poor, to be sure!" exclaimed her aged spouse, in the fulness of his heart. "He gi'ed it so free like, and in such a delightful manner. 'There,' says he, 'John,' clapping it into my hand, and 'oldin' my hand in hisn, as if I were his brother,—'there, John,' says he, 'I wish I had more to gi'e you. God bless you!'"

"Oh, he's a brave gentleman!" exclaimed the daughter.

The doctors who had the charge of Nanny Millisant's

case, in the exercise of a wise and humane discretion had told her on the morning of this day, that perhaps to-morrow the operation would be performed; intending, in order to save the old woman the pain of anticipating it, to perform it on that very day; and they now entered, for the purpose of superintending her removal to the room in which the operations are performed.

"Do you think, ma'am, that you can bear the operation to-day—now?" inquired the operating surgeon, in the gentlest tone of voice to his patient.

"To be sure I can," she replied.

"We shall soon get it over," he continued; "it will not be so bad as you think. Here, take this glass of brandy; cheer up, we'll be as gentle as we possibly can."

The kind and sympathizing tone and manner of the surgeon harmonized well with the feelings both of old Millisant and his wife Nanny; and they were comforted, and encouraged, and assured.

"Oh, I doan't fear it at all, gentlemen. I be quite calm like. I doan't care for it nothin' hardly, now I've seen my maister," said the old woman.

With the gentlest and most delicate care that the kindest consideration could suggest, she was removed from looks of anxious mis-giving with which her husband and daughter gazed upon her, to the fearful apartment in which that science by which the sufferings of the body are alleviated, gazes, with a hundred eyes, upon the excruciating tortures the human body can endure; and the operation commenced.

* * * * *

It lasted twenty minutes; the poor aged woman uttered scarce a groan throughout. Perhaps the strong repression of her feelings did her harm. It is now two hours since the operation was concluded. Husband, daughter, the physician, and Parson Perigord, are around the sufferer's bed.

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" she faintly prayed. "O merciful Father, take Johnny and Nancy under Thy good care, and receive my soul in—"

It is all over! no breath dims the glass which the watchful physician holds to her lips; his listening ears detect no sound: all is still—deeply still: she is no more here!

"She is gone!" said the doctor. Motionless as statues were all in the room, save the bereaved two. Bitter, agonizing, was the sound of the convulsive sobs of the daughter: but the poor old man lost all self-command.

"Oh, Nanny, Nanny!" he cried, stroking the chilly cheeks of that body which would so shortly be buried out of his sight. "Speak, Nanny! why won't you speak? No, no, no, she can't! Come back to your old man. Oh, oh! what shall I do?"

"Dear father," said his daughter, repressing, with a powerful effort, emotions that were tearing her heart asunder, "she's happier where she is; don't wish her back!"

"Daughter Nanny!—Nanny! that was her

name," cried the old man, his whole frame convulsed, and weeping like a child. "What shall I do without that woman? How can I live without her? Nine-and-forty years ha' we jogged on together. I never thought o' parting. Oh, what shall a lone man do? She did use to keep the cot so trim and clean; and when I comed home from work, there was everything ready, and her own dear smiling face lookin' so pleasant, and so happy, and so cheerful like,—oh, it were a pleasure to work for her! And she be gone!" and the old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked to and fro, weeping bitterly.

"My father dear, let us go home, and give our lives to God, and try to look on to meeting her where she is! No parting there, father dear," said the bereaved daughter, pointing heavenwards, and her beautiful countenance, more lovely in its sorrow, regarding her remaining parent with a look of solemn consolation.

"Very true, my gal; but I never knowed what it were, this partin' for ever like," he replied.

"I shall never be so good as she were, but I'll try to do what she did use to do for you, father," continued his daughter, caressing him.

"But, Nanny, look'e here," said the old man, regarding her through his tears with a piteous look of misery; "she were my missus, and you be my daughter. Nine-and-forty year we ha' jogged on together. Oh, never to see her again!"

"Yes, father, you will, if you don't take on about it too much. Who has thus ordered it, father? Oh, let me try to be a wife, and daughter, and servant, and all, to you!" said she, imploringly.

"You can't Nanny, you can't! Nine-and-forty year we ha' lived in the same cot. I be old—you be young, Nanny—we bean't altogether companionable like. I love you very much, my daughter, God knows; but then, you know, you bean't she as is gone."

Poor Nanny's feelings had been restrained with a power amounting to heroism up to this moment. She could now no longer restrain them; and in an agony of tears she cast herself on the bed by the peacefully sleeping form of her mother, and caressed and embraced her as though she had been still living. At the earnest persuasion of Mr. Perigord, the old man was persuaded to leave the room of death. The authorities of the hospital treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration; another apartment was placed at his disposal so long as he remained, where he received every attention. As soon as he had left the room, Nanny Millisant remained some time by the side of the corpse, giving free vent to those bitter emotions which were wholly irrepressible; and then casting herself on her face by the side of the pale form which her mother had once tenanted, she prayed earnestly for strength to enable her to submit to this dispensation with contentment, to afford help and consolation to her father, and to follow the instructions and tread in the footsteps of the mother of whom she had been bereaved. Much else she besought of that Being who never forsakes

the widowed and the orphan, nor ever turns a deaf ear to the prayer of the heart.

Mr. Perigord had the corpse conveyed to Bribe-worth at his own expense, and there may its peaceful resting-place be seen in the burial garden of St. Mary's, in that parish, marked by a stone cross, on which is the following inscription:—

N. M.

APRIL XXX. MDCCCL—

"*Merci, Jesu*"

THINGS IN GENERAL.

"Ay, marry!—Now unmuzzle your wisdom."

As you like it.

THE wisdom I desire to unmuzzle, on the present occasion, is not my own, dear Reader, but yours. In order to obtain my object, allow me to propose a few questions:—

Do you ever feel perplexed, and confused, and brain-weary, with the rapid progress of things material in this country? Does your head ever grow giddy with the incessant clatter of manufactories, the whirl of railroads, the babble of parliamentary questions about food and clothing, taxation and locomotion, corn and cotton, the broad and the narrow gauge? When you see monster-trains, and halfpenny steamboats; Building Societies and Mechanics' Institutes innumerable, do you not sometimes wonder how it is that things can possibly keep on at this rate; and how they will all end? Do you not feel inclined to say to this huge complex machine, the English social system,—“For heaven's sake stop a moment! Let me pause and examine you and myself. Let us see what you have made of me, and learn, if it be possible, whither you, O wondrous machine! are hastening? In vain you may implore. It will not stop; and, while you belong to the said machine, you must go on with it, or be knocked down by it;—an alternative which, to some persons, appears quite an *embarras du choix*.”

Have the above questions caused you to “unmuzzle your wisdom,” dear Reader? I take for granted that this is the case, and that you have something to say upon the large question of “Things in General,”—something worth hearing. You have, I trust, fallen into the proper philosophic mood, and can see more than meets the eye, and hear more than enters into the ear, amid the din and spectacle around.

Let us for a moment consider what is called “the spirit of the age.” I do not mean Mr. Horne's book, which, like many a Peer, has a pompous title, and nothing to support it; but the spirit which pervades society in England at the present time. It is a spirit of incessant activity; and its vast working shows a great

amount of intelligence. Intelligence, expended upon *what*? Chiefly upon the gratification of the animal, the sensuous portion of our nature. No reasonable person will deny the importance of this portion; it is a *sine qua non* to our existence here; inasmuch as man, as far as we know, might exist on earth without a *soul*, but he could not, assuredly, exist on earth without a *body*. We will give that argument its full weight; and will not run into the extreme of desiring that a man should in no way regard or gratify his animal nature; because you and I, my Reader, (whose wisdoms are unmuzzled,) see clearly that his higher spiritual nature would suffer in consequence,—as droops the fair flower to whose root you deny proper nutriment.—But we are all apt to overshoot the mark; and, as the said fair flower fades away, and its earth-bound root grows rank and inordinate, if you give it a superabundance of nutriment; so is it with that flower, the human soul, when the body is too luxuriously cared for. One may easily have too much of a good thing—especially of the good things of this world.

The desire to gratify the senses we have in common with the lower animals; but it is easy to be seen that we are “better than the brutes,” for, have we not exercised a high degree of intelligence in securing our *bien être physique*?—We eat, drink, sleep, and amuse ourselves more knowingly than they, by our superior intelligence; and, by intelligence, one set of men make another do drudgery for them; an art which the beavers, even, have not attained.—Oh yes! we are better than the brutes! But as to being “a little lower than the angels,”—humph!—What do you think about *that*, good Reader? My thought may not be worth much, or be very original; but I will tell it, nevertheless. When I see a man a slave to his lowest appetites; savage if dinner be half an hour too late; cross because the soup is burnt, or the turbot overboiled; implacable if his bed prove to be a mattress; restless if he remain in one place longer than he thinks desirable; and indignant if he move at a rate less than thirty miles an hour,—I cannot, by the utmost skill of my imagination, suppose such a being to be only “a little lower than the angels.” I have an old-fashioned, very lofty notion of the angelic nature. Such a man is, to my apprehension, below the lowest of the seraphic host by “a very long chalk,” and much too near to the state of those created things who walk the earth without the *power* (as far as we know) to give a thought to heaven and immortality.

I say “too near,” because this, surely, is not the proper state of man. A De Montaigne may display the intellect of a high immortal spirit in an endeavour to prove that pussy and he are upon an equality; but the more he argues, the better are we convinced that he is in the wrong.

Society, too, may go on inventing, ever, some new improvement in our external material life—new conveniences, comforts, luxuries; but, the more ingenuity there is expended on them, the more is the reflective man convinced that the mind which can invent, finds not its satisfaction in such things.

The appliance of thought to deaden and extinguish the thinking faculty, is like the act of a man who, being up in a balloon, cuts holes in the silk to prove the sharpness of his penknife. History, that teaches by example, has furnished us with some very strong instances of this kind; *vide* the lives of those Roman Emperors who studied hard to enjoy life—the mere animal life, and who succeeded so well, that they killed themselves by cunningly devised brutishness. They all overshoot their mark. Nero was by no means a thick-headed or unintellectual person by nature, but he had too much money and power, too many luxuries and bodily comforts, not to become idle, and wanton, and good for nothing, in a very short space of time. There are no vices that may not spring from idleness and wanton luxury. This fact, Nero, among others, has proved to the satisfaction of all those whose wisdoms go unmuzzled through the domain of Clio. Ah! that golden palace of his had much to answer for, for it certainly spoiled a very promising young man! But are there no golden palaces in the present day? None but those inhabited by emperors and kings? Why, Nero, monarch of the world, as he was, had personal comforts and luxuries far inferior to those which a British tradesman can command at a first-rate hotel. So much for man's progress in material things.

I trust, dear Reader, you will agree with me in believing, that, although the spirit of materialism pervades the thinking and acting of the present day, Britain is not wholly material and given up to worshipping idols, mammon and machinery and sensuality, gods of wood and stone and clay, “the work of men's hands.” There is a small amount of a higher and equally useful, though less practical, religion and philosophy among us, and it is gradually increasing. There are some people who care little for the need and greed, the pomps and vanities of the world:—pious men “who point to heaven and lead the way;” men of science, with keen, sagacious intellect, who enlighten and instruct; poets who sing in a low voice to “the fit audience” in spite of the surrounding uproar. All these, though they run counter to the spirit of the age, are necessarily influenced in some degree by it; for no man can escape the influence of surrounding circumstances. They partake the prevalent energy, strength and comprehensive enterprise; and they will, I believe, prepare the way for their successors to perform for the coming generation such wonders in the region of mind as

shall equal those now being wrought in that of matter. Nor must we forget that this material progress is, to a certain extent, necessary to bring about the desired spread and increase of mental and spiritual excellence.

Our wisdom being unmuzzled, as before stated, O sage Reader! you and I must look things steadily in the face, and admit that, although this continually improving state is very inspiring to look forward to, it is but a probability. "We know not what a day may bring forth." Let us not repeat *that* as a mere form of speech, meaning nothing: it is a literal truth. What do we know of the mysterious workings of the elements within this globe, upon the outer crust of which we walk, and disport ourselves so securely? Geology, as far as it goes, is a fair science enough, and can argue prettily from a half-visible past to a probable future; but all her fine theories may be distracted, and put to the rout to-morrow, by some unexpected and entirely new natural phenomenon. "We know not what a day may bring forth." A sudden convulsion of this planet may sweep our country and its inhabitants, banks, railways, manufacturers, peers, paupers, everything, in one minute, to the bottom of the ocean. It is a terrible thing to talk about, and may be scouted as a preposterous idea by some people; but, ask any natural philosopher capable of answering the question, and he will tell you that such a thing is by no means impossible. Again, an unsuccessful war may throw us into ruin and slavery. It is all very fine to talk of Britons "*never, never being slaves*," and the like, but ask any enlightened statesman, or general, his real opinion on such a subject, and he would tell you that war is ever on the heels of peace, and that the chances of war are *incalculable*. Nations as proud and as brave as the Britons have been enslaved, ruined, annihilated.

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?" If such, then, is the uncertainty of sublunary things, it behoves societies, as well as individuals, "that think they stand," to "take heed lest they fall."

We have become very grave, dear Reader. A large subject, however lightly we may touch upon it at first, will almost always make us grave before we have done with it. But this is not a fitting place in which to write that, which may, in the words of Burns, "turn out a sermon;" and I will say no more now, except to express a hope that what has been said above may suggest to your mind some satisfactory reply to the first acquaintance who may waggishly ask you, "*What do you think of things in general?*"

J. M. W.

SURE am I that the discovery of a truth formerly unknown doth rather convince men of ignorance than nature of ignorance.—*Raleigh*.

THE CHURCHYARD.

T. M. F.

At the hour of midnight dread
I stood 'neath the churchyard tree;
And I thought that the buried dead
Rose up and looked at me!
Grey and cold, like the tombstones old,
They rose by the moon's pale beam;
I did not shriek, or move or speak,—
It felt like a troubled dream.

With fear the dark trees shook—
Each flower bent down her head—
Trembled the silver brook
At the presence of the dead!
But, oh! 'twas strange, nor fear nor change,
Pass'd o'er the chancel wall,
And the old church tower repelled their power,
With its cross-crowned steeple tall.

The wailing, wailing wind
Sighed through the churchyard lone;
Hope and life it hath left behind,
So desolate its tone.
To and fro did the dead men go,
Mid the graves so still and calm,
And as they roved their white lips moved
And they muttered a kind of psalm.

With eager haste they came—
They gathered round me there—
They called me by my name
They mocked my wild despair.
The rushing tread of the risen dead
Had a strange unearthly sound,
Like the ocean's roar on a distant shore,
Or an earthquake under:round!

And the silence of the place they broke:—
Hark to the words that the dead men spoke!

SONG OF THE DEAD MEN.

"Famished, cold, and poor were we,
Beggars at thy closed door;
Life pass'd by us mournfully,
Thou didst treat us scornfully,
Thou art *rich*, and we were *poor*!
Days and years of agony
Have we pass'd *so near to thee*;
Yet not e'en one loving word
From those busy lips we heard
We have suffered from *thy sin*,—
Now *thy* tortures must begin!"

Fearfully, oh! fearfully,
Did their accents die away;
Mournfully, oh! mournfully!
And my heart grew dark and chill.
But the dead men still did stay
With their faces cold and grey;
And they gathered round about
With their long lean arms stretched out,
Pointing at me mockingly;
And their soulless glassy eyes,
With a kind of cold surprise,

Staring—staring at me still!
Then a mother held her child
In that grave-yard's tainted air;
And she spoke in accents wild,
Feeling still her life's despair.

"Slumber did thy form enfold,
Sweetest dreams did soothe thy rest;
I was dying in the cold,
With my baby at my breast.

On the morning of that day
 At thy door, O man, I lay ;
 Thou didst see my baby cling
 To the breast that food denied ;
 Thou didst chide my murmuring,
 When with the strength of death I cried.
 Thou didst bid me to be gone,
 Nor cumber thus thy entrance-stone ;
 And I crawled a little way,
 Then I strove and strove to pray,
 And as cold and night came on,
 With my baby at my side
 In mine agony I died !
 When our spirits found release
 Thou didst sleep in calmest peace .
 Now thine eyes will close in vain,
 Peace thou ne'er canst know again ;
 We have suffered from thy sin,—
 Now thy tortures must begin !”

Her voice, so terrible and shrill,
 Died on the midnight breeze,—
 The beatings of my heart stood still,—
 Oh ! fearful things were these !
 Another phantom, dark and grim,
 Rose on my sight by the moonbeam dim.

“ On the gallows-tree I hung,
 To and fro my body swung,
 Mid the mockings of the crowd
 And their shouts of triumph loud.
 To and fro,— to and fro,—
 Backwards,— forwards,—see it go
 While my struggling frame did strive
 Still to keep itself alive.
 ’Twas a fearful sight to see,
 That death of ling’ring agony ;
 ’Twas a dreadful death to die
 Betwixt the mocking earth and sky !
 In each panting, painful breath,
 Shame, and fear, and dark despair,—
 Horrible the *present death*,
 More horrible the dread *Brigand*.
 Does no memory of a prayer
 Wring from hunger and despair,—
 Useless prayer, that could not soften,
 Prayer, by thee rejected often,—
 Sound upon thy guilty ear
 Sound of vengeance and of fear ?
 Oh ! angel-moments that we lose !
 Oh ! miseries we blindly choose !
 Oh ! power of good to evil bent !
 Oh ! sin too dreadful to repent !
 Oh ! Heaven rejected and oppress,
 Oh ! hell in many a living breast !”

He was silent like the others—
 It was over— I had heard—
 But that agony of silence
 Was more dreadful than each word !
 O silence pure ! O solitude !
 Can I no longer prove
 The beauty of your presence
 The calmness of your love ?
 Must the darkness of my spirit
 O’ercloud the moonlight sky ?
 Have I looked my last on nature
 With the child’s delighted eye ?

Then the phantoms gathered round me
 To drag me to the grave ;
 The spell of the damned bound me—
 God ! is there none to save
 The avenging earth did gape
 To receive me in her womb,
 And the demon-fingers shape
 My nameless, shameful tomb :

Yet life beat strong within me,
 I had no power to die ;
 A breathing man—a living soul—
 Mid those cold graves to lie !
 And there was silence full of speech,
 And darkness wrought with fear,
 And I knew that the dead men were there,
 Though I could not see nor hear !

A sound like a church bell ringing
 Its sweetest matin chime,
 A sound like the free birds singing
 Joy to that holy time :—
 A light like the light of a young child’s heart,
 Or a saint’s encircled brow ;
 O light ! O sound ! how dear thou art,—
 Dearer than ever now !
 The grisly phantoms faded,
 My darkened soul was free,
 The bright moon shone and the clouds were gone
 As I stood ’neath the churchyard tree.
 It was a child’s beseeching prayer,—
 O silver, silver tone !
 For *me* those loving accents were ;
 For *me*—*for me* alone !
 Oh ! innocence, availing much !
 Oh ! childhood’s grateful love !
 One tender word, one kindly touch,
 One cup of water held to such,
 Of wondrous power may prove.
 Pray for me still, thou little child !
 With thy lips unstained by sin ;
 Pray for me, spirit undefiled,
 For at thy pure and holy prayer
 An angel’s presence fills the air,
 And hope springs up within.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

(TRANSLATED FROM A FRENCH MS.)

THE Arab tribe of Neggdic formerly possessed a thoroughbred black mare named Houban-heggin. She was extremely beautiful, and much coveted by the chief of another tribe called Daher. Having vainly offered to exchange for her his camels and all his riches, he conceived the idea of disguising himself as a beggar, and accordingly hastened to stain his skin with the juice of some herb, to cover himself with rags, and to tie up his throat and legs, in order to counterfeit a lame and distorted mendicant, and thus to await Nabec, the animal’s master, on the road by which he was expected to return. On his drawing near, the feigned beggar addressed him in a feeble voice. “Have pity on a poor stranger, who has not tasted food for three days. I am dying; help me, and God will reward you.”

The Bedouin offered to take him on his horse to his own home; but the counterfeit replied, “I have not the strength to rise.”

Full of compassion, Nabec dismounted, and with great difficulty placed the beggar on his mare. No sooner did Daher feel secure on the saddle than he struck his spur into the animal’s side, and galloped off, crying out at the same time, “It is I, Daher, who have gained and carried her off !”

Nabec shouted to Daher to listen to him, who, certain of not being pursued, stopped, though at some little distance, as Nabec was armed.

“You have stolen my mare,” said the latter: “I wish you prosperity with her, but I entreat you never to reveal how you became possessed of her.”

"And wherefore?" asked Daher.

"Because a really suffering person might be refused assistance, and an act of charity neglected; from the fear of being deceived as I have been."

Struck by these words, Daher considered for a moment, and then, dismounting, he returned the mare to her master, at the same time embracing him with great cordiality. Nabec invited him to his house, where he remained three days, and departed after an interchange of vows of eternal friendship.

C. B. D.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

THIS celebrated artist—one of the most celebrated of the Dutch School—was the son of Peter van Haerlem, born at Haerlem. From his father he received his first instruction in art. He acquired the name by which his works are known from an incident in his early life. Whilst studying under Van Goyen, his father followed him, for the purpose of chastising him for some indiscretion, into the rooms of that artist, who, perceiving the father's purpose, called to his pupils to "*berg hem*," or "*hide him*." This was afterwards applied to him as a by-name. Ultimately he adopted it; and by this name he became distinguished. Berghem was a man of varied powers, equally successful in landscape, figures, and cattle. He lived contemporary with Both and Wouvermans, to neither of whom he was inferior. His works, indicating talent of a very high order, were in his own day, as at the present time, esteemed of great value, and brought extraordinary prices. His etchings, many of which he did from his studies of animals, &c. from nature, are carefully preserved by the fortunate possessors of them, being valued for their delicacy and vigour. The brilliancy of light and shade observable in the specimen we have here given, was one of the chief characteristics of his works. He died in his native city, in the year 1683, at the age of fifty-nine.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.

T. N. II.

July 19th.—THE rector came this morning into the breakfast room, and told us that Helen Jewell was dying, and had sent for him to administer the last and only consolation for the sick. He had been with her during the greater part of yesterday, and had fixed an hour this morning for this very purpose. But the poor creature felt herself dying, and had requested if it would not be too much trouble to his reverence, that he would come as soon as he could. He begged both Montague and myself to go with him, that the Church's rule might be sure to be obeyed without any delay or unnecessary bustle. We went up into the room where the sufferer was, as soon as we reached the cottage, for all had been prepared for our coming. On a bed in the corner the dying woman lay panting for breath. She appeared to suffer hardly at all from coughing; indeed, her whole system seemed quite subdued, as though disease had done its worst, and, having broken down all impediments, was waiting inactively awhile, ere it

should complete the work for the last enemy. Everything about her was beautifully clean and neat, as the rector had described it after his first visit, and there was besides an air of comfort in the room, which told of another's care and thoughtful charity. Her pale expressive face was turned towards her little child, who lay in a calm guileless sleep, such as children only sleep, outside the bed, with his head covered with its curly hair reclining on one of his mother's arms, and his little knees gathered up towards her, while his body was circled by the other arm of this his only surviving parent, who was also so soon to be taken from him. It was a strange, a painful contrast the healthy rounded arm of the little fellow, (for good supplies of food had made a wondrous change in him,) lying in this attitude of quiet confidence on the lean, wasted arm of the exhausted sufferer. As we entered she turned her head, and lifted her dark bright eyes, now filled with tears, while a smile of heavenly gratitude spread over her face, as she at last fixed an earnest gaze upon the rector.

"Oh, sir," she said, "may God in heaven bless you and reward you; for I can't—I wish I could. How good you have been to me! but He will never forget it, your reverence; no, and—"

"Never mind all this now, Helen," said the rector in a consoling tone of voice, soft and subdued, in perfect unison with the awful approach. "Is there anything you wish to say to me—anything of earthly matters, which disturbs the thoughts of your heart, and carries them away from what should solely employ them now? Tell me if there is."

"Oh, your reverence!—" but she could say no more. She pointed to the sleeping innocent, and buried her face in its little bosom; and her long black hair, which had escaped from her nightcap, fell loosely over its face and neck while she wept—taintly, for death was near at hand, yet the more piteously for that very reason. At last she said, turning round again—

"Oh! sir, I know it's wrong—very wrong. But, poor Willy! I can't feel quite easy like about him. But I know you will never lose sight of him, and there is besides a Father of the—"

But here she lost her voice and her self-command, and at that moment the child moved restlessly, and opening its bright eyes on its mother, began to smile on her, yet almost immediately shrank back and drew closer to her, frightened by seeing us. A neighbour who was in attendance took him out of the room for the time, at the mother's request. Mr. Montague promised again to see to his welfare, and the poor creature was satisfied.

After the completion of the solemn service which had brought the rector here so early, the sufferer evidently waxed weaker and weaker, and she could now only speak in a whisper. There was a dead silence in the room, and the light was dim, for they had drawn a curtain across the window, by the rector's request, to shade the light from her eyes. Around her bed we watched kneeling, while the rector prayed for her. Suddenly she said in the same whispered voice, only fainter,



The Roadside.

BY B. ROHM. ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DAY/III.

"My child—Willy—fetch him."

He was brought in, and she clasped him to her bosom as well as she could. Her lips moved in secret prayer, and her eyes were upturned to heaven. What sights may not the dying faithful see, which are hidden from us! As if blessed with a vision of peace, her wan face lighted with a sudden joyful smile, and she turned her eyes towards the rector.

"Some water, please," she said, so as scarcely to be audible. Then beckoning with her hand to him, she added, as he leant down to catch her words, "Bless me before I die; bless me, O my Father!"

The old clergyman laid his hands on her head, and gave her the Church's blessing. She took his hand and kissed it, and then kissing her child, (who seemed almost to know what was going on, so quiet was he,) she placed it upon his head, and looked up in the rector's loving, peaceful face, and prayed him with her eyes, for she could no longer speak, that he would take care of the orphan. A change came over her, and the perspiration stood on her face, and she motioned for water. It was brought, but she could not swallow. Her eyes closed, and her lips moved, as if in prayer. We all sank on our knees, and the rector said in a low voice a litany for the departing soul. He ended, and there was no sound—we watched for breathing, but it had ceased. The mother of Willy was asleep in Christ. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The child was at once taken out of the room, for he was frightened, and was pulling the motionless arm of the departed, to catch attention, as of old. Poor orphan! that may not be. Thou shalt never see her again who once sheltered thee in her bosom from all fears, and loved thee with a mother's tenderest love, till time has ended for thee also, and that last sleep has sealed thee for the grave. *How* changed both mother and child will be then, who can tell? Meanwhile thy mother careth for thee, Willy, and may be nearer to thee than thou dreamest. Keep her memory as a vestal flame ever pure and bright in thy soul, then shall the presence of the dead be thy best shield and buckler against temptation. Though thy remembrance of her will be faint and phantom-like in after years of manhood, still let the reverence of her be ever preserved in thy heart of hearts, the inmost sanctuary of thy spiritual temple; then wilt thou obey the commandment with promise, then will thy voice be low and subdued if thou chancest to speak of her, and thy love will be eternal, and thou shalt in a measure overlook the partition-wall of flesh, even here, in this thine earthly sojourn!

July 21st.—At breakfast this morning the rector said that he intended calling on Mrs. Hutchins, to ascertain her determination about her child.

"I have purposely waited so long," he said, "because I wanted her to hear of it first from common rumour, which she is sure to have done ere this, and so it will not take her by surprise. I suppose, Mary dear, that you are prepared to receive little Georgie?"

"Oh, yes, papa, *quite* prepared; I arranged it all at

once when you first spoke of it, and his crib came from Dorchester three or four days ago."

"Then you could take charge of him to-night?"

"Quite well; and the sooner the better, you know, if you consult me."

"I wish, Mr. Freeman, you would go with me, and you too, Charles. You may perhaps make the matter less awkward, though of course I shall wish to break it to her at first alone, which can be easily managed."

So, after breakfast we went; and there on the top step before the door was little Georgie with his flaxen hair, and pale delicate face, lighted up with a bright glad smile. When he saw us he clapped his tiny hands together, and shouted as loudly as a child can shout, "Here's Mr. Montoo, mamma!" and he clambered down the steps one at a time, with his right leg foremost throughout, as fast as he could, and running to us, caught hold of the rector.

He raised the little fellow in his arms, and a sad earnest look did he fix on that innocent face which was so soon to brighten his parsonage. He was thinking, doubtless, of his awful charge. But, quickly rousing himself from his reverie, he kissed the dear boy on his fair forehead, and carried him in his arms to the house, while Charles Montague and I remained in the garden. As he passed in, the sun poured down a glowing light on the upturned face of the child, and gilded the falling hair with an almost supernatural brilliancy, as it lay streaming over the arm of the aged clergyman. I could not but think of the Good Shepherd, carrying one of the lambs in his bosom. I trust it was not wrong. However, I am coming the sentimental again in my diary.

We had not been long walking the narrow circumference of the garden when Mrs. Hutchins made her appearance and invited us to come in. There were tears in her eyes, but a most contradictorily good-humoured smile playing about her mouth. When we entered, we beheld Mr. Hutchins sitting with both his feet on the fender, in front of the fire-place, reading the newspaper. He did not rise to receive us; and this piece of ill-breeding was all the more conspicuous and unmeaning as there was no corresponding pleasure to be obtained thereby—which signifies, in plain English, that there was no fire in the grate. The child was on a stool, up in a corner, (his usual seat) close by the sofa on which Mr. Montague was sitting. The expression of his face was greatly altered—it was now one of fear. Mr. Hutchins scarcely noticed us by a distant shake of the hand, and did not change his position. A sullen and dogged ill-humour was depicted in the plainest hand-writing on his coarse countenance; and he was endeavouring, most unsuccessfully, to appear engrossed with his paper.

"Well, then, Mrs. Hutchins, you will give me leave to run away with Georgie to the Parsonage, won't you?" said the rector.

"Why, I do not know what to say, Mr. Montague. It's very hard to be separated from him, for he is a great amusement and comfort to me, I assure you.

But then he will not be far off. I shall be able to see him when I like. And it's for his good too, I'm sure, poor fellow. I don't think I ought to stand in the way of that. And then you are all so kind, so very kind to him. I'm sure he ought to be very grateful to you for your goodness in consenting to take the trouble. And he is very fond of you. I assure you he's always talking about you and Miss Mary."

"I thought I would take him back with me at once, if you had no objection. It is better, I think, that it should be done as soon as possible, for your sake."

"But that's very soon, Mr. Montague, very soon. It's rather hard to make up one's mind—he is my only child, and it will be dull for me here," but at this point she remembered herself, and, looking with an anxious expression at her husband, she added "when George is away. However, it shall be as you wish. I'm sure you know best."

"I think, perhaps, you might consult *me*, Mrs. Hutchins, before you quite decide to sell your child," growled out Mr. Hutchins from behind his crackling newspaper, which he shook with a decided sort of flap to give emphasis to his words.

"Sell him, my dear George! oh, how shocking—poor boy!" and here, taking the little child into her lap, she burst into a flood of tears. Montague and I rose and looked out of the window, talking about the view, to make our presence as little oppressive as possible to the poor mother.

"Very sentimental, I dare say," growled the husband. "Let's her child go at once, and then pretends to cry about it. As if he need go at all, if you don't like it!"

"Mrs. Hutchins does not seem willing, sir, to allow any selfish feelings to interfere with her child's true interests," said the rector very sternly, as sternly as I had ever heard him say anything. Mr. Hutchins seemed to be taken aback for a moment, but added almost immediately:—

"Why, I suppose a father has a right to have a voice in the matter, sir?"

"Yes, doubtless," said Mr. Montague, "nobody can dispute that; but I thought I understood that you had left the decision to Mrs. Hutchins."

"So you did, you know, George," said Mrs. Hutchins, amid her tears, "for you said you did not care twopence about it, and you would be glad to get rid of his squalling." Here she kissed the child with double fervour, as if to make up to it for having repeated its father's harsh words.

"But I think it's as well for a wife to make at least a *show* of consulting her husband on such an occasion," said Mr. Hutchins.

"Do you then object to my taking charge of Georgie?" inquired the rector.

"Why, no; that's another matter; of course I don't wish to stand in the way of his advancement and comfortable settlement in life. But I suppose he'll be taught all sorts of superstitious and fanciful notions, and learn to be excellently unfit for a practical life."

"I certainly shall give him that education which my duty as a clergyman requires me to give him, and practical religion will be my main object. In fact, I shall try to make him superstitious, as you call it—it is right that you should know this before you decide. For if you object to this, I tell you openly that I cannot consent to be responsible for his training."

"Well, you must take him, I suppose. Come here, sir!" These last words he addressed to his child, who came to him timidly. Placing the little fellow between his legs and lifting up a finger, he thus concluded his harangue.

"Mind you're a good boy, do you hear? and do as you're told, and don't talk nonsense. If you do, I hope you'll be well whipped." There was a slight tremulousness in his voice, and I don't think he quite relished parting with Georgie in his heart, though the feeling had mainly developed itself in an unusual exhibition of bearishness.

"Would you like to go with Mr. Montague?" asked Mrs. Hutchins.

"Of course he will! He must!" said the father.

"Will you be going with me, mamma?" answered the little child, at the same time that Mr. Hutchins was speaking; but hearing his father's voice he looked back, frightened, and hid his face in his mother's lap.

"No, Georgie, but I shall come and see you often, very often; and so will papa; and you will be with Miss Mary, you know, and close by the church which you love so much to go to on Sundays. Won't that be nice, my darling?" The child said nothing, but seemed to be thinking deeply, for his blue eyes were fixed earnestly on his mother's face. At last he kissed her hand, and climbing again upon her knees, caressed her as children only know how best to do; and then getting down, he quietly came to the rector's side and said, looking up to him with a touchingly pensive expression,

"Will you love Georgie as mamma does? Will you, though, Mr. Montague?" This overcame poor Mrs. Hutchins completely, and she was leaving the room, her face buried in her handkerchief, when the little fellow running up to her took her hand and said, "What do you cry for, mamma? Don't cry, there's a dear, *dear* mamma, or I shall cry too." She took him up in her arms, and, kissing him vehemently, left the room. Mr. Montague took this opportunity to rise and take leave; the child was dressed to accompany us by his father, who actually kissed him before he went, and came out quite civilly to show us to the door.

July 23d—I do not know how it is, but I seem to myself strangely altered within this last month. It seems to me as though the sparkling fount of joyousness which once gushed forth from my heart were dried up; and as though the airy tread and activity of my youth were gone by, and an autumn were passing upon me. My spirit seems to sit alone in a silent thicket beside a babbling streamlet, and the shade of thick leaves is over my head—and pensive music floats over my heart's responsive strings, like the weary plaint of the nightingale—and wind-sighs

come fitfully from a far distance, and a luxurious sorrow has softened down the gayest and brightest tints in the picture of life. Yet withal there breathes, more than ever, over all things around me, a breath of loving poetry which I knew not before. The quiet lane shaded with overarching trees, the secluded meadows, with their steep surrounding slopes, the peaceful rivulet, the gray old church, the wild flowers, whose sparkling eyes peep through the hedge upon the deep rutted road, and above all, the moonlit night when silence hovers over field and tree which lie bathed in the pale sheen, have a message for me inexpressibly soothing and subduing. It is now a night of most heavenly beauty. I can hear from the opened window of the room the wild ghost-like howling of the owl, sailing with its heavy flapping wings about the church tower, which I can see, edged with silver, above the light-tipped heads of the trees. There is not a cloud in the midnight heaven, and the moonbeams, stealing amid the thick foliage shine like the last visions of consolatory hope in the heart of the downcast. There is a stillness which may be felt, and the breath of the night air creeps in, burthened with flower-incense most refreshing to the wearied. Surely such is the half-life of Dante's Place of Longing, the sleep of a night, without the glad light and heat of that sun which will be the life of the Immortal Blessed, yet withal soothed with the glimmering of a starlit rest. To-night is such an one as our Shakspeare describes in those often quoted lines:—

"The moon shines bright, in such a night as this,
When the sweet winds did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise"

And—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! —
Sit, Jessica! look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
'There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.'"

Certainly it is the time of music, for nature seems herself to be living by the pulsations of a tranquil harmony. Truly does the poet say in the same play,

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

I suppose it is because all the active turmoil of the busy world is asleep, and life is tuned to an unbroken calm, and the celestial star-watch look down from their lofty fields of dark azure on the unhappy and heart-sick with guardian eyes of holy love, and there is no discord in the wooing melodies of nature. The moon is indeed queen of love; she would gather to her own pure bosom the unfathomable depths and countless waves of ocean—never satiated, ever longing. And, thus attracted, ocean's flowing tide rises higher and higher, in ready sympathy. What should we not be in this dark place of disappointment and distress, without the life of love as it flows onward to the infinite? Spirit of sadness, spirit of vexation and hardship, and yet withal spirit of sweetest purification, in such a night as this dost thou chant thy burthen of soul-subduing sympathy, and the heavenly

sentinels smile friendlily, and the trusty air carries the melody in its bosom over tree, glen, field and stream, to the unreachd, uncomprehended distance! Expansive, all-embracing as the Universe, thou hast no resting place for thy wings, save on the tallest mountain-top basking in the full light of the unclouded sun!

July 26th.—To-day, as we were busy at lunch, indulging in cheese and home-brewed beer, by way of a comfortable preparation for a rather long walk before dinner, the post arrived with two letters for the rector, the contents of which were soon common property, and they certainly formed the oddest imaginable contrast. They were both from solicitors, the one to this effect:—

"Rev. Sir,—I am very anxious to discover a Helen Jewell, who is the widow of a John Jewell, once a workman in a cloth manufactory on the Kensington Road, and who afterwards hanged himself. I have lost all traces of her in London, but accidentally heard, a day or two ago, that a person of that name was living in your parish. I should therefore be much obliged if you would let me know whether you are acquainted with any woman answering to the above description.

"I remain, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

"STEPHEN JENKINS, Solicitor,

"Chancery Lane."

This letter excited much curiosity among us, as may be imagined. The other was from a Mr. Holden, also a solicitor, and a personal friend of the rector. It enclosed a letter which he had received from Miss Hawkner, and which he gave the rector full liberty to use as he pleased, as he was desirous of preventing Miss Hawkner from carrying out her present intention, and so falling into the hands of some sharper who might rob her and make her ridiculous. He said he had himself written to her, and, among other things, had informed her that he had forwarded the letter to Mr. Montague, so that it was now entirely in his hands. The letter of the old lady was read aloud, and we all laughed till, in pure mercy to ourselves, Montague and I slipped out into the garden, for we were quite breathless. I got a copy of this rich production, and here it is.

"Dear Sir,—I have been in very deep affliction since I last wrote to you, but I have had strength given me to bear up against it. It may indeed be said of me that I have been in a land of much drought, but in the midst thereof I have been much refreshed and comforted by the dear minister at — under whom I usually sit. The precious colonel has been suddenly released. He did not suffer much pain, but passed away like a lamb. It is very delightful and consoling to me to recollect that he was much changed before he died. He had been very dark and carnal, but the sabbath before he died he went with me to hear dear Mr. — preach, and was visibly edified and enlightened. Is not this a blessed thought? But while he was ill the formalists in this parish would not let him alone, and I am sorry to

say that *that* Mr. Montague, who is, as I believe you know, the clergyman here, actually so pestered him, that he was driven into leaving his property to his godson, a little boy, the son of the surgeon of this place, whose vulgar wife is always quarrelling and beating the child, and will not let her husband have a moment's peace. As to the father, he is utterly irreligious and ill-disposed— but there is no wonder at anything in this place, it is so dark; however, it is better than we deserve to have it. Mr. Montague has behaved shamefully. He ordered all the matter of the funeral, and his son was chief mourner. Would you believe it?—And only think of the colonel having left all his property to that unhappy little vessel whom I have already mentioned, and who will doubtless grow up as bad as his parents! It is the greatest grief to my mind to think how shockingly this trust will be abused to the spread of evil, for no good can come of the boy, as he is to be trained by these Montagues. I want, therefore, to know from you whether I can recover my right to the property by any form of law, as I would give anything to prevent the evil one from triumphing; and I am sure, if those concerted Montagues succeed, the cause of true religion will suffer. Will you let me know if anything can be done? There is no doubt whatever that he was imposed upon. I also want to know if you have heard from my tenant at Malvern. I grieve very much for the wretched state of this unfortunate place, the blindness and religious ignorance is shocking. You must excuse my writing so openly on our short acquaintance, but I am in need of consolation and sympathy, and I do not know a really pious person to whom I can tell my feelings and pour out my heart; for as to Mr. Montague, if it is not uncharitable to say so, I do not believe he is sincere; indeed, he cannot be, for no one can fail of seeing the contrast between him and my dear minister at ——. Will you kindly ask your dear lady to send me some patterns of the fashions of the season? I can trust no taste as I can hers. The patterns which she before sent me possessed true Christian simplicity, with the handsomest materials, and did full justice to the figure. If she will take the same trouble in my behalf now, I shall be greatly obliged, as one becomes conspicuous by avoiding the fashion of the day with unseemly openness, and here it is impossible to discover what the fashion is, we are so out of the way. I am thankful to say that, considering my affliction, I am pretty well and quite resigned. Praying that you may have every temporal and spiritual blessing, I remain, your sincere friend and well-wisher, “C. HAWKNER.”

The rector has determined to go to Miss Hawkner and remonstrate with her, and has asked his son to accompany him. Just as we had recovered from our excessive mirth at this epistle, who should come in but Mr. Hutchins, in the best possible humour? He had called, he said, to see how Georgie was getting on.

“Have you heard the news, Miss Mary?” inquired he, seating himself by the side of Miss Montague.

“No, Mr. Hutchins; what is it? That you have made another pun, perhaps?”

“No—guess again—though that's true, too. Well, I won't keep you in suspense, for women are so full of curiosity. Eh, Montague? What do you think of the Chartists having begun to kick up a row at Dorchester?”

“No, you don't say so!”

“Yes, I do, though; and what's more, you'll find it true. Not that I care for myself at all, because I have nothing for them to take worth having, in my house; but it will be dreadful work for the poor.”

The ridiculous inconsistency of this speech was made the more evident by the tremulousness of his voice, and the very perturbed expression of his countenance.

“I suppose they will begin with the parsons, as they've done in so many other places; so look out for yourselves if they come here. What will you do now, Montague, eh, if they *should* come?”

“There will be time enough to think of that,” said the rector, “when there really is a likelihood of their visiting this secluded village. At present it seems highly improbable.”

“Well, if I were you,” resumed Mr. Hutchins, “I should ask for a troop of militia. It will be dreadful if we are unprotected; not that it matters to us men, but the women, you know, must be thought of.”

“There are *some* men, you know, who *are* women,” said young Montague, in a cold precise tone, turning his glance towards Mr. Hutchins, (for he had before been looking out of the window,) “and they need not be thought of, for they think enough of themselves.”

“I don't understand what you mean by that clever speech, Charles, unless you mean me; and if so, I treat it with utter contempt, as I know the quarter from which it comes.” And his thick neck, bald head, coarse face, and even his fat paddling hands, flushed crimson.

“Oh, of course I *could* not mean you, Mr. Hutchins, for one cannot fail of appreciating unselfishness and bravery, you know, wherever one meets with them. You were in the militia, once, I believe, a perfect warrior on the martial plains of Dorset?”

“Yes, I was so; and they were going to give me a company, but that was before I became a surgeon—now I am exempt, you know.”

“I am aware of it,” returned Charles, “and of course tremble so much the more for the defencelessness of our village. However, I hope you will consent to lead our rustic troops in case of an invasion.”

“I dare say I shall not be backward if occasion offers—at least, not more so than my neighbours.”

This Mr. Hutchins meant to be very severe, and then turning to Miss Montague, he asked—

“When the seat of a dining-room chair was like two celebrated characters in English history? Give it up? I know you can't guess it. Well—it's when its new. Because its *horsehair* in *jist*—just in, you know. (Horsa, Hengist.)”

"Oh, shocking, Mr. Hutchins! What murder of the queen's English! It's really too bad."

"Will you have another? an original, too. Why is a man sick of rheumatism like King Lear? Because he's every inch a king (aching). Ha! ha! ha! One more? Why is a certain pain in an old woman's bones like the hall of an old castle? Because it's a rheumatiz, (room it is)."

And now, laughing violently, Mr. Hutchins put his hat on his head, gently touched Miss Montague on the shoulder with his cane, and ogling her after a dismal manner, to betoken a special confidence in her thorough appreciation of his jokes, moved to the door. Turning suddenly, however, he said to the rector, with an effort to assume an off-hand careless manner, which was in fact a lamentable failure, "If you hear any more about the row at Dorchester, I hope you'll let me know. Charlotte is dreadfully nervous. She's almost out of her senses now—but women, you know, poor creatures! are a timid set. They've no pluck. Never trust to the petticoats, say I. They're all very well in their way, but they don't do when thought and energy are wanted."

And with this elegant exposition of his anthropological system, he made his exit, greatly to the satisfaction of us all.

Evening.—Montague has just been into my room, to-night, as I was dotting down the events of the day, to give me a minute description of the scene at Miss Hawkner's, which I now write as nearly verbatim as possible.

"We were shown into the drawing-room," said he, "and on the self-same sofa on which you first saw her, she was again reclining, in a rich morning dress. She had just dined, and the extremity of her nose was very much like the lantern of a light-house at night. It was evidently suffering from acute inflammation, as were also her cheeks, though in less degree. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was open at her side, but it was upside down, and beside it lay Krumphacher's *Elijah the Tishbite*. However, it was quite manifest that she had not been very hard at work at any mental occupation, for a certain bewilderment of eye, and a general drowsiness of manner, betrayed a state of after-dinner quietude. She had been piously dozing. Beside her, alas, on a gaunt overgrown *I* a pragmatic parrot was perched—which you happily missed, my dear fellow. Such a beast! It squalls worse than fifty children. However, I must not keep you in an agony of suspense. She tried to seem innocently surprised, but was evidently in an awkward and uneasy state of mind. The Governor began at once—

"Miss Hawkner, I have called on business."

"Indeed, Mr. Montague, I'm sorry for that; for the recentness of my severe loss' (and here she put the laced handkerchief to her eyes) 'has rather unfitted me for the necessary duties of this life; perhaps it will do as well another day.'

"Why, no, ma'am; you must excuse me for pressing it upon you at once, because it is for your own sake. You know this letter, I dare say,' putting it into her hands.

"Well, sir, I do know it; and I suppose I have a right to my own opinion. It's very hard if I may not express myself as I please about my own troubles, without having it proclaimed to the world by a nasty, pettifogging, dishonest, ill-tempered attorney. It's all because I'm unprotected, that's what it is; and so I'm made the jest of carnal scoffers.' Here she burst into a torrent of tears. 'But I won't endure it. My family was well known in this county before you were born.'

"I came here, Miss Hawkner, for your good; I say it in all sincerity,' began my father.

"For my good, indeed! It's all for my good, I suppose, to insult an unprotected female, and to bring your excellent son here, too, to witness your triumph.'

"No, not so; you misunderstand me. I am sorry to say, but you compel me to say it, that the contents of this letter, and your way of talking about that poor woman—now, I trust, at rest—have caused me to distrust you so much, that I brought my son to bear witness to what passes between us. Nevertheless, I wish to speak with you as a true friend, and as your appointed spiritual guide, which I cannot do unless you are calmer and more patient.'

"Well, sir,' she returned, 'I suppose I must listen. But I know why all this is; it's because I don't agree in your bigoted notions, and never shall.'

"Miss Hawkner, you must not talk so to me about these solemn matters which you have introduced; I cannot suffer them to be discussed here, or now. You are acting wrongly in them, and I hope you will one day see that you are. Take an old man's advice, (if you look upon me in no higher light,) and consider whether that state of thought can be right, which allows you to attribute the worst possible motives to others, to judge your neighbours, and to deceive yourself. However, what I came to say to you is this; do not, for your own sake, pursue your plan of endeavouring to regain your brother's property; for you may, not improbably, fall into different hands from Mr. Holden's, and—'

"I hope I shall, indeed, sir,—the ungrateful hypocrite!' muttered the lady.

"And be cheated,' pursued my father, apparently unconscious of the interruption, 'out of your own property, instead of getting possession of your brother's, which does not rightfully belong to you.'

"I shall be able to take care of myself, I assure you, Mr. Montague; and I consider your visit insulting, and most cruel, at such a time, so soon after my painful bereavement; but I will expose this conspiracy, if I possibly can, let it cost me what it may.'

"Well, madam,' said my father, 'I have endeavoured to do my duty—'

"Your duty, indeed!'

"I repeat it—my duty; and now the matter must rest with you. I have only to beg you to believe that my interest in your welfare is undiminished; and if ever you should need my counsel or assistance, I shall be ready to do my best for you; you must not doubt of my friendly feelings.'

"Vastly fine, I dare say; but I shall not come

to you for direction or sympathy,' retorted Miss Hawkner.

" 'You may one day alter your mind; and if that should be, remember what I have said now.' The Governor rose and extended his hand, but the old lady, exclaiming, with indignation—'Never! never!'—bounced out of the room, and left us to find our way out as we best could.

"During the whole of the interview, that beast of a parrot was kicking up such an everlasting disturbance, that it was almost too ludicrous. The bird, certainly, had the best of it; for its screech was louder than anything else; and it flapped its wings in the most pugnacious manner, and cocked up the tuft on its head—as earnest a partisan as an old maid could wish for. What treasures those blessed birds would be to the race of venerable spinsters, if only they could gather and invent scandal!—Well, what do you think of the interview, Freeman?"

"Why, I think that *that* Miss Hawkner is a brute!"

"Do you really? Well, it may be you're right. The Governor behaved like a regular trump, didn't he? I never saw so complete a mixture of the gentleness of the friend, with the severe dignity of the clergyman, before. But she is an incorrigible old sinner. I only hope she'll be taken in; it will do her good—she's a nuisance. Well, good-night."

The candle is just going out, so my diary must be clasped.

July 28th. The rector has just received a letter which has made him very anxious indeed. Hutchins is right. He told us, when the ladies had left the room, that the Chartist rioters would most probably be down to his parish; but he was to hear more shortly. The letter was an official one, so there's no mistake.

THE UNKNOWN POWERS OF FROST.

WE are all familiar with the word "cold," and require little explanation of the thing signified by this term. The heats of the last summer naturally tended to put all ideas of such unwelcome visitors as frost and snow from our minds; but the departure of the swallows, and the embrowning of the woods, recalled us to the reflection, that Winter was coming upon us from his northern home.

We must place frost amongst the mightiest physical agencies in nature, whether we consider the rapidity of its operations, the silence with which it works, or the vast extent over which this conquering power might carry its ravages. It is impossible for us to imagine the surprise of the man who first, when the world was young, beheld a frozen river or sea. Perhaps he had wandered with a few fellow exiles far from the primitive seats of men, and would look, we must suppose, on the waters turned to a solid as an omen of terrible import. One evening he saw the waves as they had ever been in his view, rippling with perpetual motion on the glittering sands; the next morning all was silent. Perhaps to his astonished mind the thought came that the sea had died, and that the voiceless and motionless expanse before him was but its Titanic corpse. He would probably deem

so strange an appearance as the beginning of universal desolation; *we* have no such apprehension, being acquainted with the operations of frost and informed of its power. But during all the ages of the earth's duration, this mighty energy has only put forth *half* its strength, touching, as it were, the globe with its petrifying finger, but never descending with the full force of its iron tread.

Let us put the case hypothetically, and consider the mischief which cold *might* cause, were it not limited and regulated by the arrangements of the Divinity. We shall then see how all living beings are preserved every winter from the ruin which an excess of frost must inevitably cause, and admire the beautiful balance of powers which keeps all agencies in harmony. We *never* experience the full effects of cold, nor is it probable that any part of the globe has ever suffered the utmost intensity of this power. In the northern parts of Siberia mercury is sometimes frozen, and the frost must there reach a point represented by 40° below Zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Were such a destructive agent to operate during one of our winters, England would become a desert, trees and shrubs perish, and the ensuing spring call in vain for the return of flowers and foliage. But there are elements in nature which *could* produce, were they allowed to combine, a far more destructive cold than that which reduces the liquid quicksilver to a hard block of metal. The present arrangements of the Creator prevent the union of such powers, but chemists have produced an artificial combination of natural agents, from which has ensued a cold 91° below Zero, and 131° below the freezing point. This fatal degree of cold is caused by a union of two parts of sulphuric acid with one of snow. Now both sulphuric acid and snow might be produced from the elements around us, which could, therefore, make a winter capable of destroying all animal life in a month. A frost equal to 40° below Zero penetrates about two hundred yards into the ground: but cold of 91° below the same point must pierce to a far greater depth, turning the whole crust of the earth into a frozen mass. The consequences of such a degree of cold on the human body can scarcely be imagined: but some notion may be gained from the fact that no metallic substance can be touched by the hand, when the thermometer is 40° below Zero, without producing a *burn*, like that caused by grasping a red hot poker; so strangely similar are the effects of extreme heat and cold. To produce a fearful disorganization in our globe, there is but needed some fresh distribution of the acids stored up in nature, but which are kept in their present safe arrangement by the agency of the all-wise God. The cold does, indeed, sometimes increase to the highest *point of safety*, but never quite passes this line, being held, like the ocean, within its appointed limits, and exhibiting, through many seasons, a uniformity which attests the control of some invisible power. Thus in the severest winters in our latitudes the frost does not penetrate into the earth more than nine or ten inches, and rarely to half that depth, as may be proved by placing a thermometer in the ground during a sharp frost. The waters of the seas around these islands tend to preserve us from the highest rigours of cold, for the temperature of the British channel is even in the winter not below 50°, and that of the German ocean seldom lower than 42° of Fahrenheit; the vast stratum of air around Great Britain is, therefore, warmed by the ocean in winter; and thus the cold is continually checked in its intensity.

Let us, therefore, see in cold the intimations of that divine power which protects man from those terrible frosts, the hidden elements of which are chained in the secret recesses of all liquid and solid substances, but so beautifully fitted to other parts of the great system, that they work for our good in a thousand forms. The thoughtful heart may not need such considerations to convince it of the wondrous agencies discovered on all sides, but it is wise to place continually before our view those bright confirmations of physical truths which direct our contemplations to objects too often obscured by the passing pomps and vain displays of the world.

W. D.

THE LAST SHOT.¹

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN.

BY P. H. T.

WE were stationed in the village of A—. The life of an officer in the army is well known. In the morning there is the parade, and the riding-school; then comes dinner with the commander of the regiment, or at the Jewish Tavern, and, in the evening, of course, punch and cards. In A— there was not one open house, not one heiress; we assembled in each other's rooms, where no one was seen who did not wear our uniform.

There was only one man who belonged to our society without being in the army. He was about thirty-five years of age, and we therefore considered him an old man. His experience gave him many advantages over us; added to which, the usual gloominess of his temper, his rough manners, and biting tongue, considerably increased the influence he had acquired over our young minds. A kind of mystery attended him: he seemed to be a Russian, yet his name was foreign. At one period of his life he had served with reputation in a regiment of hussars, and nobody knew the reason which induced him to leave it, and to settle in a quiet village, where he lived in a strange manner, appearing at the same time poor and prodigal: he always walked on foot, and in a threadbare black coat, and yet he kept open table for all the officers of our regiment. True, his dinner consisted of two or three dishes only, which were prepared by an old veteran; but champagne flowed in rivers. No one knew of his property, or the source from whence he derived his income, and no one dared to ask him about it. He had some books, for the most part military works and novels. He was liberal in lending them out, and never asked for them to be returned. His principal exercise was pistol-shooting; the walls of his room were, so to speak, inlaid with balls. A rich collection of pistols was the only luxury of the poor cottage where he lived. The degree of precision which he had attained was extraordinary, and if he had proposed to hit a pear on the foraging cap of any body, there was not one in our regiment who would have hesitated to offer his head for the experiment. We often talked of duels, and duelling; but Silvio, for so shall I call him, never joined in the conversation. To the question

whether he had ever fought a duel, he would drily answer that he had, but he never entered into any details, and it was evident that questions on this subject were by no means pleasant to his ears. We supposed that the fate of some unfortunate victim of his terrible art was weighing on his conscience. It never once struck us to suspect him of cowardice; there are men whose very appearance dispels all suspicion of this kind; yet an accidental circumstance caused a slight alteration in our opinion.

One day about ten of our officers dined with Silvio. We drank as usual, that is, very freely. After dinner we begged of our host to *set up a bank*: he resisted for a long time, for he scarcely ever played; at last he ordered cards to be brought, threw on the table some fifty ducats, and sat down to deal; we surrounded him, and the game began.

Silvio was in the habit of being perfectly silent when engaged in play; he never disputed, and never explained. In cases where the *pointeur* made a mistake he would immediately pay out from the bank or write up the score. *We* knew his system, and allowed him to manage in his own way. But there was among us an officer who had but lately joined the corps. Through inadvertence he made a mistake. Silvio took the chalk and balanced the account, as he was accustomed to do: the officer, believing him to be in the wrong, began to make some observations; but Silvio continued to deal the cards in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and erased that which he thought had been wrongly marked up. Silvio took the chalk and wrote it again; the officer, heated by the wine, the game, and the laughter of his companions, considered himself deeply offended, and seizing in his rage a brass candlestick from the table, hurled it at Silvio, who narrowly escaped being struck by it. We were all dismayed. Silvio rose, pale with rage, and with sparkling eyes said—"Sir, go away, and thank God that this has happened in *my* house!"

We feared the consequences, and considered our new companion a dead man. He left the house, saying that he was ready to answer for the offence in whatever manner would be most pleasing to the *banker*. The game continued a few minutes longer, but seeing that our host was not much inclined to go on, we desisted one after another, and dispersed to our lodgings, conversing about the next vacancy.

The next day, questions were put even in the riding-school as to the fate of the young officer, when he suddenly appeared himself among us. He said that he had not as yet received any message from Silvio. This struck us as somewhat curious: we went to Silvio, and found him, as usual, in the yard, driving ball after ball into a target, which he had stuck up on the gate: he received us as usual, without even alluding to the circumstance of the preceding evening. Three days passed over, and the ensign was still alive: we asked with wonder, Is it possible that Silvio will not fight?—Silvio did not fight: he was satisfied with a very slight apology, and they became good friends.

(1) The following Tale affords a good picture of Russian manners, and is founded on fact.

This incident for a time injured him a good deal in our opinion : want of courage is less than all forgiven by the young, who generally see in courage the highest of human qualities, and the excuse for all possible vices. However, by degrees, the affair was forgotten, and Silvio regained his former influence.

I alone could not approach him as before. Being naturally of a warm and romantic temperament, I of all my companions had been especially attached to the man whose life was an enigma, and whom I fancied the hero of some mysterious tale. He was partial to me ; at least I was the only one with whom he would lay aside his cutting observations, and speak on all sorts of subjects with simplicity and amenity. But after that unfortunate evening, the thought that his honour had been stained, and not repaired by his own will, haunted me, and prevented my associating with him on the same footing as formerly. I did not like to look at him. Silvio was too shrewd and too experienced not to perceive this change in my behaviour, and to discover its reason : it seemed to vex him ; at least I found him on more than one occasion inclined to give me an explanation ; but I avoided the opportunity, and Silvio withdrew from me. From this time, I met him only in the rooms of my companions, and our former close intimacy was at an end.

The dissipated inhabitants of a capital have no idea of the many impressions which are so well known to the inhabitants of villages and country towns : such, for example, as the expectation of the post-day. On the Tuesdays and Fridays our army-office was full of officers ; some expected money, others letters, and others again newspapers. The parcels were generally opened on the spot, the news communicated, and the office displayed a lively picture. Silvio used to receive his letters directed to our regiment, and was generally present on these occasions. One day they gave him a parcel, the seal of which he broke with signs of the greatest impatience, and while he was reading his eyes sparkled. The officers, engaged in reading their own letters, did not remark this.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate absence ; I leave to-night—I hope you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I expect you also," he continued, addressing himself to me, "I expect you." With this he left us in haste, and we, after agreeing to meet at Silvio's, went our way.

I went to Silvio's at the appointed hour, and found almost the whole regiment there. All his luggage, goods, &c. were packed up, and nothing remained but the naked ball-struck walls. We sat down to dinner ; our host was in excellent spirits, and soon the gaiety became general ; the corks were flying every minute, the glasses foamed, and we wished, with all possible sincerity, a good journey to our traveller. We rose at a late hour in the evening ; as we were looking for our caps Silvio bade good-bye to each person singly ; he seized me by the hand, and stopped me the moment I was preparing to go.

"I must speak with you," he said in an under tone.

I remained ; the guests were gone ; we continued alone ; sat opposite each other, and lighted our pipes in silence. Silvio was thoughtful ; there appeared no traces of his late convulsive joy ; his gloomy paleness, his burning eyes, and the thick smoke which issued from his mouth, gave him the appearance of a genuine dæmon. After some minutes Silvio broke the silence.

"Perhaps we may never meet again," said he. "I wished to have an explanation with you before our separation. You may have remarked that I set but little value upon the opinion of others ; but I like you, and I feel that it would be painful to me if I left on your mind a false impression."

He stopped, and began to fill his pipe again, which he had just finished ; I was silent and looked down.

"You thought it strange that I did not demand satisfaction from that drunken fool R—. You will allow that, having the choice of arms, his life was in my hands, and mine almost without danger ; I could in this case refer my moderation to my generosity alone ; but I will tell no untruth. If I could have punished R—, without risking my own life, I never would have forgiven him."

I looked at Silvio with astonishment ; such acknowledgment served only to confuse me the more. —Silvio continued.

"So it is. I have no right to expose myself to death. Six years ago a man gave me a blow in the face, and he still lives."

My curiosity was greatly excited. "You did not fight with him ?" I asked ; "circumstances must have separated you !"

"I fought with him," answered Silvio, "and here is a memorial of our duel."

Silvio rose and took out of a band-box a red cap with golden tassel and riband (one of those which the French call *bonnets de police*) ; he put it on ; it was pierced by a ball just above the forehead.

"You know," continued he, "that I served in the — regiment of hussars. You know my character ; I am accustomed to *dommier*, and it was my passion from my earliest youth. In our time extravagance was the fashion. I was the first spendthrift in the army. We used to boast of drunkenness : I outdrank the celebrated B—, immortalized by D. D. Duels occurred every day in our regiment ; at almost every one I was either second or principal. My companions worshipped me, and the commanding officers, who were often changed, looked upon me as a necessary evil.

"I enjoyed my glory peacefully, or rather without peace, when a young man of a rich and noble family joined our corps ;—I shall not name him. Never have I met a man so brilliant in his fortunes ! Imagine youth, mind, beauty, the maddest gaiety, the most careless courage, a sounding name, money without end, and you will easily conceive the effect which he produced among us. My priority was on the wane. Dazzled by my renown, he was on the point of seeking my friendship, but I received him coldly, and he left me without regret. I began to hate him ; his

successes in the army and among the ladies actually drove me to despair. I began to pick quarrels with him, but to my epigrams he answered with epigrams, which were always thought better and sharper than mine, and which certainly were livelier; he jested, while I railed. At last, one night, at a ball which was given by a Polish proprietor, and where I found he was an object of peculiar interest to the ladies, and more especially to the lady of the house, with whom I had been intimate, I whispered to him a word of gross insult. Carried away by the feeling of the moment, he gave me a blow on the face. We flew to our swords; the ladies fainted; we were taken away, and went to fight the same night.

"The day was beginning to dawn. I stood on the appointed spot with my three seconds. I awaited my adversary with a peculiar impatience. The autumnal sun arose, and the heat began to diffuse itself around. I saw him from afar. He walked leisurely, carrying his uniform on his sword, and accompanied by one second only. We went to meet him. He approached, holding in his hand his cap full of cherries. The second measured out twelve paces; I had the first shot, but the excitement of malice was so great in me that I did not trust my hand, and, to have time to cool, I offered it to him. My adversary would not agree to this. We resolved to draw lots; he was the constant favourite of Fortune: he obtained the first shot, and aimed and shot through my cap. Now it was my turn: at last I had his life in my hands; I gazed at him with eagerness, seeking to find even a shade of emotion. He stood before the pistol, picking the ripe cherries from his cap, and spitting out the stones. His indifference maddened me. 'What is the use,' thought I, 'of depriving him of his life, since he values it so little?' A devilish thought shot through my mind. I dropped the pistol.

"'You, it seems,' said I, 'do not care to die now, as you are busy eating your breakfast; I will not interrupt you.'

"'No interruption whatever, I can assure you,' was his reply. 'Pray fire. Do as you please, however; you may reserve your fire; I am always at your service.'

"I turned round to the seconds and told them I did not wish to have my fire that day; and thus the duel ended for the time.

"I left the regiment, and retired to this village. From that time I have not passed a single day without thinking on revenge. To-day the hour has struck."

Silvio pulled from his pocket a letter, which he had received in the morning, and handed it over to me.

Somebody (it would seem, his *factotum*) wrote to him, from Moscow, stating that a *certain person* was soon to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You guess," said Silvio, "who the *certain person* is. I go to Moscow. We shall see whether he will confront death with as much indifference before his marriage as he did at one time while eating cherries!"

With these words, Silvio arose, threw his cap on the floor, and began to stride to and fro in the room,

like a tiger in his rage. I listened without moving. I was overwhelmed by strange conflicting emotions. The servant came in and announced that the horses were ready: Silvio pressed my hand with great warmth; we embraced each other. He sat down in the *telayga*, where there were only two trunks; the one with pistols, the other with victuals. He took leave once more, and the horses galloped away.

Some years had passed away, and domestic affairs had obliged me to settle in the poor village of A—, in the N— province. In the midst of my rural occupations, I could not help sighing now and then at the recollection of my former life, noisy as it was free from care. I found it most difficult to accustom myself to pass my autumn and winter evenings in perfect solitude. I could somehow or other contrive to draw out the hours until dinner time; either by talking to the "Starost," surveying the works, or visiting the new institutions: but as soon as it grew dark, I was quite at a loss to know what to do with myself. The small number of books which I had found under the chest of drawers, and in the lumber-room, I already knew by heart. All the fairy and other tales the housekeeper, Kisilowna, could possibly remember, or invent—why, I had heard them over and over again; the songs of the village women made me melancholy. At one time I took to the *Nalioka*; but it made my head ache, and, to tell the truth, I feared lest I should become a *drunkard from woe*—that is, a most woeful drunkard; of which there were several instances in my district. There were no near neighbours about me, except two or three *woeful* ones, whose conversation consisted for the most part in hiccoughs and aspirations. Solitude was certainly less intolerable. At length I determined to go to bed as early as possible, and to dine as late as possible; thus I shortened the evening and lengthened the day, and I found this a good plan.

At four "versts" distance from me, there was a rich estate, belonging to the Countess of B—; nobody lived on it but the steward. The Countess had herself only once visited it for the short space of a month in the first year of her marriage. However, in the second spring of my hermit life, the rumour spread that the Countess and her husband would pass the summer in her village. Indeed, they arrived in the beginning of June.

The arrival of a rich neighbour is an important epoch in the life of villagers. The proprietors and their servants speak of it two months beforehand, and three years afterwards. As to me, I confess, the news of the arrival of a young and beautiful neighbour had considerable effect upon me. I burned with impatience to see her, and therefore, the very first Sunday after her arrival, I went in the afternoon to the village of A—, to offer my respects to their Excellencies, as their nearest neighbour and most humble servant.

The servant took me into the Count's study, and went to announce me. The vast apartment was furnished with the greatest possible luxury; around the walls there stood book-shelves, surmounted by

bronze busts; over the mantelpiece there was a large looking-glass; the floor was covered with green cloth, and carpets thrown over it. In my obscure corner I had become a stranger to luxury; and not having any of the riches of other people, I felt uncomfortable, and awaited the Count with a certain degree of fear, something like a petitioner from the country who awaits the appearance of a minister. The doors were opened, and a distinguished-looking man, of about thirty-two years of age, came into the room. The Count approached me with an open and benevolent countenance. I summoned up sufficient courage to begin an apology, but he did not allow me to complete the sentence. We sat down: his conversation, free and pleasant, soon dispersed the unusual modesty I had acquired in the wilderness. I already began to feel myself at home, when suddenly the Countess came in, and I was more confused than before. Truly she was most beautiful. The Count introduced me to her; I wished to appear at ease, but the more I tried to put on a graceful mien, the more I felt *gauche* and ridiculous. In order to give me time to collect my senses, and to get accustomed to my new acquaintances, they spoke for some minutes to each other, treating me, as they would a good neighbour, without ceremony. Meantime, I began to walk up and down, looking at the books and pictures. I am no connoisseur of paintings, but there was one which strongly attracted my attention. It was some view in Switzerland; however, it was not the painting of the picture which struck me, but the fact that it was pierced by two balls, one struck upon the other.

"That's a good shot," said I, addressing the Count.

"Yes," said he, "a very remarkable shot: do you shoot well?" he continued.

"So-so," I replied, glad that the conversation had at last turned on a subject in which I felt some interest; "I should not miss a card at thirty paces—of course, with tried pistols."

"No!" said the Countess, with an air of great attention. "And you, my friend, would you hit a card at thirty paces distance?"

"Some day we will try our skill," said the Count. "At one time I was no bad shot, but now it is full four years since I touched a pistol."

"Oh," I remarked, "in that case I lay a wager that your Excellency will not hit a card even at twenty paces,—the pistol requires daily practice. I know this by experience; in our regiment I was considered one of the best shots. Once it happened that I did not touch a pistol for a whole month; mine were at the maker's to be repaired. Well, what would you think? The first time I began to shoot afterwards, I missed four times running a bottle placed at twenty-five paces from me. We had a major who was a wit; he happened to be present, and he said, 'Well now, my good fellow, it seems that you cannot lift up your hand against the bottle.' Now, your Excellency, you must not neglect this exercise, or you will forget the art altogether. The

best shot I ever met used to practise every day; at least, he used to shoot three times before dinner. This was as much a custom with him as a glass of brandy." The Count and the Countess were glad that I began to talk.

"And how did he shoot?" asked the Count.

"Why, in this manner, your Excellency: sometimes he would see a fly sitting on the wall,—you laugh, Countess; I assure you it is true. Well, he would see the fly, and call out 'Kuzka, a pistol;' and Kuzka would bring him a loaded pistol: he would pull the trigger, and the fly would be struck into the wall!"

"That is wonderful!" said the Count. "And what was his name?"

"Silvio, your Excellency."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the Count, rising from his seat. "You knew Silvio?"

"To be sure I knew him. He and I were friends. He was received in our regiment as a brother-officer. But now it is more than five years since we heard of him. So it seems your Excellency knew him also?"

"I knew him well. Did he never tell you of a very strange occurrence?"

"Was it not of a blow on the face which he received at a ball from some ill-mannered boor?"

"Ay! But did he tell you the name of that ill-mannered boor?"

"No! your Excellency, he did not," said I, guessing how matters stood. "Pray excuse—I did not know—Can it be you?"

"It was I," said the Count, with a troubled air; "and the pierced picture is a memorial of our last meeting."

"Ah! *mon cher*," said the Countess, "pray do not tell. It will be terrible for me to listen."

"No!" replied the Count. "I shall relate the whole history. He knows how I insulted his friend. Let him know, also, Silvio's revenge."

The Count offered me an easy chair, and with the greatest curiosity I listened to the following tale:—

"Five years ago I married. The first month, the honeymoon, I passed here, in this village. To this house I am indebted for the best minutes of my life, and for one of the most painful recollections. One evening, we rode out on horseback. My wife's horse got uneasy. She was frightened, gave me the reins, and went home on foot. In the court-yard I found a travelling *telayga*. I was told that in my study there was a person who declined giving his name, but who had simply said that he had some business with me. I entered this room, and saw, in the dusk, a bearded man, covered with dust. He stood near the fire-place. I approached him, endeavouring to recollect his features. 'You do not recognise me, Count?' he said, with a trembling voice. 'Silvio!' I exclaimed; and, I confess, I felt as if my hair really stood on end. 'You are right,' he continued. 'It is my turn to shoot now. I came to discharge my pistol. Are you ready?' A pistol was sticking out of his side pocket. I measured twelve paces, and

placed myself in the corner, begging him to shoot quickly, before my wife's return. He delayed. He wanted light. They brought the candles. I shut the door, ordered that no one should be allowed to enter, and again begged he would shoot. He pulled out the pistol, and aimed. I counted the seconds—I thought of her—a terrible minute elapsed—Silvio lowered his hand. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'that the pistol is not loaded with cherrystones—a ball is a heavy thing. I cannot help thinking that this is not a duel, but murder. I am not accustomed to take aim at an unarmed adversary. Let us begin anew. Let us draw lots who is to shoot first.' My head went round. Methought I would not agree. At last, we loaded another pistol, and numbered two cards. He put them into the cap which I had shot through. I again drew out the first number. 'You are devilish lucky, Count,' said he, with a smile I shall never forget. I do not understand what was the matter with me, or by what means he could oblige me to do it—but—I shot—and hit that picture."

The Count pointed with his finger to the pierced picture. His face was red, the Countess paler than her handkerchief. I could not check an exclamation.

"I shot," continued the Count, "and, thank God, missed; then Silvio—that moment he was really fearful—began to aim at me. Suddenly, the door flew open. Mary rushed in, and threw her arms round my neck. Her presence restored me to my senses. 'My poor girl, do you not see we play? How frightened you are! Go! drink a glass of water, and come back. I will introduce you to an old friend and companion.' Mary still doubted. 'Say, does my husband speak the truth?' she said, turning to the formidable Silvio. 'Is it true that you are only playing?' 'He is always playing, Countess,' answered Silvio. 'Once he gave me a blow on the face. It was in fun that he pierced my cap with a ball. It was in joke that even this minute he missed me; and now I really think that it is my time to have a bit of fun.' With this he was going to aim at me, in her presence. Mary threw herself at his feet. 'Rise, Mary—shame!' I exclaimed, in a rage. 'And you, sir, will you desist tampering with a woman? Will you shoot or not?' 'I will not,' answered Silvio. 'I am satisfied. I have seen your confusion, your fear. I have obliged you to shoot at me. That is quite enough for me. I deliver you up to your own conscience.' He was on the point of going; but he stopped at the door, looked round for the picture I had hit, fired almost without taking aim, and disappeared. My wife had fainted; the servants did not dare to stop him. He went out to the entrance-gate, called his *yamscheik*, and was away before I could recover my senses."

The Count stopped. In this manner I learnt the end of the tale, the beginning of which had at one time so powerfully interested me. I never met our hero again. They say that during the rebellion of Ypsilanti, Silvio was at the head of a body of troops, and that he was killed at the battle of Skulyari.

LITERARY IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES, &c.

"ONE of the most elegant of literary recreations," says D'Israeli, "is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities. . . . There are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation in the thousand shapes it assumes; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals, or modifies, an original thought or image, and to view the same sentiment or expression, borrowed with art, or heightened by embellishment."¹

Writing on the same subject, the same author, after observing that "resemblance, or coincidence, or similarity, may often occur, even peculiar expressions may catch the eye, when no real imitation exists," beautifully adds, (I know not whether the passage exists in print,) "However, at all events, the labour will always please which puts in juxtaposition the same thought or expression. One delights to discover the fine variations of congenial minds, as one does the melting hues of the rainbow; they show the secrets of genius, and serve as the exercises of taste."

Sheltered by so high an authority, I am "free to confess,"—not indeed that I am "a man of letters," which were a somewhat presumptuous style of confession, but—that I "have been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation." Widely, indeed, do I differ from the great literary veteran whose words I have borrowed, as to the quantity of materials on which I have exercised myself, and the skill and judgment wherewith I have worked them up; but I can at least most truly profess, like him, that such notices as I may set forth in print from my little collection of "Literary Imitations and Similarities, &c." "are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers." I have no ambition for the office of a mere policeman on Parnassus, peeping after stray goods, and apprehending suspicious characters. I trust, therefore, that I am not likely to be counted as one of those of whom Coleridge asserts, that "verily, there be amongst us a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."²

I will not dilate into an Essay what is simply meant as a brief Introduction, which may give

(1) Poetical Imitations and Similarities: Curiosities of Literature, p. 205. Eleventh edition.

(2) Quoted from Note in Vol. II. of Tales, by Lord Byron. Murray, 1837.

the reader some notice of what he is to expect in the miscellaneous scraps that follow, and some intimation of the spirit in which I have made and in which I would wish him to read my collections.

I.

"As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire :
So was she soon *exhaled*, and vanish'd hence,
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died ;
For but a *now* did heaven and earth divide."

DRYDEN. *Eleonora*.

Dryden was so fond of this quaint distinction between "dying" and being "exhaled," &c. that he has introduced it in connexion with another simile :—

"Thus then he disappear'd, was rarified ;
For 'tis improper speech to say he died :
He was *exhaled* ; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew."

On the Death of a very young Gentleman.

This latter passage seems to have furnished Young with his conceit—(full is he of conceits, though generally far from "miserable conceits")—respecting Narcissa :—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was *exhaled*, and went to heaven."

Night Thoughts, b. v.

Had Wordsworth in view the labours of his poetic predecessors when writing the charming lines to H. C. ? If he had, they "come mended from his" pen :—

"What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of the morrow ?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth ;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives ;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life."

To H. C. six years old, 1802.

It were, perhaps, too ludicrous to inquire whether the idea of "exhalation" is derived from ancient Pistol's rant—

"The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore *exhale*."—*K. Hen. V.* Act. ii. sc. 1.

On which I have read the following comment : "*Exhale*, perhaps, here signifies *draw*, or, in Pistol's language, *hale* or *lug out* ; but more probably it means, therefore *breathe your last*, or *die* ; a threat common enough among dramatic heroes of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastic language peculiar to his character." It may be added that Scott, in the last chapter of "*Kenilworth*," makes Varney

(1) Compare Dickens : "In shady spots the morning dew sparkled on each young leaf and blade of grass ; and where the sun was shining, some diamond drops yet glistened brightly, as in unwillingness to leave so fair a world, and have such brief existence."—*Barnaby Rudge*, chap. xxix.

sneeringly report the death of Alasco with the phrase, "Our friend has *exhaled*."

And, once again, let me add an example of the word under notice, (which I chanced to observe after arranging the preceding quotations,) from Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," (1651,) "How we were affected here in England for our Titus, 'deliciæ humani generis,' Prince Henrie's immature death, as if all our dearest friends lives had *exhaled* with his !"—p. 237, 16th ed.

II.

"To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine."—*K. Hen. VIII.* Act i. sc. 1.

"What a rich mine of jewels above ground, all so brave, so costly !"—[at a court masque.]—*Fuller* ; *Holy State*. IV. 13.

"The whole a labour'd quarry above ground."

POPE, *Moral Essays*. Ep. iv.

The resemblance (imitation or not) between Shakspeare and Fuller is obvious. Had Pope in view Fuller's addition, "above ground," when he converted a kindred image to the purposes of satire ?

III.

"That strain again !—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 1.

Contrast—

"These words, like south winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence."

MOORE, *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

IV.

"The accusing spirit who flew up to Heaven's Chancery with Uncle Toby's oath," &c. is a serio-ludicrous bit of Sterne, well known to most readers who have read even a book of elegant extracts. A kindred image to that of "Heaven's Chancery" seems yet more quaint in the devotional poetry of the saintly Herbert :—

"How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines ; till in *Heaven's Court of Rolls*
They were by winged souls
Enter'd for both, far above their desert !"—*Obedience*.

And in the "*Meditations and Vowes*" of Jos. Hall (1621), "I acknowledge no *Master of Requests in Heaven*, but one ; Christ my Mediator." And Cowley, as he often does, runs into perfect burlesque when he says that

"Bacon, at last, a mighty man, arose,
(Whom a wise king, and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws)
And boldly undertook the injured pupil's¹ cause."
To the Royal Society.

(1) The "old minor . . . captived philosophy."

V.

Ἴδοὺ, σιωπῶν Ἀισχραλὸς ὁ πατήρ.
 "Behold, this boy silently supplicates thee, O Father!"
 EURIPIDES, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, 1140.

"Speak thou, boy,
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons."—*Coriolanus*, Act v. sc. 3.

VI.

"Second Citizen. Consider you what services he has done for his country?"

"First Citizen. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for it, but that he pays himself with being proud."—*Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 1.

... "There are many good things which are wholly spoiled if they do but touch the tongue; . . . the doing favour, and acts of kindness. If you speak of them, you pay yourself, and lose your kindness."—JER. TAYLOR, *Serm. on the Good and Evil Tongue*.

"To John I owed great obligation;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To nation it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit."—PRIOR.

"Fame * * * * *
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free."
 YOUNG, *Satire IV*.

A kindred subject is amusingly illustrated in the following passages:—

"It was an ill sign when he (Jehu) said to Jonabad, 'Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord.' Bad inviting guests to feed their eyes on our goodness. But hypocrites rather than they will lose a drop of praise will lick it up with their own tongue."—FELLER, *Holy and Profane State*, V. 9.

"Still the compliment had not sauce enough for the lady's sated palate; so, like a true glutton of praise, she began to help herself with the soup ladle."—SCOTT, *St. Ronan's Well*.

Another variation by Scott, on the same theme, runs thus:—

"I think I make no habit of feeding on praise and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow who, after eating a cherry tart, proceeded to lick the plate"—*Duery*, 1826

VII.

"We see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell for ever in ignorance, and converse with beasts; and yet, if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities."—JER. TAYLOR, *Holy Dying*, iii. 6.

Compare this poetry, for splendid poetry it is, with the (intentionally or not) similar passage in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul."

VIII.

"These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
 Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite."

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 6.

"Joy has her tears, and Transport has her death."
 YOUNG, *Night VII*.

"All now was sober certainty; the joy
 That no strong passions swell till they destroy:
 For they, like wine, our pleasures raise so high,
 That they subdue our strength, and then they die."
 CRABBE, *Tales of the Hall. The Brothers*.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS.

S. M.

"In the shadow of the chancel wall,
 Just where, when Morn awakes,
 Gleams from the bright east window fall
 Like severed rainbow-flakes,
 A lonely grave it stands
 With the dry earth black and bare,
 It seems no loving hands
 Were ever busy there.

"Nun-lilies cloistered in their leaves,
 Violets like infants' eyes,
 Myrtles embalming summer eves,
 All these the unwilling earth receives
 And buries, ne'er to rise;
 For on that dreary bed
 Grows not a living thing,—
 There comes a breath from the unseen dead
 To blast them as they spring.

"Still and white is the spire aloft,
 Still and white as the dead man's face,
 And the quick clouds nod and whisper soft
 The secret of the place.
 The very Cross hath not
 Its wonted pitying air,
 Its gaunt arms wave me from the spot,
 They tell me of despair!

"We were in youth's first bloom,
 Two brothers, loving-hearted. —
 Oh! Memory, how thy faint perfume
 Breathes of the Morn departed!
 Like a calm river ran
 The course of his pure will,
 And from a child he grew a man,
 But kept his childhood still.

"But I was full of wayward fears
 And starts of angry feeling,
 Loving the bitterness of tears,
 Unconscious of their healing:
 Mistrusting love that never failed,
 For scorn mistaking sadness,
 His very peacefulness availed
 To lash me into madness!

"Yet could his love subdue
 The tumult into rest,—
 The music of his presence drew
 The demon from my breast;
 Till once,—the hour, the place,
 Abide with me for ever;
 Seals on the burning wax that trace
 An image, fading never!

" O softest twilight veil !
 O shadows dim and dreary !
 O stars, as tender and as pale
 As eyes with weeping weary !
 Ye were the witness of my crime,
 Ye spake my condemnation ;
 Nature's fresh chorus for all time
 Is made to me a funeral chime,
 A knell of desolation.

" I mocked him for his tears
 With cold and cruel wit ;
 His sweet ' Good night ' rings in mine ears,
 And I cannot answer it !
 I rose, in wrath, at morn,
 Still brooding, in my blindness,
 How to encounter scorn with scorn,
 And quell him by unkindness :
 These bitter things, and more,
 In my dark heart I said ;
 And they met me at my chamber door,
 And told me he was dead !

" I did not see him where he lay
 With his white lips apart,
 I could not look upon the clay,
 Though I could bruise the heart !
 I kissed him not in brother-guise,
 I did not stoop to see
 How the lids upon those childlike eyes
 Were settled heavily.

" But I heard them telling that his breath
 Passed like a babe's in sleeping,
 And yet that on his face in death
 There seemed a trace of weeping ;
 And I fled, like Cain who fled
 From vengeance unforgiving,
 There came no pardon from the dead,
 No comfort to the living !

" And I have watched his tomb
 Through many a mournful night,
 And watched my garland's waning bloom
 With the waxing of the light.
 Each living thing I touch must fade,
 The bare earth has not even a blade,
 I am accursed of Heaven !
 What do I see ? a bud,—a leaf,—
 A green shoot, dear as hope to grief,—
 O Christ ! am I forgiven ?"

A still pale form was found
 Upon that cold grave lying,
 His arms about the Cross were wound,
 And so he smiled in dying ;
 Beside him grew the symbol-flower,
 It sprang and blossomed in one hour,
 Out of the dry sod breaking.
 We raised his head in silent fear,
 For we knew the sleep was very near
 Which knows no earthly waking.

Somewhat he spake of childlike eyes
 That seemed to greet him from the skies,
 And of a bright, calm face,
 Then raised his arms like one who tries
 To answer an embrace,
 And died so softly, that we deemed
 'Twas but the quiet sleep it seemed.

THE SUMMER'S EVE.

Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
 Delighted—There, fast rooted in their bank,

Stand, never overlooked, our fav'rite clms,
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
 While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
 The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
 Displaying on its varied side the grace
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
 Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
 Just undulates upon the listening ear,
 Groves, hills, and smoking villages, remote.

The Task, Book i.

VISIT TO THE CENTRAL TELEGRAPHIC STATION.

WE have seldom experienced more gratification in a visit to a scientific exhibition than we have derived from the inspection of the new building and telegraphic arrangements of the Electric Telegraph Company. The Central Telegraph Station is in a position well known to those whose daily avocations lead them into the regions of wealth in the heart of the metropolis. It presents itself with a bold architectural front at the bottom of a *cul-de-sac*, known as Founder's Court, Lothbury ; but its position will be more readily recognised by our informing the reader that it is just at the back of the Bank of England, and is surrounded by all the private repositories of wealth with which that plot of ground is so thickly studded. From the fact that the court or alley at whose termination the Station stands is not more than twelve or thirteen feet in width, little room was left for architectural display. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the façade, though simple, has an imposing aspect, and the massive doorway, and handsome electric clock above, illuminated at night, are sufficiently striking objects to arrest attention, even in those domains where men rush along with an energy and speed themselves akin to the electrical. The pregnant words, "Central Telegraph Station," sculptured in bold letters above, inform us that here man's triumph over time and distance is practically demonstrated.

On entering, we found ourselves in a noble hall, whose elegant proportions and light effect are equalled by few public edifices of a similar kind. It is lit by a massive skylight roof, crossed by large beams transversely and longitudinally, so as to leave vacant spaces, which are glazed by large thick sheets of ground glass. The ornaments descend even to the minutest details ; rich flowers, pendants, spirals, and elegant mouldings, appear in their appropriate places, with a profuseness one is almost inclined to call extravagant, were it not that, remembering the diminished frontage, allowance is to be made for a highly embellished interior. At the east and western ends of this wall, a handsome screen divides the space devoted to general business, from the counters and Correspondence



The Summer's Eve.

ENGRAVED BY G. DALZIEL.

offices. Four Doric pillars supporting the gallery at each end form the lower division, and four Corinthian pillars the upper, of this screen. The counters to which the messages to be transmitted are brought, are beneath the gallery at each end. The counters on the west side are for correspondence with the northern and western districts; those on the east side with the eastern and southern districts. Immediately behind the counters are four large windows, on which the names of the districts corresponded with are painted in black letters, and arranged in alphabetical order, so that the applicant is at once directed by his eye to the proper place for despatching his message. Before leaving the hall and entering upon the scientific portion of our subject, we may stop to admire the general effect of the interior. The elegant rows of pillars and pilasters, painted so as narrowly to resemble porphyry in the lower story, and veined marble in the upper, are in glittering contrast with the very delicate green with which the walls are coloured. Two massively supported galleries run round the upper portion, on the lower of which a tasteful rail supports a number of gas-lights. The trusses supporting these galleries are richly ornamented, and give the idea of great solidity to the structure they uphold. On the ground-floor, immediately opposite the entrance, is a handsome apartment, not yet completed, called the "Subscribers' Room;" and on the wall is a colossal map of England, streaked in a perplexing manner with a large number of red lines, showing the present extent and ramification of the electric telegraph lines belonging to the Company. Two electric clocks, made by Mr. Bain, are placed on the wall opposite the entrance, the upper one being of very costly workmanship. The entire length of this noble structure is about seventy feet; its breadth about thirty-eight feet. The offices for carrying on the business of the Company, the electric correspondence, &c., are conveniently arranged at the eastern and western extremities, and consist of a series of capacious apartments admirably designed for carrying on a very large amount of business, and each having an electric clock, indicating London railway time, as is the case throughout the lines now.

Let us now descend into the vaults. As we went down, the hot air of the ventilating furnaces, the glare of the fires and gas-light, the bustle of workmen busy in completing the fitting-up of the lower offices, gave us a peculiar impression not easy to be conveyed in words. Passing several convenient but unimportant rooms, we were conducted into a small apartment containing the galvanic batteries for the service of the North-Western line. On each side of this room are four shelves, upon which the batteries are placed; of these there are four pairs on each shelf, so that when in full work

this room would contain sixty-four batteries of twenty-four pairs of plates each! The batteries are on the old and imperfect system, consisting of mahogany troughs lined with marine glue; the metals, copper and zinc plates, acted on by dilute sulphuric acid in sand. For equability or power they are not to be compared with some of the more recent improvements. We are persuaded that when the Company is in full operation, expedition will necessitate some better source of motive influence than these. The wires proceeding from these instruments run along the side of the wall to the end of the room, where they are collected and conveyed up to the conversing apparatus of the building. Each battery is lettered and numbered, and the wires also. In fact, were it not for some contrivance of the kind, the smallest derangement would stop the whole business of the building. From hence, after wondering at the rude and simple source of that swift and silent tongue, which, while we were examining the batteries, was delivering an express message at Birmingham, we were shown past two fiery furnaces into a larger vault. This apartment is fitted to contain a very large number of galvanic batteries. Shelf above shelf, battery after battery, stand there, each performing its part in this noble undertaking. Attendants are constantly engaged in supplying different parts of the apparatus with fresh acid, and in keeping all at the proper working intensity; earthen vessels, something like the old-fashioned china coffee-pots, being used for containing and supplying the acid and water. The batteries in this apartment are for the service of the apparatus speaking with all the other districts not supplied by the first. We have thus seen the electro-vocal organs of the metropolis by which she addresses her far-distant children in "merrie England," or her northern rivals, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

We were next ushered into a long vault lit by gas from the roof, along which tubes and pipes run in perplexing numbers to different parts of the building. A long, curious-looking oaken box, divided into three divisions, and connected with a square narrow trough, which we lost in the distance, was fixed on the wall. Just above the centre of it, an open pipe appears, from whence issues a stream of wires, which, flowing into the long box, divides into a multitude of single fibres, each connected with a brass peg at the upper part of the box. These are the nerves of thought; rather, we should say, for the transmission of thought, from, and conversely to, the cities and hamlets of Britain.

What a subject for admiration is this! What messages of life and death, of poverty and wealth, of health and disease, of success and ruin, of prosperous voyages and disastrous shipwrecks, fly along these wires! What messages of swift justice overtaking plunder and crime!

What whispers of suspicion—what news of gloom—what vast commercial intelligences, dart along them to their distant destination! And the wonder is, all this while the metal channels give no outward sign of their office. Surely, thought we, here is Fame's trumpet—an iron pipe full of galvanic wires! But to descend into detail.

This box is called the "test box." The row of brass pegs at the top are connected, as has been seen, with the country wires; the row at the bottom, with a corresponding number of wires called the "house wires," which run from the box along the trough before mentioned, and thence spread out to supply the different machines on each side of the building. The connexion between the upper pegs and the lower, that is, between the metropolis and the country, is by means of brass-loops, which go over one peg at the top and its fellow at the bottom; thus securing continuity of the current. A little incident which occurred during our presence in this apartment will indicate the utility of this apparatus. It had been signalled that a certain No. 11 wire was weak; this wire was laid down to a post in the Waterloo Road. Thither a man was despatched, to endeavour to get at it and put it in repair; meanwhile, a little instrument called the "detector" was attached to the No. 11 wire peg in the box. After some delay, the wire was discovered, and instantly the needle of the "detector" deflected; the defect was remedied, and all went on as before.

The wires from the termini of the several railways connected with this Company, being properly coated so as to secure their isolation, are conveyed along the streets in pipes underneath the pavement, the laying down of which must have been an enormous expense. Thus converging from all England, they enter a pipe which, running up the court, pierces the wall of the vault, and there pours forth its wonderful contents into the "test box," and from thence, by the connecting links, to the telegraphic apparatus. The large number of twenty-seven come from the North Western Railway alone, in consequence of the highly important districts with which it is in connexion; nine from the South Western; nine from the South Eastern; nine from the Eastern Counties; nine from the branch office in the Strand, and from Windsor; nine from the Admiralty; and nine are labelled in the test-box "Waste," intended to meet future demands, or casualties. Arrangements are not yet quite complete with a few of the railways, which still continue to reserve the use of their telegraphic lines to themselves; but, doubtless, these will shortly be effected, and thus every town of importance will have its own voice to the common ear of this great city.

Before quitting the vaults, we could not help smiling to ourselves as we noticed the familiar

manner in which the men employed by the Company both spoke of and dealt with the delicate and intricate duties committed to them. We have often been struck with the fact, that be the project ever so scientific, and let it demand from the meanest servant engaged in its execution ever so much intellect and tact, the mechanics and working-men of Great Britain will always readily supply the need out of their ranks. We confess that a jolly, good-humoured-looking fellow, who would from outward aspect have made a capital bricklayer or farmer's labourer, speaking of the electric "wires," of "lead-contact," and "earth-contact," of "indicators," and "deflections," afforded us as pleasant a subject for thought as we have had for many a day. And a great comfort it is to reflect, to those who can take comfort out of the advancing intelligence of their humbler countrymen, that it is neither manner nor outside which makes the Nineteenth Century Man.

Emerging at length, after this minute survey, from these heated and bustling regions, we shall now have the pleasure of conducting the reader with us consecutively through the remaining business in hand. We are once more in the spacious hall. A gentleman rushes in, post-haste, eagerly asks for the Birmingham counter, hastens there, and, seizing a pen, calls for the proper form for sending an important message instant to that town. He rapidly, and in a few words as possible, writes his message, when it appears in the following form:—

The Electric Telegraph Company. To BIRMINGHAM.
To the Clerk of the Central Station.

SIR,—Please send the following uninsured message upon the terms above expressed.—A. B.

Number —	Charges.
Subject —	Message . . . ———
	Answer . . . ———
	Portage . . . ———
	Cab-hire . . . ———

From	To	Total . . . £
Place.—London.	Birmingham.	———
Name.—"A. B."		
Address.—"D. C."		

The message.

"A clerk of Z. & Co., Bankers, has just been robbed of £5,000 in Bank notes. Suspicion falls upon a man dressed — named —, who has left Euston Square Station by express at 12 this day. Stop him at Birmingham."

Forthwith flies the paper into an office behind the counter, called the "translating office." As this message relates to a felony, it is left in its original language, put into a pigeon-hole by the translating clerk, who then touches an alarum ringing in a room above. Up goes the paper with a winch, and it has now reached the hands of the telegraphist. Leaving the gentleman to pace the hall in feverish expectation of the

answer, let us follow the paper upstairs. Long before we can arrive at the proper machine for Birmingham, the paper is there before us, and the telegraphist, sticking it on a couple of hooks at one side of the apparatus, was already actively employed in calling to his fellow at Birmingham to be on the alert for the message; then swiftly working the two handles to and fro, with a rapidity to us quite astonishing, while the vibrating needles quivered and danced in all possible ways, the important news flew down the wire until it was completely rendered. The Birmingham telegraphist, in order to ensure the correctness of the message, repeats it to his fellow in London. Then comes the answer—

“He shall be stopped.”

It is entered on a similar form to the foregoing, put into the box, wound down stairs, and handed to our anxious friend, who, after liquidating the charges, hastens away to his employers to devise means for recovering the stolen property. At the bottom of each form are the following words:—

Date.	{ Entered	} By me
	{ Commenced at	
	{ Finished at	

These particulars are all duly entered into books kept for the purpose, corresponding in fact to the day-book of a tradesman. Thus a constant register is kept of messages sent, and of the exact time consumed in transmitting them.

We have mentioned the words “translating office.” This is a department in which, for expedition's sake, the messages are converted into electric language, or in other words are put into the code of the Company. But commercial messages chiefly are those which are thus abbreviated, such as ship lists, share lists, prices current, prices of corn, &c. We asked one of the telegraphists at what rate per minute the words of a message were transmitted. He answered that he *had* signalled so many as ten words in a minute, but that the average was four or five. Of course, therefore, the speed with which a message is sent varies according to the quantity of words it contains; and we may add, the charges have the same variability. We were also informed that the average amount of work done by one machine connected with the North-Western lines equals 1,500 words in a day. Much, however, of this business is the “express” intelligence continually sent to and fro, for the supply of the “subscription rooms” of the Company.

By the kindness of the obliging superintendent we were allowed to put one or two of their machines to the test. We therefore wished for a little conversation with Southampton. It was

a bitterly cold morning in town, and we had had a slight fall of snow, so that our first question with our invisible correspondent was whether it was snowing at Southampton just then? Before we had time to think of the probable answer, the message was up, “No.” “Had any steamers left port this morning?” With the same celerity came back the instantaneous “No.” We then asked our Southampton friend *to ring the bell of the machine before our eyes?* The first reply was not so quick as usual. He was asked to do so again, and in *four seconds* the tinkle of the apparatus was heard! We had some curiosity to know the state of the weather also at Norwich, and proceeding to that machine we put the same question, and with equal speed received the same answer. We were surprised at the expertness of the telegraphists, many of whom were mere youths of fifteen or sixteen; and could not help wondering at the facility with which they read off the (to us unintelligible) quiverings of a couple of blue needles. The other night the case we have imagined above really took place; a message was sent from Manchester to the following effect. “A woman named — dressed — has left Manchester for London by the night train, having eloped with a man named — dressed — and they have with them certain chests (described) which are stolen. Stop them at the Euston Square Station.” A policeman was despatched to the station, and the unsuspecting pair were seized by the long and strong arms of the law. That such messages are far from uncommon, we ourselves were witness to, as we were permitted to read several which were in process of transmission, some of which were relative to commercial frauds of an extensive description. A curious illustration of the value of the invention occurred whilst we were in the building. An important trial was going on at Liverpool that day: its success actually depended upon some legal papers which were in London. A message had been sent the preceding day from Liverpool requesting that they should be immediately sent down. We presume they had not arrived, for whilst we were there, came up a hasty message from Liverpool, saying, “The papers have not arrived: what are we to do?” Other messages were, “Sell 100 Brightons at —.” “Send up pots as per order;” and many more which forcibly demonstrated the immense influence the telegraph is destined to exert upon the conditions of social and commercial transactions. We left this floor, wondering at an invention which in the course of a few seconds enabled us to converse with places so widely remote as Norwich and Southampton. Attendance is given during the night, as well as during the daytime, and intelligence is for ever flying to and from the great metropolis, indifferently by day and by night.

(1) The Electro-Magnetic Telegraphs are on Cooke and Wheatstone's principle.

It may be asked, But are all these advantages within reach of all classes? Are not the charges so exorbitant as to confine the benefits to a few? We believe the answer we have to record will at once gratify and surprise the reader. The printed charges are as follows:—For a message under twenty words—to Birmingham, 6s. 6d.; Southampton, 5s. 6d.; Liverpool, 8s. 6d.; Manchester, 8s. 6d.; Edinburgh, 13s.; Glasgow, 14s. We are justified in stating that these prices, always remembering the costly corps of clerks, the original outlay, wear and tear, &c., are really very moderate. Would the dutiful son send a message of love to a sick parent, or an absent husband to an anxious wife, surely five, six, or seven shillings is a sum that would be cheerfully given for the relief of such a message. And we cannot help feeling gratified that when, from the exclusive nature of their means of intelligence, it would have been easy to have asked and obtained a very large sum for the use of it, the truer and more honourable policy of moderation has been observed. The number of towns to which the wires of the Company have access is at present about sixty. The extent of wires in miles, 2,500. The number of telegraphists in the metropolitan station, fifty-seven; and the number of men actually employed by the Company, upwards of one thousand.

The arrangement of the machines on the first and second floor is precisely similar. The sides of the building devoted to this purpose are divided into three or four compartments, where the desks for entering the messages are placed in the recesses, while the half-partitions contain the square tubes up and down which the papers are conveyed. Close by each partition is the apparatus, placed on a table at a convenient height for the signal-clerks to operate on them. The wires enter each story by one or two tubes which proceed up to the ceiling, and there give exit to a large number of wires which run along the ceiling, and at each partition descend to supply the machines. Just before entering the instrument, each wire is properly numbered, the numbers corresponding to those in the "test-box" before seen. We were delighted with the beautiful order thus necessitated; truly here there is "a place for everything and every thing is

in its place." We believe the whole of these arrangements are those of Mr. Holmes, the talented head of the office; and if we may look on them as expositions of his mind, we think it safe to affirm that ingenuity and method of no common character are its principal traits. The solid oak and mahogany fittings of these rooms convey an impressive idea of the unsparing liberality which has attended the construction of the entire building. This may be looked upon as the result of a well-founded conviction, that a work of long-lasting utility is here to be carried on.

At the top of the building is carried on a process of communicating intelligence in a wholesale manner, second only in ingenuity to the telegraphic apparatus itself: this is the *electrical printing machine* invented by the ingenious Mr. Bain. We were first shown a number of upright posts, on the top of which was placed a little punch acting with a spring. Paper cut into slips of a certain size is passed under these punches, and is thereby cut into holes and spaces apparently in the most confused manner. This paper is then rolled round a cylinder of metal, which is placed in electrical connexion with another cylinder at Birmingham or elsewhere. A little spring presses the perforated paper on the first cylinder, and it is made to revolve; as often as the spring touches the cylinder through the little holes, electric contact is made with the Birmingham cylinder, which is again broken by the unperforated portion of the paper; and so on alternately contact is made and broken, the electric current is sent or stayed, to perform its recording duties at Birmingham. At the latter place is a similar mechanical arrangement, only that on the cylinder a strip of paper is placed, which has been previously dipped in a solution of prussiate of potash and sulphuric acid. Now the consequence of the successive arrival and intermission of the electrical currents is, that dark green dots, spaces, or lines are marked on the paper, corresponding to the strokes of electricity received by it. We had the gratification of examining one of these printed slips, and the following was its appearance as it issued from the electric press:—

He must be a magician indeed, thought we, who can make head or tail of this "proof." However, like all other difficult enigmas, it has an easy solution. These dots and dashes represent letters, each letter having a certain number or combination of them to represent it. The celebrity with which this printing by electricity is

carried on, only finds a parallel in the facility with which it is perused by the learned in this language. It is stated that one thousand letters a minute are readily printed at stations hundreds of miles apart. Thus important intelligence,—a queen's speech for example,—as soon as ever the type is cut, can be printed with unexampled

swiftness at Edinburgh, Glasgow, or any equally remote station. We may well ask, Can the "force of human invention further go?" We were much amused with the tiny fount, so to call it, and lilliputian reading-desk of our electric compositors. We could have covered the whole machine for type-cutting with our hat!

The whole building is abundantly supplied with gas-light, much of which, in consequence of deficient opportunities for natural light, is burning all day long. It becomes, therefore, very necessary to carry off the foul air thus generated, which is done by the use of the ingenious and elegant lamps invented by Faraday. With one or two exceptions, the invention appears to succeed to perfection; but the present unfinished state of the building explains the causes of the exceptions. The structure is warmed by hot air; but in this particular there is room for improvement. At the top, on a level with the roof, the architect has found space for a series of rooms devoted to the engineer and superintendent's private uses. The architect was Mr. Hunt.

We have a word or two of remark to make upon the manner in which the business is to be conducted, before we conclude. The room called the "Subscribers' Room" is intended for the use of subscribers to the amount of two guineas per annum. Each day, expresses from different towns will show the state of the markets, or will communicate any news of importance to the gentlemen subscribing. There is also the proposed advantage of the use of a code of private signals, by means of which they can communicate with their correspondents in language intelligible only to themselves. We venture to prophesy a tremendous list of subscriptions among our city friends. We may here also mention that the Admiralty has now an uninterrupted communication between their department in Whitehall and the dockyards at Portsmouth. It is said that 1200*l.* a-year is the sum paid for this valuable convenience. We presume it is generally known that the Post Office adopts a plan of insurance upon certain valuable letters. We were at first in some surprise at the expressions "Insured," and "Uninsured" messages by the electric telegraph. It was thus explained; that in consequence of the repeated transmission of commercial messages, in which mistakes would be of the most serious consequence—as for example, if the message ran "Sell one *hundred* railway shares at —" and it was sent "Sell one *thousand*," &c.—it became expedient to charge a small per-centage, by which the Company would make themselves responsible for any mistakes up to 1000*l.* The insurance only amounts to 2*s.* 6*d.* per cent., and remains at the same sum per cent. for any amount above that sum. When an ordinary message of any consequence is sent, it is always advisable to have

it repeated, by its being sent back from the station at which it is to be received. This security may be had upon payment of half the charge for the transmission. Of course there can be no insurance against delay from accidental derangements of the telegraphic apparatus; but these must always be very rare occurrences, as a number of spare wires have been laid down to meet such contingencies. The arrangements for the full performance of *public* business are not yet quite completed, as the building has only been open since the beginning of January.

We felt on leaving, that we were quitting the future Post Office of the metropolis; and the splendid building in St. Martin's le Grand had no more charms for us, after its smaller but most formidable competitor in Lothbury. We had seen the giant of our age. Heartily do we congratulate Science on her bloodless victories, on her glorious triumphs over ignorance, apathy, superstition, distance, and time! Heartily do we praise Him from whom every good and perfect gift for the amelioration of the condition of mankind proceeds. And very heartily do we pray that the time be not far distant when all the earth shall be pervaded by these wonderful, civilizing instruments. R. E.

THE TWO TEMPERS.

BY F. B.

I. THE TEMPER OF THE LEARNER.

Now truly may we deem that the latter days are upon us, and that the prophet voice hath spoken not in vain; the voice that told long ago, how, "in the time of the end, many should run to and fro, and knowledge be increased." There is a sound among us, as of men struggling in a contest; not, as of old time, for the garland of the conqueror, and the wreathed flowers, that should fade away and perish ere the applause of the multitude was well hushed; not for the richer reward of bright smiles when beauty bestowed the wreath,—smiles that should longer endure than it; beauty that enhanced its charms, and clothed it with new loveliness, but smiles and beauty that should perish, not indeed so speedily, but yet as surely. Not for them is the contest now. There are other influences at work among us: new motives inciting us to action, a fresh field for striving in, a nobler prize; and they who seek it, all who are worthy of the name of man. The applause of the multitude is as dear as ever, is sought for as eagerly; but yet we want a something that looketh deeper than this. Of yore the contest was a bodily one with some bright exceptions; now it is one of the soul, and of the intellect. Mind is ranged against mind; matter has taken a subordinate place, and does but lend to reason the arms which the understanding may take out, and sharpen, and wield as occasion serves. And the scene of contest is the wide world, and the prize is truth. And ever are we gaining it step by step, and breaking the meshes of the net that sophistry and false opinion would cast around us, and scattering the darkness and the mists of error; yet shall we not attain to its full perception, till the time of our contest

be at an end ; and that time shall not be while man is bound in by the limits of his earthly existence ; the limits that too often check his vision and pervert it, so that he is drawn off from the true, and the beautiful, till he leave the path, and miss the goal. But yet that time shall come, even though it tarry long : and doubt shall be swallowed up in certainty and full knowledge, and out of the struggle shall come the victory, and after the weariness repose ; not the repose of inactivity, but the rest of contemplation, when to contemplate teacheth to adore, and adoration becometh one with love. Then shall we see fully, and know "the glory and the dream" that hovered about us in life ; once traced indistinctly, and longed for, but known at last and understood.

Full knowledge we cannot reach, till Time be lost in Eternity, but to some measure we may yet attain, and after that we are bound to seek. With untiring patience must we seek it, and follow after it with a faith that never fails ; hoping where there is doubt upon our path, believing where there is mystery, but ever trusting that we shall attain at last to a reward of all our toil, a revelation of all we longed for. It is the gift of God, but He giveth it not till man has proved himself worthy of it, and wishful. Once indeed it was given unto us to know ; but man rested not content, and by his own act brought a curse upon himself, and doubtfulness of heart. All that was good was his, but his spirit grasped after more. To know the good satisfied him not, he would know the evil also, and ate of the forbidden tree ; and the knowledge of evil came upon him as a plague spot to mar all his works, and he saw it, and died. And now its power worketh in man, and clouds his soul's vision, till he leaves the pursuit of the true knowledge, and unwittingly, but not the less guiltily, seeks after the false ; or when he is following after the true, it perverts his heart, till he uses the true not rightly, and so is guilty of a still greater fault. He follows after it too hastily, and runneth on, and mistakes the goal ; or he loses sight of it in some turn of his path, and stops short in doubt and fear, and forgetteth to cherish faith.

Faith realizes to us the existence of knowledge ; in faith we go upon our course till the knowledge itself becomes a matter of experience. "In actual life every great enterprise begins with and takes its first step in faith. In faith, Columbus, compass in hand, and firmly relying on its revelations, traversed in his frail bark the wide waters of an unknown ocean. In this faith he discovered a new world, and thereby opened a new era in the history of science, and of man. For all his inquiries, all his thirst and search after information did not as yet amount to a complete knowing ; by such means he could not succeed in working out a full conviction, either for himself or for others. It was the given fact, the unquestionable proof of actual experience, that first exalted his bold conception into true and perfect certainty. In a greater or less degree this is the course by which all the great discoveries in science have been made ; passing by a slow, but ever advancing process of thought, from faith up to knowledge."¹ We know many things, and we believe many things, because those in whom we trust have told them to us, but of such matters as lie within our reach the conditions of our reason require us to

have a sure knowledge ; to know them, not through others, but for ourselves. We begin in faith, but we must end in working. By the teaching of others we know results, but we have no real knowledge till we know the principles on which those results are founded. If our teacher be worthy, we are bound to have trust in him, but it is no less our duty to discover for ourselves ; and to be acquainted with results only, will seldom lead to further knowledge ;—it is only by the testing and application of principles that we make further advances. Ours must be a practical knowledge, or it is little worth ; that which is speculative and rests in itself, is reserved for a future, and a higher sphere,—for that state where reason verges into intuition. Such spirit must the learner ever cultivate ; faithfully and hopefully must he press on. If there be difficulty before him, he must not therefore stop short, and cease to inquire ; if there be mystery about him, he must not for that cause refuse to believe. The world is full of mystery,—we ourselves are a mystery, in our life, and in our death. Who can tell whence we are, or how we live ? or what change passeth upon us when the spirit leaveth its abode of clay ? and yet, who, that hath right reason, doubteth that we do live ; and that when the heart beateth not, and the eye is dulled, and the tongue of the speaker is heard no more, the same spirit still liveth on in greater fullness of life, and with new and more perfect powers ? Who can tell how the acorn sendeth forth its shoot till it rise to a mighty forest tree, or the little grain swelleth and groweth till the fields laugh with plenty ? All these things are a mystery, and yet we see and believe ; and where we see not with the eye, but the laws of reason oppose not, we are ever bound to have full trust and confidence. After a part of the wonder around us it is given us to search, and by searching, and exercise of the reason with which God has gifted us, we can find out ; but part we may not know, and the same reason will tell us where to stop. He who inquires too far, is guilty of folly equally with him who inquires not at all. The one rests content in his ignorance, and improves not the talent God has given him ; but the other exalts his ignorance, and forgetting that he is finite, refuses to believe because he cannot grasp and comprehend the workings of the Infinite. Therefore must the learner be not only full of faith, but of a humble temper withal. Man is a proud being, and pride is an empty thing, and hath its end in vanity. He boasteth of his reason, and even therein heapeth up to himself shame, and sorrow, and desolation of spirit. In his reason, indeed, he may rejoice, if he use it aright, for it will ennoble him, and raise him to the heights of heaven ; but if abused, it shall sink him to the nethermost depths, and darkness, and despair. Then, happier far than he are the beasts that perish, and the dumb things that have no understanding. And how often, alas ! does he abuse it, and turn it to the worst ends, or even suffer it to be sleeping, and while he receives impressions of the things around him, he lets them remain unimproved ; productive of no good to himself or others, but silent witnesses of his neglect, that shall one day rise up before a dread tribunal to bear a fearful testimony against him ! Man reasoneth not, and reflecteth not, but lives on as the creature of a day ; and the hours pass by, and the days and the weeks roll on, and a change passeth over all around him, but he careth not at all. The months roll by, bringing wealth to some, and gladness ; but for

(1) Schlegel's "Philosophy of Language," Lect. viii. Bohn's Edition.

others bearing poverty, and sadness of heart; making the joyous hearth desolate, and stilling the music of the merry tongues around it;—to the wretched one, perchance, bringing peace; and to the happy, sorrow and weariness of heart; and a change cometh over all, and man seeth it, and regardeth it not. His years pass by, and return not again, and he reasons not, nor reflects, but saying always "to-morrow" loses the day that is his, and heaps up for himself bitter thoughts, forgetting ever that while Time is, to-morrow shall not be, for to-morrow is Eternity. Therefore should the learner be thoughtful, and ever diligent to reflect. And the world has much food for thought—much to awaken the spirit. Everything around us is fraught with rich lessons, if we would rightly read them, to guide and raise us from the grovellings of sense to the pure contemplation of the spirit, from the idolatry of earth to the worship of Heaven. The world is full of loveliness to wake up the feelings, and touch the heart, and draw the soul to the desiring of a better life; and withal there is a robe thrown over it of majesty and grace; for it is the impress of the High One and His image,—yea, God appeareth in all his works. Therefore, the bad man is blind, though he gazeth; and in hearing, he hath his senses dulled; and his heart is not touched, nor his soul softened; for he knoweth not the original, and loveth him not; and how then can he recognise the copy? So the good man's mind is open, and he knoweth, and seeth, and believeth, and is very blessed. As the seasons roll by, he sees in them his Father's hand, and His goodness, and His might. His majesty, and His love. Each season is mantled in its own robe of beauty—spring laugheth in its flowers; and summer is glad with its fruits; and autumn is rich in plenty; and winter in the joy of men's hearts. So must the learner be of a holy temper, or he will not know the truth, even when it is set before his eyes—of a diligent temper, or he will not persevere in following after it; of a humble spirit, or he will not use his knowledge aright, as he gains each step in advance—and so, perchance, will he make a false step and go utterly astray; of a faithful spirit, and so will he be patient, till he overcome; for faith worketh patience, and patience shall bring him the victory, and the reward that he shall gain will be one that weareth not away, but increaseth ever, for he will ever be adding to his knowledge, and attaining further progress; but in this will he differ from his former state, in that he will journey onwards without toil, and that which was weariness before will now be pleasure, and the life that was one long contest, shall be changed for one that is a confirmation of victory, and a fulfilling of all his joy.

OUR APPOINTED TIME.

BOUND down to earth, the weary soul complains,
And struggles to escape; panting to rise,
And wing its way back to its native skies,
But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns
Supreme, amid the light of lights sustains
Its fainting strength, and giveth life new ties,
To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies
A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.
Peace, weary one! thou hast a work to do,
Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,
And having gained it, quit thy home no more:
Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,
Until all knowledge open on thy view,
When life is love, and love is to adore.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAWLESS ASTONISHES MR. COLEMAN.

"As far as I understand the matter," said Lawless, nodding sapiently, "the great obstacle to your happiness is the drysalter, and the chief object to attain is his total abolition, eh?"

Coleman assenting to these premises, Lawless continued, "Supposing, by certain crafty dodges, this desirable consummation arrived at, if you could show your Governor that you had four or five hundred pounds a-year of your own to start with, one of his main objections to your union with this female young woman would be knocked on the head?"

"My good fellow," returned Freddy, with a slight tone of annoyance, "I'm as fond of a joke as any man, but when I tell you that I am foolish enough to take this matter somewhat deeply to heart,—that if Lucy is forced to marry the brute, she'll be wretched for life, and I shall not be much otherwise,—I think you'll choose some other subject for your mirth."

"Why, Freddy, old boy, you don't think I'm poking fun at you, do you? Why, I would not do such a thing at any price—No! 'pon my honour, I'm as serious as a judge, I am indeed—but the best way will be to tell you my plan at once, and then you'll see the logic of the thing. In the first place, your Governor says that Lucy is to marry the drysalter, because he's the best offer she's ever likely to have, doesn't he?"

"Yes, that's right enough, so far," replied Freddy.

"What's the drysalter worth? whereabouts is the figure?"

"Two thousand a-year, they say," returned Freddy, with a sigh.

"And I shall come into nearer five, in a month's time," returned Lawless; "got the whip hand of him there, and no mistake."

"You!" exclaimed Coleman, astonished.

"Eh, yes! I, my own self—the Honourable George Lawless, at your service, age five-and-twenty—height five feet nine—rides under ten stone—sound wind and limb—5000*l.* per annum, clear income, and a peerage in perspective—ain't that better than a drysalter, eh?"

"Why, Lawless, you are gone stark staring mad," interrupted I; "what on earth has all that got to do with Freddy and his cousin?"

"Don't stop him," cried Coleman, "I begin to see what he is aiming at."

"Eh! of course you do, Freddy, boy," continued Lawless, "and it's not such a bad dodge either, is it? Your Governor lays down the broad principle, that the highest bidder shall be the purchaser, and on this ground backs the drysalter:—now, if I drive over this morning, propose in due form for your cousin's hand, and outbid the aforesaid drysalting individual, the Governor must either sacrifice his consistency, or accept my offer."

"Well, and suppose he does, what good have you done then?" asked I.

"Eh, good?" returned Lawless, "every good, to be sure, and first and foremost knocked over the drysalter:—if I'm accepted, he must be rejected, that's a self-evident fact. Well, once get rid of him, and it's all plain sailing:—I find a hundred reasons for delaying to fulfil my engagement; in a month's time, I come into my property, (the jolly old aunt who left it me, tied it up till I was five-and-twenty, and the old girl showed her sense too, for ten to one I should have made ducks and drakes of it when I was young and foolish;) very well—I appoint Freddy agent and receiver of the rents—(the fellow that has it now, makes 500*l.* a-year of it, they tell me); and then suddenly change my mind, jilt Miss Markham, and if Governor Coleman chooses to cut up rough, he may bring an action of "breach of promise," lay the damages at 1000*l.*, and so get a nice little round sum to buy the young woman's wedding clothes when she marries Freddy. That's the way to do business, isn't it, eh?"

"'Pon my word, it's a grand idea," said Coleman; "how came you ever to think of it? But, my dear Lawless, are you really in earnest about the receivership?"

"In earnest? to be sure I am: I always intended it."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," replied Freddy in a tone of grateful surprise—"it's the kindest thing in the world; but about the first part of your plan, I don't know what to say."

"You never can think of carrying out such a mad scheme," remonstrated I; "I thought, of course, you were only in jest."

"Can you propose anything better, eh?" asked Lawless.

"Why, I don't know," returned I, musing; "Suppose Freddy were to go and tell his father of his attachment, and say that the receivership, with a small share in the business, would enable him to support a wife comfortably, how would that do?"

"No use," said Freddy; "as long as that aggravating drysalter, with his 2000*l.* per annum, is in the field, my father would consider it his duty to say 'No.'"

"Eh? yes, of course," rejoined Lawless, "fathers always do consider it their duty to be intensely unpleasant on all such occasions, and it's a duty they never neglect, either—I will say that for them.—No! depend upon it, mine is the only plan."

"Really, Frank, I don't see what else is to be done," urged Freddy; "the danger from the drysalter is great and imminent, remember."

"Well, you and Lawless can settle it between you: you are a pair of eccentric geniuses, and know how you like to manage your own affairs better than a sober-minded man such as I am."

"I tell you what, Mr. Sober-minded-man, I mean to take you with me on my expedition; I shall want somebody to pat me on the back—besides, your proper, well-behaved manner will give an air of respectability to the affair."

"Really, you must——" began I.

"Really I won't," retorted Lawless, while Coleman, seizing me by the arm, drew me on one side.

"Frank, without any joke, I think this freak of Lawless's may enable me to get rid of my rival, this Mr. Lowe Brown, and I should take it as the greatest kindness if you would go with him, and keep him in order; of course, I must not be seen at all in the matter myself."

"Well, if you are really in earnest, and want me to go, I'll do it," replied I; "though I don't see that I shall be of much use."

"Shall I write and put Lucy up to it, or not?" rejoined Coleman, meditatively.

"If you take my advice, you will not," replied I; "in fact, the success of your scheme depends very much on keeping her in the dark as to Lawless's not being a *bona fide* offer. Either her simple woman's mind would dislike the trickery of the thing altogether, or she would excite suspicion by falling into the plot too readily. I would merely write her a cheering note, telling her that you were likely to get an appointment, which would enable you to marry; urging her to be firm in her refusal of your abomination Mr. Brown; hinting that a broken heart would be premature, if not altogether superfluous, and giving her a few general notions that the affair would end happily, without touching upon Lawless at all."

"Perhaps it would be as well," replied Freddy; "at all events it will add greatly to the fun of the thing."

"And let me tell you, that's a consideration by no means to be lost sight of," put in Lawless, who had overheard the last remark. "Depend upon it, it's a man's duty, partly to himself, partly to his neighbour, never to miss an opportunity of recruiting his exhausted and care-worn frame, and all that sort of thing, by enjoying a little innocent recreation. '*Nec semper—what-do-ye-call-it—tendit Apollo,*' eh?"

"That's quite my view of the case," said Freddy, whose elastic spirits were fast recovering their accustomed buoyancy. "I hate the dolefuls,—Care killed the cat."

"If that's the worst thing Care ever did, I'll forgive her, eh?" said Lawless, "for cats are horrid poaching varminths, and make awful havoc among the young rabbits. Well, Fairleigh, have you made up your mind?"

"Yes," replied I, "I am at your service for this morning; but understand, I merely go as a spectator of your prowess."

"As you like, man. I'll order the chestnuts—go and polish up a little,—and then for walking into Governor Coleman, and bowling out the drysalter."

The chestnuts whirled us over to Hillingford in less than an hour. Lawless, delighted at being allowed to put his project into execution, was in wild spirits, and kept me in fits of laughter the whole way, by his quaint remarks on men and things.

"Is the Governor visible, John?" was his address to the footman who answered the door, and who,

apparently not being favoured by Nature with any superfluous acuteness of intellect or sweetness of disposition, merely stared sulkily in reply.

"The fellow's a fool," muttered Lawless, "and can't understand English.—Hark ye, sirrah," he continued, "is your master at home?"

As the hero of the shoulder-knot vouchsafed an affirmative reply to this somewhat more intelligible query, we alighted, and were straightway ushered into the drawing-room, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, and as Lawless afterwards expressed it, "a party unknown," who was immediately with much pomp and ceremony introduced to us by the name of Mr. Lowe Brown, an announcement which elicited from my companion the whispered remark, "The dry-salter himself, by jingo! this looks like business, old fellow, there's no time to be lost, depend upon it."

"Ah! Mr. Lawlegh," exclaimed Mrs. Coleman, shaking hands cordially with Lawless; "I thought we were never going to see you again, and I'm sure I was quite delighted, though the servant kept you so long waiting at the gate, till I got Mr. Brown to ring the bell; and Mr. Fairless too, so kind of him, with those beautiful chestnut horses standing there catching cold, in that very high gig, which must be so dangerous, if you were to fall out, both of you."

"No fear of that, ma'am," replied Lawless; "Fairlegh and I have known each other too long to think of falling out in a hurry,—*firm* friends, ma'am, as your son Freddy would say."

"Poor Freddy," returned Mrs. Coleman affectionately, "did he send any message by you, to say when he is coming home again? We shall have some good news for him, I hope,—for he was always very fond of his cousin Lucy."

"Family affection is a fine thing, ma'am," said Lawless, winking at me, "and ought to be encouraged at any price, eh?"

"Very true, Mr. Lawlegh, very true, and I am glad to find you think so, instead of living at those nasty clubs all day, turning out wild, smoking cigars like German students, and breaking their mothers' heart with a latch-key, at one o'clock in the morning, afterwards, when they ought to have been in bed and asleep for the last three hours.—Good bye, and God bless you."

The six concluding words of Mrs. Coleman's not over perspicuous speech were addressed to Mr. Lowe Brown, who rose to take leave. This gentleman, (for such I presume one is bound to designate him, however little appearances might warrant such an appellation,) was a short, stout, not to say fat personage, with an unmeaning pink and white face, and a smug self-satisfied manner and look, which involuntarily reminded one of a sleek and well-conditioned tom-cat. Old Mr. Coleman rose also, and shaking his hand with great *empressement*, left the room with him in order to conduct him to the door with due honour.

"Look at the servile old rogue, worshipping that snob's 2,000*l.* per annum," whispered Lawless; "we'll

alter his tune before long.—Fascinating man, Mr. Brown, ma'am," he continued, addressing Mrs. Coleman.

"Yes, I'm glad you like him; he's a very good quiet young man, and constantly reminds me of my poor dear aunt Martha, who is a peaceful saint in Brixton churchyard, after this vale of tears, where we must all go, only she hadn't 2,000*l.* a-year, though she was so lucky at short whist, always turning up honours when she liked."

"Trump of a partner she must have been, and no mistake!" said Lawless, enthusiastically. "I suppose she didn't leave the recipe behind her, ma'am?"

"No, Mr. Fairless, no! at least I never heard she did, though I've got a recipe of her's for cherry-brandy, and a very good one it is, poor thing! But Mr. Brown, you see, with his fortune, might look so much higher, that, as Mr. Coleman says, it's a chance she may never have again, and it would be madness to throw it away, in her circumstances too."

"Did Mr. Brown think of marrying your aunt, then, ma'am?" asked Lawless, with an air of would-be innocence.

"No, my dear—I mean, Mr. Lawlegh, no—she died, and he went to Merchant Tailors' in the same year; we were making it out last night—no, it's Lucy, poor dear, and a famous thing it is for her, only she can't bear the sight of him."

At this moment Mr. Coleman returned, and Lawless giving me a sly glance, accosted him with a face of the most perfect gravity, begging the favour of a few minutes' private conversation with him, a request which that gentleman, with a slight appearance of surprise, immediately granted, and they left the room together.

During their absence good Mrs. Coleman confided to me with much circumlocution her own private opinion, that Lucy and Mr. Brown were by no means suited to each other, "because, you see, Mr. Lawlegh my dear, Lucy's clever, and says sharp, funny things that make one laugh, what they call *piquante*, you know, and poor Mr. Brown, he's very quiet and good-natured, but he's not used to that sort of thing; and she what you call laughs at him;" ending with a confession that she thought Freddy and Lucy were made for each other, and that she had always hoped some day to see them married.

Dear, kind-hearted, puzzle-headed little woman! how I longed to comfort her, by giving her a glimpse behind the scenes! but it would have entailed certain ruin; she would have made confusion worse confounded of the best laid scheme that Machiavelli ever concocted.

When Lawless and Mr. Coleman returned from their *tête-à-tête*, it was easy to see, by the flattered but perplexed expression discernible in the countenance of the elder, and a grin of mischievous delight in that of the younger gentleman, that the stratagem had succeeded so far, and that a cloud had already shaded the fair hopes of the unconscious Mr. Lowe Brown.

"Ah—a—hem! my dear Mrs. Coleman," began

her spouse, his usually pompous manner having gained an accession of dignity, which to those who guessed the cause of it was irresistibly absurd.

"A-hem—as I am, I believe, right in supposing Mr. Fairleigh is acquainted with the object of his friend's visit,—"

"All right, sir!" put in Lawless, "Go ahead."

"And as I am particularly requested to inform you of the honour" (with a marked stress on the word,) "done to a member of my family, I conceive that I am guilty of no breach of confidence in mentioning that Mr. Lawless has proposed to me in due form for the hand of my niece Lucy Markham, offering to make most liberal settlements; indeed, considering that the fortune Lucy is justified in expecting at her father's death is very inconsiderable—an income of 400*l.* a year divided amongst thirteen children, deducting a jointure for the widow, should my sister survive Mr. Markham——"

"Never mind the tin, Mr. Coleman," interrupted Lawless, "you don't catch me buying a mare for the sake of her trappings. In the first place, second-hand harness is never worth fetching home; and in the next, let me tell you, sir, it's your niece's good points I admire: small head, well set on—nice light neck—good slanting shoulder, pretty fore-arm,—clean about the pasterns—fast springy action—good-tempered, a little playful, but no vice about her, and altogether as sweet a thing as a man need wish to possess. Depend upon it, Mr. Coleman," continued Lawless, who having fallen into his usual style of speech, was fairly off, "depend upon it, you'd be very wrong to let her get into a dealer's hands, you would indeed, sir; and if that Mr. Brown isn't in that line it's odd to me. I've seen him down at Tattersall's in very shady company, if I'm not much mistaken; he's the cut of a leg, every inch of him."

Want of breath fortunately obliging him to stop, Lawless's chief auditors, who had gleaned about as much idea of his meaning as if he had been haranguing them in Sanscrit, now interposed; Mrs. Coleman to invite us to stay to luncheon, and her husband to beg that his niece Lucy might be summoned to attend him in his study, as he should consider it his duty to lay before her Mr. Lawless's very handsome and flattering proposal.

"And suppose Lucy should take it into her head, by any chance, to say Yes," ("Never thought of that, by Jove!—that would be a sell," muttered Lawless, aside,) "what's to become of poor dear Mr. Lowe Brown?" inquired Mrs. Coleman anxiously.

"In such a case," replied her lord and master, with a dignified wave of the hand, pausing as he left the room, and speaking with great solemnity, "in such a case, Mr. Lowe Brown will perceive that it is his duty, his direct and evident duty, to submit to his fate with the calm and placid resignation becoming the son of so every way respectable and eminent a man as his late lamented father my friend the dry-salter."

CHAPTER XXV.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Poor pretty little Lucy Markham! what business had tears to come and profane with their tell-tale traces that bright, merry face of thine—fitting index to thy warm heart and sunny disposition! And yet in the quenched light of that dark eye, in the heavy swollen lid, and in the paled roses of thy dimpled cheek, might be read the tokens of a concealed grief, that like "a worm i' the bud," had already begun to mar thy sparkling beauty. Heed it not, pretty Lucy—sorrow such as thine is light and transient, and succour, albeit in a disguise thou canst not penetrate, is even now at hand. As she entered the luncheon-room, returning Lawless's salutation with a most becoming blush, the thought crossed my mind, that in his position I should be almost tempted to regret I was destined to perform the lover's part on that occasion only. Such, however, were not the ideas of my companion, for he whispered to me,—“I say, Frank, she looks uncommon friendly, eh?—I don't know what to make of it, I can tell you; this is getting serious.”

"You must endeavour by your manner to neutralize your many fascinations," replied I, striving to hide a smile, for he was evidently in earnest.

"Neutralize my grandmother!" was the rejoinder, "I can't go and be rude to the young woman. "How d'ye do, miss?" he continued gruffly; "how d'ye do? you see, we left Fred——" here I nudged him to warn him to avoid that subject—"that is, we left Heathfield,—I mean, started early—Let me help you, Mrs. Coleman:—precious tough customer that chicken seems to be—who'll have a wing?"

"Really, Mr. Lawless, you are very rude to my poor chicken, it's out of our own farm-yard, I assure you;—and the turkey cock, his sister, that's Lucy's mother, sent him here; she has thirteen children you know, poor thing, and lives at Dorking; they are famous for all having five toes, you know, and growing so very large, and this must be one of them, I think."

"They were Dorking fowls mamma sent you, aunt; you don't keep turkeys," interposed Lucy, as Lawless fairly burst out laughing—an example which it was all I could do to avoid imitating.

"Yes, to be sure, my dear, I said so, didn't I? I remember very well they came in a three-dozen hamper, poor things, and were put in the back kitchen because it was too late to turn them out; and as soon as it was light they began to crow, and to make that noise about laying eggs, you know, so that I never got a wink of sleep after, thinking of your poor mother, and all her troubles—thirteen of them, dear me! till Mr. Coleman got up and turned them out, with a bad cold, in his dressing gown and slippers."

"Freddy begged me to tell you that he would write to you to-morrow," observed I, aside to Lucy, "adding the enigmatical message, that he had some good news to communicate, and that matters were not so bad as you imagined."

"Ah! but he doesn't, he can't know,—Mr. Fairlegh," she added, looking at me with an earnest, inquiring glance; "you are his most intimate friend: has he told you the cause of his annoyance?"

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Fairlegh, on the very excellent match your sister is about to make,—the Oaklands family is one of the oldest in the county," said Mr. Coleman, with an air of solemn politeness.

"Oh! yes, we were all so glad to hear of it, your sister is so pretty, and we had been told there was some young scamp or other dangling after her."

"Um! eh? oh! that's rather too much though," said Lawless, turning very red, and fidgeting on his chair, "pray may I ask, Mrs. Coleman, whether it was a man you happened to hear that from? because he must be—ar—funny fellow—ar—worth knowing—ar—I should like to make his acquaintance."

"Why, really I—let me see—was it Jones the grocer, or Mrs. Muddles when she brought home the clean linen? I think it was Jones, but I know it came with the clean clothes, and they had heard it from some of the servants," returned Mrs. Coleman.

"I'll boil Shrimp alive when I get back," muttered Lawless, "and have him sent up in the sauce."

"Yes," replied I to Lucy, as soon as the conversation again became general, "Freddy gave me an outline of the cause of his disquietude, but from a hint Lawless dropped in our way here to-day, Mr. Lowe Brown is likely to have a somewhat powerful rival, is he not?"

"Oh! then you know all, Mr. Fairlegh," she replied; "what am I to do?—I am so unhappy,—so bewildered!"

"If you will allow me to advise you," returned I, "you will not positively refuse Lawless; on the contrary, I should encourage him so far as to insure the dismissal of Mr. Brown, at all events."

"But would that be right? besides, I should be forced to marry Mr. Lawless, if I once said Yes."

"I should not exactly say Yes," replied I, smiling at the *naïve* simplicity of her answer, "I would tell my uncle that, as he was aware, I had always disliked the attentions of Mr. Brown, and that I begged he might be definitely informed that it would be useless for him to attempt to prosecute his suit any farther. I would then add, that it was impossible for me to agree to accept at once a man of whom I knew so little as of Lawless, but that I had no objection to his visiting here, with a view to becoming better acquainted with him. By this means you will secure the positive advantage of getting rid of the drysalter, as Freddy calls him, and you must leave the rest to time. Lawless is a good-natured, generous spirited fellow, and if he were made aware of the true state of the case, I do not think he would wish to interfere with Freddy's happiness, or annoy you by addresses which he must feel were unacceptable to you."

"But what will Freddy say if I appear to encourage Mr. Lawless? you don't know how particular he is."

"If you will permit me, I will tell him exactly what

has passed between us to-day, and explain to him your reasons for what you are about to do."

"Will you really be so kind?" she answered, with a grateful smile, "then I shall do exactly as you have told me; how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"By making my friend Freddy a good wife, and being married on the same day that I am."

"That *you* are! are you joking?"

"Never was more serious in my life, I can assure you."

"Are you really going to be married? oh! I am so glad! Is the lady a nice person? do I know her?"

"The most charming person in the world," replied I, "and you know her intimately."

"Why, you can't mean Cla—"

"Hush!" exclaimed I, as a sudden silence rendered our conversation no longer private.

"Lucy, my dear, may I request your company again for a few minutes in my study?" said Mr. Coleman, holding the door open with an air of dignified courtesy for his niece to pass out. She had acquired double importance in his eyes, since the eldest son of a real live peer of the realm had declared himself her suitor.

"Allow me, Governor—ar—Mr. Coleman, I mean," said Lawless, springing forward, "it's for us young fellows to hold doors open, you know—not old reprobates like you," he added in an under-tone, making a grimace for my especial benefit at the retreating figure of the aforesaid irreverently apostrophized legal luminary.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Coleman, by whom this by-play had been unobserved, "I wish all young men were like you, Mr. Lawless; we see very little respect to grey hairs now-a-days."

"Very little indeed, ma'am," returned Lawless, winking furiously at me, "but from a boy I've always been that way inclined; I dare say that you observed that I addressed Mr. Coleman as 'Governor,' just now?"

"Oh yes, I think I did," replied Mrs. Coleman, innocently.

"Well, ma'am, that's a habit I've fallen into from unconsciously giving utterance to my feelings of veneration. To govern, is a venerable attribute—governor signifies one who governs—hence my inadvertent application of the term to your revered husband, eh?"

"Ah!" returned poor Mrs. Coleman, thoroughly mystified, "it's very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. I wonder whether I left my knitting upstairs, or whether it went down in the luncheon-tray."

In order to solve this important problem, the good lady trotted off, leaving Lawless and myself *tête-à-tête*.

"I say, Frank," he began, as the door closed after her, "did you put the young woman up to trap at all? I saw you were 'discoorsing' her, as Paddy says, while we were at luncheon, eh?"

"No," replied I, "it was agreed that she was not to be let into the scheme, you know."

"By Jove! then all those kind looks she threw at

me were really in earnest!—I tell you what, I don't half like it, I can assure you, sir! I shall put my foot in it here, too, if I don't mind what I'm at. Suppose, instead of marrying Freddy, she were to take it into her head she should like to be a peeress some day, what would become of me, eh?"

At this moment Mr. Coleman returned, his face beaming with dignity and self-satisfaction. Approaching Lawless, he motioned him to a chair, and then seating himself exactly opposite, gave one or two deep hems to clear his throat, and then began:—

"I am empowered by my niece, standing as I may say *in loco parentis*—(for though her parents are not positively defunct, still they have so completely delegated to me all control and authority over their daughter, that they may morally be considered dead.)—I am empowered, then, by my niece to inform you, in answer to your very flattering proposal of marriage, that although she has not had sufficient opportunity of becoming acquainted with your character and general disposition, to justify her in at once ratifying the contract, she agrees to sanction your visits here in the character of her suitor." (Lawless's face on receiving this announcement was as good as a play to behold.) "In fact, my dear sir," continued Mr. Coleman, warming with the subject, "as my niece at the same time has signified to me her express desire that I should definitely and finally reject the suit of a highly amiable young man of fortune, who has for some time past paid his addresses to her, I think that we may consider ourselves fully justified in attributing the slightly equivocal nature of her answer to a pardonable girlish modesty and coyness, and that I shall not be premature in offering you my hearty congratulations on the successful issue of your suit—ahem—" And so saying, Mr. Coleman rose from his seat, and taking Lawless's unwilling hand in his own, shook it with the greatest *empressement*.

"Thank ye, Gov—that is, Mr. Coleman,—Uncle, I suppose I shall soon have to call you," said Lawless, with a wretched attempt at hilarity; "it's very flattering, you know, and of course I feel excessively, eh! uncommon, don't you see.—Get me away, can't you?" he added in an angry whisper, turning to me, "I shall go mad, or be ill, or something, in a minute."

"I think the tandem has been here some time," interposed I, coming to his assistance, "the horses will get chilled standing."

"Eh? yes! very true, we must be cutting away; make ourselves scarce, don't you see?" rejoined Lawless, brightening up at the prospect of escape.

"Let me ring for the ladies," said Mr. Coleman, moving towards the bell.

"Eh! not for the world, my dear sir, not for the world," exclaimed Lawless interposing to prevent him—"Really my feelings—in fact *all* our feelings have been sufficiently excited,—steam got up, high pressure, eh?—some other day—pleasure,—Good morning. Don't come out, pray."

And so saying he fairly bolted out of the room, an example which I was about to follow, when Mr. Coleman seizing me by the lutton, began,

"I can see, Mr. Fairleigh, that Mr. Lawless is naturally uneasy and annoyed at Mr. Brown's attentions; but he need not be, pray assure him of this—Mr. Brown is a highly estimable young man, but his family are very much beneath ours in point of rank. I shall write to him this afternoon, and inform him that on mature deliberation, I find it impossible to allow my niece to form a matrimonial alliance with any one in trade—that will set the matter definitely at rest. Perhaps you will kindly mention this to your friend."

"I shall be most happy to do so," replied I, "nor have I the slightest doubt that *my friend* will consider the information perfectly satisfactory." And with many assurances of mutual consideration and esteem we parted.

Oh! the masks and dominos of the mind! what mountebank ever wore so many disguises as the heart of man? If some potent spirit of evil had suddenly converted Elm Lodge into the palace of Truth, the light of its master's countenance would have grown dark as he read the thoughts that were passing in my breast; and instead of bestowing upon me the attentions due to the chosen friend of the wealthy suitor to his portionless niece, he would have done his best to kick me down the steps as an impostor plotting to marry his son to a beggar. When will men learn to value money at its real worth, and find out that warm loving hearts and true affections are priceless gems that wealth cannot purchase?

We drove for some time in silence, which was at length broken by Lawless, who in a tone of the deepest dejection began,

"The first tolerably deep gravel pit we come to, I must trouble you to get out, if you please."

"Get out at a gravel pit! for goodness' sake why?" inquired I.

"Because I intend to back the tandem into it, and break my neck," was the unexpected answer.

"Break your neck! nonsense, man. Why, what's the matter now? Hasn't your mad scheme succeeded beyond all expectation?"

"Ah! you may well say that!" was the rejoinder. "Beyond all expectation, indeed! yes, I should think so, rather. If I'd expected any thing of the kind, it's thirty miles off! I'd have been at the very least by this time—more, if the horses would have done it, which I think they would with steady driving, good luck, and a feed of beans."

"Why, what is it you fancy you've done, then?"

"Fancy I've done, eh? Well, if that isn't enough to make a fellow punch his own father's head with vexation.—What have I done, indeed! why, I'll tell you what I have done, Mr. Frank Fairleigh, since you are so obtuse as not to have found out by your own powers of observation. I've won the heart of an innocent and unsuspecting young female,—I've destroyed the dearest hopes of my particular friend,—and I've saddled myself with a superfluous wife, when my affections are reposing in the cold—ar—what do you call it, tomb, eh? of the future Lady

Oaklands—If that isn't a pretty fair morning's work, it's a pity, eh?"

"My dear Lawless," replied I, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "you don't really suppose Lucy Markham means to accept you?"

"Eh! why not? Of course I do, didn't Governor Coleman tell me so? an old reptile!"

"Set your mind at ease," replied I; and I then detailed to him my conversation with Lucy Markham, and convinced him that her partial acceptance of his proposal, which had been made the most of by Mr. Coleman, was merely done at my suggestion, to ensure the dismissal of Mr. Lowe Brown. As I concluded, he broke forth—

"Ah! I see, sold again! It's an easy thing to make a fool of me, where women are concerned; they're a kind of cattle I never shall understand, if I were to live as long as Saint Methuselah, and take Old Parr's pills twice a-day into the bargain. Anything about a horse, now—"

"Then you'll postpone the gravel-pit performance *ad infinitum*," interrupted I.

"Eh? yes! it would be a pity to go and sacrifice the new tandem if it is not absolutely necessary to one's peace of mind, so I shall think better of it this time," was the rejoinder.

"By the way," returned Lawless, as we drove through Heathfield Park, "I must not forget that I've got to immolate Shrimp on the altar of my aspersed reputation—call his master a 'scamp,' the amphibious little reprobate! a brat that's neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; that spent his pitiful existence in making mud pies in a gutter, till I was kind enough to—"

"Run over him, and break his arm," added I.

"Exactly," continued Lawless, "and a famous thing it was for him, too. Just see the advantages to which it has led; look at the education I have given him; he can ride to hounds better than many grooms twice his age, and bring you a second horse just at the nick of time when you want it in a long run, as fresh with that feather weight on its back, as if it had only just come out of the stable, he can drive any horse that don't pull too strong for him, as well as I can myself; he can brew milk punch better than a College Don, and drink it like an undergraduate; he can use his fists as handily as Ben Caunt, or the Master of T——y, and polish off a boy a head taller than himself in ten minutes, so that his nearest relations would not recognise him; and he won five pounds last year in a Derby sweepstakes, besides taking the long odds with a pork-butcher, and walking into the piggycock to the tune of thirty shillings. No," continued Lawless, who had quite worked himself into a state of excitement, "whatever follies I may have been guilty of, nobody can accuse me of having neglected my duty in regard to that brat's education; and now, after all my solicitude, the young viper goes and spreads reports that a 'scamp,' meaning me, is about to marry your sister! But I'll flay him alive, and put him in salt afterwards!"

"But, my dear Lawless, out of the host of servants

at Heathfield, how do you know it was Shrimp who did it?"

"Oh, there's no mischief going on that he's not at the bottom of; besides, a boy is never the worse for a flogging, for if he has not done anything wrong beforehand, he's sure to make up for it afterwards, so it comes right in the end, you see."

So saying, he roused the leader by a scientific application of the thong, dashed round the gravel-sweep, and brought his horses up to the hall-door in a neat and artist-like manner.

GALLOGLOSSIA.

THIS is an age of corruption. The charge is often made, but never, so far as we have heard, refuted. But let not our readers suppose, from this beginning, that we are coming forward here as moralists or politicians. Sound morality and sound loyalty we trust we shall ever uphold; but we are not about to entertain our readers with casuistry or ethical philosophy; with dissertations on Aristotle, Paley, or Sewell. We allow that the corruption we would expose is of very inferior importance to those which such writers would check;—still it is important too in its way—for the channels of thought and taste cannot be corrupted without a reflex action on the mind and habits of a people.

John Bull is a strange contrariety. His hatred of the French character is proverbial. Even in this, however, he is not without his contradictions. Contempt seems irreconcilable with hatred—yet, by some strange intellectual chymistry, John seems to have amalgamated both in his contemplation of French nationality. But his aversion to Gallicism is merely directed to the abstraction; it is, as metaphysicians speak, the substance, not the accidents, which are its object, for every individual peculiarity which constitutes the French character John affects and adores. His cooks and cookery must be French; he has exchanged his kitchen for a *cuisine*; French dishes enter his banqueting rooms to the tune of "Oh the roast beef of old England!" from his hat to his shoes, his dress must be French; his wife and daughters must learn the fashions at Paris. He must have a Frenchman, called by a French word, to dress him; but, above all, (and this is the point to which we would at present call the attention of our readers,) he must discard his honest, straightforward, manly language, and adopt in its stead the mincing and distorted speech of his neighbours; "that whetstone of the teeth, monotony in wire," as Byron called it, which he hates and despises thoroughly. To such an extent has this corruption proceeded, that we are in danger of losing the language of Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden—if we have not indeed lost it.

In the 165th number of the Spectator we

have an amusing account of a worthy squire who received a letter from his son, then an officer in Flanders, which he could not read, on account of the French phrases with which it abounded. It is somewhat startling to observe, that out of thirteen French words introduced in that letter, there are only two which may not now be considered as perfectly naturalized; and vast numbers which would have been unintelligible to the mere English scholar of Addison's day, are now "familiar in our mouths as household words."

If the French were allied to the substance of our language, the case might be different. "I can tolerate a Germanism," says Southey, "for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or French phrase where a pure old English word would do as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quartered for high treason against his mother tongue." We have, no doubt, many French words in the language; but they do not enter it kindly: they go through a Saxonizing process before they will incorporate:—"Chaussée" becomes "causeway," "Chartreuse" becomes "Charterhouse," "contre-danse" is "country dance," &c. The modern system imports whole phrases, expects Englishmen to adapt their organs to the pronunciation, and supplants good expressive English words without (in the greater number of instances) substituting anything half so effective. No principle, indeed, appears to be acted on, save that of substitution. John Bull has a vague kind of idea, that a French phrase, like a French dish, must be better than an English one. If this be the case, and French really is the superior language, it would surely be better to adopt it at once. But John finds it easier to be a French pedant than a French scholar. French nasals come not kindly to his mouth, nor French inflections to his mind; a little of either is as much as he can manage, but he is determined to show that he can manage *that*—or, at least, that *he thinks* he can—which does as well for him.

It is curious to observe the various aspects which the Galloglossia assumes. We had a hatter's bill sent us, charging us with "Un chapeau Française;" which piece of nonsense the tradesman thought far more graceful than good grammatical English. Nay, the hat itself was designated in the interior, "de Paris," though the vendor himself assured us not an atom of it had been guilty of Continental travel. At no great distance from the heart of the metropolis, there is a "Magasin de toutes sortes de lins et de woollens," no doubt far more attractive and imposing than if it had been wholly described in the vernacular. In the days of stage coaches we heard in the coffee-room of an inn much frequented by those creeping vehicles, a good stout representative of our insular greatness shout "Garson!" and a clumsy, greasy waiter respond "Toot sweet, Mounseer!"

John Bull has long entertained the idea that all that is foreign is French; never having habituated himself greatly to any other national distinctions than "French and English." Hence he is not content with "*Henri Quatre*," "*Louis Quatorze*," &c., &c.—(though he never by any chance calls the German Emperor *Karl der Fünfte*, or *Friedrich der Erste*) but he must designate Germans, and even Turks, by French titles. Accordingly, in the Court circulars, we are informed that "M. Le Chevalier de Meerschaum-Rauchenstein, premier secrétaire de Légation à S. A. le Duc de Tabackshausen," and Bucksheesh Pacha (for even this old Turkish title must submit to the French orthography—whence John Bull mystified Ibrahim Pasha into Abraham Parker) "envoyé extraordinaire de S. M. le Sultan," had audiences at the Foreign Office. Foreign places undergo a similar process: *Brussels*, *Gand*, *Anvers*, are fast supplanting the good old pronounceable names of *Brussels*, *Ghent*, and *Antwerp*; *Aken* (as we have it in Clarendon and his contemporaries) would not be known for "*Aix-la-Chapelle*"; *Mainz* and *Coblentz* become *Mayence* and *Coblence*; *Coburg* is perpetually written *Cobourg*—and this happy idea suggests innumerable Frenchifications of German towns. Even the "emerald meadows of Cashmere," (*Kashmeer* would perhaps be better,) grow pale at their new title of *Cachemire*; and perhaps it may not be long ere it will be antiquated to call London or Dover by their ancient appellations—they being politely designated *Londres* and *Douvres*—while our native princes will be *Henris* and *Edouards*. *Ridinghood*, or *Ridingcoat*, whichever it may be, has already re-crossed the Channel in the disguise of *Redingote*.

When the Count of Narbonne, in one of his *French* letters to M. D'Arblay, thinks to show what an English scholar he is by saying, "Je n'ai plus à craindre pour elle que *the boisterous weather*," John Bull laughs to the peril of his sides; yet he will indite in his newspapers many such a sentence as this: "The *cortège*, on its approach, formed a magnificent *coup d'œil*, the very *beau idéal* of magnificence; in fact, the whole was a *chef d'œuvre* of splendour, and passed off with the greatest *éclat*." And Mrs. and Miss Bull, in their numerous novels, generally give us some twenty-five per cent. of French; if that is to be called by the name which would make the leaves of a French grammar stand on end, and of which a Frenchman would understand as much as Cicero would of *Magna Charta*. There is nothing new under the sun; and Chaucer's Prioress would be no bad description of Miss Bull in our day:—

"French she spake full fayre and fetisly,
(After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe;
For French of Paris was to hire unknowe,)"

While the Duke of Wellington and the legislature are busying themselves about exhibiting

the nakedness of the land on the side of France, and, we will hope, taking measures to remedy it by the supply of good defensive arms, we shall feel but too happy to be instrumental in opposing, as well as exposing, the dangers in which our language is placed from the same quarter. If 40,000 men could be landed on the English coast, and find their way thence to John o' Groat's, still easier would it be for 40,000 words (if the whole French language contained so many) to make a permanent occupation of all the land amid the four seas. Nay, we believe, while John can wield his stout oak cudgel, he would need neither carbine, musket, nor sabre to serve out Monsieur to his heart's content. But with an invading vocabulary the case is different. John is there a traitor to his own cause—and therefore the attack is sure to be successful. All we have, accordingly, to do, is to convince him of his folly; for if he once sees this, he will be as jealous of the intrusion of a French word, as he is now of a French bayonet. If he can only be persuaded that his own language is as superior to the French as Waterloo Bridge to the Pont Neuf, he will see the degradation of the substitution. No nation, not even France, degrades itself like ours, by perpetually adopting the phraseology of another language:—

"Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none,
That ne holdeth to hir¹ kunde² speech, bote³ Eng-
lond one."⁴

Moreover, the introduction of French words into ordinary conversation and writing is now very deservedly becoming vulgar; and John, after all, is a gentleman. If these considerations will not influence him to abandon his suicidal fancies, perhaps it may afford him some benefit to see what his family, judging from their progress since the days of the *Spectator*, will come to in the next century and a half. We feel sure his grandpaternal feelings must revolt from the idea of such an epitaph as the following, penned by a descendant:—

To the Memoire
of
M. Jean Taureau,
A gentleman of the greatest
Bonhomme, naïveté, and bienséance.
A maladie de la langue
Was his destruction,
L'an —

We can well imagine John's horror at the matter and manner of such a record. We will make him a present of *ennui*, *espionage*, *surveillance*, and other words which represent ideas which, we trust, will never be English; but unless he wishes such a chronicle as we have imagined above, he must limit the intrusions of a French vocabulary on the principle we have indicated. Let him be wise in time, and profit by the advice of a sensible Englishman

of former days, with whose words we will conclude. "Many English writers, using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and encreased thereby; saying, 'Who will not praise that feast, where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer?' 'Truly,' quoth I, 'they be all good, every one taken by himself alone; but if you put Malnsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known, nor yet wholesome for the body.'"⁵ Q.

THE DREAM.

S. M.

I DREAMED of a blue flower.
In my garden plot it grew—
Fragrant was it, fair and high,
And it seemed a fragment of the sky,
It was so very blue;
How bright the sunset weaves,
On summer eves,
A coronal of light among its leaves!
How shine the starbeams through
The pendant dew,
Till, like a silver fringe,
Each glistening drop hath caught the heavenly tinge!
It was mine own blue flower.

I dreamed of a blue flower.
A dream it *could* not be,
So tenderly its growth I nursed,
So joyously I hailed the first
Sweet bud that bloomed for me;
And yet, it is not there;
I would it were!
I cannot drink its fragrance from the air.
Once, by full many a sign,
I *know* it mine;
And now I cannot trace
Upon the cruel earth its vacant place!
It was mine own blue flower.

I dreamed of a blue flower.
What comfort can I take?
They tell me that it never grew,
That common flow'rs are quite as blue,
That all who dream, must wake;
Alas! I only know
It *was* not so,
And I had once what now I must forego;
The loss is still to me
Reality.
What medicine for my pain
Only to tell me that my love was vain!
Alas, mine own blue flower!

FACTS IN THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY.—No. VI.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

IN the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and the thirty-fourth verse, we read, "And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their

¹ Their. ² Natural. ³ But. ⁴ Robert of Gloucester.

⁵ Roger Ascham's Prefatory Epistle to his "Toxophilus."

kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders."

I remember spending a few days at a pretty picturesque spot, known as the "happy valley," near Ahmednuggur, in Western India. The valley itself is a mountain gorge, connecting the Deckan, or hilly country, with the plains. It was a favourite spot with the Mohammedan princes, in consequence of a spring of pure water that had been found there by the Hindoos; and full fronting to the handsome Sivaite temple of the pagans appears a Moslem pleasure palace, with fountains and rich foliage. The gorge still forms the ordinary road from the villages of the plains to the hill country, for all foot passengers; and during my stay there, a marriage in a rich Banian's family, residing on the way to Aurungabad, had drawn thither several guests. On one bright and sunny morning, sounds of many voices, and the ringing mirth of joyous peals of laughter, reached the old palace from the grove-like depths of foliage shading the sparkling waters; the sounds were unusual, and alarmed the quiet tenants of that calm retreat. The monkeys sprang to the highest points on either side, as scouts, to observe the matter; the paroquets flew screaming away from their shadowy boughs, and the bright lizards darted back among the crevices of the old grey and lichen-tinted rocks, while the stranger troop came on. And bright and beautiful indeed were the groupings it presented! The Hebrew women, who had "borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment," could not have exceeded in gorgeousness of appearance these Banian women in their wedding dresses. The *sarees* (veils) were all of the richest satin or brocade, edged and embroidered with gold and silver; and "the jewels of silver, and the jewels of gold," that hung around their necks, arms, and ankles, were so many and so gorgeous that each woman resembled the idea one would form of the "queen of the south," in all her glory, or of the fair Jewess Esther, when King Ahasuerus "set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti." Behind this brilliant group came the Banians themselves, with the strangely folded turban peculiar to them, and garments of coarse white cotton, smeared with turmeric and cinnabar, relics of past festivity, while each man on his shoulder carried a little bundle, the materials for food; their meal and their parched grain, with their pans and water vessels of brass, "being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders." And when the group arrived at the spring of fair water in the basin of wrought stone-work, shaded by the tall palm trees, the men unbound the clothes upon their shoulders, took therefrom the brazen dish or "trough" in which they kneaded the meal, gathered wood, and kindled fires; "and they baked unleavened

cakes." Whenever leaven is required in the East, it is produced by means of the fermented juice of the toddy palm; but the ordinary cakes eaten by the people are without leaven, and doubtless similar to those spoken of as the ordinary bread of the Hebrews. Throughout all the villages in Egypt, I observed unleavened cakes, in heaps, for sale, of the same species as those eaten commonly in India, prepared of the jowarree flour; but the people of India do not purchase them in the bazaars, as the Arabs and Egyptians do, but knead and bake them for themselves; a habit which, as we have seen, constrains travellers to carry their kneading troughs "bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders."

In the thirteenth chapter of Exodus, and the ninth verse, we read, as concerning the passover, "And it shall be a sign unto thee upon thine hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes." And in the sixteenth verse, the expression is, "for frontlets between thine eyes." These passages have often suggested themselves to me, when observing the natives of India. The Hindoos all wear what is called a "tika," or mark, low on the forehead between the eyes, which distinguishes their sect, and is daily renewed. This mark with the followers of Vishnu the Preserver is circular, formed of red powder ground into a pigment with oil: that of the Sivaïtes consists of a trident, or "trisoal," as it is called, with parallel lines drawn from it across the forehead. In imitation of the mark of Vishnu, Hindoo women of rank usually wear a large jewel, with a ruby centre, and a circle of pearls or diamonds around it. This they cause to adhere to the forehead with a species of pigment, pressing it firmly, as a frontlet between the eyes; and the effect, though singular, is becoming. The tika, when prepared with unguents, is renewed daily, after early ablution, and is common to both sexes.

In the nineteenth verse we read, "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him." In this case, the minister of Pharaoh had foretold the release of his people, and, himself a Hebrew, he desired that his bones should not remain in the land of the stranger; and therefore, although embalmed and put into a coffin in Egypt, with the rites usual in that country, the bones of the Syrian minister still accompanied his brethren in their wanderings towards the promised land. In the East it is by no means uncommon for the friends and relations of deceased persons of any pretension to rank or sanctity, to travel many thousand miles with the bones, to place them in the mausoleum of a saint, or to commit them to the waters of the sacred Ganges. I have frequently seen processions bound on journeys of this kind. The friends wear a tawny-coloured dress, and carry small red flags, as if on pilgrimage; and the bones are commonly conveyed in red bags on bullocks, surrounded

by armed men. It not unfrequently happens, that many years after the death of an individual, his sons, as an expiatory service, make a vow to deposit their father's bones in the sacred river, and incur great expenses to do so; and so well aware were the celebrated "Thug" bands, or stranglers of India, of this fact, that they very frequently disguised themselves in this way, with bullocks, and affected to travel as pilgrims escorting the remains of a relative towards Benares. So that, although the removal of the bones of Joseph had only connexion with the general escape of the Hebrew people from the power of Pharaoh, the practice of caring for the bones of those held in reverence in the East, is still common among the people, and not unworthy of remark.

In the fifteenth chapter, and at the twenty-seventh verse, we read, "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." The traveller in the East can readily recall the feelings of pleasure and relief with which, after a long and tedious march, rendered more distressing towards its close, perhaps, by the intense heat

of the morning sun, he sees from a rocky eminence the clump of trees that announces the halting place. He has probably wended his way over a rugged road, among the passes of a mountain range; and when arrived at a particular point of the scarped rock, the wide plain greets his longing sight; studding it here and there, he sees clumps of trees, and although the dwellings are obscured by foliage, he knows that villages are there, with wells of water; and at the one indicated by his guide the camp is pitched, rest and refreshment there awaiting him. As the traveller approaches the clumps of "palm trees," the scene grows busy and full of interest; on either side of the high road are fields of rice, the young blade of which is of the brightest and loveliest shade of green that can be imagined, while here and there, in charming contrast, may be seen the crimson veil of the cultivator's wife, guarding the ripening crop from the depredations of the paroquets and pea-fowl, that are busy about it; on the roads, too, are groups of women in graceful draperies of bright colour, with fresh blossoms woven in their braided hair, bearing water vessels towards their village; and as the stranger passes, they greet him courteously, telling him, probably, the position of his camp, while the guide, diverging from the beaten track, brings him to the wells and palm trees which determined the people to select this village as a halting place, and he finds them "encamped there by the waters." Welcome to the flagging spirits is the sound of the running ropes, and the simple song of the cultivator, drawing water from these wells; how delicious seems the bright stream, that leaps

through the little grass bordered rivulet towards the plantation of young grain, and how refreshing the shading trees, how delicious the cooled breeze, and how sweet the perfume of the oleander blossoms that bloom around!

But if to the European traveller the encamping ground of the East is so welcome, how much more so must it be to the poor pilgrim, to the weary, foot-sore man, accompanied by his little family, journeying with all that he hath to a distant province! In truth, much as the weary children of Israel must have rejoiced at arriving at the palm trees and wells of Elim after travelling from Marah, so does many an exhausted family halt by the wells of Indian villages with unspeakable gladness. The reader, if interested, may readily imagine such a scene. Observe the aged man leaning on his staff, his eyes bent on the ground, his flowing beard, blanched by many summers, now brown with the dust of the parched desert; his coarse garments of cotton are torn and travel-stained, his foot is bound with leaves of the plantain, and he walks with pain. Yet, note how his eye brightens, his pace quickens, his form becomes more erect, as he draws near to the wells of water, and the shading palm trees; how gratefully he points them out to the poor woman, who, on the half starved weary pony, strives to cradle and hush her little one to rest. How quickly, the well once gained, do this exhausted family gather to its brink, drink at the sparkling rill, and bathe their hot and blistered feet, and in that happy spot of rest and calm forget the sufferings of the past and the dangers of the future! In truth, there are few scenes more grateful to the eye of an observant traveller in the East than its wells of water, for surely it is pleasant to look on good in any form, whether it be that of nourishment to the food of man, rest to his frame, or the cause in him of gratitude to its great Creator; and although the people of India blindly and ignorantly worship, uninstructed in the true faith, (as were not the murmuring children of Israel,) yet, 'tis pleasant to note, as I have often done in such a scene, that none leave it ungratefully, nor forget to render the service of a thankful heart, in whatever form their creed requires, to the supposed author and giver of that good, which on the long and wearying way has thus refreshed and cheered them; and if this be so among the poor worshippers of wood and stone, it is pleasing to believe, that by the aid of a pure faith, many among God's chosen people, when "they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters," lifted up their hearts in praise to the Giver of a good so refreshing to themselves, to their wives, and to their little ones.

In the eighteenth chapter and at the seventh verse, we read, "And Moses went out to meet his

father-in-law, and did obeisance, and kissed him ; and they asked each other of their welfare ; and they came into the tent." In Upper Sindh, between Belooche chiefs, I have frequently seen meetings of which this verse would afford a perfect description. The inferior always advanced to meet the superior and do him obeisance, an act I have seen expressed in two ways ;—by bending down and kissing the feet, and by the inferior chiefs removing his turban and setting it on the ground before his superior, who desires him to replace it, and then folds him in his arms, clasping him first over the right, and then over the left shoulder, kissing him on either cheek.—"And they asked each other of their welfare." In Europe, this particular courtesy would occupy little time, and require no particular form, but it is otherwise in the East. I recollect Meer Alli Moorad, the chief of Khyrpoor, in Upper Sindh, paying a visit of ceremony to the representative of the British Government. After obeisance, the chief and his host "asked each other of their welfare." The British representative, according to Oriental etiquette, inquired if the health of his highness was good ? if the health of his family (his sons, naming them severally) was good ? the health of his house (wives) ? if he was wholly without care ? if he was content ? if he was quite content ? And replies having been satisfactorily given to these questions, the prince, with little alteration, repeated them to the British representative ; and this form was observed five times in succession, after which, hand in hand, "they came together," the host and his guest, "into the tent." This, as a matter of etiquette, is not, however, confined to courts. I have frequently been on board boats on the river Indus, and been passed by the Sindhian fishermen floating by, on their singular buoys, in the form of an earthen water vessel, on which in a horizontal position they place themselves, with their fishing pike in their hands, and so bravely descend the stream. These men and my boatmen have immediately "asked each other of their welfare," and the questions, with their replies, were repeated, until distance rendered the voices inaudible. The same ceremony I have remarked among the boatmen of the Nile, and believe it to be common in the East generally. The questions, too, it may be observed, are necessarily monotonous and unvaried, inasmuch as there is little news stirring among a people leading lives so simple as those of the mass of Orientals, while it is forbidden by custom and prejudice to inquire except in general terms of the female members of a family, or its domestic economy.

The priest of Midian whom Moses went forth to meet was a man of influence and rank in the land, and thus, apart from the circumstance of his being the father-in-law of the Hebrew leader, he was entitled to all the ceremonials of respect.

Jethro was a man of wisdom also, and of learning, as shown in the counsel he gave to Moses for judging the people ; and we find that "Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said," consequently, we suppose it to have been with that external demeanour of deep respect which we see in the present day observed between a subject and his prince, that "Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance and kissed him." After which, "they asked each other of their welfare, and they came into the tent."

DR. FRANKLIN BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL,

JANUARY 29TH, 1774.

PERHAPS to the student of history there are few things which at first seem more strange than the apparent smallness of those causes which have led to great events. "Twas the kettle began it," is the declaration of the Cricket upon the Hearth ; and how often the careful investigator, after long hours of toil, closes the "official correspondence," or the "private memoir," with nothing better than the conviction, that "twas the kettle began it" after all !

The glove dropped by Queen Anne and picked up by Mrs. Masham is the familiar instance quoted by Voltaire ; and perhaps few of those who counselled the imposition of a small duty upon the introduction of tea into our North American possessions, could have foreseen that it would have been the means of losing our greatest colonies for ever.

In all such cases, however, the "*antecedents*," as the French say of marriages, have had far more to do with subsequent events than the circumstances themselves. The change has been gradually prepared for, although the event has, perhaps, not been foreseen. The spark would have gone out in darkness but for the combustible materials upon which it fell.

The New Englanders were of all the American people the least likely to bear any attempt, real or supposed, against their liberties. The principles of the French Encyclopedists had found among the philosophers and students of America many ardent admirers and friends, while the masses of the people looked back with lofty pride to their descent from the little band who sought upon the shores of a new world that religious freedom which was denied them in the old.

It was easy to foresee that a struggle once begun would be maintained with that indomitable perseverance which must ensure success, the more particularly as many private and personal feelings began to mingle in the breasts of the leaders with the main principles at stake.

Lord Campbell, in his "Life of the Lord Chancellor Loughborough," has given us some curious particulars respecting the trial of Benjamin Franklin before the Privy Council in 1774 ; and as upon the result of that investigation hung in a considerable degree the great question of the American war, we think that the following extract may be found not uninteresting to the readers of Sharpe's Magazine :—

"I now come to his (Lord Loughborough's) memorable contest with Benjamin Franklin—

"The babe that was unborn might rue
The speaking of that day."

"It mainly conduced to the civil war which soon followed, and to the dismemberment of the empire, by exciting overweening arrogance on one side and ranking revenge on the other.

"Had Franklin been soothed instead of insulted, America might have been saved. As yet, though eager for the redress of the wrongs of his transatlantic brethren, he professed, and I believe he felt, respect and kindness for the mother country, and a desire that all differences between them might be honourably reconciled.

"Being agent for the province of Massachusetts, and having got possession, by mysterious and probably unjustifiable means, of certain letters written by Mr. Hutchinson the lieutenant-governor, and Mr. Oliver the chief justice of that province, to Mr. Whately, who had been private secretary to George Grenville, recommending the employment of a military force for the suppression of the discontents there,—he transmitted them to the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and being publicly read, they were considered evidence of a conspiracy to destroy the liberties of the colonies. A petition to the king was unanimously agreed to, praying for the recall of the lieutenant-governor and the chief justice. This petition was very imprudently referred to a committee of the privy council, that its allegations might be openly discussed. The executive government ought quietly to have disposed of it, either by refusing its prayer or by transferring the parties complained against to some other sphere, where their services would be more available for the public good: but it was thought that a glorious opportunity had occurred of publicly inveighing against the colonists, and of heaping odium on their champion.

"As the day for the hearing approached, public expectation was raised to a higher pitch than it had been by any judicial proceeding in England since the trial of Sacheverell. The scene was the council-chamber at the Cockpit, Whitehall.

"Thirty-five privy councillors attended, with Earl Gower, the lord president, at their head. Accommodation was made near the bar for Burke, Priestley, Jeremy Bentham, and other distinguished strangers, and the adjoining rooms and passages were crowded with an innumerable multitude, who could only catch some distant murmurs of the vituperation, and inquire, from time to time, what was likely to be the result.

"We have from Jeremy Bentham a curious description of the apartment, and the appearance of him who was beheld of all beholders:—"The president's chair was with the back parallel to, and not far distant from the fire; the chimney-piece projecting a foot or two, formed a recess on each side.

"Alone in the recess, on the left hand of the president, stood Benjamin Franklin, in such a position as not to be visible from the situation of the president, remaining the whole time like a rock, in the same posture, his head resting on his left hand, and in that attitude abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm."

"Dunning and Lee stood at the bar as counsel for the petitioners. Wedderburne (Lord Loughborough) as solicitor-general, alone attended for the crown, or, more properly speaking, as assessor to the privy council. 'His station was between the seats of two of the members on the side of the right hand of the lord president.'

"Dunning and Lee began, but their speeches are entirely lost; they are said to have spoken feebly, being ashamed (as some insinuated) of the manner

in which the letters had been obtained and made public.

"Wedderburne did not stand in need of the stimulus of a fierce attack, but came fully charged with venom which he had long been distilling. We have by no means a full report of his speech, but some of the most striking passages of it have been handed down to us. 'The present question,' he observed, 'is of no less magnitude than whether the crown shall ever be permitted to employ a faithful and steady servant in the administration of a colony? His Majesty, in appointing Mr. Hutchinson, followed the wishes of his people; no other man could have been named in whom so many favourable circumstances concurred to recommend him.

"A native of the country, whose ancestors were among its first settlers,—a gentleman who had for many years presided in the law courts,—of tried integrity, of confessed abilities, and who has long devoted himself to the study of the history and constitution of the country he was to govern. Against him the petitioners do not attempt to allege one single act of misconduct during the four years he has ruled over them. So the chief justice, equally remarkable for his learning and his integrity, stands unaccused and unsuspected of any malversation in his office.

"Yet both are to be punished by a disgraceful removal. Let me examine the only ground which my learned friends have taken in support of the petition. Abstaining from any charge of official misconduct, they have read to your lordships the assembly's address,—they have read the letters, and they have read the censures passed upon them. But having then contented themselves with praying the dismissal of these meritorious servants of the public, they frankly admit to your lordships that there is no cause to try—no charge—there are no accusers—there are no proofs—they simply say, "The lieutenant and the chief justice should be censured because they have lost the confidence of those who complain against them." This is so very extraordinary a proceeding that I know of no precedent except one, but that, I confess, according to the Roman poet's report, is a case in point:—

*Nunquam, si quid mihi credis, anavi
Hunc hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimine? Quisnam
Delator? Quibus indicibus? Quo teste probavit?
Nil horum—verbosa et grandis epistola venit
A capreis—bene habet: nil plus interrogo."*

"Having examined the letters, and contended that they were harmless, or, at all events, that they were private, so that they could not possibly be made the foundation of a charge of public misconduct, he said:—

"On the part of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, however, I am instructed to assure your lordships that they feel no spark of resentment even against the individuals who have done them this injustice. They are convinced that the people, though misled, are innocent. If the conduct of a few ill designing men should provoke a just indignation, they would be the most forward, and I trust the most efficacious solicitors to avert its effects. They love the soil, the constitution, the people of New England: they look with reverence to this country and with affection to that. For the sake of the people they wish some faults corrected, anarchy abolished, and civil government re-established. But these salutary ends they wish to promote by the gentlest means. They wish no liberties to be abridged which a people can possibly use to its own advantage. A restraint from self-destructive

tion is the only restraint they desire to be imposed upon New-England.'

"Wedderburne then, as the *comp de grace* to his victim, whom he thought he had almost sufficiently tortured, proceeded to consider the manner in which the letters had been obtained and published.

"How they came into the possession of any one but the right owners," he said, 'is still a mystery for Dr. Franklin to explain. He was not the rightful owner, and they could not have come into his hands by fair means; nothing will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining them by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant purposes—unless he stole them from the persons who stole them. This argument is irrefragable. I hope, my lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind.

"Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred in times of the greatest party rage, not only in politics but in religion.

"The betrayer of it has forfeited all the respect of the good and of his own associates. Into what companies will the fabricator of this iniquity hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or with any semblance of the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their *escritoires*. Having hitherto aspired to fame by his writings, he will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a *man of letters*—"*homo trium literarum*." But he not only took away these papers from one brother—he kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of another. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror."

"Amidst these tragical events, of one person nearly murdered—of another answerable for the issue—of a worthy governor hurt in the dearest interests—the fate of America in suspense—here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare him only to Zanga in Dr. Young's "Revenge"—

"Know then 'twas I:
I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—
I hated, I despised—and I destroy."

"I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody minded African, is not surpassed by the coolness of apathy of the wily New Englander?"

"The effect of this invective upon the hearers was greater than almost anything we read of in the history of English eloquence," says Jeremy Bentham; 'without any prejudice in favour of the orator, I was not more astonished at the brilliancy of his lightning than astounded by the thunder that accompanied it.'

"We can easily conceive the delight of the assem-

bled privy councillors, who had been selected and summoned on this occasion from their known hatred of the discontented Americans, and their impatient desire to coerce them;—but without very strong testimony we could not give credit to the stories circulated of their demeanour, considering that they were sitting as judges, and that at least the *affectation* of impartiality might have been expected from them. 'Nevertheless,' says Dr. Priestley, 'at the sallies of his sarcastic wit all the members of the council (the president himself, Lord Gower, not excepted,) frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity except Lord North, who coming late took his stand behind a chair opposite me.' Some accounts represent that they actually cheered him as if they had been listening to a spirited party speech in parliament.

"Lord Shelburn, in a letter to Lord Chatham, writes, 'The indecency of their behaviour exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election;' and Charles Fox, in the debate of the war in 1803, warning the house not to be led away by the delusive eloquence of Pitt, reminded them 'how all men tossed up their hats and clapped their hands in boundless delight, at Mr. Wedderburne's speech against Dr. Franklin, without reckoning the cost it was to entail upon them.'

"The committee of the privy council instantly voted, 'That the petition was false, groundless, vexatious, and scandalous, and calculated only for the seditious purpose of keeping up a spirit of clamour and discontent in the province.'

"The king in council confirmed the report, and Dr. Franklin was dismissed from the office of deputy postmaster-general in America. He himself had sat during the whole of the proceedings before the privy council, although all eyes were directed upon him, in the position in which Jeremy Bentham has described him, without moving a muscle. He pretended to despise the vituperation as 'the idle air one hears but heeds not,' saying, 'it was a matter of indifference to him that a venal lawyer was hired and encouraged to abuse the petitioners and their agent in the grossest terms; scurrility could invent; and that a man so mercenary, if well fed, would have been equally loud in his praise, or in the praise of the devil.' But the speech which Franklin thus pretended to despise had rankled in his heart. What secret vow he made he never revealed, but years afterwards, on the termination of the war by which the independence of America was established, being then ambassador of the United States at Paris, he signed the articles of peace in the identical dress which he had worn when inveighed against by Wedderburne.

"He had stood," says Dr. Priestley, 'conspicuously erect during the harangue, and kept his countenance as immovable as if his features had been made of wood. But the suit of "Manchester velvet" which he then wore was again put on at the treaty of Paris. These clothes had never been worn since or afterwards. I once intimated to Dr. Franklin the suspicion which his wearing these clothes on that occasion had excited in my mind, when he smiled, without telling me whether it was well or ill founded.'

"Wedderburne must be severely condemned for thus pandering to the low passions of his countrymen instead of honestly trying to enlighten them. So objectionable was this proceeding, and in which he played the principal part, that Adolphus, the almost indiscriminate apologist of all the measures of George the Third's reign, is driven to confess that 'the cha-

¹ *Fur*, a thief.

² This refers to a duel in Hyde Park between a Mr. John Temple of Boston, accused of having been instrumental in procuring and publishing the letters, and Mr. William Whately, a brother of the gentleman to whom they were addressed, and from whose effects they were supposed to be purloined. Thereupon Dr. Franklin wrote a letter to a newspaper, in which he said, "I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the prevention of future mischief) that I alone am the person who obtained and transmitted to Boston the letters in question. They were not of the nature of *private letters between friends*—they were written by public officers, in public stations, on public affairs, and intended to procure public measures: they were therefore handed to other public persons who might be influenced by them. Their tendency was to incense the mother country against her colonies, and by the steps recommended to widen the breach—which they effected."

character of the inquiry, and the dignity of the tribunal to whose investigation it was submitted, were not duly considered."

Ministers, taught by experience, ought to have known the degradation which they must inevitably incur when they elevated an individual into the rank of a personal opponent. Dr. Franklin, who had recently completed his 67th year, who was known and honoured in the most eminent philosophical and literary societies of Europe, sat with his grey unadorned locks a hearer of one of the severest invectives that ever proceeded from the tongue of man; and an observer of a boisterous and obstreperous merriment and exultation, which added nothing to the dignity of his judges. He had sufficient self-command to suppress all display of feeling; but the transactions of the day sunk deeply into his mind, and produced an inextinguishable rancour against this country, which coloured all the acts of his subsequent life, and occasioned extensive and ever memorable consequences. All the present exultation was unbounded. A day of repentance and humiliation was to succeed it. We shall not follow Lord Campbell through the subsequent details. The animus with which Lord Loughborough continued to treat the Americans was sketched by Burke at a later date. "The learned gentleman's speech," he said (alluding to his expressions in the House,) "demands blood—the sword must convince the Americans and clear up their clouded apprehensions! The learned gentleman's logical resources surely desert him if he is obliged to call such a coarse argument as an army to his assistance, not that I mean to cast any personal reflection upon him—I always respect and sometimes dread his talents."

MEMORANDA OF NATURAL PHENOMENA.

BY F. P. NICHOLS.

NO. III.—THE THEORY OF TIDES.

ALL water which has an uninterrupted communication with the main ocean, exhibits a continual change of alternate flux and reflux, which is called the flow and ebb of the tide. When it has advanced to its greatest height, and is for a few moments stationary, previous to its again retreating, it is at full tide; and when its recession has arrived at its lowest point, and it is about again to advance, it is at low tide.

Although the ebb and flow follow each other in regular succession, they periodically vary in degree; when higher than ordinary they are called *spring*, when lower, *neap* tides; the lowest ebbs invariably follow the highest floods, and *vice versa*.

There are so many difficulties attending the investigation of the causes by which this alternate action of the tide is produced, that although it has for a very long time engaged the attention of men of science, it has hitherto been accounted for only upon mere hypothesis. But whatever the absolute primal laws may be, by which this phenomenon is produced, there is no doubt that the influence of solar and lunar attraction upon

the earth's surface are in some way connected with it.

The sun and moon, by the force of the attraction of gravity, have a tendency to draw the earth towards their centres; but owing to the great inferiority of the moon, both in size and gravitating power, to the earth, and the immense distance of the sun from it, their attractive force is only sufficient to draw towards them that portion of our globe which is directly under the zenith of their power. The greatest effect is produced by the influence of the moon, from its comparative nearness to the earth, and hence it is the chief agent by which the tides are produced.

The greater portion of the earth's surface is covered with water, (only three-tenths being land). The particles of which fluids are composed, having less affinity to each other than those of solid bodies, are more easily influenced by attraction, and have consequently a greater tendency to yield to the moon's attraction, when any given spot is brought under her influence; but the gravity of the earth exercising a counter force to draw them back, only a high protuberance is raised, which forms a huge wave in the midst of the ocean. But as the force of gravity is directed in straight lines, the greatest influence will be exercised over those parts which come nearest under its centre; the greatest elevation of the wave, therefore, will be where it is nearest under the moon's meridian, and diminishing gradually towards the extremities, north, south, east, and west, as the lines of attraction become more oblique.

A portion of the ocean being thus drawn up by the moon, the body of the earth immediately below it will also be similarly influenced, but (from its density, and from the power of gravity diminishing as the distance increases) in a much smaller degree. The waters on the other side the globe being subjected to a still less attractive power, the earth recedes from them, occasioning thereby an increase of their depth, so that a sort of second wave is formed at the exact antipodes of the other.

The attractive influence of the sun is precisely of the same character as that of the moon, but very much less powerful, in consequence of its great distance.

There are thus four great tidal waves—two larger produced by the moon, and two smaller by the sun; the lunar waves being the agents by which the actual ebb and flow of the tides are effected.

According, however, to the relative position of the sun and moon, their respective waves either retard or accelerate each other; when the moon, for example, is in her syzygies, that is, in a direct line with the sun and earth, (as she is at the full, &c.) their combined influence is on the same spot, consequently the smaller waves are in conjunction with the larger; the size of the

chief wave is increased, and the spring, or highest tides are produced. When, on the other hand, the moon is at right angles with the sun and earth, as in her quadratures (new moon, &c.), each wave is at its greatest distance, ninety degrees apart; and rising independently, they oppose each other, producing the lowest, or neap tides.

The earth being a globe, revolving upon its polar axis, it will follow that every place coming within the sun and moon's parallel, will, in rotation, be brought under their meridian, causing an elevation of the water, or high tide, at the spot over which they are passing, greater under the equinoxes, and gradually diminishing towards the north and south pole: hence the successive ebb and flow.

As the period of time the earth takes to make a revolution is once in twenty-four hours fifty minutes some seconds (the two tidal waves invariably travelling at the antipodes of each other), there will of course be two flood tides in that period at every place round the globe, an interval of twelve hours twenty-five minutes (half the period of a revolution) elapsing between each. But as our calendar day consists of only twenty-four hours, it will follow that each tide will be twenty-five minutes later than the corresponding tide of the preceding day.

The shores of the land, however, intercepting the regular course of the primal wave, and causing it to separate and flow round, and into all the various interstices of seas, lakes, gulphs, and rivers, the tides will be later in arriving at the full, in places that are at a great distance from the main ocean. There are various other causes which operate upon the flow of tides in inland waters, as the direction of their course, their relative position, &c. In channels that have a north and south opening, the tide will sometimes flow twice in the course of a few hours, in consequence of one division of the great wave arriving at the corresponding opening of the channel before the other division has arrived at the other opening—as, for instance, when it has been accelerated by winds or currents. In seas where the opening of communication is very small, there is scarcely any tide at all, because the advancing waters have not sufficient time to collect to make any perceptible increase before they again recede. Such is the case with the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Black Seas.

Thus is produced that ebb and flow of the tides, which, assisted by other agencies, keep up a continual motion of the waters of the earth, by which their stagnation, and consequently their decomposition, is prevented.

A CONSOLATORY LETTER;

Supposed to have been written by St. Gregory in his youth.

I HAVE not been eager or hasty to address thee, O Udokia, because I judged that the kindly soothings of thy invaluable mother, and those also of *her* who hath long been unto thee almost as another parent, were of a character better suited to thy soft sex, during the earlier stages of thy sorrow, than those of a man whose path in life is devoted to austerity and singleness, and whose views, pursuits, and wishes are directed to the attainment of a meed of happiness beyond the chances of nature and of temporality.

Yet, Udokia, companion of my childhood, gentle friend, and sister of my heart, think not that he who joined his infant tears with thine for the death of thy tame dove, (which, rescued too late by Hillarion from the cruel talons of a devouring hawk, returned but to die upon thy bosom,) has regarded unmoved this mightier trial of thy matured and tenderest affections.

Thou hast poured out the tears of thy human love upon the untimely bier of thy Cyprian, thy betrothed husband, cut off; and suddenly divorced at once from glory, love, and life. I see thy tears renewed at the repetition of that consecrated name;—thou recallest to thy remembrance his piety, his firm, unbending truth, his undaunted valour, and the long and fair train of his gentle domestic virtues,—thou dwellest upon the heart-engraved picture of his comely countenance, lighted up by affection, and glowing with youthful bloom, and, most of all, the memory of those precious sounds, his vows of fervent, of constant love, now for ever silent and annulled. Thou lookest down into his deep, cold tomb, where pale and powerless he lies, the trophy of death, the victim of decay.

Udokia! retract that downward and despairing gaze. Haik! thy Cyprian is called,—not by the war-clarion of his general—vain and futile summons!—but by that trumpet which, blown at the command of God, shall wake the dead.

Look up, then, mourner!—behold, the Redeemer cometh! Enthroned on all the heavens, He comes to judge the universe with justice and with mercy—to raise the fallen—to bind the broken—to change sorrow into gladness, separation into union, and death into life eternal.

Udokia! live thou so, that, in the courts of heaven, at the footstool of thy Redeemer, thou mayest rejoice thy Cyprian;—*there*, even *there*, as the angels of God, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, may ye in his presence dwell for ever;—thus prays your brother in friendship and the faith, G.

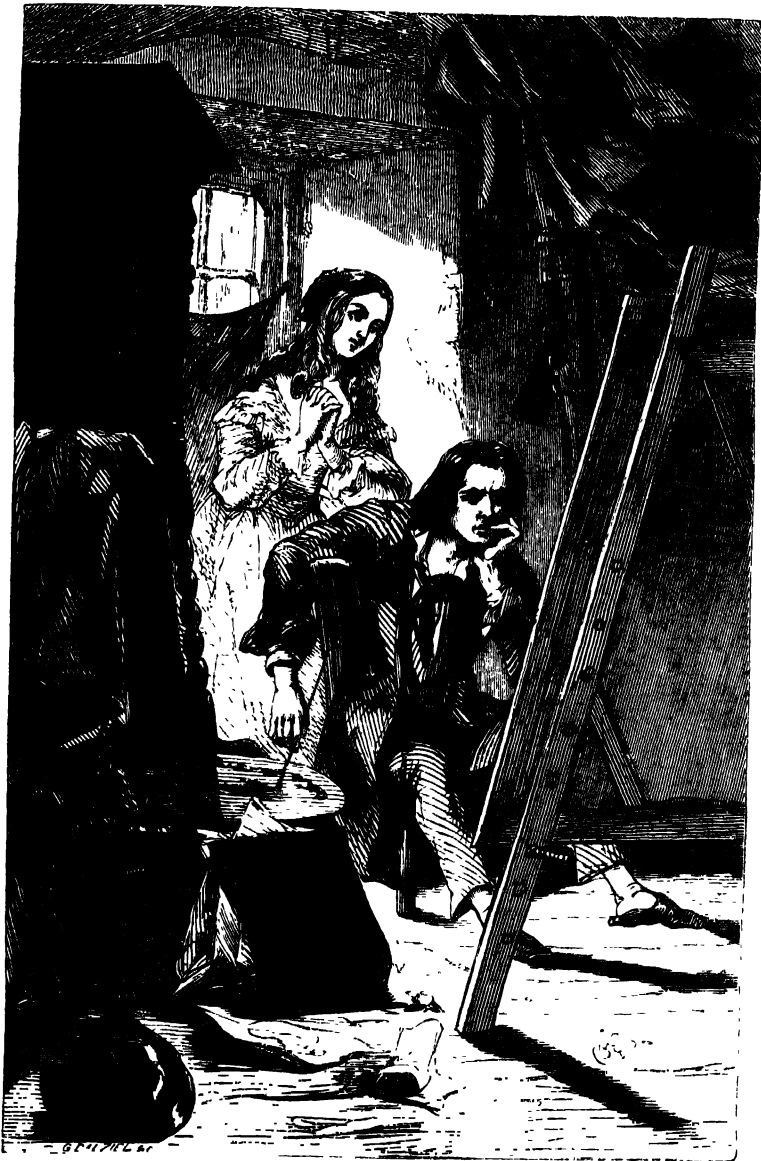
SONNET ON IRELAND.

BY CHARLES INGHAM BLACK, B.T.C.D. C.C.

III.

ANTICIPATION.

'Tis not the gleaming of the quiet stars,
Thou Reader of the Heavens, which can disclose
The end and issue of a nation's woes;
Bind up the wounds, or hide the ghastly scars
Of suffering; the thick solid ether mairs
The keenness of thy glance, and vainly glows
With prophecy. Until the end, in fixed repose
Unquestionable Doom holds fast the bars
That lock from us the future! But the glade,
The flowers with sapphires dropt, the living lawn
Quickly revealed, when light was blotted out
In heaven, convey to thee, exempt from doubt,
The auspicious Truth, that deathliest is that shade
Of night which next prevents the coming dawn.



The Studio.

DRAWN BY FRED. GOODALL. ENGRAVED BY GEO. DALZIEL.

THE STUDIO.

"ARE you never going to eat anything, Leonard? Three times have I come to summon you to dinner, and now it has been cold these two hours. You really are injuring your health! If you would only take a biscuit and a glass of wine! There is nothing worse for you than fasting; you know what Dr. — told you—Leonard you are not attending one bit to what I say!"

"Yes I am, my dear; you—you were observing—Just reach me—no, the other brush—Yes, you were talking about—Stand a little farther back out of the light, there's a good girl—Doesn't the old monk's head come out splendidly, Mary? A little darker shade to the left, to throw the features forward—the light falling on the brow defined a little more clearly—and there we have him, living, breathing before us!"

Reader, such a scene as the above, which the pencil of Goodall has so ably portrayed, is now daily enacting in many an obscure painting room in this great human hive. Talent of a very high order, if not positive genius, may be found striving to realize the ideal of the beautiful, which like some coy nymph still eludes the grasp of her pursuer, but in escaping only reveals new charms, and rivets still more closely the chains of that fascination by which the votary is enslaved. At this period of the year, artists generally are engaged in preparing their pictures for the various exhibitions whichadden, and sometimes, it must be confessed, fatigue the eyes of the amusement-seekers during the London season.

It must be weary work, to paint for the public taste of such a nation of realists as England has become now-a-days. John Bull likes well enough to be considered a connoisseur, and when he has *done* the grand tour, and got through Italy, he can prate with considerable fluency about the pretty things he has seen; but we shall not begin to believe in his real power of appreciating the beautiful in art, until he is cured of his intense delight in causing to be multiplied the innumerable "portraits of a gentleman," or, in plain English, unmistakable likenesses of himself, the veritable "J. B., Sir rough and tough old John, at your service," refined and embellished up to the highest point of perfection his common sense will allow him to swallow.

Ere we conclude, we must remark, with what very great pleasure we see so talented and successful an artist as Frederick Goodall devoting his powers to direct public attention to the toils and struggles of his less fortunate brethren, by such clever and interesting paintings as that from which our Engraving is taken.

THE VILLA MARAVIGLIOSA.

A PAINTER'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

My friend Oliver, on his departure for Italy in the summer of 18—, had faithfully promised to keep up a regular correspondence with me. A year had, however, elapsed without bringing any tidings of the fugitive, when one morning I received a note. It was from my friend, briefly announcing his return, and begging that I would come and spend that evening with him, *tête-à-tête*, in his studio. It was there

that after supper he related to me the following narrative of his eventful Italian tour. I leave him to speak.

"It is customary," began Oliver, "for the Spanish poets to add to the titles of their dramatic productions the epithet of famous,—*the famous comedy*; a mere piece of supererogation, however, for no one is beguiled into a perusal of them any more on that account. The Italians are Spaniards in all that regards the monuments of their country. The most insignificant fragment of stone, if you are to believe the dicta of the natives, has been witness of some diabolical crime. For a couple of sovereigns they would sell you both crime and stone. I could not take a single step in Genoa, where I landed, without, according to my *cicerone*, trampling upon some traditionary remembrance. In the first place, the street in which my hotel was situated was a celebrated one in the city; secondly, the hotel in which I lodged was a celebrated house in the street; in my sleeping-room there was a celebrated window; and, to crown all, a celebrated hook in the wall, upon which some patriarchal senator had either hung up his toga or been hung up himself, I never could exactly make out which. They picked my pocket of my gold repeater before the very gates of the Doria palace—the palace of the great, the celebrated Doria, the most virtuous man of his time.

"In the streets of Genoa I encountered several of those wandering spirits of European literature to whom the physicians of taste recommend tours in Italy, in order that they may by this means be enabled in some measure to recruit their exhausted imaginations. To watch the antics of these 'hot-pressed heroes,' one would imagine they designed to carry off all the monuments of the country in their portmanteaus; they devour palaces, cathedrals, triumphal arches; they dine upon Carrara marble, and quench their thirst with the breezes of Ionia. They would have led one by their proceedings to suppose that we have no such thing as fresh air in England. As these gentlemen travel, not for the sake of any enjoyment derived from the act itself, but merely for the sake of having travelled, they, as it were, fill bladders with blue air, they carefully fold sunbeams in their pocket-handkerchiefs, they stow away echoes of the murmuring waves in their portmanteaus and carpet-bags, and upon their return to England they pour out upon the public these rays, this blue air, these waves, these murmuring echoes, in all their amplifications; and under the titles of 'Tour,' or 'Journey,' or 'Summer Sketches,' or 'Winter Rambles,' they make their poor deluded countrymen swallow a sort of weak, frothy mixture, little intoxicating, it is true, but rapid and tasteless to the last degree.

"Upon landing at Genoa I caught the fever of the country, a disease one owes to the blue air and murmuring wave. After my health was in some measure re-established, my first care was, as you may imagine, to seek an introduction into the picture-galleries of this European celebrity, which has gardens upon the roofs of its houses because it cannot have them upon level ground.

similar diseases. But true historical cookery is to be found in thy land, O matchless Italy! Cheese every where; cheese in the vegetables, cheese in the viands, cheese in the fruits, cooked cheese in cheese!

"'Not a link is wanting in the chain of our national glory,' cried Signor Policastro, one day, as he placed before me six dishes, each containing cheese.

"'Not a link, my Policastro,' assented I, 'unless it be the art of mingling cheese with coffee.'

"I leave, for a while, the Signor Policastro, to return to his noble neighbours, the Count Æneas di Frontifero and his graceful daughter. My visits to the Villa Maravigliosa became more frequent. At the end of two months, I was like one of the family. My passion for the fair Signora Venus augmented in the same proportion as did my enthusiasm for her father's gallery, the cookery of my landlord Policastro, and my delight in the blue air and golden sun-beams of matchless Italy!

"Truth, however, obliges me to confess, that the count, under various pretences, had, by degrees, interdicted me the entrance of his gallery.

"Unlike the old saying, the course of *my* true love glided along as smoothly as can well be imagined; ours was quite a lyrical love affair. I would address myself to her in a canzona of Petrarch's; she would reply to me in a sonnet. As you may easily imagine, I did not, after this, declare my flame in a drawing-room, seated upon a prosaic cane-bottomed chair, between a chimney-piece and a bell-rope. No, nothing so common-place, I can assure you; we made love, warm, ardent, Italian love, mingled with flowers and poison, in the gardens of the Villa Maravigliosa, full of ruins, cypress-trees, and ancient tombs. Upon the fortunate day on which I whispered an avowal which made her as red as a laurel rose, she was surrounded with funeral stones. Beneath her feet I read:—

"'DIIS MANIBUS.'

Her hand lay upon this inscription:—

"'ÆLIAE ROMANAE
CONIVGI DULCISSIMAE.'

And when I impressed my lips upon her brow—the antique method of securing a gentle reply—I read above her head:—

"'SUB ASCIA DEDICAVIT.'

"Let not thy modesty, O my friend, take the alarm; soon were to be celebrated my nuptials with the Signora Venus di Frontifero."

"And so you have married her?" I hastily interrupted, "and the gallery is yours, and the beautiful Villa Maravigliosa—"

"Patience, patience, my friend; but, before we proceed any further, let's have another *brew* of gin and water—true artistic nectar."

The *brew* completed, Oliver filled his glass, and drank; after which he proceeded to charge an enormous German pipe, the companion of many an artistic pilgrimage, and after lighting, he continued to

smoke for some time in silence, gazing into the fire with an abstracted air.

"Do you know," said he, at length breaking silence, "what I was thinking of just then?"

I, of course, replied in the negative.

"I was thinking of the analogy which exists between love and drinking. The first sip from a glass of hot gin-and-water, is like the first kiss of love, pure and unalloyed enjoyment; and though we may afterwards take deep draughts from either fountain, that first kiss is never equalled! There's philosophy for you, old fellow! But I see you are impatient for the continuation of my tale.

"As you may imagine, or, at least, as you ought to imagine, I was rather anxious to learn what sort of a reputation my future father-in-law possessed in the country, previous to joining my lot to that of his daughter. The villa is a town, and each house of this town, hotel, shop, workroom, depends upon the villa. I leave you to judge whether or not the tenants spoke well of the Count di Frontifero, their proprietor. But the occurrence of an unlooked-for event furnished me with the means of more directly appreciating the character and manners of my father-in-law that was to be.

"One evening when alone in my room, I was engaged in sketching from a bust after the antique; I heard a slight noise, apparently proceeding from one side of the apartment. It had just struck twelve. The dogs of the neighbourhood had ceased barking, and the serenaders had also ceased to mingle their 'wood notes wild' to those of their canine companions; a universal calm reigned throughout the house and offices. Guided by the sound which apparently proceeded from two persons in close conversation, I crept softly to the wall, and through a crevice in the lath-and-plaster partition I perceived my landlord, Signor Policastro, lighting in the Count di Frontifero, who entered the room and seated himself in a large arm-chair. Policastro placed the lamp on a table, and seated himself likewise; he then opened a volume, which by its form, and the grease spots by which it was stained, I recognised as the day-book. The count took a pen, and after having gone through its pages with a gravity which alarmed his companion, prepared to write.

"'Let's see, Messire Policastro, you say—"

Dinner for an English family.

	francs.
Two polastri	30
A roast fowl	50
A bricoli stracinato	10
Fegato à la Milanaise	12
Pasta Frolla	8

Total 110

"'Only a hundred and ten francs! why, your sum totals diminish every day, like the pyramids of Egypt. You impoverish yourself, Signor Policastro. You lower yourself in the eyes of the world. The English will no longer come to us, they will prefer going to France to economize. A hundred and ten

francs! You are aware, I presume, that people don't get chickens out of spiders' eggs?"

"But, Signor Count, the Englishmen complained of the bill being very heavy as it is."

"Let them remain at home, then, the thieves! They will soon leave us not a single Caracalla upon its feet, nor a single tomb; they carry all off with them to London; ere long it will be Italy going to see London, instead of London coming to Italy. But let us return to the *foie à la Milanaise*. Once for all, and *per Baccho*, will you double your prices? yes or no?"

"But they say that I actually plunder unfortunate travellers."

"Plunder them! how can that be when they are shown villas like mine? beautiful fountains, superb pictures, for dishes of *bricoli stracinati* at ten francs! Since I see that you lack courage to follow up your profession, Policastro, I shall now fix for your guidance the invariable price of each dish; if you derogate but one iota from this arrangement, I shall most certainly dismiss you."

"And the count inscribed upon the board on which were engraven the names of the various dishes supplied at the hotel of "*Brutus sacrificing his son*," the price which was in future to be demanded for each."

"But, Signor," cried the honest Policastro at each line, "no one will order any more fried fish or boiled vegetables if you mark them so high; respect at least the ragouts of cheese—you will absolutely denaturalize them by your exorbitant charges. You will exile the *tagliarini*, you will utterly blight the hopes of the *ravioli*. Ah! Signor Count, mercy for the macaroni! Do not profane it. For the last five hundred years that has been the fixed price. The ancients themselves never dreamed of interfering with the macaroni. It is a sacred price. Your grandsires founded it. Your ancestor Æneas —"

"The pitiless Count di Frontifero, supporting his left hand on the hilt of his sword as if to sustain his good cause, traced with his right hand upon the *carte* the new and onerous tariff of the macaroni, after which act of severity he rose majestically from his seat. Policastro seized hold of the skirts of his red velvet coat."

"I will now tell you my mind fully," he cried, "no consideration shall from henceforth restrain me. Your conduct is odious! Misfortune to the house of Æneas! Its downfall is nigh at hand!"

"Silence, Policastro, or I shall have you replaced."

"You dare not do it, Count."

"What prevents me?"

"Your own interest."

"Bah!"

"Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery?"

"Policastro, *mio caro*!"

"Must I tell about your daughter?"

"Policastro, Policastro, my worthy associate! Come, come, do not be angry; I will abate something in the price of the macaroni, and let peace reign undisturbed between us."

"With one dash of his pen Frontifero modified his former severe tariff respecting the macaroni, and the landlord and count shook hands like two sovereigns, happy, after a stormy congress, in being able to terminate the interview by a still closer alliance."

"Oliver, your count was a madman."

"Not so mad as you think for, as you will discover by and bye. I was almost mad, if you will, after being witness of a scene in which my future father-in-law, the descendant of Æneas, had appeared to me in the character of an innkeeper, and in which there had been dropped such mysterious inuendoes respecting the Villa Maravigliosa, its picture gallery, and the beautiful Venus, she who was to bring me as her wedding portion this matchless gallery of arts. Could there, I whispered to myself, be any stain upon her reputation? '*Must I tell about your daughter!*' This threat uttered by the landlord Policastro tingled painfully in my ears. Was the fair Venus frail? perish the thought!"

"When peace was concluded between the count and the innkeeper, the former leisurely divested himself of his red velvet coat and hung it up to a nail in the wall, placed his hat on the chimney-piece, unbuckled and laid aside his sword, and tucked up his shirt sleeves to the elbows."

"Whenever you please," said he to Policastro, "I am ready."

"Policastro rang the bell, and immediately afterwards ran out upon the landing place, where I heard a sort of shuffling noise. He shortly afterwards returned, and after having double-locked the door, emptied out upon the long table a quantity of fish, vegetables, fowls and fruits; he then opened a cupboard, from which he took a variety of copper vessels and stewpans of every conceivable shape and fashion."

"Why, Oliver," interrupted I, "these people were sorcerers."

"They were cooks!"

"Armed with a huge carving knife, the count in a trice dismembered fowls, sliced up vegetables, and hashed all together, whilst my landlord busied himself in lighting a fire on the hearth, and began to season with various spices the comestibles which his illustrious companion from time to time cast into the stewpans."

"Imagine, if you can, my stupefaction at the sight of a descendant of Æneas thus transformed into an under cook, and the nature of my reflections on seeing the poetical possessor of the poetical Villa Maravigliosa engaged in the prosaic occupation of scraping carrots. Up to two o'clock in the morning he continued thus engaged in drawing pullets and slicing vegetables, without permitting the slightest tinge of shame to appear on his cheek. When he perceived that all was going on to his satisfaction, and when he judged that his ministry was accomplished, he washed his hands, drew down his shirt sleeves, resumed his red velvet coat, buckled his sword to his side, and with his hat placed jauntily on one ear he waited until Policastro should light him down stairs. Nothing can be compared in rapidity

to the sudden change which took place in the landlord's deportment. A moment previously the count's equal, he now became again before the red velvet coat the obsequious vassal, the respectful tenant, the subservient lackey. With his white cotton nightcap in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, and his body bent almost double beneath the weight of his respect, he led the way down stairs, assuring the count at every step of his eternal fidelity."

CHAPTER III.

"As you may imagine, I deferred not beyond a second interview with the Signora Venus di Frontifero, the occasion of enlightening my mind with respect to the mysterious words which had reached me through the partition. The difficulty lay in properly and delicately leading the conversation to the wished-for subject. It is probable I should never have attained my end had it not been for a chance stroll I took one morning with my intended through the Villa Maravigliosa.

"We had paused before a fragment of antiquity, which served as a text to the harangue I commenced in something like the following terms;—'Sovereigns,' said I, 'have occasionally been subject to weaknesses scarcely credible: for instance, Vitellius used to wash out his own pots and pans; Trujan was accustomed to bottle his own wine; Constantine to cut out sandals; Louis XIII. of France preserved sweetmeats; Louis XIV. used to wash and comb his lapdogs; Louis XV. prepared his own coffee. I can however easily conceive these little weaknesses,' added I hastily, fearing lest my erudition did not sufficiently veil the blow I struck; 'they lighten by their very triviality the cares and occupations of royalty; a bow must not be always kept on the stretch, otherwise it snaps, or at least loses its elasticity, as was very justly observed by Socrates, who was accustomed to amuse himself by dancing, and in all probability was a proficient in the art. Your noble father is a great admirer of Socrates, although he neither dances, cleanses his pots and pans, combs his lapdogs, nor makes his own coffee.'

"He has however his eccentricities,' replied the Signora Venus with a deep blush.

"He makes verses perhaps? it is a noble recreation for a man endowed with his lively imagination.'

"Not exactly.'

"He occupies himself perhaps with alchemy?"

"I do not think it can be exactly considered so high a pursuit as that.'

"I understand. He stops short at chemistry.'

"In its more useful applications,' replied Venus.

"The uses to which chemistry can be applied are so various that it would be a difficult matter to hit upon the precise one which the noble count, your father, honours with his study and research. The manufacture of eau de Cologne, seidlitz powders, and lucifer matches, as well as the more humble pursuits of the kitchen, may all be considered as branches of the science.'

"It is perhaps to this last named branch that my father more particularly devotes himself.'

"There is nothing humiliating in this,' I hastened to add; 'the errors of great men are sacred; besides, this has its originality. So your father is a count by day —'

"And a cook by night,' added the simple-minded Venus, completing my phrase. 'I owe you this avowal, since we shall soon have no secrets between us; but never speak to my father of these singularities. He would blush for our ancestors and for himself.'

"I had at length discovered the solution of one of my three enigmas. My future father-in-law was cook from taste; and after all there is no accounting for taste. The celebrated Lalande devoured spiders;—the count, less peculiar in his appetites, merely desired that others should eat his macaroni; but that did not prevent the first from being a great astronomer, nor was this taste for cookery any reason why the second should not be of high birth, the possessor of an immense fortune, and the owner of the Villa Maravigliosa and its picture gallery—two treasures which would fall to my lot on my acquiring a third treasure, his daughter, the charming Venus di Frontifero.

"But what meant the second enigma, or rather the second threat uttered by Policastro;—'*Do you wish me then to make known to the world the real character of your gallery?*'

"Tell me, charming Venus,' said I, once more advancing to the attack, 'why your noble father, who has overwhelmed me with marks of esteem and kindness, has granted me only three times admission into his beautiful gallery, of whose treasures I have shown myself so ardent an admirer?"

"You shall learn the reason. My father last year undertook a journey to France and England for the sole end of inspecting the various collections of pictures with which these two countries are adorned: what was his astonishment and anger on finding every door closed against him, the amateurs having apparently come to some mutual agreement to cause him this disappointment.

"By dint of a series of diligent inquiries, he discovered that a countryman of yours, an Englishman, irritated against him, had been the sole originator of this conspiracy. This Englishman, whom for various reasons my father had not thought proper to admit into his gallery, had in this manner taken his revenge. As a man of spirit my father resented this outrage; but as an Italian he knew how to conceal his resentment at the bottom of his heart. On his return to Florence he gave orders that from henceforth his gallery should no longer be opened to any foreigner, how high soever his rank might be. It required all the esteem with which you had inspired him, joined to our mutual affection, to persuade him to violate in your favour an oath sealed by vengeance. You can now conceive how, reconciling his hatred of foreign amateurs with his friendship for you, he at first granted, and afterwards withheld from you the permission of admiring his pictures.'

"Here's another illumination,' thought I to my-

self. 'But,' I added, aloud, 'when we shall be married, I trust that the interdict will be raised. For, once his son-in-law, the pictures will become my property.'

"Beyond a doubt. And if I could trust in your discretion, I would offer to introduce you into the gallery by a secret door, on the condition that you would content yourself with the amount of daylight you would find there, without attempting to augment the light by drawing aside the curtains; for were my father to surprise you, you would not have time to restore things to their proper places.'

"Never had lover, on hearing a long-sighed-for avowal—never had engineer, on seeing burst forth, at ten feet depth, the water of an Artesian well, for which he had expected to bore through three hundred feet of solid rock, experienced a joy equal to mine. Women in general feel more happiness at the joy they cause, than that which they themselves experience. Venus shared my happiness, and, wishing to redouble it, she placed in my hand the key of the secret portal. My fair intended had scarcely re-entered the house, ere I was in the gallery of the Villa Maravigliosa, on my knees in enthusiastic admiration of three or four hundred pictures, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the greatest masters of the universe, — talians, Spaniards, Flemings, Germans, English, French. I lived, as it were, in the times of these rare geniuses; in imagination I entered their severe and antique *ateliers*; I quitted that of Giotto to salute Perugino behind his portico; Raphael smiled on me from his carved window; leaning against his copper wall, Michael Angelo, that sombre master, displayed to me his demons and condemned souls, whilst the more rugged Albert Durer drew for me his lovely German virgins on the oaken shutter of his window."

"You are horribly metaphorical to-night, Oliver," interrupted I. "You mean to say, that, in your ecstasy, you passed from paintings upon copper to drawings upon wood."

"Precisely so; but I had not finished my sentence."

"Finish it, then."

"Whilst I was in the full enjoyment of these ineffable delights, the door at the farther end of the gallery opened, and I saw enter the Count Aeneas di Frontifero, accompanied by the innkeeper, Policastro. I had but just time to conceal myself behind a colossal statue of Pollio. Unfortunately, unlike a true Roman, Pollio had no toga; at that moment, I sincerely anathematized the nude."

"Although the count and Policastro had paused at some distance from me, I could not avoid overhearing their conversation. Carried along by the vaulted ceiling of the gallery, the echoes wafted to my ears every word they uttered,—words which I have retained with scrupulous fidelity, too deeply interested then to lose a single syllable."

"There remain but two more," said the innkeeper, 'and they are not the best, saving the respect I owe you.'

"Alas! your remark, my excellent Policastro, is but too true. My ancestors—"

"Your ancestors were spendthrifts. Had they nothing better to do than to squander away in festivals, galas, suppers, so many lovely virgins so rich in colour, and so many holy personages so faultless in design? It is almost anthropophagy."

"Policastro, our rank has its exigencies. We nobles cannot vegetate like daily labourers. Respect the memory of my great ancestors; let us draw the curtain of charity over their faults."

"And, above all, over the pictures they have left you, although the day approaches when the curtain will be no longer able to conceal their fatal substitutions. If I can pardon your ancestor for having expended the entire right side of your gallery, because he was a prince, and was obliged to figure at the court of the Emperor; if he counterfeited six "Martyrs," two "Transfigurations," eight "Loves of the Gods," nine "Abductions," four "Cloistral Scenes," and seventeen "Views in Venice," in order to possess carriages, horses, French cooks, and English coachmen, I have no pity for your father, who, like an inveterate gambler as he was, stripped the entire left side of your gallery. And for what purpose? Why, to stake upon the hazard of a die, or the turning of a card, these thirty-nine "Portraits of Popes," these twenty-eight holy "Abbesses," besides a host of other pictures, of various subjects."

"But if," thought I to myself, 'these portraits of popes and abbesses are all here in *propria persona*, as well as the pictures on the right hand side of the gallery, of which I have got ocular demonstration, I cannot conceive how my father-in-law's father could have lost them at play, any more than how his ancestor could have despoiled his collection in order to possess carriages and cooks.'

"But yet," continued Policastro, 'if all the copies they have made of the pictures they sold were really good ones, Signor Count, (but in good truth they are deplorable imitations, destitute alike of taste or skill,) I repeat to you, that the shadow of these curtains has no longer power to conceal such hideous counterfeits.'

"Policastro, enthusiasm is a marvellous colourist; in order to convince you, I have only to instance that rich young Englishman who will soon become my son-in-law. He took this for a genuine Caravaggio."

"Good young man!" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"That for a Giordano!"

"Noble and disinterested soul!"

"That for a Julio Romano."

"His mother must be a happy woman."

"That for a Michael Angelo."

"He is a saint!"

"And that, my Policastro, for a Raphael."

"A very Daniel come to judgment!"

"And the count and innkeeper began to laugh together in so ironical a manner, that, in my rage, I fancied I could hear all those execrable copies before whom I had knelt in fervent admiration, joining in the infernal chorus. Heaven pardon me! but I could almost swear that the infamous Roman behind whom I lay concealed laughed as well as the rest. Pollio was in all probability himself a copy."

" 'And if he only knew,' resumed the innkeeper, 'that this picture, which he believes to be a Raphael, the worthy young man! was by you and me! For, you know, I drew it, and you painted it; the original has been in other hands these ten years back, if I do not mistake.'

" 'PolICASTRO, you flatter yourself. You scarcely put a hand to this work.'

" 'What! you seek to ravish from me my glory! This is not generous on your part, Signor. Do I not avow the share you take in the confection of my ragouts? You are my associate in the kitchen, permit me to be yours in the domain of art.'

" 'The amount of talent displayed in the two copies which you have just completed from the Domenichino and the Carlo Dolci will decide the degree of esteem which I may accord you.'

" 'It will be indeed high time, Count, to esteem me, when we have no more copies to make. What shall we copy next? there is nothing more left for us here.'

" 'I know what I am saying. I am shortly, as you are aware, about to marry my daughter to this young Englishman, and it is absolutely necessary that the illusion should last until then. If I could no longer refuse him the *entrée* of my gallery, and he were through your clumsiness to perceive the universal error which reigns throughout, I should lose a son-in-law, and the two thousand a-year which he brings into the family.'

" 'But my dear lord, of what daughter are you speaking? of the Signora Venus? Why, she is not your daughter.'

" 'Not altogether: she is my niece, the daughter of my younger brother, who died in England.'

" 'You are going to make this Englishman marry a copy.'

" 'Here was a revelation! Venus was not his daughter! I was upon the point of upsetting Pollio, and crushing myself and them under the ruins.'

" 'But, Signor Count, why have you concealed from him the fact that she is not your daughter?'

" 'Because he is mad after every thing Italian, and esteems nothing that is not Italian. Italian painters, Italian women, Italian villas!'

" 'But is not the Signora Venus an Italian?'

" 'She was born, my dear PolICASTRO, I have told you a hundred times, near London, at Tooting in Surrey.'

" 'Oh Pollio, Pollio! a collection of daubs taken for an incomparable gallery, and I myself upon the point of marrying a denizen of Tooting Common, believing I was wedding an Italian! And the Etruscan figure, and the Volscian feet, and the Sabine neck! Once again did the count and the rascally cheese poisoner laugh together in so indecent a manner that I became even paler than Pollio. For an instant I imagined that I was but a copy myself.'

" 'Some moments afterwards I heard a noise; I cautiously put forward my head, and beheld the count and his acolyte, the one mounted on a ladder, the other steadying it with his foot, engaged in consummating the last sacrifice of which the Villa Maravigliosa could become the victim. A beautiful Dome-

nichino and a divine Carlo Dolci were unhooked, and in their places were suspended the two copies manufactured by PolICASTRO.

" 'Not bad, PolICASTRO, not bad,' exclaimed the count approvingly, 'you have done well. I salute you the first copyist of Europe.'

" 'When the two pictures, however, were lowered, the count could not behold them without regret in the hands of PolICASTRO, who was doubtless about to bear them away to the happy purchaser. He took them, placed them each on a chair, and gazed upon them for a length of time with deep affection. From the huge pockets of his old red velvet coat he drew forth a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The count was moved even to tears.'

" 'PolICASTRO,' he exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, 'they are my two sons, my loveliest, my last. What harmonious colouring! what drawing! what draperies! Even were they less beautiful than they are, how could one abandon them without pain?'

" 'Signor Count—sobs stifled the voice of PolICASTRO, who kissed the hand of his lord,—'Signor Count, Providence will not leave you always thus. You must hope for better days.'

" 'Hope is not even permitted to the aged, PolICASTRO; but my past troubles were light in comparison with this. Adieu, Domenichino, adieu, Carlo Dolci, whom my ancestors have beheld with rapture, and who have rejoiced the eyes of my father, you that have been my pride in the eyes of strangers, and the props of my declining years! Adieu, my children, adieu!'

" 'And the count applied his lips, now to one picture, now to another, kissing them with all the ardour of an Italian. One single thought cast a jealous shade over the sensibility of the innkeeper. His artistical self-love—if a copyist can be styled an artist—was singularly wounded by this burst of admiration and grief of the count's for the two pictures, which he imagined he had at least equalled in point of merit by his copies. As for me, my grief was considerably assuaged by the reflection that, if the count had no longer any pictures left to sell, there still remained his villa, which was worth a good round sum of money.'

" 'Which you hoped to obtain by wedding the count's daughter?' interrupted I.

" 'Precisely so,' replied Oliver. 'But to continue.'

" 'Courage, Signor,' said PolICASTRO in a cheering tone of voice; 'show yourself more high-minded than your ancestors. If they had possessed your character, they would have left you more original pictures, and fewer copies. And yet, if their copies were only equal to mine! But why lament so much? is not your niece upon the point of marrying this young English painter?'

" 'The marriage is not yet completed, PolICASTRO, and you know there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. I have enemies; and supposing one of them was to reveal to this Englishman that the superb Villa Maravigliosa can never pass to a foreigner; that our laws oblige me to transmit it to one of my name, and consequently to one of my

nephews; can you suppose that this foreigner, feeling himself duped by both me and my niece, would not break off the match, and instantly quit Florence and Italy?"

"It is, alas! but too true, Count; a villa, were it the Villa Borghese, were it the Villa Doria, cannot be sold, since our laws sanction not the act, but on the contrary expressly forbid it; and for the best reason in the world, villas cannot pass into the hands of foreigners; they are the patrimony of the country. Thus those who, like you, Count, possess such an appendage, are obliged to deprive themselves of almost the common necessities of life, dying of hunger in the midst of birds, flowers, waters, marbles, and superb galleries, unless, following your example, they set up hotels at their palace gates."

"These singular revelations completed, I might now, in all conscience, have appeared before the eyes of the count, and said to his face: 'The farce is played out; throw open your doors and let me depart;' but when I put forth my head again after a few moments' silence, I found that the count and the inkeeper had retired, carrying with them the two pictures."

"Once at liberty, I felt ashamed at finding myself in this infamous gallery, of which I had been the silly dupe. My fanatical belief, surprised in its credulity, and now at length restored to its senses, swelled with rage in the presence of these false gods at whose shrines it had prostituted its worship. A revolution had taken place within me, and I think you must allow that there were ample reasons for this outbreak."

"To have venerated counts who kept taverns and made their own ragouts! to have been enthusiastic in my admiration of galleries of copies! to have loved a Tooting Italian! If I withdrew my plighted troth from the Signora Venus di Frontifero, it was not because she was no longer either an heiress or a count's daughter, it was simply because she had been leagued with her uncle to render me ridiculous."

"I quitted the villa, but previous to my bidding adieu to Tuscany and Italy, I ascended to the dome of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, and from this dizzy height let fall a hearty burst of laughter as my parting malediction upon this land of perpetual mystifications."

Here Oliver broke off in his narrative, and took a deep draught of gin-and-water, as if to wash down the bile which was rising into his gorge.

After a few moments' silence I said:

"And so, Oliver, your travels are over, eh?"

"For ever."

"You will continue to paint landscapes?"

"Ay, that will I, many landscapes, washerwomen and cabbages; and may I become a member of never-mind-what Society of Artists, if I ever again lose sight of the white cliffs of Albion."

Oliver has kept his word; and, to judge from his performances, promises to become ere long one of our most popular landscape painters.

Over the door of his painting room are inscribed these words: "VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK OF ITALY."

THE NORMAN GRAVE OPENED IN 1846.

THERE are some events of so suggestive a character, that a whole world of thickly crowding thoughts and solemn imaginings rise, in all the richness of epic poetry, at the mere mention of these significant facts. Most minds feel at certain periods this deep romance and eloquent power of association. Simple are the facts which at such moments surround the meditating spirit with a magic circle of bright creations, or the reminiscences of days long passed away. The sound of village bells, stealing with mysterious echoes through the forest leaves in the deep stillness of an Autumn evening, will suffice thus to illumine with a poetic splendour the half-forgotten epochs of our past history, bringing out in bright relief that scene, and this passage in our life. Sometimes the event operates in the same way on our ideas of ancient times, shedding a subdued light, a kind of moonlight brightness, over the quiet graves of olden nations, and clothing in their former life the beings who lived a thousand years ago. To descend into the vaults where in the strange silence rests a line of kings, will call up such thoughts: the damp mouldiness of the crimson velvet, and the tarnished crown, then become suggestors of that past state of society in which those entombed beings, now voiceless and sceptreless, moved and ruled. Nor are our hearts stirred less when, sitting on the moss-covered and fallen column of some abbey of the middle ages, we gaze on the graves where the noble sleep, with the wild flowers clustering on their graves, of which no lettered monument now speaks. The stone coffin of yon Norman lady is before us. Yundreda the daughter of kings, a descendant of the far-famed Roland, lies beside a railway excavation: and rough men take those bones in their hands, antiquarians examine, and crowds of novelty-hunting visitors pay for a view of that stone house of the dead. What a contrast is there! on one side *our* life, with its ceaseless tides and far sounding hum of work, its science, and its railways. There in the remoteness we see the Norman life, in castles and abbeys, with its intense and fervid workings; so distinct from our own. Wide is the gulf between those times and the present, for so little do we remember of the past, that the very relationship of Yundreda to the Conqueror is now disputed, some contending that she was not his daughter, but a descendant of Matilda by her first husband. But into all this perplexing discussion, and array of authorities, it is not our intention to lead the reader, who would feel little gratification in being thus indoctrinated into the writings of old Norman chroniclers and monkish annalists. What is the popular opinion of Yundreda? That she was a daughter of William I. by Matilda, and that this child of the Conqueror was subsequently married to William de Warrene, who became the ancestor of the powerful Earls of Surrey. Thus in the popular traditions, Yundreda was not only known as the daughter of a king, but the mother of a line of nobles. To these particulars, the histories add that she founded the priory of Lewes, in which she was buried.

Some interest has been excited by the unexpected discovery of her coffin, by a few railway excavators, on the site of the ancient abbey, which belonged to the Cluniac monks, being the first house of that order in England. Strange changes have come over that old Saxon town since the day when the daughter of Matilda was laid with solemn rites beneath the dust of the

old pile. Fierce storms have swept over the land since that procession passed through the silent ranks of the Cluniac nuns; thrones and earthly dominions have been borne down since then, and amidst the far spread din the very name of Yundreda was forgotten, and her resting place itself lay hidden beneath the silent ruins of her abbey. Geologists have scrutinized the famed Lewes level, and found in it the bed of an ancient estuary, from which memorials of the patriarchal earth have been drawn, and forced to speak of things before the flood. But during the flight of ages no one thought of the hidden tomb of Yundreda, and it was at last but an accident, the striking of a workman's spade against the coffin, which opened the grave in 1846. Then the busy and sight-loving tourists rushed to view the strange remains, and crowds from Charing-Cross and Piccadilly paid their shillings to gaze upon the long buried bones.

There may appear to some persons little worthy of notice in the discovery of such remains of other ages; but if the geologist beholds with delight the small fragment of bone which tells of extinct races, and hints a few scarcely distinguishable thoughts on the state of the ancient earth, then surely the memorials of a past human life are not undeserving our regard. If the Swiss exile hears in the *Kanz-des-Vaches* the sounds of his earliest years, and sees again his mountain home on the sides of the hoary Alps; so the historian beholds in a sepulchral stone traces of the mysterious drama which was acted on the earth a thousand years ago. Hence we may learn the value of such simple events as that which has produced these lines, and feel how much of imaginative grandeur surrounds the dry investigations of the antiquarian. Mouldering stones, half obliterated letters, and deserted burial grounds, are rich with the poetry which requires not the garb of verse, but speaks with Miltonic power in the quiet depths of thoughtful hearts. Whilst standing by that coffin we see the old ages of this land rise from their tombs, and slowly pass before us in magnificent procession, till the eye is dazzled by the solemn splendours of the long and shadowy array of kings, princes and barons. Perhaps in a moment we lose the bright visions—recalled to the present by the roar of a railway engine rushing along the road which carries its impetuous life into the once quiet recesses of Lewes Abbey. But we shall by such a view have surrounded our spirits with the bright things of poetry, and be furnished with an antidote to much that would otherwise deaden our sensibilities, and perhaps degrade our taste to the level of mere vulgar excitement.

We have thus taken the opportunity presented by a quiet hour to concentrate the various reflections suggested by the discovery of Yundreda's sepulchral home; and if we have persuaded the contemplative reader to cross the Rubicon which separates the region of common life from the bright world of true romance, we conclude by wishing him all the rich and poetic delights connected with an imaginative journey to the homes and times of our forefathers. The coffin of Yundreda is closed; men are forgetting the discovery, and the *Archæological Journal* no longer discusses her marriage or parentage. We too must leave the subject; trusting however not to lose the thoughts suggested by standing so near the dead princess of the early Norman times.

W. D.

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR A—,

As many of the manners and customs of these people have, doubtless, a very ancient date, and are recorded by oral tradition merely, it is difficult to trace them with anything like satisfaction. Those which refer to the circumstances of their political and religious economy are perhaps the most obscure, for their origin is involved in as much doubt as that of the people. The different classes, however, which the New Zealanders recognise afford a strong point of evidence as to their Asiatic descent, (in common with all the islanders of the Pacific Ocean,) and particularly from the Malays, as I said before, who are known to have been influenced by a spirit of emigration, and left their homes in great numbers to spread themselves over adjacent and even distant islands; and a strikingly great similarity of political customs and regulations is observable between those people and the natives of New Zealand. The government of both is decidedly of the feudal character, the whole body of the people being separated into tribes or clans, each acknowledging a chief, to whose control they are subject in all affairs relative to war, polity, and civil customs and privileges.

The orders usually adopted hitherto by the New Zealanders, then, are *Chiefs*, *Aruks*, *Rangatiras*, (or gentlemen, as they please to call themselves,) and an adventitious class denominated *Cookers*, who are either slaves or prisoners of war, or the very commonest people, who cannot aspire to anything more than a distant or nominal relationship to their superiors; for almost all these people claim some near or distant kindred with each other. The term "*Cooker*" is a mere Anglicism, and is not universal throughout the island. "*Taurek areka*" is the legitimate native name for a slave, and the other is only a cant word that has originated in the vicinity of the sea-coast, where cooks of vessels have been in the habit of associating with the natives. It is true they, in most instances, answer both appellations of slave and cook very appropriately, for the females of this class are generally observed in the precincts of the cook-house, assisting in culinary processes; and both sexes of these unfortunates are employed in the most common and slavish drudgeries. But, as regards personal appearance, a stranger would be puzzled to distinguish one of these from either of the other classes. There is little in their dress, style, or demeanour that would lead to the discovery; but their servile employments more readily mark their station. They are not, however, by any means ill-treated by their superiors; on the contrary, you will see the gentleman and slave, cooker and chief, squatting side by side in the utmost good-fellowship, and even the commands of the latter are given with all possible urbanity of manner; not with that haughty authority which we so often see exercised by a more civilized master to his servant, who, though

"To deepest sadness sullenly resign'd,
Yet feels his body's bondage in his mind."

This is not the position of the slave in New Zealand: here are no task-masters, no whippers and drivers, but superiors, whose elevated situation is best evinced by courtesy and kindness. It is true that this class are exposed to much hardship, that their time and services are at the disposal of their masters, and even their lives and property can scarcely be called their own; yet such is now the good feeling shown by the

higher classes to those beneath them, that seldom are any of the latter sacrificed to their ferocious passions, excepting under circumstances of extreme culpability on the part of the slave. The time was, however, when a chief would keep by him a number of slaves, as we should cattle or poultry, and knock one on the head with as much indifference, when his cannibal appetite and cruel propensities dictated, as we feel in killing an ox.¹ Now it is very rare that any of them are wantonly ill-used; on the contrary, they are rather encouraged in their friendly advances, and suffered to approach and converse with their superiors with so much freedom, that it is difficult, I repeat, to distinguish a slave, or common person, in an assemblage of these natives.

The Rangatiras, or gentlemen, as those are considered who can boast of near relationship to a chief, are perfect patterns of savage independence, although, like all others, they are at the call and disposal of the head man of their tribe, both in political and civil matters, and in all affairs of war. They, however, appear to have little voice in the judgment and regulation of these matters: whatever their chief's motives may be, it is their duty to obey his commands, and they do this with an alacrity and good-will that does honour to their clanship. This class, as well as the chiefs, are allowed to intermarry with the female branches of any other, even slaves; and thus we find that nearly all the people claim some relationship with one another. It is common to hear them speak of their father, when they, in truth, mean their uncle; of their brother, when a cousin is meant; and of cousins, perhaps, to the thirtieth remove. I do not see that these "gentlemen" are at all more circumspect in their conduct than the class of people below them; if anything, they presume on their elevated position, and transgress with more arrogance and effrontery. Thus they are often the ringleaders in the most shameful and scandalous aggressions on the white people, as well as on their own; nor is their *gentlemanly bearing* over-conspicuous in their dealings. They can lie, cheat, and play the hypocrite, with the lowest among them. A few of this class, however, might be selected for their better sense and conduct, and who endeavour, by their example, to inculcate something like morality. These generally figure amongst the missionary classes, and are styled amongst themselves monitors, and very creditably do some of them conduct their business. But this duty is by no means confined to the Rangatiras, for I have it from good authority that even *slaves*, from superior knowledge and attainments, are sometimes installed in these offices, and that even their superiors in rank submit to their authority in such matters as if they were on an equality with themselves. This is a convincing proof of the humanizing principles of Christianity; and did it stand alone, it would sufficiently evidence the increasing benefits arising from the labours of the Missionaries, and the national improvement which their institutions have already effected in the social condition of these people.

A chief, as his name implies, is at the head of all affairs—religious, civil, or political—if the supersti-

tious ceremonies belonging to the former deserve the name of religion. He is invested with supreme power over every other class, and all distinctions of what kind soever; and by a curious custom, which I shall presently notice more particularly, he has the power to render sacred any person or thing, so that both are, at his good pleasure, placed in that consecrated position, that even to touch them would be considered highly criminal, and would at one time have been followed by summary chastisement, and probably loss of life as well as property. It is not, however, superiority of means, greater personal property, number of fighting-men, or previous warlike achievements, that constitute a chief—but *long descent from noble ancestors alone*. Though varying in distinction, it does not appear that the subordinate chiefs are under any obligation to their superiors in matters relative to the civil and political economy of the tribes immediately under their jurisdiction, nay, even in warlike decisions. Nor do all chiefs invariably conduct the military operations, even though well qualified by youth, strength, and activity, but are more like our own sovereigns, ruling, directing, and encouraging by their influence, and regulating all political measures and manœuvres. They generally, therefore, are provided with a chief whose courage, talent, and acknowledged prowess recommend him as a fit person to conduct these expeditions; and some of them certainly stand high in the estimation of their countrymen.

Ariki and *Chief* are often synonymously used as signifying the same degree of rank, but there is an essential difference. A chief may be an ariki, but an ariki is not necessarily a chief. By a chief, as before observed, is to be understood the superior person of a tribe, but he may be in a far inferior position to some others bearing that name. There are, therefore, principal and petty chiefs; the former are such as can trace their descent from far distant times; the latter, such as have been born of parents, one of whom is of an inferior grade, or it may be a younger branch of the first. Thus, the offspring of a chief by one of his subordinate wives, would belong to the latter class; but a son by his head wife, or one who was on an equality with himself, would be the principal chief or ariki of the two brothers. "*Ariki*" is, therefore, definitely, a senior or superior, in reference to birth as well as age: hence, the chief whose true lineal descent is most ancient and manifest, is the ariki over all the rest, and so on from the top to the bottom of the scale. The head of a family is their ariki; an elder brother or sister is the ariki over the younger; the second over the third, and so on in like order. Even slaves, in their way, assume an arikihip over each other.

The term "*ariki*" has also been applied to a priest; but this is incorrect, for, truly speaking, they have no such sacred functionary. "*Tohunga*" has also, very erroneously, been used to designate the priestly character: for this term is indiscriminately applied to any person carrying on business of any description whatever. "*Tohungarua*," is a person who may be casually selected to mark out a place for the cultivation of "*kumeras*," which, after being gathered, are placed under his care, and deposited in a *tapued* store, sacred from all communication with the rest of the tribe; and this man alone has the power to distribute them:—this, perhaps, may have given rise to the mistake. The term "*ariki*," however, as significant of a priest, is an error, for this office may be exercised even by a *slave*, if his mystical abilities are

¹ A gentleman informs me that he has known a young slave commanded by his chief to make up one of their native ovens, and who was thus unconsciously preparing his own funeral pile; for when completed, and desirous to know what *kai* (food) was to be cooked, the inhuman cannibal knocked the poor unsuspecting lad on the head with his tomahawk, and immediately cooked him for the temporary gratification of himself and friends. This, it is said, *was* but too common a practice in former times among these people.

of such an order as to impose readily on the credulity of the others; his higher attainments in juggling tricks constitute his title to authority. The duties of an "ariki," in his sacerdotal office, may be better illustrated in the description of their strange system of *Tapu*:—A principal chief being the ariki over a petty one, and consequently over every one below him, can *tapu* any object or person, so that it is consecrated from all touch: the head of a family can do the like, and the rule is held sacred, at his pleasure. If, therefore, the father *tapu* his youngest child, none but the elder brothers and sisters, with himself, dare even to touch it while the interdiction is in force; and he alone can remove the charm. The husband is likewise considered the ariki over the wife, although they may be of equal conditions in rank.

The distinction, therefore, between a *priest* and an *ariki* is obvious—the one may be assumed at any person's option, but the other can only be applied to designate a superior by either birth or age. By these brief explanations you will be better prepared to understand the working of that peculiar system of *tapu*, which, for want of better laws, the natives have from time immemorial observed in the most sacred manner. It has constituted an efficient jurisprudence, regulating their whole machinery of morality and polity, in a degree scarcely to be surpassed by the laws of any civilized realm: while, from its awful sacredness, it so effectually places persons and things in that consecrated position, that crime and cupidity are disarmed of all power. The superior *arikis* and principal *chiefs* are by this means their lawgivers; and whatever they may feel inclined to construct or abrogate, it is done by this cabalistical symbol of the *tapu*. But it would be difficult to make you comprehend this curious principle without some examples. Besides its moral, civil, and political efficacy, life and property may be inviolably secured by this sacred interdiction; and it is occasionally extremely accommodating to those who have the power of legalizing it, for on whatever should please the fancy of one of these privileged chiefs, he may exercise his spirit of monopoly to its fullest extent, though it is not always in his power to dissolve the charm by any potent incantation without the concurrence of other parties interested.

The head of a New Zealander is uniformly considered a sacred or *tapued* part of the body; therefore, to swear by that part, to strike, or even irreverently to touch it, would subject the offender to their severe displeasure, and indeed to a disagreeable retaliation, and he instantly becomes *tapued* also. So tenacious are they in the application of this *tapu* to this honourable part of man, that were you even to compare the head to any insignificant object, as an iron pot, pumpkin, or any other article present, such would be immediately considered as *tapued*, and could not again be used, nor even touched by any of the people. Also, if a native were describing the height of a *child*, he would hold his hand in an upright position; whereas, if an *animal* be the object of his description, he would represent its height by using his hand in a horizontal position, as we should do. Should a chief have his hair cut, the operator and instrument would both be under *tapu*, and the hair would be buried in *tapued* ground.

The house in which a chief dies, and the place in which he is buried, are under a lasting *tapu*: this latter spot is distinguished sometimes by boundary rails; but oftener by an upright post, painted black

or red, a sign which they call *Tiki*; and no native is allowed to enter the house, or place his foot upon the ground. This interdiction, however, is not observed by strangers, nor do the natives at the present time feel offended at such a trespass.

Should a chief be seriously ill, he is considered to be specially and sacredly under the dominion of some offended *Atua* (Deity), and consequently is in a *tapued* condition, so that no one is allowed to approach him, or in any way administer to his wants, excepting his head wife, or a superior ariki; thinking that such interference would be grievous to the presiding deity, whom they imagine to dwell in the sick person's body during his affliction. Thus, through this absurdity, many good and brave lives have been heedlessly sacrificed. Slaves, at one time, were not considered eligible to the ceremony of the *tapu* during sickness; or, in other words, were not considered of sufficient importance to claim the incantations and prayers of their superiors, which they suppose can only be made available by placing the patient under this mystical influence. If a wound be inflicted by any weapon, accidentally, the instrument is immediately *tapued*; if by a bite of any animal, it is placed in the same condition; if wood be taken from *tapued* land and used as fuel, no native would eat of any victuals cooked at that fire; nor would he even light his pipe at it.

But I might fill a volume with these instances, and fail to give you a clear notion of this peculiar custom, so varied is its application. It affords, however, additional evidence of the resemblance subsisting between the manners of these people and others of the Pacific islands, where superstition is so remarkable a feature; and can we wonder at or censure these absurd forms among an ignorant people, when we consider, that in civilized lands even, many, who have had all the advantages of education and of enlightened society, are not altogether divested of such false devotion to imaginary agents?

This strange custom, however, has been fast giving way of late years to more enlightened views, so that the *tapu* is now seldom heard of; and as Christianity becomes more diffused among the people, all their extravagant phantasies will disappear, and they will look back upon the fooleries of their forefathers as the vapourings of an idle dream.

Another custom, far more revolting in its character, is likewise fast passing to the shades of oblivion: I mean their disgusting practice of cannibalism. That this was formerly carried to great excess, there is little doubt; but it is still questionable whether it proceeded from a real liking to the taste of human flesh, or was instituted originally from motives of revenge. When we consider the savage and brutal nature of these people, made up as it is of all the most ignoble and animal passions incident to human nature, and consider also, that their food has always been principally of a vegetable character, we may surmise that the latter motive has chiefly instigated them to so disgusting a practice. Their cruel and inveterate practices on animals, insects, &c. which, in their view, are annoying, loathsome, and unseemly, contribute also to the opinion that they devoured their enemies from a purely revengeful feeling. They are to this day excessively hard-hearted towards many inoffensive creatures, and practise a variety of revolting tortures upon them, merely to gratify their spleen, and they seem to derive satisfaction from witnessing their miserable struggles and expressions of pain. Putting out the eyes of birds, stripping them

of all their feathers; mutilating rats, dogs, cats, &c. are common every-day amusements: and their eager avidity to destroy all annoying insects doubtless arises from the same revengeful feeling. Whatever may have been the real motive, however, of their practice of cannibalism, it is fast subsiding; scarcely has an instance of it been known of late years; and this, I think, proves as much as anything can do, that it was formerly practised from feelings of hatred, rather than from taste; for the latter would be much more difficult to overcome in a short space of time; and an occasional treat might yet be expected to be indulged in, which is not the case. Those natives who have attended to Christian discipline repudiate the custom in the strongest terms; and though this desirable effect might naturally be expected to follow the reception of Christianity, it would probably have been more tardy had the custom arisen from an indulgence of appetite.

I have been informed by some old settlers here, that they have as a matter of curiosity tasted human flesh, cooked after the native fashion, and all describe it as being remarkably savoury, and having very much the appearance and flavour of roasted pork. The natives, however, prefer the black to the white flesh.

The ovens in which these people cooked their victims were such as they still use for the preparation of their present food. They first dig a hole in the ground, in which they throw blazing embers of wood and some round stones; when the latter are sufficiently hot, they place their food upon them, covering it over with leaves and flax baskets; then over all they throw water, which being converted into steam, and immediately covered with earth, the mess is very soon cooked to their liking.

But although so disgusting a custom is happily done away with among them, their savage nature is still conspicuous in their ordinary mode of eating. Perhaps the only occasion when you see a Maori energetically exert himself, is when he is devouring his meals; especially if consisting of any kind of meat. Potatoes, however large, they cram into their mouths without biting; indeed, they distend their jaws and cheeks in such a manner as almost to defy the process of mastication; and they gulp it all down with the rapacity of a half-famished boa-constrictor. It is truly sickening to see them over a large pot-full of putrid maize. The hand performs the ready office of spoon; and their grunting, snorting, and gluttonous eagerness, can only be compared to the noise of as many pigs around a trough. Putrid fish of various kinds, but particularly shark and a species of skate, are favourite delicacies. Eels, too, which they get in great abundance, they cook in leaves, and then hang them to dry for occasional munching: they likewise string cockles and mussels, and keep them till they are in a state of horrible decomposition, when they are declared fit for use. In the vegetable line, they seem to prefer their putrid maize to everything, excepting, perhaps, potatoes in the same state: pumpkins, kumeras, calabashes, wild turnips, and cabbage, occasionally grace the feast; and their dessert, which lasts from morning to night, or rather from one day's dinner to another, for they eat at all hours, will consist of favourite roots, such as fern and some others always within reach. I cannot name one half of their fragrant dainties; but will conclude this tempting bill of fare, by wishing that, after your perusal thereof, "good digestion may wait on appetite, and health on both."

Yours, &c.

KIT.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

F.

THE fair-haired morn is waking
In beauty from on high,
And the mountains are partaking
In the radiance of the sky:
Her smile, from Phocia's rugged pass,
Caught by the azure sea,
Is glowing on its breast of glass,
And owned by every tree
That bears upon its mournful cheek

The tear of pearly dew,
And weeps to think that rocky peak,
That blushes now with rosy streak,
Shall with devoted life-blood reek

Of the noble and the true.

For steel-clad troops of Persia's king
Are gathering round the glen,
As hunters, ranged in deadly ring,
Beset the lion's den.

But as the forest monarch's spouse,
With beating breast and frenzied eye,
And cries that mountain echoes rouse,
And move the rocks to sympathy,
Dies fighting in her craggy den,
Because she loves her young too well
To yield to the fierce hunter's ken
Where hidden in the rocks they dwell;
So fights, his injured land to save

From the disgrace of slavery,
The Spartan chief,—and dares to brave
The countless hosts of armed men,
That like an ocean, wave on wave,
Are entering now thy narrow glen,

Thou long-loved hill of Thessaly!
Flashes the chieftain's eye of fire,
And quivers now his lip with ire;—

"Rather than live the Persian's slave,
Mountain! be thou our bloody grave—
Our long last home—Thermopylæ!"

Alas! alas! they perish
Within that rocky pass,
But Greece shall ever cherish
Thy name, Leonidas!

While transient years their shadows fling,
As long as time rolls round,
Thy name shall like a trumpet ring,
With spirit-stirring sound!

And cold and dead his heart must be
Who fires not at the thought
How upon red Thermopylæ
Bravely and well they fought.

The very winds that fan his grave,
Sing the Spartan's funeral dirge,
And the sad sea, with rolling wave,
Throws on the pebbles his foam-crested surge.

The mournful music of the trees
Gently sounds the warrior's knell,
And their dewy tears, as they wave in the breeze,
Moisten the spot where Leonidas fell.

THE JEWELS OF THE MONTHS.

A POLISH CUSTOM.

In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is, in consequence, customary amongst friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make on birthdays reciprocal presents consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelary stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather of the future destiny, will be realized according to the wishes expressed on the occasion.

JANUARY.—The stone of January is the jacinth, or

garnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in every sort of engagement.

FEBRUARY.—The amethyst, a preservative against violent passions, and an assurance of peace of mind and sincerity.

MARCH.—The bloodstone is the stone of courage, and wisdom in perilous undertakings, and firmness in affection.

APRIL.—The sapphire, or diamond, is the stone of repentance, innocence, and kindness of disposition.

MAY.—The emerald. This stone signifies happiness in love and domestic felicity.

JUNE.—The agate is the stone of long life, health, and prosperity.

JULY.—The ruby or cornelian denotes forgetfulness of, and exemption from, the vexations caused by friendship or love.

AUGUST.—The sardonyx. This stone denotes conjugal felicity.

SEPTEMBER.—The chrysolite is the stone which preserves and cures madness and despair.

OCTOBER.—The aqua marine or opal signifies "Distress and Hope."

NOVEMBER.—The topaz signifies fidelity and friendship.

DECEMBER.—The turquoise is the stone which expresses great sureness and prosperity in love, and in all the circumstances of life.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

WHAT a nice thing it is when the days really begin to grow longer! we say *really* because we don't consider the paltry little attempts made by the aforesaid days to lengthen themselves during the first month or so after the decease of the shortest of their family, anything worth speaking of. But when they really do grow longer, when half-past five finds us pen in hand, and our Editorial lamp (that magic lantern which lightens our labours when engaged in the mysteries of concocting SHARPE) yet uncalled for, we consider things are improving, and our spirit rejoices within us. For be it known unto you, good Public, that in spite of all we have said about merry Christmas, and the charms of blazing fires, fascinating turkey legs, and irresistible plum puddings, we have a strong personal antipathy to cold weather, reckon Winter a necessary evil, and welcome Spring as the shipwrecked mariner hails the —what shall we say?—the beacon light which assures him of safety, or the glass of grog awaiting him in the tap-room of the Jolly Sailor.

There is a popular delusion afloat, that Autumn is something very wonderful and charming, and that it's one's duty to one's poetry to speak of that unpleasant season with a tone of affectionate interest; albeit we behold the pretty green of the trees which we have rejoiced over in Spring, and delighted in during the Summer, fading into the indescribable neutral tint of that formation which, undisguised by the jaw-distending nomenclature of Geology, is usually known as "Dunduckity mud;"—when shady lanes become shower baths, and gravel walks aqueducts. The "sere and yellow leaf" is all very nice to talk about, but if your garden could not be carpeted by the broadsheet of the Times newspaper, it will require the united services of an able-bodied man, a willing boy, a well-conditioned broom, and a *sane* (in contradistinction to crazy,) wheelbarrow, to keep these sere and yellow in-

truders in proper order. Every gust of wind occasions "a great falling-off in all branches," and a turning over old leaves, which renders the labours of the quartette above mentioned analogous to that of Sisyphus. Then there are fogs, moist affairs, damp abominations with rheumatic consequences, causing one to inhale an atmosphere of diluted gruel in the country, and smoky pea soup in town, and at night bewildering the brains and mildewing the faculties of the strongest-minded coachmen, confusing their topographical knowledge to an extent which ensures a temporary sojourn in a ditch, where ditches are rife, or an alarming collision with the vehicle of some other mystified Jehu in the more frequented localities.—No: Autumn may be all very well for poets, painters and partridge-cides, but for ourselves, give us Spring, "*Primavera, gioventù del anno*," as somebody (Petrarch, isn't it?) calls it, and a very promising youth we consider it.

But this is not writing our postscript. We are allowing our discursive propensities to run away with us, and shall lay ourselves open to the charge of wishing to emulate the generosity of Mr. Aetón Warburton, who, in treating of Rollo and his race, and following in the footsteps of the Normans, digresses, *currente calamo*, to Warren Hastings, whose connexion with Rollo or the Normans we are at a loss to discover, unless the battle of Hastings can have anything to do with it. But to business, (for little as our prelude looks like it, we have a small account of business to transact.)—Our spoilt child, the dear capricious Public, who no sooner cries out about a thing than we, enfeebled by the very strength of our affection, seek to gratify its wishes—our naughty child has lately been lifting up its voice against our wood-cuts—they are not pretty enough to please it—even that very nice young lady in our last part, "in maiden meditation fancy free," failed to satisfy our fretful Public—so not content with providing four wood-cuts with which our readers can have no real fault to find, we have determined for the future—to give no wood cuts at all! but, instead thereof, two Steel Engravings; which Engravings will themselves be worth more than the small sum of a shilling, so that for the future we shall make you, O my Public, a present of SHARPE, with all the inimitable articles contained therein, *free gratis for nothing*.

Having thus transacted our public business, we turn to a little private matter of our own, and, no longer addressing you collectively, beg most cordially to thank two of your number, (*le due Sorelle*) for the very great pleasure their charming letter has given us, but in this our postscript space will not allow us to thank them as we would do, or to explain to them why their letter afforded us such peculiar satisfaction. We have therefore a favour to ask at their hands; we implore them most earnestly to write to us once more, and to send us some direction (we care not how mysteriously concealed) if it be even "Post Office, Antipodes—To be left till called for," we will submit, for we seek not to penetrate their incognita, but we are most anxious to explain to them the pleasure they have given us.—We do not fear a refusal; *le due Sorelle* cannot be hard-hearted.

In conclusion we beg our Subscribers, and more particularly our Contributors, to observe that our Office is removed from Skinner Street, to 25, Paternoster Row, where the Magazine will in future be published, and to which direction all communications intended for us must be addressed.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

BY W. H. BARTLETT.

"THE monuments still extant within or without the city of Jerusalem," observes the facetious Fuller, "are reducible to one of three ranks. 1. Certainly true, as the mountains compassing it, which are standards too great and too heavy for either time or war to remove. 2. Of a mixed nature; where the text is true, but superstition and fancy have commented on it. 3. Stark lies, without a rag of probability to hide their shame; where the believer is as foolish as the inventor impudent. We will bundle them together and let the reader sort them at his discretion; for it is as hard to fit the throats as to please the palates of men; and that will choke one man's belief which another will swallow as easily credible." An admirable analysis, and the concluding remark curiously borne out by the history of the different views successively entertained as to the genuineness of the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Received at first with implicit faith for ages, it was not until the middle of the last century that the voice of scepticism was openly heard to question it. Next followed Chateaubriand, a Catholic, with a most plausible defence, and Dr. Clarke, a Protestant, with an equally violent attack. In later years these parties were reversed; the Catholics taking a negative, and the Protestants an affirmative view of the question, till the arguments of Dr. Robinson in his "Biblical Researches" seemed by general consent to have demonstrably proved the falsity of the tradition. The Rev. Mr. Williams of Cambridge, ardently desirous of rescuing the early Church from the imputation of either error or imposture, defended the site anew; and from that time to the present, the controversy has never slackened for a moment, and is now if possible more entangled than ever it was. So obscure, indeed, is the subject, so confident are the rival disputants, and so well balanced apparently their respective pretensions, that it is somewhat difficult in such a case not to avow one's self convinced, as Byron was, "by the last speaker." It would be cruel to inflict upon the general reader the details of this interminable controversy, and to give an intelligible outline of it without maps and plans would be impossible, notwithstanding, some principal points may be thus briefly stated.

There are few distinct notices of the sites of the crucifixion and entombment of our Saviour in the gospels, and but one in the apostolic epistles. Nothing more is said on the subject than that those places were *without* the city, and near to each other. Soon after the death of Christ, Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus, and long remained in ruins. Subsequently, after an interval variously estimated at about fifty years, the Christians returned, and it would be surely but natural that they should seek out again and hold in reverence places consecrated by the most solemn associations. Probably they did so, but it may be reasonably doubted whether they may not have mistaken the true sites after the utter destruction of the city had either obliterated or disguised all but its imperishable landmarks. It is in the experience of every one how completely the appearance of a district is changed by new streets and buildings, or by the pulling down of the old, and how difficult and often impossible it is to recognise a locality with which we were formerly so familiar. Here is the first break in the chain of identity, yet it hardly admits of a doubt that certain places were traditionally regarded as the true sites by the Christians at the time of Constantine, when, as is well known, Christianity became the established religion of the Roman empire, and it was the wish of that emperor to rescue the holy places from the neglect, or even profanation, to which they had been exposed by his Pagan predecessors. According to Eusebius, the contemporary historian of these transactions, the site had been covered over with earth, upon the removal of which it was discovered, and Constantine built over the sepulchre itself a round

church or oratory, and to the east of this a spacious *basilica* or church.

From this period the evidence of identity has been less traditional than monumental, no one hesitating to believe that the present church occupied the site of the original, until the very extraordinary theory lately started by Mr. Ferguson. According to this gentleman, the church of Constantine was *not* built here, but over the remarkable rock and cave in the "Haram" generally supposed to be the *enclosure of Solomon's temple*, though the mosque is regarded by Mr. F. as having been beyond the limits both of the temple and of the city itself. Nor does he hesitate also to believe that this is the *real* Calvary; an opinion in which, we think, few will be found to agree with him. This round church of Constantine, as he says, still remains in the supposed "Mosque of Omar," but the *basilica* has been utterly destroyed—as, indeed, it is recorded to have been—by the impious visionary Hakem, although its portal, which he believes to be identical with the celebrated Golden Gate, is still standing. And it must indeed be admitted that there is very much in the architecture both of the Mosque and Golden Gate to justify the theory of their having been created by the Christians at this period. Mr. Ferguson further supposes that after the Saracens obtained possession of Jerusalem, they eventually deprived the Christians of the round church, which they covered with a dome, and ever after jealously excluded them from its precincts. In this dilemma, threatened with the destruction of that prestige which still continued to bring pilgrims to Jerusalem, they determined to erect another church, and substitute another sepulchre, instead of those whence they had been expelled. This is indeed a bold conjecture; yet, strange as it is, it is not altogether unsupported by at least plausible appearances, or parallel instances of imposture. The age was fertile in pious frauds; destitute of any spirit of inquiry, and we find other cases in Jerusalem in which tradition has shifted from its original seat in a manner equally surprising. Such, and so singular, are the various opinions entertained upon this very interesting but no less intricate subject.

In this brief paper, I shall waive any further question as to the identity of the site, or of the transference of the building, remarking only that the destruction of the *original* Church of the Holy Sepulchre by Hakem, whether it stood here, or, as Mr. Ferguson supposes, in the Temple area, occurred long before the siege of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099; consequently, it is for the possession of the *existing* structure, built in this interval, that all the sanguinary struggles of the crusades took place. This siege by Godfrey de Bouillon is the first great incident in the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In 1094, Peter the Hermit performed his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and being distressed at the cruelties to which both the resident Christians as well as pilgrims were exposed, stirred up on his return to Europe that mighty agitation which upheaved all Christendom, and rolled back the advancing tide of Mahomedan conquest. The first rude and ill-organised body of crusaders for the most part perished miserably; and it was not till after a series of the most perilous adventures that the remnant of the gallant band of Godfrey de Bouillon sat down, on the 7th June, 1099, before the walls of the Holy City. In the mean time the Turks, whose cruelties had originated the crusade, had been expelled from the city by Aïdhal, vizier of the Fatamite Khalif, and its defence was entrusted to Emir Itikar-ed-Daulah, who had made every preparation in his power. It was first proposed by the Mahomedans to put all the Christians in the city to the sword, and to *root up the very rock of the Holy Sepulchre*; but fearful of reprisals, they contented themselves with expelling all able-bodied men. The city was now invested at every practicable point where not defended, as Josephus described it when besieged by Titus, by "impassable valleys." And now com-

menced the "forty days of calamity and anguish," as Gibbon calls them, in which the siege of Jerusalem was fulfilled. For five days the assault was kept up: all the instruments of the ancient warfare were incessantly plied, on the fifth day a tremendous onset took place, but, unfurnished with ladders and machines necessary for scaling the walls, the valour of the Christian knights was vainly wasted. At length some timber was brought on the backs of camels from a considerable distance, and the seasonable arrival of some Genoese vessels at the Port of Jaffa, which hardly escaped the Egyptian fleet, revived the flagging spirits of the besiegers.

"They came prepared," to use the language of Mr. Williams, from whom we have already borrowed, "with all necessary implements, and Raymond, whose funds alone were unexhausted, took them into his employ."

"In four weeks the preparations were completed, and the day fixed for the assault. But in order to secure its success, it was resolved first to propitiate the Almighty by a general humiliation, and a reconciliation of the differences and animosities which existed between the princes and people. In long but peaceful array, with bare feet, the clergy in their priestly vestments chanting solemn litanies, they first proceeded to the Mount of Olives, where they were edified by sermons from Peter the Hermit and Anselmus, an eloquent friend of Count Robert of Normandy, exhorting them to endurance and other christian graces. They then visited the Church of Zion, where several were wounded from the walls, on which the enemy exposed and insulted the sacred symbol of our salvation. All was now ready."

"At dawn of day the assault commenced: the soldiers of the cross, animated by one spirit, proposed to themselves one of two alternatives—victory or martyrdom. Even the aged and the sick, women and children, took part in the fight. The machines were moved to wards the walls under cover of a discharge of stones from engines and slings, but a deep fosse before the outworks impeded the operations of the besiegers, and the stout defence of the Moslems occasioned them considerable loss. The fosse was with difficulty filled, the castles advanced to the outworks, and a deadly struggle ensued. The shock of the assailants' missiles was broken by sacks of straw and chaff, or beams and ropes suspended from the walls. The castles were fired by means of brands attached to darts composed of sulphur, pitch, and oil, with other combustibles, and the flames were scarcely extinguished by streams of precious water. Huge masses of stone hurled from the battlements crushed the legs of the engines, and the soldiers by whom they were manned were thrown headlong to the earth. Meanwhile, the catapults on the wall discharged incessant showers of shot with wonderful precision and effect."

"Night parted the combatants, but though exhausted with the toils of the day, neither party could devote it to repose. The crusaders, apprehensive for the safety of their engines, prepared with so much labour, and on which their success depended, watched anxiously for the morning to renew the assault, while the garrison, no less fearful of a night attack, paced the walls and guarded the gates, and the elders passing through the streets of the city, exhorted and encouraged the people to vigilance and bravery."

"At length the anxious night, worse than the toilsome day, gave place to the dawn of the memorable 15th of July. The battle raged as on the preceding day, and in addition to the usual arts of war, the Moslems called to their aid the charms of sorcery. One very large and destructive engine of the Franks had done terrible execution: the incantations of two witches were to disarm it of its power: while engaged with their spells on the wall, three girls of their company were struck by a mass from the same engine, and fell lifeless from the walls. At length, after seven hours' hard fighting, the courage of the dispirited besiegers began to flag, when a *timely apparition*, on Mount Olivet, distinctly seen by Duke God-

frey and his brother Eustachius from the upper story of their tower, revived the dying embers of zeal. The soldiers returned with vigour to the action, and the last and successful struggle commenced. The valiant brothers at the head of a chosen band, carried the wall, and the besieged fled. It was on a Friday afternoon at three o'clock that the city was taken: and the chroniclers do not fail to remark, that it seemed to be divinely ordered, that at the very hour and on the self-same day of the week on which our Lord suffered for the salvation of the world.

"Alas! the soldiers of the Cross were little mindful of His precepts and the example of His dying prayer for his murderers. Humanity shudders, and religion revolts at the frightful carnage committed under His banner by these inhuman butchers, flushed with victory, thirsting for blood, and wholly devoted to its terrible work. The two generals, advancing from opposite quarters, met in the middle of the city, leaving the ensanguined streets behind them so thickly strewn with the mangled corpses of their victims as to be almost impassable, the miserable fugitives being intercepted between the two detachments. Such as escaped immediate death fled to the court of the Temple, and a few to the castle of David. The former became the next object of attack. Tancred was the first to enter: and while his soldiers were busy with carnage he was occupied with rapine, and pillaged the vast riches of the mosque of Omar. The arrival of the other generals consummated the tragedy. The marble platform of the sacred building was deluged ankle deep with blood, and the mangled limbs of the slaughtered floated on its crimson tide and the grim aspect of the conquerors, smeared from head to foot with human gore, was not less dreadful than the havoc in which they were engaged. Tens of thousands of the enemy are said to have fallen in this confined space, the number slain in the city was not to be estimated."

"The transition in the events of this day fills, perhaps, the most striking page in the history of enthusiasm. When the arms of the conquerors were wearied, and their swords blunt with slaughter, when guards had been stationed in the towers and at the gates, as a precaution against a sudden attack, the whole multitude having laid aside their weapons, washed their hands and changed their garments, and with bare feet, and groans and tears, the outward indications of a humble spirit and truly contrite heart, mingled with hymns and spiritual songs of praise, proceeded to the venerable places which their Saviour had deigned to sanctify and adorn by His presence, but especially to the scenes of His Passion and Resurrection, kissing and embracing each sacred memorial with indescribable fervour of devotion."

Such was the extraordinary scene that occurred at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey de Bouillon was now chosen the first Latin king of Jerusalem. Twenty canons were appointed to the church, while the Mosque of Omar was also appropriated to Christian worship under the title of "Templum Domini," the Temple of the Lord. Jerusalem was in the possession of the Latin knights for a period of eighty eight years, when Saladin, three months after the battle of Tiberias, appeared before its walls. The consternation of the Christians was at first intense, their defence at length so desperate that even after having formed a breach in the wall, Saladin was induced to accept their offer of capitulation. At the price of ten gold byzants for every man, five for women, and one for children under seven years of age, the inhabitants were suffered to depart; a large number who were unable to obtain the ransom were reduced to slavery; but it is impossible not to contrast the mild and merciful proceedings of Saladin, with the atrocious butcheries of the soldiers of the Cross. Some time after the death of Saladin the walls of Jerusalem were entirely dismantled by his successors, and, by another revolution, the Franks again had possession of the city, on condition that they should not rebuild its walls; they began to do so, however, but were at length finally expelled. The

present walls of the city were built by the Ottoman Sultan Suleiman, A.D. 1542.

Under the Ottoman sultans the different bodies of Christian monks have been allowed to retain possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and ever since the struggles among themselves for supremacy have been, if less sanguinary, at least no less obstinate, than even those of the Christians and Mahomedans. The old animosity between the Latin and Greek Churches is here brought into a focus, and its expression at times so violent, that the Turks themselves are obliged to keep the peace. "A Franciscan friar," says Mr. Wolff in his journal, "told us with great delight that he had given a sound bastinado to the Greek papas in the most Holy Sepulchre." Some English travellers were also witness to a desperate encounter between the rival bodies within the sacred walls. "The devil aids the Greeks," said the defeated Latins, "and you, Englishmen, who are our guests, stand by and see us beaten without offering to assist us." "How can you expect it from us," was the reply, "when, if we are killed in your behalf, you will deny us Christian burial." Such are the poor persecuted friars, over whom Chateaubriand has endeavoured to throw so poetical, so pious a halo.

We shall now proceed to give a brief description of the building itself, and of the strange scenes of which it is annually witness. Of the principal front our engraving will convey so complete an idea, that verbal description is superfluous; the only remark we will make here is, that in the columns in the foreground, on the left hand, are manifest vestiges of prior construction, and that the dome is that over the round church which contains the sepulchre. On entering the portal, which is kept by a Turk, who demands a small sum from every visitor or pilgrim, the first object in the vestibule is the *very stone* on which the body of our Saviour was mounted, after his crucifixion; a few paces more, and we stand under the central dome of the church, replacing that destroyed by fire at the commencement of this century, not without strong suspicion of foul play on the part of the Armenian monks, disappointed in their struggle with the Greeks. In the centre of the building is the sepulchre itself, little resembling, however, the small gothic edifice formerly existing there, and certainly so very unlike what we should have expected to find, as to induce an involuntary scepticism.

Eusebius described the original as "a cave, evidently hewn out, a rock standing erect and alone on a level land, having only one cavern within it," which, as Mr. Ferguson justly observes, "while eminently descriptive of the singular rock with the cave under the dome of the Mosque of Omar, is certainly inapplicable to the present appearance of the tomb before us, which does not seem to be cut in the rock at all, but simply built up to contain a sarcophagus of white marble." "Yet," according to the same Eusebius, "much labour was required to uncover the rock from the obstructions with which impious men had sought to bury it." This building is divided into two small sanctuaries, in the first of which is the *stone on which the angels sat* when they replied to the mourning women! in the second the 'Sepulchre' or rather the sarcophagus itself. But these difficulties either occur not to the mass, or at least do not trouble their unhesitating convictions. "The floor of the rotunda," observes Carne, who was at Jerusalem at the time of the pilgrimage at Easter, "was to the observer of the human heart a rich and hourly treat." Here the pilgrims of all ranks stood or knelt, trembled or were bowed utterly, their eyes fixed intently on the Sepulchre; "the covering of all hearts was taken away, the rich and the poor were alike subdued as the infant; the proud man and the mighty man were as the moth; some beat their breasts, some wept passionately, others unconsciously, as the tears fall sometimes in sleep; as if their past life was opening like a long and dim reverie; many leaned on their staff, with clasped hands and pale faces, as if in pain

and unresolved; they 'waited for the troubling of the waters.'"

But the most amazing scene, the triumph of fanaticism, and the disgrace of Christianity, is the "miracle" of the "descent of the holy fire" at Easter, to operate which is the exclusive privilege of the Greeks. Among the many descriptions of this ceremony, incomparably the best is one published many years ago in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which we shall accordingly quote.

"On looking down from the gallery the whole circle of the building seemed paved with living heads, through which the central *sacellum*, or Chapel of the Sepulchre, rose up with a sort of grotesque magnificence; around it was left a passage of about three feet, for the principal performers in these sacred ogies. Five or six parties started off in succession, and ran, or danced, or staggered through their several exercises. All classes were now engaged, rich and poor, old and young. Boys were seen carrying the old, and the old carrying boys upon their naked shoulders. When fatigue obliged them to cede, at last, their place to others, they again formed into phalanx, and proceeded four or five abreast, in a sharp trot, to the Greek church, which is in the immediate vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre. Here a new scene of uproar ensued—no calculation had been made for the return of their predecessors, and parties meeting parties, like contending streams, they clashed against each other, and gave a great deal of trouble and some amusement, to their Turkish brethren. As the invocation went on,—for all this was meant to be a kind of prayer,—then piety became more intemperate and unruly: loud and hideous Kyrie Eleisons yells reiterated and applauded, in various languages, by the populace, burst forth upon every side around us. They leaped on each other's backs, tore down each other's dresses, and with their cheeks burning, and their eyes glaring with the frenzy, called out for the fire, the fire, to descend and save them! The pavement was soon covered with caps, and shreds of shirts and mantles; but, like the votaries of Baal, they called in vain—the fire had not yet descended. They were now joined by a reinforcement of Copts, who were received with shouts, and soon followed by the drums and cymbals of the Abyssinians. Next appeared the Arabs, their naked breasts, and tanned and savage faces, and uncouth screams of devotion, added grievously to the enthusiasm. At last, when the tumult seemed to have reached its climax, the Turkish governor, taking compassion on the multitude, suddenly entered with his suite, and took his seat by the side of the Kady, at the farther end of the Latin gallery. The moment his turban appeared above the balustrade, every one knew that heaven had relented; joy beamed in every countenance; the crowd and rush were excessive; every one tended to the orifice on the right side of the sepulchre. The Kady at last, at the suggestion of the governor gave the signal with his rod.

"The preliminary ritual was now gone through, and the Archbishop having taken off his cope and mitre, and now and then glancing up at the Kady, broke the seals, and without any attendants entered the Chapel of the Sepulchre: this was the important moment of suspense, at least for the pilgrims; but those who know what a good understanding there is between them, might have already seen the miracle in the countenance of the governor. In a minute, or something less, the person who stood at the orifice already mentioned, drew forth a large torch or staff, with a grated receptacle at the end, blazing with the clearest fire. The fire was communicated in a similar manner, but a few seconds later, from the entry of the sepulchre, and in rear to the small attached chapel of the Copts. It is quite impossible to describe, with adequate effect, the scene which immediately followed; there were eight thousand pilgrims in the church; one universal shout rose simultaneously from the whole congregation.

"The Latins were the sheep, the Orientals the lambs—the opinion of Heaven had been signified—from a miracle there was no appeal." Hands crossed in every direction—torches blazed in every hand—cries spread from mouth to mouth, and happy the man whose light was only four-and-twentieth in descent from the original phosphorus. It was not long before the holy fire had been gradually dispersed over the whole of the building, and had even got as far as the Armenian ladies, who sat opposite. They drew back their white veils for an instant, kissed the tapers, and put up a prayer for their own orthodoxy. The noise still continued, prayers were heard with shrieks—blessings with curses; women crossed themselves, and waved the torches over their naked bosoms; men were seen burning portions of their winding-sheet, so that they might die comfortably, and sleep peaceably after death, without any apprehension from the visit of the vampire. The Turks, however, began at last to think that the Infidels had got quite enough of the miracle for one year; and listening to no expostulation, again resumed their whips, and beat out the lingering enthusiasts before them. A new scene of disorders ensued; screams and cries, supplications and resistance, were echoed from every side, and it was long before the Holy Sepulchre ceased to be one of the liveliest images of a place of strife and penalty, which eye or ear could present to the imagination."

The rest of the building must be very briefly noticed here. Adjoining the rotunda is the Greek Church, of considerable size, very gaudily decorated, and surrounded by numerous chapels. Here is "the stone on which our Saviour sat, when mocked by the Roman soldiers, another stands on the place where they cast lots for his seamless garment, and another leads to the prison where our Lord was confined after his condemnation." These, like the place where the cock crew when Peter denied his Lord, and the houses of Dives and Lazarus—where even the grave and cautious Robinson cannot restrain his joke, observing, that "to all appearance the beggar was as well lodged as his opulent neighbour," may surely be placed in the category of "stark lies without a rag, &c. where the believer is as foolish as the inventor is impudent." A chapel is erected over the supposed Calvary, which is a rock elevated some seventy feet above the head of the sepulchre, which was certainly "nigh unto" Calvary, though here of somewhat inconvenient proximity. In the rock is seen the hole for the cross, or rather the two holes of the Greek and Latin Christians, who have an altar a-piece in this confined space, a circumstance which has led to many an untoward collision; a recent one is thus described—"The Greek priests had been eagerly looking for some cause of offence, and it was now given. The Latin monk jerked away the altar-cloth in a somewhat insulting way, whereupon one of the former, standing by, seized a huge wax candle used in the ceremony, and knocked the offender down. This was the signal for a general war, and in an instant the whole body of ecclesiastics were engaged in an active fight." The Greek patriarch and his subordinates were precipitated down the steps, when, as usual, the Turkish officer appeared and restored tranquillity, by threatening to cut off the head of the next man who stirred. *The ceremonies were then proceeded with*—no doubt, to the singular edification of the infidels.

At a considerable depth below the level of Calvary, is the subterranean chapel of the "*Invention of the Holy Cross*," as it is termed. *Per se*, it must be confessed, the finding of the Cross near the scene of the Crucifixion is not impossible; but the improbability heightens when we are told that the whole three were found; and rises to its climax when we learn, in addition, that in order to distinguish that upon which the Saviour was crucified, from the others, they were successively presented to a sick person, who, upon touching the true one, was instantly cured of her complaints!

Such, in fine, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the first place to which the Christian repairs, with feelings often too deep for words—the last, perhaps, upon which his enlightened judgment can repose with assurance, or which he can call to his remembrance without a feeling of disgust, and a sincere prayer, that the shameful mummery, and sectarian warfare, of which it is the seat, may at no distant day be abolished, as degrading alike to the scenes of our redemption, and to Christianity itself. Let us hope that the establishment of a purer form of that religion, accomplished, as we trust, by the erection, after many obstacles, of a Protestant church, may at length tend to abate the scandal, and to exhibit both to the Jews and Moslems, the religion of peace and good will to man in a more truthful and engaging aspect.

THE STORY OF A FAMILY.

BY S. M.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—EXILE AND SEPARATION.

IN the hall of an old house, on a fair summer afternoon, stood two persons, a clergyman and a lawyer. The clergyman was in the late evening of life, his face was full of a venerable calmness, the forehead wide and smooth, with white hair flowing back from it like a natural glory; the eyes clear and tranquil, the lips steady, though benign. And yet he had seen nearly eighty summers! How unruffled must have been that Past, whose still waters were not able during so long a space of time to efface the seal of childhood from his countenance! Not so; there had been storm and tempest, and an angry blast lashing the waves; but the voice had gone forth upon them, saying, "Peace! Be still!" and the second calm was deeper and more abiding than the first.

The lawyer was younger, but every year that he had lived seemed to have graven a furrow upon his face. He looked keen, thoughtful, and wary; not cunning, nor by any means bad, but like one who had learned goodness, not by a loving worship of its beauty, but by a recoil from the known hideousness of evil. A modern fashion of education, this, not always perfectly successful. The child who is taught grammar by having a number of falsely-constructed sentences submitted to it for correction, becomes so habituated to the sight of what is wrong, that it is in danger of losing its ready apprehension of what is right. This is true of the intellect; may it not be true also of the conscience?

The house itself is worth a passing description. It was originally something between a castle and a cottage; in fact, one of those fortified granges of which there are still a few picturesque specimens left in England. The low-arched portal, with its oaken door, strengthened and decorated by iron tracery; the corner turret with its long, square-headed loop-holes; the broad, massy buttress, jutting far out into the water of the moat, and lifting its chimneyed top through the line of battlemented wall, all spoke of danger expected, and defence prepared. But the stationary drawbridge, with its supports

encrusted by soft green moss, and its broken chain hanging down to sustain a white creeper rose; the yellow lilies set like a coronal on the brow of the sleepy water, the falling tresses of ivy, clothing the brown wall and smoothing away the sharpness of outline at the angles, the opened windows, the quiet procession of obedient kine coming down the far slope after their serpentine and irregular fashion, as the milking-time drew near, all seemed to indicate that the danger was imaginary, and the defence a show. And so the very peacefulness of the place was melancholy; it looked like the sepulchre of a dead Idea,—a fragment of the Past preserved in æsthetic syrup for the antiquarian epicure. Such, in truth, it was; a covered bridge connected this portion of the building, now used only for offices and bed-rooms, with the modern mansion which, sublime in colossal neatness, stared at it from the opposite side of the moat very much as an aristocratic dandy might survey through his eye-glass some noble of Nature's making, who lacked the alloy of fashion and the stamp of birth to make his pure gold into current money of the realm. The drawing-room windows opened on a wide terrace, from the outer edge of which a parterre, abundant in flowers, sloped gently downwards, till it met the undulating expanse of park which stretched far away as the eye could reach, somewhat deficient in timber, but admitting many a peep of the blue distance between its turfey eminences, and one shadowy glimpse of quiet sea, cradled amongst clouds and hills, and glistening in the sunlight.

There was, of course, a story belonging to the place; in fact, there was a dungeon still in existence, a haunted chamber, a tapestried wall, and a trap-door; so that it was as complete an epitome of the past as any melo-drama that ever was written. Only the eastern window of the beautiful little chapel, rich with the thousand colours which the sun kindled upon it as he sank, looking like an inlet of the eternal splendours through the veil of this earthly and mortal, told of an element in the past, which melo-dramatic epitomes are rather apt to overlook. In this one particular there seems a strange affinity between history, (at least, popular histories,) and the melo-drama. Evelyn Manor,—for this was its name,—with the fair lands annexed to it, had belonged time out of time to the Lees of Evelyn. The family claimed a Saxon origin, and boasted that the blood of Alfred still ran in their veins. The ancestral castle had been levelled to the ground during the wars of York and Lancaster. The grange itself dated from the days of Henry the Seventh. Some hundred and fifty years ago, the representative of the family had been infected with a building mania, which he gratified by expending a few thousands more than he possessed in erecting and duly fitting up the stuccoed palace which we have already described. His son and heir, succeeding to an impoverished estate and an extravagant disposition, married a penniless beauty, who disputed the palm with Mary Lepel, and the too famous Chadleigh, while her husband sought to mend his fortunes at the gaming-table.

Poorer and poorer grew the Lees of Evelyn. Grove after 'grove was cut down in the once umbrageous park, acre after acre parted with; the place and the name seemed dying out like an unfed taper. Very sorrowful was the heart of Bernard Lee, more honest, though not, alas! more economical than his predecessors, when, exactly twenty-seven years before the date of the present story, he came to the resolution of selling the Manor, with the scanty remnant of unalienated land which still belonged to it. He had a sickly wife, seven children, and debts that it would have required treble his annual income to pay by instalments in more years than his creditors were disposed to wait; so perhaps after all the merit of his honesty is somewhat questionable. There was nothing else left for him to do; so he made a virtue of necessity, and did it with a good grace. The younger children ran merrily through the desolate rooms, and wished good-bye to every favourite spot in the garden, and wondered what their new home would be like, but wondered still more at the quiet tears which were stealing down their mother's pale cheeks, and the knitted brow and compressed lip of their father, usually so prompt to sympathize in their pleasures. Happy childhood—secure of sympathy, eager for consolation, ready to forget; how great a mystery is the silence of grief to thee! But the eldest boy looked steadily at the familiar walls, and at the gay flower-bed from which his little brother was carefully uprooting some special treasure to decorate their new abode, and said cheerfully,—

"Don't cry, mamma; I mean to earn a great deal of money, and I shall be very saving, and buy it all back again, and then I shall let you and papa come and live with me."

"Won't you *give* it to mamma for her own, when it is yours, Alic?" inquired the bright-haired gardener, looking up from his employment.

"No, indeed," replied Alic without a moment's hesitation. "If I earn it I shall have a right to it for *my* own, and I shall be master, and papa and mamma will be my visitors. I shall like very much to have you all for my visitors, only I shan't let you dig up the flowers out of my garden then, little Percy."

"But I shall dig them up if mamma lets me," returned the undaunted little Percy, "and I know it must always be mamma's own garden, whether you buy it or not. I *know* it must," reiterated he with double emphasis, "we all belong to mamma, and the king couldn't buy us away from her if he wanted us ever so much."

"That is only because we are children," said Alic with dignity, "when we grow up we shall belong to ourselves."

The sentiment passed unnoticed; it was fast maturing into a principle.

"Shall we?" questioned little Percy, "then I shall give myself to mamma!" And he left his flowers to run by her side and cover her hand with kisses.

"Oh, must we go away?" sobbed Eleanor, the eldest girl, as she hid her face on her father's arm,

"Oh, Percy dear, don't take up the gentianellas, they will never grow any where but here. We shall never be at home again."

"My darling," said the mother, checking her grief for the first time, "we carry our home with us, you know. As long as we are all together we are at home anywhere."

And they passed where the white spire of the village church stood out against the clear blue sky like a pyramid of ivory, and the cross on its summit glistened in the sunlight, and seemed to pierce the heavens with its sharp point; but no one spoke of a home there. Yes—as they traversed the churchyard, Bernard Lee looked down upon the quiet graves, and wished himself asleep in one of them—that was the only home he thought of.

The property was bought by a wealthy American merchant, whose name was Clayton. He sedulously restored and preserved the ancient part of the dwelling house, and seemed to make it his object to reunite the scattered domains of the exiled family. He was an oddity—a humourist, and this appeared to be one of his fancies. Somewhat parsimonious in general, he became liberal almost to extravagance when the purchase of the merest corner of the alienated lands was in question; and within ten years of his first coming into possession, the Evelyn estates were again united under a single head, and the goodly park was extended to its former limits, though not even the omnipotence of money could restore the guardian shadow of its venerable trees. When this great object was achieved, Mr. Clayton, who had hitherto lived in the most inexorable seclusion, astonished the neighbourhood by giving a dinner party; no less than thirty guests did he assemble in his spacious hall, culled from the principal families around, all curious to see with their own eyes the renovated splendours of Evelyn Manor, and judge for themselves of the singularities of its master. He received them courteously, with an urbane stateliness which suited better with his present station than with his supposed origin. Lord Pinkney noticed to the Honourable Mr. Delany that "the elaborateness of his affability betrayed the tradesman—he was as deferential as if he were speaking to a customer." And Lady Pinkney whispered to her friend Miss Wynyard, "that she should have known him for an American any where by his face, even before he spoke, though of course his voice told it directly." All looked somewhat wistfully at the portrait of the founder of the Lee family, which hung above Mr. Clayton's chair at the dinner table; scrutinized the aristocratic features, and expression of high breeding, and sighed over the contrast in the living face below.

In the centre of the table stood a magnificent cup of beaten silver; it was a "peg tankard," choice in the eyes of the antiquary, the interior being decorated with a series of silver nails or pegs at regular distances, marking the depth to which each successive person was required to drink when it was passed round the board in the old-fashioned manner. The cover bore the royal arms, and the feet were in the

form of lions. Mr. Delany, who was somewhat curious in such matters, detained it a moment to examine the richness of the carving; the hollows on the interior surface bore witness to the elaborate workmanship by which the external groups were produced.

"How old do you reckon this to be?" inquired he, addressing his host. "I have one which bears date 1702—but I should think yours is older."

"By more than fifty years," returned Mr. Clayton. "It was presented to an ancestor of mine by Charles the First."

A slight but instantly repressed expression of amusement and wonder was visible on all the faces round the table, and Lady Pinkney, who had a pretty smile and a sweet voice, and was in the habit of saying the rudest conceivable things to gentlemen, in the full persuasion that she had the gift of graceful badinage, and that they liked to be put out of countenance by her, inquired immediately—

"Given to an ancestor of yours! Dear me, how interesting! What *was* his name, and why did the king give it to him?"

"I believe it was only a matter of personal friendship—not earned by any particular service," said Mr. Clayton. "His name was Alfred."

"Yes, but his *surname*," persevered the lady.

"His surname? Oh, Lee, of course,—Alfred Lee. You know, we boast our descent from the great Saxon, and preserve his name carefully among us. My own first name is Alfred."

This speech was followed by total silence; politeness prevented any demonstration of astonishment, but it was strained to its utmost in so doing, and could attempt no more. Mr. Clayton surveyed his guests with a somewhat humorous glance, and then said, addressing himself more especially to Lady Pinkney,

"You are inclined to quiz me a little for my pride of birth, are you not? Well, I frankly confess to the weakness, if such it be. I am prouder of my name than of anything else that belongs to me."

"As proud of your name as young Lord Moreton is of his new moustaches," replied she, shaking her curls, and looking him archly in the face. "By the bye, how pretty they are! they look just as if they were real."

"Like the tinsel which sometimes passes, in society, for the gold of wit," was the rejoinder. After a moment's pause, Mr. Clayton continued, turning to the rest of the company; "It has been the work of many years to reunite the scattered possessions of my family into one whole. You wonder what I mean, and according to the charity of your respective dispositions you are mentally pronouncing me a madman, an impostor—or *perhaps* a man speaking a new and puzzling truth. The father of that Bernard Lee who left Evelyn Manor ten years ago was my brother."

And the old humourist threw himself back in his chair, and softly rubbing his hands together, enjoyed to the uttermost the discomfiture of his fair antagonist and the amazement of the audience in general.

His story was, briefly, as follows:—When he was one-and-twenty years old, observing with a shrewd and resolute eye the embarrassed state and miserable prospects of his father, and judging that they were not likely to be improved by his elder brother, who had duly inherited the family taste for expenditure, he announced his determination to accept a place offered him in the counting-house of a merchant, whose son was his intimate friend at college. The dismay with which this declaration was received can scarcely be imagined. His mother wept and pleaded; his father swore to disinherit him and never to see him more if he took such a step; and the son and heir, a *petit-maitre* of the old school, professed that "if it were not for the unfortunate connexion between them, he should undoubtedly have demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman for such an insult to the honour of the family." Nothing daunted by these threats, and (outwardly at least) nothing moved by those entreaties, young Lee left his paternal roof, and from that moment his name was interdicted in the shadow of his home and the presence of his nearest kindred, and, save perhaps in some hidden nook of the mother's heart, the very memory of his childhood was turned into bitterness. Gradually his existence seemed to be forgotten; and when the fading cheek and wasting form of poor Mrs. Lee were noticed, it was not uncommonly said that she had never recovered the death of her younger son, a regular *mauvais sujet*, who ran away to America, and died shortly after his arrival there. Report added, that her last illness was occasioned by the shock of receiving some terrible information concerning his misconduct; and the nurse who attended her avouched that in the ravings of delirium—for it was of brain fever that she died—she frequently repeated his forbidden name, and murmured strange sad words about some letter, which, with the most touching expression of entreaty, she implored her husband to give her.

Like most popular rumours, this had a slight though imperfect foundation of truth. Five years after Alfred Lee's departure, a letter bearing his handwriting on the address, and with the postmark "Quebec," was placed in his father's hands at the breakfast table. The poor mother, who had been so long enduring the torture of a silent but ceaseless suspense, but who had not dared to break the seal of this, the first communication which her son had ventured to make to his family, trembled as she gave it to her husband. Mr. Lee's face flushed crimson as he looked at it, and without a word, he flung it, unopened, into the fire. Before night his wife lay on that bed from which she never arose, and such was the blindness of his habitual pride and despotism, that it never once occurred to him that he had killed her,—as surely as if he had plunged a knife into her heart, and far more cruelly. But who would not envy that quiet sleep of hers, when the worn and anxious face assumed in a moment the tranquillity of infancy, and the head that once ached so wearily lay still and cold upon the pillow, and the palms were softly folded together upon a bosom that throbbed no longer beneath the burning

touch of grief? What a transfiguration—what a visible putting on of immortality is the first hour of death! Perhaps the first dream that visited her sleep revealed to her all that her troubled spirit had so pined to know; perhaps that instant, wherein time passed into eternity, united her at once to the child from whom she had been so long parted; perhaps that first true silence was more eloquent to her than the speech of a lifetime! Oh, in how strange an allegory does our language wrap truth! Life is the sleep—death the true awakening!

In the mean time young Alfred Lee had continued steadily to persevere in the course which he had chosen. If he had a heart, it was a very orderly, decorous, well-behaved heart, and never gave him nor anybody else the least trouble. His object was to make a fortune, and of this he never lost sight for a moment. The pride of family developed itself in him after a somewhat singular fashion; he resolved never to assume the name of his ancestors till he had attained wealth enough to reunite their scattered domains. He never for a moment doubted that he should so attain, and by the strength of an unflagging and invincible will, his faith became a fact. If the passing away of those who might have shared his wealth and restored honours was in any manner grievous to him, he never showed that it was so. He returned to England when, after a career of successful industry whose uninteresting details we shall not record, he had achieved the means of greatness, and then waited patiently till the fortunes of the Lee family had reached their lowest point of depression, and the moment for action had arrived. Little was known of his personal demeanour towards the exiled Bernard Lee, beyond the fact that he had placed in the hands of trustees a sum of money which was to be divided in equal portions among the children, with the restriction that as each boy arrived at the age of seventeen, his share was to be expended in establishing him in life, while each girl was to receive hers as a dowry. The total was by no means enormous, and the Lees had still much ado to maintain the appearance of gentility, and carry on the necessary expenses of education. The master of Evelyn Manor held no communication with them as a kin-man. Disgusted with the incurable extravagance which seemed to be the inalienable birthright of his race, he resolved to separate himself entirely from them, doing for them just so much as the narrowest and most worldly view of duty demanded of him, and no more. He would not entangle his feelings in the affairs of persons whom it was folly to befriend.—The exceeding care which some people take to protect their feelings from any possible injury is the more noticeable, because it commonly occurs in cases where the feelings might have been safely left to take care of themselves. The work of a Fra Angelico may well be covered and shielded, lest the mere breath of heaven should sully its marvellous purity; but would you bestow the same cautious tendance upon a sign-painting? There is one reason, however,—so long as these said feelings are kept strictly under lock and key, the

world may imagine them as luxuriant as it pleases, for it cannot see the smallness and coldness of the reality; which is an advantage both to their possessor and to the world.

And now this prosperous man was dead, and not a single tear was shed for him, save the few drops which oozed slowly from the eyes of his old housekeeper, as she heard the clock strike nine, and no bell summoned her to carry the chocolate to her master's chamber. Twenty years will invest the commonest habit with a sanctity and pathos which reason may strive to combat in vain. "Never again," is not a word which can be uttered calmly, though the practice thus inexorably forbidden be nothing greater than the carrying of chocolate; all through life it is a knell tolling the present into the past—never again to see that familiar face, or hear that accustomed voice; never again to do the trifling service, to offer the poor consolation, to forgive the little wrong—never again! Yet is there *one* moment when it breaks into a strain of reverent jubilee, the first note of the chorus which shall be completed in Paradise. That moment is the moment of death to him who has striven to live well. Never again to grieve, to struggle, to be tempted, to sin, to repent in bitterness of heart; never again to lean on breaking reeds and trust to vanishing shadows, and give the whole soul for words which cease and die away into vacancy.—Never again!

We will not undraw the curtains of the death-bed and inquire in what aspect this thought presented itself to him who lay thereon. His life had been without love—how should his death be without fear? The only hold which he had on the hearts of those among whom he had lived, was a miserable negative. He had *not* been unkind, that was all that his best friends could say for him. Every deed of active charity is a seed sown, whose blossoming shall not be on the earth—a round added, as it were, to the ladder whereon the spirit may mount heavenwards. It is foolishness, indeed, to leave the ladder unbuild, in the hope that death will bring you a pair of wings as a substitute for it.

The face of the good clergyman was somewhat sorrowful; perhaps he was musing on some such theme as this. It was the day after the funeral, and he had been invited by Mr. Coniston, the solicitor and intimate acquaintance of the deceased, to assist him in receiving the members of the Lee family, who were expected to assemble, in preparation for the reading of the will, which, by the express wish of the deceased, was to take place on the morrow. Mr. Clayton Lee had left a written paper to the effect, that all the survivors of Bernard Lee's family should meet at Evelyn Manor on this day, and that on the day following, Mr. Coniston should read his will in the presence of them all. The funeral he had desired to be quite private and unattended, save by the clergyman and the lawyer. Several of the Lees were married, and he had added a special desire that the children should accompany their parents; the necessary letters had been despatched, and they were now hourly expected. Not one of them had seen

the gates of Evelyn Manor since the day when they passed through them to go forth to exile and poverty. Bernard Lee and his gentle wife were both dead, and the children had grown up, and been scattered about the world in all directions, with various fortunes and various characters. Mr. Becket, the vicar, had known them all, and it was strange to him to recall the light-hearted little ones, and wonder how far they were changed, and how each one of them would feel on returning to his old home. He paced the hall for some time in silence, and at last came to the side of Mr. Coniston, who was curiously examining a family picture over the mantelpiece, and who turned to question him as he approached.

CHAPTER II.—ARRIVALS.

"THE late Mr. Bernard Lee's seven children, I believe," said the lawyer interrogatively. "An interesting *groupe*—classical, very. Refreshing, this glimpse of modern art after the antique horrors against the walls yonder. To be sure our forefathers were a little behindhand."

"In the art of portrait-painting? Yes, I think they were," returned Mr. Becket, absently.

Mr. Coniston was a man of progress, and his one ruling passion was to divest himself of all outward signs or symptoms of his profession. To him it would have seemed the highest possible compliment to be mistaken for anything but what he was. The unrealities which arose out of this little monomania (which, by the bye, is far from being uncommon,) disfigured a character otherwise unimpeachably respectable; he affected a taste for art of which he knew nothing, and assumed a critical tone on literary subjects with which he was only acquainted through the medium of an occasional review.

"Good likenesses, evidently," pursued he, still contemplating the picture. "Nothing ideal about these heads—a phrenologist might sketch a character from any one of them. What a benevolent countenance that eldest boy has!—you remember him, of course?"

"Alexander? yes, I remember him," replied Mr. Becket. "An excellent likeness, and nothing ideal about the head, as you say. He was a clever boy, the cleverest of the family; he was senior wrangler, and afterwards distinguished himself at the bar. I have seen nothing of him since his childhood. That fair, gentle face beside him, is poor little Ellenor; she was the image of her mother, most lovely and graceful. She married, and went out to India, and has now returned a widow, with two sons. She was the brightest, gayest, most buoyant creature I ever beheld—in that respect very different from her mother; but I dare say she is liker now."

He stopped and sighed. There came upon him like a dream the memory of a scene which he had once witnessed on board a steamer that was about to start for Malta. He saw how the mother and daughter clung to each other, as though the clasp of those weak arms could have stayed the giant wheel of circum-

stance, till it was necessary to separate them by force. He saw how the young bride dropped her face upon the breast of him who extricated her from her mother's embrace, murmuring as she did so, "But I have *you* still—I can bear anything with *you*." And then he remembered how soon that young bride was left a widow—how sorrowfully she returned to her mother's grave. But not one word of all this did he say; the whole history was comprised in that meagre sentence, "she is a widow with two sons." Conversation often reminds me of a churchyard; ever and anon a cold stone, graven with a few cold phrases, marks the place of a corpse, and chronicles the mystery of a life.

Mr. Coniston continued his lucubrations. "That upturned profile to the left is very nicely touched—the shadow melts into the light so that you can't define the boundary of either. Very much the same features as the eldest girl, but a finer expression. More soul here, I should say—nearly half as much soul again—eh? am I right?"

"That is Melissa," said Mr. Becket, so following the train of his own reminiscences, that he scarcely grasped the full meaning of his companion's comments, and listened to them only as a kind of permission to go on soliloquizing aloud. "I wonder how she grew up; a dull child she was, slow both in learning and in conversation, and rather fretful tempered, poor little thing! She is single still. And so is that chubby-cheeked fellow there in the corner, who is holding up the cherry before his little sister's eyes—jovial Johnny, as his brothers used to call him; he was the best-tempered child I ever knew. That little sister did not live to grow up—and the baby, too, died in infancy. There are only five of them now."

"But you have passed over the finest head in the picture," suggested Mr. Coniston; "that dark-eyed boy in the centre; his face is perfectly Italian, so full of life, fire, and archedness. It reminds me of the poet—eh—ah—hem—you recollect?"

Mr. Coniston was very frequently reminded of the poet, but as he invariably broke down before he arrived at the quotation, and finished off by a short series of inarticulate ejaculations, his friends were quite at a loss to discover who this pertinacious and obtrusive minstrel was who seemed to stick to him so closely, and to thrust himself upon his recollection so frequently, without affording any distinct or satisfactory information concerning his name or other qualifications.

A cloud settled upon Mr. Becket's face, and his features contracted as if with pain. "Ah, little Percy!" sighed he, shaking his head; "most loveable of human beings—generous, tender-hearted, high-spirited boy! His poor mother! she would have kissed the very dust beneath his feet."

"Did he die also?" asked the man of the world, who could conceive no deeper cause of grief for a beloved one, than his death. "I thought letters were sent to five."

"No," was the answer, with a sudden change of

tone and manner. "He will be here, I suppose, among the rest. He was in India, too, but not in the same presidency as his sister. Your letter must have met him on his return; he was bringing his little child home, I heard, and they came by the mail which has only just arrived; he has but one child, and I know not whether it is a boy or a girl—his wife died in giving birth to it."

And Mr. Becket sank into deep thought. Presently, rousing himself, he said, "There is a portrait of Mrs. Lee in the library. Shall we go and look at it?"

They adjourned to the room in question, and Mr. Coniston had full leisure to indulge in the raptures of connoisseurship, for his companion did not utter a word. The face of the picture was very beautiful, with dark pathetic eyes that seemed glistening with unshed tears, transparent cheeks, and lips soft but pensive; gentle was it, matronly and tender, yet, if the epithet be intelligible, intensely human in its expression, like one whom sorrow would rather crush than sanctify. They were still engaged in contemplating it when the servant announced, "Mr. Lee and Mrs. Aytoun."

They entered,—a tall, fine-looking man, scarcely forty years old, accompanied by a lady some two years younger; she wore widow's weeds, and perhaps the regularity of her beauty was rendered all the more conspicuous by the plainness of her dress. She seemed struggling with some emotion, for she trembled, changed colour, and rather clung to than leaned upon her brother's arm; at last perceiving Mr. Becket, she held out both her hands to him, essayed to speak, and burst into tears. Mr. Lee resigned her to his charge, with a kind of compound smile, betokening the perfection of sympathy and of self-command, and then turned to pay his compliments to Mr. Coniston, which he did very courteously, but with the air of giving rather than of receiving a welcome.

"I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Coniston," said he; "I believe my late relative was much indebted to your kindness during the last years of his life. I shall always be glad to see you at Evelyn."

The lawyer bowed with a slight, scarcely perceptible, expression of irony, and they moved together to the window, in order to allow Mrs. Aytoun time to recover herself.

"My sister is naturally a good deal overcome," pursued Mr. Lee, lowering his voice. "It is seven-and-twenty years since we were here; the place is altered very much for the better—it is something like what it used to be in days very long gone by. My relative must have expended vast sums upon it—how much now, allowing for the reduction of principal, do you take his annual income to have been at the time of his death?"

"He made no secret of it," replied Mr. Coniston; "it was about twelve thousand."

"Clear?" inquired Mr. Lee.

"Clear!" responded the lawyer.

"I am a good deal overcome myself," resumed Mr. Lee, reverting to the state of his feelings, "but I never give way. In these cases, you know, one makes a great effort, and suffers for it afterwards. A little small talk on indifferent topics is the best method of acquiring self-control;" he looked from the window again. "Does the whole of this land," said he, sighing, and speaking with very evident effort, "belong to the Evelyn property?"

"The whole of it," answered the agreeable Mr. Coniston.

"Ah, here are the boys—I see them coming up the walk. I am glad they are come to divert our minds from these painful recollections. Ellenor, here are the boys, and they have caught their uncle John somewhere on the road, and are bringing him with them."

As he spoke, a stout, ruddy, good-humoured looking gentleman was seen to ascend the slope in front of the terrace at a kind of agonized trot, being vehemently impelled from behind by two breathless, laughing boys of nine and ten years old. They did not set him free till they had hurried him as far as the portico, and deposited him with considerable force against the hall door. Here they were joined by a youth of eleven, of somewhat more staid appearance, who seemed endeavouring to keep the peace; an altercation ensued, the subject of which was not audible, but which was cut short by the youngest of the party breaking away from the rest, running with the activity of a greyhound to the terrace, and making one bound through the library window, which brought his feet sharply in contact with the shins of Mr. Coniston, who was standing there, quite unprepared for so sudden an intrusion. He drew back, more hurt than he liked to acknowledge, and brought the confusion to its climax by the overturn of a stand which supported a glass bowl filled with gold and silver fish; the vessel was shattered to pieces, the water streamed over the carpet, and the amazed fish flapped and struggled upon the floor.

"You little rascal, you deserve to be horsewhipped," said Mr. Lee, who, not having in any manner suffered himself, was disposed to be more amused than angry at this ebullition of his nephew's youthful spirits. Mr. Coniston looked as if it would have afforded him intense gratification to administer the chastisement in person; but the culprit escaped them both, and springing up to his mother with a shout of undiminished glee, exclaimed in the tone of one who offers an unanswerable defence for his conduct,

"Uncle John told me not to do it, mamma, so I was determined I would!"

"But, my dearest Godfrey, that is not good," replied the gentle mother, drawing him towards Mr. Becket, and parting the thick curls which hung over his beautiful boyish face, with a most eloquent gesture of love and admiration. "You ought to do as you are told, you know; you must always mind when you are spoken to, or else you will be a naughty boy. See, now, you have broken the vase, and scattered all the

pretty fish about—and they are so unhappy because they have no water to play in. That is cruel—and I am sure you don't mean to be cruel."

"Oh, the fish, the fish!" cried Godfrey, jumping about in an ecstasy. "I didn't see them; what fun they are! I am sure they are very happy, they flap their tails so. O look, mamma, do look—look at that little darling in the corner; it has quite a side-face—I didn't know fish had side-faces—what an odd mouth it has! It is smiling—I'm sure it is—and it is so like uncle Alexander; just look at its mouth, and the whites of its eyes—now, uncle Alexander, isn't it like you?"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Lee; "you ought to be very sorry for the mischief you have done, instead of standing there talking such absurd nonsense."

"But I didn't do the mischief," retorted the undaunted Godfrey; "it was that strange gentleman there, who threw it down because he was so cowardly he couldn't stand a kick on the shins! As if a man ought to mind being kicked! Oh, I must pick up those fish—ha, ha, ha! how wet they are and slippery! Do let me put one on your neck, mamma! just stoop down, now, will you, for a moment! It will make you jump so—it is so wet and nice, and it doesn't keep still for an instant, mamma, you *must* let me."

Whether Mrs. Aytoun would have yielded the point or not cannot now be ascertained, for the entrance of uncle John, accompanied by the other boys, turned the current of Master Godfrey's thoughts for the moment; and he allowed the servant to dry the carpet, collect the broken glass, and carry off the insulted fish without further disturbance. His tranquillity was perhaps partly the result of uncle John's first words: "Come, come, you rogue," said he, "you must be quiet now. Aunt Melissa is coming, and what will *she* say to you?" He then advanced to Mr. Becket, who was contemplating the scene in silence, but with rather a grave eye, and saluted him very cordially, telling him in a loud whisper that his sister Melissa was at the door, and he was anxious that she should not be in any way startled or hurried, for her nerves were very delicate, and she was feeling immensely at coming back to the old place.

"She is thinking so much of my mother, you know," he added, with a half laugh and a quivering lip.

A sob from Mrs. Aytoun reminded him of her presence, and his countenance fell instantly as he became conscious of the inadvertance of which he had been guilty.

"Why, my dearest Ellenor, I didn't know *you* were here," cried he, kissing her. "And here is Frederick, whom you have not introduced to Mr. Becket yet. Come here, Master Fred, and take care of your mother; you know you ought to be very attentive to her, for she has nobody but you to depend upon. Crying again! tut, tut, tut!" (making a clicking noise with his tongue, expressive of intense

vexation with himself), "how badly I *do* manage, to be sure!"

Frederick, a graceful, fair-haired boy, with an open brow and a countenance full of intellect and sweetness, came to his mother's side, and with instinctive delicacy addressed Mr. Becket, so as to give her time to recover from her agitation. Godfrey clasped her hand between both his, and looked at uncle John with flashing eyes, as though, if he could only feel sure that he was the cause of those tears, he would have knocked him down in a minute. Uncle John himself began to make an immense bustle by way of "quieting matters" previously to Melissa's entrance. He shook hands heartily with his eldest brother, introduced himself to Mr. Conston, whom he mistook for the doctor, and to whom—for he piqued himself on always saying something apposite to everybody—he addressed a hurried medical remark, which reduced that individual to a state of hopeless bewilderment; forced his nephew, Alexander, to sit down on a footstool beside the window, which created the most dire and vengeful feelings in the breast of that young gentleman, inasmuch as his sole object in life was to be esteemed more manly than his years; insisted upon helping the housemaid to collect the broken glass, and overset it upon the floor again in his eagerness; and finally, in hurrying to open the door for the said housemaid on her departure, rushed violently against his sister Melissa, who was just entering from the head of the stairs.

Miss Melissa Lee, who was gliding forward with a great deal of deliberation and delicacy, and who could neither recover nor conceal her exceeding discomposure at the manner of her reception, was about one-and-thirty years old, and still, in the eyes of some, a very pretty woman. Her figure was light and slender, but without grace; and she had her sister's well-cut and regular features, wanting, however, the changefulness of colour and expression which lent such a charm to the countenance of the other. Her good looks just stopped short of beauty,—her precision was very nearly elegance. She was dressed in the highest fashion; and the deep velvet mantilla, and rich folds of the black watered-silk pelisse, set off her taper waist to advantage, and gave her figure that appearance of roundness in which it was by nature deficient. She had her handkerchief in her hand, and her whole manner was intended to have been refined, gentle, and plaintive; but the intention was altogether frustrated by poor uncle John's awkwardness, and after the portentous frown and indignant outcry into which she had been surprised, it was difficult for her to resume her original deportment. Her best plan, therefore, was to sink upon the first chair she could find, and become slightly hysterical; and this accordingly she did, with entire success. The whole party gathered round her; sympathy and restoratives were duly administered; and her agitation having gone just far enough to vindicate her claim to sensibility, judiciously ceased, without becoming so violent as to disfigure her beauty, or mar the perfection of her toilette. It

was fortunate that she recovered when she did, for the repentant uncle John had just arrived to her rescue with a large tumbler of cold water, which in another moment would have inundated her face and bonnet, and utterly destroyed the spiral elasticity of her sable ringlets.

There now occurred one of those awkward, restrained, and unnatural conversations which, paradoxical as it may sound, are far more common among members of the same family, or very near friends, under particular circumstances, than among mere acquaintance. When there is one subject present in the thoughts of all which all are equally anxious to avoid discussing—when each is speculating upon the nature of the other's feelings, and wondering what the others are thinking about himself—when small-talk would be an absurdity because you are too intimate, and argument would be an impertinence because you are too much pre-occupied, and badinage would be a crime because some esteem it the mark of callousness, and expression of feeling would be impossible, either because you could not say enough, or would be sure to say too much, or because your hearers are not congenial,—this is a kind of miniature martyrdom, the genuineness of which many hearts will recognise. In this world, reserve is the law of all deep and delicate feeling—it is the condition of its existence—the rule of its development. Love dwells among adverse elements; she moves like a weary swimmer in deep waters; she pants for the free air and the strong pinnion; her utterance is like that of a young child, hesitating and stammering imperfect words and half-sentences, for her language is the language of Paradise, and she cannot rightly learn it out of her native land. So she betakes herself to tones, and looks, and deeds, speaking chiefly by symbols which suggest the unutterable mystery of her fullness. Seeming prodigality and lavishness of expression are no breach of the law of reserve, because the utmost they can do falls so far short of the reality. Outward coldness and niggardliness are no proof of poverty, but rather of a despairing generosity, which, finding no sufficient outlet for its vast wealth, grows miserly in very scorn of its own incompetence. For Love fears not to reveal herself; it is only that a full revelation of her is impossible. Judge her not hardly; have faith in her even when her external aspect is least satisfying; be not wroth with the stranger and the captive! Of her highest achievement, we can but say compassionately, "she hath done what she could!" When the necessity for reserve shall be done away, and its very existence obliterated, when spirit shall read the depths of spirit, and full comprehension and perfect sympathy shall be blended in the unity of a speechless eloquence, then shall we see Love face to face, and learn, perchance, how often we have wronged her, so long as we only saw her in a glass—darkly.

"Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lee?" inquired uncle John, addressing his brother Alexander.

"She was not quite equal to the journey," was the reply; "she has been out of health for some time. I think of taking her down to Malvern for the summer."

"Dear Emily is nervous about herself, I know," said Melissa, between whom and Mrs. Alexander Lee there was a perpetual quiet feud, because each considered herself a genuine invalid, and believed the other to be fanciful and self-indulgent; "but happily she has an excellent constitution: you should take her to Leamington,—Dr. Jephson would cure her in a week."

"Ah! he's a very clever fellow!" interposed uncle John, "and I'm uncommonly delighted to find that you have come round to my opinion at last, Melissa. He did you a vast deal of good—why, you were not like the same creature while we were at Leamington. Only, to be sure, he is rather a rough diamond. How he did abuse you!—positive abuse it was—no words were bad enough for you."

Melissa's face flushed a little, but she continued to address her brother Alexander in her sustained, monotonous, but somewhat harsh voice, which resembled the prolonged creak of a rusty door-hinge, as though poor uncle John had not spoken at all. "Jephson wholly mistook *my* case," said she, "but I think he would understand Emily in a moment. He very nearly killed *me*."

"I think that would scarcely encourage me to take my wife to him," said Mr. Alexander Lee, quietly.

Master Godfrey had been tranquil so long that his mother now began to be afraid he was plotting some mischief. She looked anxiously after him, and saw him busily engaged with the tumbler of water which had been procured for his aunt, and in which he had placed one of the unhappy gold fish which he had succeeded in concealing from the vigilance of the housemaid, and purloined for his own especial entertainment. Mrs. Aytoun, who doated upon him, and was in momentary terror of his disgracing himself in the eyes of his relations, thought this would be a capital opportunity for beguiling him quietly and happily out of the room with his treasure, before any tremendous outbreak had occurred. The door was half open, and she was stealing towards it, beckoning her son meanwhile with an air that promised some mysterious pleasure, to be revealed elsewhere, and hoping to escape unperceived, when uncle John darted before her, and closing the door with a bang and a smile of heartfelt politeness ere she could reach it, exclaimed, "My dear Ellenor! I know you are afraid of a draught! Why didn't you ask *me* to shut the door?"

The baffled lady thanked him, and returned to her seat.

"And how do my little friends get on with their studies?" said Mr. Lee. "How is Euclid, Frederick?—can you say the forty-seventh proposition without book?"

"I don't like Euclid at all, uncle," replied Frederick. "I think Virgil is much nicer."

"Oh, my dear!" interposed Mrs. Aytoun, "but

you know you are getting on very well with your mathematics, and you ought to take as much pains with what you dislike as with what you like. He is too imaginative," she added in an apologetic whisper to her brother, "to take much pleasure in that sort of study; but he is such a good industrious boy; all his masters are so fond of him."

"Greek and Latin are very necessary," said Mr. Lee; "they must be acquired, because they are the stamp which the world has agreed upon, and no education can pass current without them. But mathematics are the real education of the mind: they develope and sharpen the reasoning faculty; they are the only training that can make a philosopher; the habit of intellect which they produce is the best preparation for every possible species of study to which the mind can address itself. I should be very sorry to think that Frederick was not making progress in mathematics."

Frederick, a gentle, timid, sensitive boy, blushed to the temples, and looked down as though he had received a reproof.

"But he *is* making progress," shouted uncle John, clapping him encouragingly on the back, "I know he is. Don't be afraid, Fred—speak out like a man! Let us hear you say that same forty-seventh proposition which your uncle asked you for."

Mrs. Aytoun made a deprecatory sign, and her good-natured brother's countenance fell immediately. "Well, my boy," said he, "I dare say you are shy, and don't like to exhibit your learning before company. All the better—all the better. Conceit would spoil your wisdom, if you were as wise as Solomon himself. But if you can't say it word for word, I am sure you can tell us what it is about;—now then—now for it—come, make haste, or your mother will be ashamed of you."

The poor boy's colour rose till the tears stood in his eyes, and he replied hesitating and abashed, "It is something about—going round—a square."

This speech was received with a shout of laughter; and Master Alexander, who had risen from his foot-stool as soon as he was free of his uncle's eye, came forward and said with a polished self-possessed air, "Going round a square! I do believe Fred thinks he has discovered the quadrature of the circle."

"Very fair, Alic—very good indeed, my boy!" cried his father, laughing still more; "a very fair hit indeed, that. But you must help your cousin out of his difficulties. Come now, let us hear whether you can recite the forty-seventh proposition, and I dare say he will be able to do it afterwards."

"The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle—" began Alexander, in an easy and assured tone. A loud scream from his aunt Melissa, followed by an agonized "Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey!" from Mrs. Aytoun, interrupted him. The dreaded catastrophe had taken place;—poor Mrs. Aytoun's attention had been wholly absorbed by the trial of her elder son, so that she had suffered Godfrey unobserved and unmolested to mount a chair behind the sofa on which his aunt Melissa was sitting, and then and there to put in

execution his cherished scheme, by dropping the little fish, fresh from the water, upon the back of her neck, just where the black velvet mantle allowed a small triangular piece of skin to be visible. He shouted and clapped his hands. "Oh, you dear little thing, how well you did it!" cried he. "How frightened she was! Didn't she halloo? Oh, how she jumped! Oh, what fun!" Frederick, the dignified Alexander, and even uncle John, joined in the laugh, which indeed the rest of the party found it rather difficult to restrain. But Godfrey's mirth was changed to fury in an instant, when Miss Melissa Lee, who was in too great a passion to faint, having first administered to him a hearty box on the ear, hunted the unhappy fish out of the window with all her might. "You wicked, cruel woman!" cried he, stamping both his feet on the ground, while his mother could scarcely withhold him from returning the blow, "I don't mind your hitting me, but you have killed it—you have killed the poor, pretty little fish, because you were in a wicked passion. You ought to be hanged—that you ought—you cruel, ugly old woman!"

"Godfrey, Godfrey," cried poor Mrs. Aytoun, almost in tears, "come out of the room with me directly. You are a very naughty boy. You must be punished."

Mr. Becket gently, but very decidedly, offered his assistance in conveying the kicking, struggling rebel towards the door; while Miss Melissa, having somewhat recovered her composure, began a harangue, with a kind of stately pathos very impressive to her auditors. "My dear Ellenor, you really must allow me to say——" She was not fated to proceed any further. "Who is this?" exclaimed Mr. Comiston, in a tone of surprise; and everybody, including even the refractory Godfrey, turned to see the cause of the ejaculation. The door had opened, and a new comer had entered during the confusion.

It was a little girl of four years old. She wore a white frock, with a blue ribbon round the waist; her head was uncovered, save by a profusion of golden curls, which fell upon two soft rounded shoulders nearly as white as the dress. Her eyes were dark blue, full of that sweet, wistful, wondering expression which is the mystery of childhood—they looked like glimpses of a summer heaven. Her delicate cheeks were somewhat flushed, yet she seemed rather puzzled than frightened, like one so nourished upon love that she knows of nothing else, and thinks that strife, and trouble, and sin, which she does not understand, must needs be some new and strange form of love which she shall learn to comprehend by-and-by. Blushing with this natural modesty, yet not hesitating for a moment, she looked around her, and then walked straight up to Mr. Becket, and lifting her clear eyes to his face, and stretching out her little hand, while her sweet lips parted with one of those serene smiles never seen save in childhood, she said, with the tone of one who gives a full and satisfactory explanation of every possible difficulty—

"Papa sent me."

(To be continued.)

THE ILLUSIONS OF GENIUS.

THE beauties of Nature, which few persons can contemplate without very great pleasure, stir up within the bosom of Genius the most passionate emotions—such, indeed, as exert an influence over the Imagination and pursuits, that can never cease but with existence. From the beauties of Nature suggestions have been caught for the finest conceptions in the Fine Arts; music and poetry have owed to their inspiration, their most sublime and touching effect. The ardent and contemplative mind

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The works of the painter and sculptor bear ample testimony to the deep impression made upon the imagination by the charms of nature—to enumerate even some among the poets who have felt their mighty influence, would require a much larger space than our limits permit. It is an influence that Genius acknowledges first, and parts with last, and that is proof against all the vicissitudes of life.

In Lockhart's Life of Scott, we find that his greatest delight, when a child, was to accompany "the aged hind," who took him on his shoulder to the spot where the flock fed which he tended. Sir Walter told his friend Mr. Skene, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, "that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock; and the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life."

Mr. Lockhart says, "There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls, when a thunder-storm came on, and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny! bonny!' at every flash." Thus it was, that from the early dawn of childhood, his great mind received those impressions of the sublime and beautiful, which have furnished those exquisite pictures, that are found scattered, in all their freshness, through his pages.

Many of our most delightful musical composers have found their inspiration among the wild and beautiful scenery which they loved to haunt.

Viotti, celebrated alike for the beauty of his compositions, and for the enchanting manner in which he executed them, has been thus spoken of by M. Eymur:—"Never did man attach so much value to the simplest gifts of nature as he, and never did child enjoy them more passionately. A simple violet which chance discovered to him buried in the grass, would transport him with the liveliest emotion—a

pear or a plum gathered fresh by his own hand, would for the moment make him the happiest of mortals: the perfume of the one had always something new to him, and the taste of the other something more delicious than before. The slightest impression seemed communicated to all his senses at once—every thing spoke to his heart, and he yielded himself at once to its emotions."

The grandeur and simplicity of nature inspired some of Beethoven's happiest compositions. It was his wont to spend much of his time among wild and romantic scenery, and he would often pass whole nights in wandering through their retired paths—often remaining out for days together. It was during these rambles that he composed—while, in a state of utter abstraction, ever and anon he hummed over snatches of the music that floated on his imagination.

But it is not alone to those attainments which make the most captivating appeals to the senses, that the contemplation of nature guides. The deepest sciences and the most laborious studies have been pursued from the intense interest with which natural objects have been contemplated. Many a geologist and naturalist could trace their first step in scientific research to a vivid interest which appeared to them but simple admiration or curiosity.

La Caille, who was distinguished among the first astronomers of the age, was son to the parish clerk of a village. When about ten years old, he used to go every night, by his father's desire, to ring the church bell; he always returned home late, which provoked his father, who often beat him for the delay, but still the boy did not appear for a full hour after the bell had ceased to ring. The father, anxious to find out what could thus constantly detain him, determined to follow and watch him. He saw him ascend the steeple, and ring the bell for the appointed time. After it was silent he found that the child remained stationary for upwards of an hour. When he came down he saw his father,—he cast himself at his feet, and confessed, while he trembled with fear and agitation, that it was the delight which he took in watching the stars, which was the cause of his delaying to go home. This confession did not soften the father's heart, for we find that it only produced a severe flogging. A scientific man fortunately happened to pass the street, and found La Caille weeping; he pitied the poor boy, and stopped to inquire the cause of his affliction. La Caille told him he was in trouble because his father was angry with him, and had punished him severely, for being tempted to stay out at nights beyond the time he was expected home, that he might watch the stars from the steeple, where he had been sent to ring the bell.

Struck by the enthusiasm of the child, who at every risk gratified his passion for contemplating the skies, he felt that he was no ordinary mortal, and determined to lend his aid in the development of that genius which so evidently existed. Little did La Caille think, while watching the stars merely as sublime and beautiful objects, that he would live to find his way to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of examining the stars of the southern hemisphere, to rank among those highest for scientific attainments, and to leave works of high value, when he was taken from among men.

The same enthusiasm which casts such an exquisite glow over the scenes which Genius loves to tread, invoking the spirit of Inspiration, gives reality to every thing that can awaken tenderness and sympathy. The intense sensibility with which enthusiastic genius contemplates the noble works of art, whether representing sublime or touching subjects, is extremely interesting, and has furnished many remarkable anecdotes illustrative of that faculty which gives reality to illusion—thus creating an ideal world. Where this faculty evidently exists, we may be sure that Genius may be found, and that all that is necessary for its full development is some lucky chance, or friendly aid.

Evelyn has described an enthusiastic lover of sculpture, the librarian of the Vatican, who was continually to be seen at one of the finest collections in Rome, talking to the statues, and kissing and embracing them. There are many well-authenticated accounts of persons having actually become passionately enamoured of beautiful statues. Madame de Haster, a German lady, an authoress, gives an account of an enthusiastic girl, who had made a deep impression on her: but her own words will tell the story best:—

"It was a singular occurrence, which I shall never forget. I was present at the national Museum when the girl entered the Salle d' Apollon. She was tall and elegantly formed, and in all the bloom of health: I was struck with her air, and my eyes involuntarily followed her steps. I saw her start as she cast her eyes on the statue of Apollo, and she stood before it as if struck by lightning. Gradually her eyes sparkled with sensibility: she had before looked calmly round the hall. Her whole frame seemed to be electrified, as if a transformation had taken place within her; and it has since appeared that indeed a transformation had taken place, and that her youthful breast had imbibed a powerful, alas! fatal passion. I remarked that her companion, (an elder sister, it seems,) could not force her to leave the statue, but with much entreaty; and she left the hall with tears in her eyes, and all the ex-

pression of tender sorrow. I set out the very next evening for Montmorency; I returned to Paris at the end of August, and visited immediately the magnificent collection of antiques. I recollected the girl from Provence, and thought I might perhaps meet with her again, but I never saw her afterwards, though I went frequently. At length I met with one of the attendants who I recollected had observed her with the same attentive curiosity which I had felt—and I inquired after her.

“Poor girl,” said the old man, “that was a sad visit for her! She came afterwards, almost every day, to look at the statue, and she would sit still, with her hands folded in her lap, gazing at the image: and when her friends forced her away, it was always with tears that she left the hall. In the middle of May, she brought, whenever she came, a basket of flowers, and placed it on the mosaic steps. One morning early, she had contrived to get into the room before the usual hour of opening it; and we found her within the grate, sitting on the steps almost fainting, exhausted with weeping; the whole hall was scented with the perfume of flowers, and she had elegantly thrown over the statue a large veil of Indian muslin, with a golden fringe—we pitied the condition of the lovely girl, and let no one into the hall till her friends came, and carried her home. She struggled and resisted exceedingly when forced away: and declared in her frenzy that the god had that night chosen her to be his priestess. We have never seen her since: and we hear that an opiate was given her, and that she was taken into the country.

“I made further inquiries concerning her history, and learned afterwards that she had died raving.”

The effects of this deep sensibility were indeed sad; there are innumerable instances on record of delusions just as strong, and some as fatal—those who have witnessed them in others, have described their own sensations as “startled and feeling for an instant as if in some supernatural presence. A young artist, in one of the cathedrals in Rome, was so struck by a fine painting, representing our Lord about to be taken from the cross, that he remained behind the congregation in earnest contemplation of the picture for such a length of time, that the person who had the care of the church at length grew impatient, and reminded him that it was time to go.

“I only wait,” said the enwrapt painter, “till those holy men have lowered the body from the Cross.”

In the Lives of the British Artists, a similar case may be found. Roubillac superintended the erection of the Nightingale Monument; and it was related of him by Gayface, the abbey mason, that he found him one day, standing

with his arms folded, and his looks fixed upon one of those knightly figures which support the canopy over the statue of Sir Francis Vere. As he approached, the artist laid his hand on his arm, pointed to the figure, and said “Hush, he will speak soon!”

It has been well said by D’Israeli that Barry saw pictures in nature, and nature in pictures—this indeed is the case with most celebrated painters, of an imaginative temperament,—they look at, speak of, and think of the figures represented, as if they were living creatures. Fuseli asked Northcote how he liked his picture of Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto.

“Much,” said Northcote: “it is clever,—very clever,—but he will never hit him.”

“He shall hit him!” exclaimed Fuseli, and ran away with his brush; and as he laboured to give the arrow the true direction, he was heard to mutter—“Hit him!—by Jupiter, but he shall hit him!”

To such illusions of the imagination, perhaps the perfection of the finest specimens of art may be indebted. So indispensable have the greatest actors found it to keep up to themselves by every means the illusion of the scene, that they have not exchanged a word, nor allowed any one to approach them when about to perform, and frequently tread the stage alone for an hour before the curtain rises, that nothing may withdraw them from their ideal world.

The extraordinary power of the imagination in giving life to the representations of the artist, is sometimes attended with very distressing effects—the illusion becomes intensely painful, when some horrible subject haunts the artist with all the force of reality.

Spinello became so painfully impressed with his representation of Lucifer in the “Fall of the Angels,” that he was for a length of time tortured by the idea that the demon was always by his side. The stretch of the powers of the mind to an unnatural extent has sometimes produced the most lamentable effects. The imagination, ever tending to substitute the ideal for the real, has become a prey to the most harassing hallucinations: horrors, suspicions, and a thousand dark ideas have taken such despotic hold of the mind, as to baffle every attempt of reason to dispel them.

Rousseau was continually haunted by phantoms, and Barry by malignant persecutors. From too intense application, while writing his Essay on Truth, Beattie was a great sufferer for a length of time. He himself describes the horrors which he felt: his mind had been kept so much on the stretch in metaphysical research, that it utterly lost its tone. He could not bear to look into the essay, which was ready for publication, but had to get a friend to correct the press for him, feeling that the task would fill

him with a horror which he could not endure.

It has been beautifully said by Mr. D'Israeli that philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius. The entire devotion and the wonderful energy in scientific pursuits, so often seen, shows the truth of this observation. The scientific genius will give up everything to bring to light some principle which he believes established in nature, and to look into her hidden mysteries. The most severe studies become delightful to those who possess the great faculty of forgetting themselves, who dwell only on the great truths they have traced, and the secrets yet to be disclosed in some loved science. We know of men pursuing their literary and scientific labours in a manner that nothing but genius could dictate, and nothing but enthusiasm accomplish; giving up all the luxuries, enjoyments, and comforts of life, to devote every energy of the mind to some darling pursuit, nay, wearing out the very springs of life in watching, in labour, and deep thinking.

"We have need of it," says Mr. Abernethy, in speaking of enthusiasm as giving support in the labours incident to the medical profession, "we have need of it, to induce us to spend our nights in study, and our days in the disgusting and health-destroying observation of human diseases, which alone can enable us to understand, alleviate, or remove them." There are innumerable most affecting cases on record, which add a still deeper interest to the noble works which have been given to the world by those who have sacrificed their prospects, and expended their means and their health, and some their life itself, to produce them.

The statue of Charles II. placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, cost the young artist his life. In vain did his friends and physicians implore that he would desist, but his feelings were too much engaged in the work: he declared that he would willingly give up his life to die at the foot of his statue. He did live to see it raised, but his unwearying exertions had brought on consumption: he returned to his home to die.

Milton was told by his physician, that if he persevered in the work in which he was engaged, the loss of sight was inevitable. Milton declared that he preferred his duty to his eyes, and would not desist.

The remains of Henry Kirke White furnish a very touching example of the fatal enthusiasm of genius.

Moreri, though certain to have risen to the highest eminence in his profession, gave up all to devote himself exclusively to the completion of his historical dictionary, and retired from all the flattering popularity which, as a preacher, he enjoyed, to spend himself on his work. So

great was his exertion in preparing a second improved edition, that his health gave way: the work came from the printer's hands—but Moreri was dead!

THE TWO DREAMS.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

BY T. M. F.

A DEADFUL dream had I!
I dream'd that I was dead;
I saw my body lie
By the soul untenanted;
And I shrank with terror and despair
From the form I once believed so fair,
From the death-damps gathering now
On the strange unearthly face,
From the pallid, awful brow,
Where life had left no trace.
Yet my spirit hovered near,
Unwilling to depart,
For it thought of Eternity with fear,
And of Time with a loving heart!

O Manhood's faithful love!
O Childhood's holy tears!
Have ye no power to move
Stern Death when he appears?
That lifeless form my lover prest
In grief and passion to his breast;
My little sisters mourn,
And hush the prayer he told—
"Oh, let her but return:
"Without her, life is cold!"
I strove to live again,
But my corpse lay stiff and chill,
O useless Love, your strength is vain,
Death is your master still!

My mother knelt alone,
By her darling's corpse to pray,
She did not weep, or groan,
But she kissed me as I lay.
Death, mournful Death, thy power must bow,—
Behold a mightier than thou!
Oh, Nature's mystery!
Foretaste of heavenly bliss—
Oh, Love's first holiest tie!
Oh, purest, dearest kiss!
Life thrilled through every vein,
By that sweet touch set free;
My trembling spirit lived again,
Mother! it lived *for thee*!

A DREAM OF LIFE.

PLEASANTLY, pleasantly, Childhood flits by;
Joyously, joyously, Youth draweth nigh;
Happily, happily, Manhood hath past;
Peacefully, peacefully, Age comes at last.

Pure are the waters our childhood that blest,
Bright is the sunshine where youth loved to rest,
Cool the green forest which manhood enclosed,
Holy the church where our old age reposed.

Love, deep as those waters, as tranquil and pure;
Hope, bright as that sunshine; faith born to endure,
Yet holy and fresh as that green forest's shade,—
And peace, by those dim arches ever conveyed.

If such are the spirits that guide us through life,
Undefiled we pass on mid the world's busy strife.
Keep near me; why faint and more faint do ye seem?
Oh, beautiful spirits! and is it a dream?

FRANK FAIRLEGH;
OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. VERNON MEETS HIS MATCH.

ANY tender-hearted reader who may feel anxious concerning the fate of the unjustly suspected Shrimp, will be glad to learn that this hopeful candidate for the tread-mill (not to mention a more airy and exalted destiny,) escaped his promised castigation, for, the moment we alighted, Freddy Coleman dragged us into the library, and Lawless, in the excitement of relating the morning's adventure, entirely forgot his threatened vengeance. Lawless's account of the affair was, as may well be imagined, rich in the extreme,—worth walking barefoot twenty miles to hear, Freddy Coleman declared afterwards; and an equally laborious pilgrimage would have been quite repaid by witnessing the contortions of delight with which the aloesaid Freddy listened to him.

"So you have positively settled the drysalter, and stand pledged to marry my cousin Lucy, if she approve of you on further acquaintance.—What will you give me to hand her over to you?"

"Give you, eh? the soundest thrashing you ever had in your life,—one that will find you something to think about for the next fortnight, and no mistake. The idea of putting the young woman's affections up to auction!—why, you're worse than your old Governor, he only wants to sell her to the highest bidder."

"Well, he's been sold himself this time, pretty handsomely," replied Freddy; "I only hope it will be a lesson to him for the future."

"It strikes me he'd be all the better for a few more lessons of the sort, eh? go through a regular 'Educational course' as they call it.—Governors now-a-days get so dreadfully conceited and dictatorial—they know best—and they *will* have this—and they *won't* have that. It's no joke to be a son, I can tell you.—'Latch-key, sn! only let me hear of your daring to introduce that profligate modern innovation into my house, and I'll cut you off with a shilling.'"

"The unkindest cut of all," quoted Freddy.

"Worse than 'cut behind' for the small boys, who indulge their locomotive propensities by sitting on the spikes at the backs of carriages, eh?" said Lawless.

"Sharp set they must be, very!" put in Freddy.

"Well, of all the vile puns I ever heard, that, which I believe to be an old Joe Miller, is the worst," exclaimed I. "Not to subject myself any longer to such wretched attempts, I shall go and dress for dinner."

"By way of obtaining *re-dress*! well, I hope we shall be *better suited* when we meet again," rejoined Freddy, fairly punning me out of the room.

Mr. Frampton returned from town late that evening, but in high health and spirits, having been closeted for some hours with his legal adviser, who had given him clear instructions as to the course he was to

pursue, to obtain possession of his niece on the following day.

When I retired to my room that night, I was too much excited to sleep; but it was excitement of a pleasurable nature—I lay picturing to myself the next day's scene,—the surprise and anger of Mr. Vernon,—the impotent fury of Cumberland's disappointed avarice—the grotesque joy of old Peter Barnett—and above all, the unspeakable delight of rescuing my sweet Clara from a home so unfitted to her gentle nature, and removing her to an atmosphere of kindness and affection; and with such pleasant thoughts wandering through my brain, towards morning I fell into a sound sleep. The sun was shining brightly when I again unclosed my eyes, and, hastily dressing, I hurried down to the breakfast-room, where I found Mr. Frampton already engaged in discussing a very substantial meal.

"Umph! I didn't expect you would have turned lie-a-bed this morning, of all the days in the year, master Frank," was his salutation on my entrance.

"I really am ashamed of myself," replied I, sitting down to the breakfast table, "but my thoughts were so busy, and my mind so filled with anticipations of coming happiness, that I did not contrive to get to sleep till quite morning."

"Umph! serve you right—you never should anticipate any thing; depend upon it, it's the surest way to prevent what you wish for, coming to pass. When I was in the Maharatta country, I anticipated I was going to marry the Begum of Tincunnupee—splendid woman! kept forty-two elephants for her own special riding, and wore a necklace of pearls as big as hazel nuts. What was the consequence?—instead of fulfilling my expectations, one fine morning she changed her mind, took up with a tawny, and ordered me to be strangled, only I got timely notice of her benevolent intentions, and lost no time in putting myself under the protection of my old crony Blessimaboo, the Rajah of Coddleafallah. Umph!"

"Let me give you another cup of coffee, since the lady with the unpronounceable name did not succeed in her amiable design of destroying your swallowing powers for ever," retorted I.

"Umph! I won't say No—there's nothing like serving out good rations to your men before they go into action—I've seen campaigning enough to know that."

"On the strength of which argument, I shall cut you another slice of ham," rejoined I, suiting the action to the word. At length even Mr. Frampton's excellent appetite appeared exhausted, and he declared himself ready to face old Vernon if he were as cantankerous as a rhinoceros in hysterics; after which statement, we proposed to start on our expedition. During his visit to town on the previous day, Mr. Frampton had purchased a very handsome light travelling chariot, which, with post horses, was now in waiting to convey us to Barstone.

On our way thither, my companion informed me of the particulars of his interview with his legal adviser, and the powers with which he was invested,

(1) Continued from page 55.

and which were to be brought to bear upon Mr. Vernon, if, as was to be expected, he should attempt to resist the claim. As the effect of the information thus acquired will appear in the course of this veritable history, I need say no more concerning the matter at present. We then proceeded to lay down the plan of operations, which embraced an innocent little stratagem for more effectually taking the change out of Mr. Vernon, as Lawless would have termed it. It was agreed, in pursuance of this scheme, that I should open the conversation, by informing Clara's guardian, that owing to an unexpected change in my fortunes, I was now in possession of means amply sufficient to maintain a wife, and had therefore come to renew my suit for the hand of his fair ward, merely introducing Mr. Frampton as a friend of mine, who was prepared to furnish proof of the truth of my statement, if Mr. Vernon were not satisfied with my bare assertion. According to the way in which he should behave when this communication was made to him, were we to regulate our after conduct. I now learned for the first time, that Frampton was not my benefactor's real name, but one which he had adopted when he commenced his wanderings, and which he determined to retain on learning, as he imagined he had done indisputably, that his family was extinct. This accounted for the otherwise strange fact, that Mr. Vernon should have remained in ignorance, up to the present period, of the existence of his ward's uncle. Lady Saville's maiden name, as I had been previously told, was Elliot, and my companion's real title, therefore, was Ralph Elliot. So occupied were we in discussing such interesting topics, that we had reached the gates of Barstone Park before our conversation began to flag; but the sight of the old quaintly-built lodge, realizing as it did the object of our visit, raised a host of varying thoughts and feelings too powerful for utterance; and, by mutual consent, we finished our drive in silence.

A servant, whose face was unknown to me, answered the door; and replying in the affirmative to my inquiry whether Mr. Vernon was at home, led the way to the library.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Merely say, two gentlemen wish to see Mr. Vernon upon business," was my reply; and in another moment I was once again face to face with Clara's guardian. He looked older and thinner than when I had seen him before, and care and anxiety had left their traces even on his iron frame: he was less erect than formerly, and I observed that when his eyes fell upon me, his lip quivered, and his hand shook with suppressed irritation. Still his face wore the same cold, immovable, relentless expression as ever; and when he spoke, it was with his usual sarcastic bitterness.

"I cannot imagine under what possible pretext Mr. Fairleigh can expect to be regarded in this house in any other light than as an unwelcome intruder, after his late outrageous conduct," was the speech with which he received me.

"If you refer, sir, to the well-merited chastise-

ment I inflicted on your nephew, I can only say, that Mr. Cumberland alike provoked the quarrel and commenced the attack: if you have received a true account of the matter, you must be aware it was not until your nephew had struck me more than once with his cane, that I returned the blow."

"Well, sir, we will not discuss the affair any further, as I presume it was scarcely for the purpose of justifying yourself that you have come hither to-day."

"You are right, sir," returned I; "and not to prolong a conversation which appears disagreeable to you, I will proceed at once to the purport of my visit. You have not, I imagine, forgotten the occasion of my former intrusion, as you termed it?"

"No, sir," he replied, angrily, "I have not forgotten the presumptuous hopes you entertained, nor the cool effrontery with which you, a needy man, —not to use any stronger term—preferred your suit for the hand and *fortune*," he added, laying a strong emphasis upon the last word, "of my ward, Miss Saville."

"That suit, sir, I am now about to renew," replied I, "but no longer as the needy fortune-hunter you were pleased to designate me. My friend here is prepared to show you documents to prove, if you require it, that I am at this moment in possession of an income amply sufficient to support a wife, and that, should my proposal find favour with your ward, I am in a position to offer her an establishment embracing not only the comforts but the refinements of life, and am prepared to make as liberal settlements as can reasonably be required of me: her own fortune I wish to have placed entirely under her own control."

As I spoke, his brow grew dark as night, and rising from his chair, he exclaimed, "I'll not believe it, sir! This is some new trick—I know your scheming talents of old; but, however," he continued, seeing, no doubt, from my manner that I was in a position to prove the truth of my assertions, "rich or poor, it makes no difference in my decision; I have but one answer to give,—I have other prospects in view, other intentions in regard to the disposal of my ward's hand, and, once for all, I finally and unhesitatingly reject your offer."

"I believe, sir," replied I, restraining by an appealing glance Mr. Frampton, whose zeal in my cause was becoming almost ungovernable, and who was evidently burning to be at him, as he afterwards expressed it, "I believe, sir, I am right in imagining Miss Saville is of age, in which case I must insist upon your laying my proposal before her, and on receiving her decision from her own lips."

"She is of age, sir, but her late father, knowing how liable girls are, from their warm feelings, and ignorance of the ways of the world, to become the prey of designing persons, wisely inserted a clause in his will, by which it is provided, that in case of her marrying without my consent, her fortune shall pass into my hands, to be disposed of as I may consider advisable. I need scarcely add, that in the event of

her marrying Mr. Fairlegh, she will do so without a farthing."

"Umph! eh? perhaps not, sir—perhaps not; you seem to me to look upon this matter in a false light, Mr. Vernon—Umph! a very false light; and not to treat my young friend with the degree of courtesy which he and every other honourable man has a right to expect from *any* one calling himself a gentleman. Umph! umph!"

"Really I cannot be expected to discuss the matter further," replied Mr. Vernon, with greater irritation of manner than he had yet suffered to appear. "I have not formed my opinion of Mr. Fairlegh hastily, nor on insufficient grounds, and it is not very probable that I shall alter it on the representations of a nameless individual, brought here for the evident purpose of chorusing Mr. Fairlegh's assertions, and assisting to browbeat those who may be so unfortunate as to differ from him. You must find such a friend invaluable, I should imagine," he added, turning towards me with a supercilious smile.

"Umph! nameless individual, sir,—nameless individual, indeed! Do you know who you are talking to?" Then came the aside, "Of course he does not, how should he? Umph!"

"I think you must by this time see the folly of attempting to prolong this absurd scene, Mr. Fairlegh," said Mr. Vernon, addressing me, without noticing Mr. Frampton's observation otherwise than by a contemptuous glance; "I presume we have come to the last act of this revival of the old comedy, 'A Bold Stroke for a Wife,' and I think you are pretty well aware of my opinion of the performance."

"Umph! eh!—I fancy you'll find there's another act before the play is ended, yet, sir," returned Mr. Frampton, who was now thoroughly roused; "an act that, with all your cunning, you are not prepared for, and that even your unparalleled effrontery will be insufficient to carry you through unmoved. You say, sir, that by the will of the late Sir Henry Saville, his daughter's inheritance descends to you in the event of her marrying without your consent. May I ask whether there is not a certain contingency provided for, which might divert the property into another channel? Umph!"

"Really, sir, it is long since I looked at the will," exclaimed Mr. Vernon, for the first time dropping his usual tone of contemptuous indifference, and speaking quickly and with excitement—"May I inquire to what you refer?"

"Was there not a clause to this effect, sir?" continued Mr. Frampton, sternly; and producing a slip of paper, he read as follows:—

"But whereas it was the firm belief and conviction of the aforesaid Clara Rose Elliott, afterwards Lady Saville, my late lamented wife, that her brother Ralph Elliott, supposed to have perished at sea, had not so perished, but was living in one of our colonies, I hereby will and direct, that in the event of the said Ralph Elliott returning to England, and clearly proving and establishing his identity, 300*l.* per annum shall be allowed him out of my funded property, for

his maintenance during the term of his natural life; and I further will and direct, that in the event of my daughter Clara Saville, by disobedience to the commands of her guardian Richard Vernon, forfeiting her inheritance as, by way of penalty, I have above directed, then I devise and bequeath the before-mentioned funded property, together with Barstone Priory and the lands and rents appertaining thereunto, to the aforesaid Ralph Elliott, for his absolute use and behoof."

As he listened to the reading of this portion of the will, Mr. Vernon's usually immovable features assumed an expression of uneasiness which increased into an appearance of vague and undefined alarm; and when Mr. Frampton concluded, he exclaimed hurriedly, "Well, sir, what of that? The man has been drowned these forty years."

"Umph! I rather think not," was the reply. "I don't look much like a drowned man, do I? Umph!"

So saying, he strode up to Mr. Vernon, and regarding him with a stern expression of countenance, added,— "You were pleased in your insolence, just now, to term me a 'nameless individual':—these papers," he continued, producing a bundle, "will prove to you that Ralph Elliott was not drowned at sea, as you imagine, but that the nameless individual whom in my person you have treated with unmerited insult, is none other than he!"

"It is false!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon, turning pale with rage. "This is all a vile plot, got up in order to extort my consent to this marriage. But I'll expose you—I'll—"

At this moment the library door was thrown violently open, and old Peter Barnett, his face bleeding and discoloured, as if from fighting, and his clothes torn and muddy, rushed into the centre of the apartment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PURSUIT.

ON the sudden appearance of old Peter in the deplorable condition described in the last chapter, we all sprang to our feet, eager to learn the cause of what we beheld. We were not long kept in suspense, for as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak, he turned to Mr. Vernon, saying, in a voice hoarse with sorrow and indignation—

"If you knows anything of this here wickedness, as I half suspect you do, servant as I am, I tells you to your face, you're a villain, and I could find in my heart to serve you as your precious nephew (as you calls him) and his hired bullies have served me."

"How dare you use such language to me!" was the angry reply. "You have been drinking, sirrah; leave the room instantly."

"Tell me, Peter," exclaimed I, unable longer to restrain myself, "what has happened? Your mistress—Clara—is she safe?"

"That's more than I knows," was the reply. "If she is now, she won't be soon, without we moves pretty sharp; for she's in precious unsafe company. While we was a-looking after one thief, we've been robbed by t'other: we was watching Muster Wilford,

and that young scoundrel Cumberland has cut in, and bolted with Miss Clara!"

"Distraction!" exclaimed I, nearly maddened by the intelligence; "which road have they taken? how long have they been gone?"

"Not ten minutes," was the reply; "for as soon as ever they had knocked me down, they forced her into the carriage, and was off like lightning; and I jumped up, and ran here as hard as legs would carry me."

"Then they may yet be overtaken," cried I, seizing my hat; "but are you sure Wilford has nothing to do with it?"

"Quite certain," was the answer; "for I met him a-going a-shooting as I came in, and he stopped me to know what was the matter: and when I told him he seemed quite flustered like, and swore he'd make Cumberland repent it."

"Mad, infatuated boy!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon; "bent on his own ruin." And burying his face in his hands, he sank into a chair, apparently insensible to everything that was passing.

"Now, Peter," I continued, "every moment is of importance; tell me which road to take, and then get me the best horse in the stable, without a moment's delay. I will bear you harmless."

"I've thought of all that, sir," rejoined Peter Barnett. "It's no use your going alone; there's three of them besides the post-boys. No! you must take me with you; and they've knocked me about so, that I don't think I could sit a horse, leastways not to go along as we must go, if we means to catch 'em. No! I've ordered fresh horses to your carriage, it's lighter than the one they have got, and that will tell in a long chase; you *must* take me to show you the way, Muster Fairleigh."

"Well, come along, then. Mr. Frampton, I'll bring you your niece in safety, or this is the last time we shall meet, for I never will return without her."

"Umph! eh? I'll go with you, Frank, I'll go with you."

"I would advise you not, sir," replied I; "it will be a fatiguing if not a dangerous expedition."

"Ain't I her uncle, sir? umph!" was the reply; "I tell you I will go. Danger, indeed! why, boy, I've travelled more miles in my life, than you have inches."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "only let us lose no time." And taking his arm I hurried him away.

Glancing at Mr. Vernon as we left the library, I perceived that he still remained motionless in the same attitude. As we reached the hall-door, I was glad to find that Peter's exertions had procured four stout horses, and that the finishing stroke was being put to their harness as we came up.

"Who is that?" inquired I, as my eye caught the figure of a horseman, followed by a second, apparently a groom, riding rapidly across the park.

"That's Mr. Fleming, sir," replied one of the helpers; "he came down to the stable, and ordered out his saddle-horses in a great hurry; I think he's gone after Mr. Cumberland."

"What are we waiting for?" exclaimed I in an agony of impatience. "Peter!—Where's Peter Barnett?"

"Here, sir," he exclaimed; making his appearance the moment after I had first observed his absence. "It ain't no use to start on a march without arms and baggage," he added, flinging a wrapping great-coat (out of the pockets of which the butts of a large pair of cavalry pistols protruded,) into the rumble, and climbing up after it.

"Now, sir," exclaimed I, and half lifting, half pushing Mr. Frampton into the carriage, I bounded in after him; the door was slammed to, and, with a sudden jerk which must have tried the strength of the traces pretty thoroughly, the horses dashed forward, old Peter directing the post-boys which road they were to follow. The rocking motion of the carriage (as, owing to the rapid pace at which we proceeded, it swung violently from side to side,) prevented anything like conversation, while, for some time, a burning desire to get on seemed to paralyze my every faculty, and to render thought impossible. Trees, fields and hedges, flew past in one interminable, bewildering, ever-moving panorama, while to my excited imagination we appeared to be standing still, although the horses had never slackened their speed from the moment we started, occasionally breaking into a gallop, wherever the road would permit. After proceeding at this rate, as nearly as I could reckon, about ten miles, old Peter's voice was heard, shouting to the post-boys, and we came to a sudden stop.

"What is it?" inquired I, eagerly; but Peter, without vouchsafing any answer, swung himself down from his seat, and ran a short distance up a narrow lane, which turned off from the high-road, stopped to pick up something, examined the ground narrowly, and then returned to the carriage, holding up in triumph the object he had found, which, as he came nearer, I recognised to be a silk handkerchief I had seen Clara wear.

"I didn't think my old eyes could have seen so quickly," was his observation, as he approached; "we was almost overruning the scent, Muster Fairleigh; and then we should 'a been ruined, horse, fut, and artillery. Do you know what this is?"

"Clara's handkerchief! It was round her neck when I met her two days ago."

"Ay! bless her!" was the old man's reply. "And she's been clever enough to drop it where they turned off here, to let us know which way they have taken her. Lucky none of 'em didn't see her a-doin' it."

"How fortunate you observed it! And now where does this lane lead to?"

"Well, that's what puzzles me," returned Peter, rubbing his nose with an air of perplexity. "It don't lead to anything except old Joe Hurdman's mill. But they're gone down here, that's certain sure, for there was that handkerchief, and there's the mark of wheels and 'osses' feet."

"Well, if it is certain they have gone that way," continued I, "let us lose no time in following them. How far off is this mill?"

"About a couple of miles out of the road, sir," replied one of the post-boys.

"Get on then," said I; "but mind you do not lose the track of their wheels. It's plain enough on the gravel of the lane."

"All right, sir," was the reply; and we again dashed forward.

As we got farther from the high road, the ruts became so deep, that we were obliged to proceed at a more moderate pace. After skirting a thick wood for some distance, we came suddenly upon a small bleak desolate looking common, near the centre of which stood the mill, which appeared in a somewhat dilapidated condition. A little half-ruinous cottage, probably the habitation of the miller, lay to the right of the larger building; but no signs of carriage or horses were to be perceived, nor, indeed, anything which might indicate that the place was inhabited.

As we drew up at the gate of a farm-yard, which formed the approach both to the mill and the house, Peter Barnett again got down, and having carefully examined the traces of the wheel-marks, observed, "They've been here, that I'll take my Bible oath on. The wheel-tracks go straight into the yard. But there's some fresh marks here, I can't rightly make out. It looks as if a horse had galloped up to the gate, and leaped over it."

"Wilford!" exclaimed I, as a sudden idea came into my head. "We have not got to the truth of this matter yet, depend upon it. There is some collusion between Wilford and Cumberland."

"Umph! rascals!" ejaculated Mr. Frampton. "But they shall both hang for it, if it costs me every farthing I possess in the world."

"It's Mr. Fleming's black mare as has been over 'ere," said one of the post-boys, who, I afterwards learnt, was a stable-helper at Barstone, and had volunteered to drive in the sudden emergency. "I knows her marks from any hother 'orse's. She's got a bar-shoe on the near fore-foot."

"Is there nobody here to direct us?" asked I. "Let me out. Who is this miller, Peter?" I continued, as I sprang to the ground.

"Well, he's a queer one," was the reply. "Nobody rightly knows what to make of him. He's no great good, I expects; but, good or bad, we'll have him out."

So saying, he opened the gate, and going to the cottage-door, which was closed and fastened, commenced a vigorous assault upon it. For some time his exertions appeared productive of no result, and I began to imagine the cottage was untenanted.

"We are only wasting our time to no purpose," said I. "Let us endeavour to trace the wheel marks, and continue our pursuit."

"I'm certain sure there's some one in the house," rejoined old Peter, after applying his ear to the key-hole, "I can hear 'em moving about."

"We'll soon see," replied I, looking round for some implement fitted for my purpose. In one corner lay a heap of wood, apparently part of an old paling. Selecting a stout post which had formed one of the uprights, I dashed it against the fastenings of

the door with a degree of force which made lock and hinges rattle again. I was about to repeat the attack, when a gruff voice from within the house shouted, "Hold hard there, I'm a-coming," and in another minute the bolts were withdrawn, and the door opened.

"What do you mean by destroying a man's property in this manner?" was the salutation with which we were accosted.

The speaker was a short thick-set man, with brawny arms, and a head unnaturally large, embellished by a profusion of red hair, and a beard of at least a week's growth. The expression of his face, surly in the extreme, would have been decidedly bad, had it not been for a look of kindness in the eye, which in some degree redeemed it.

"What do you mean by allowing people to stand knocking at your door for five minutes, my friend, without taking any notice of them? You obliged us to use summary measures," replied I.

"Well, I wor a-laying on the bed when you cum. I slipped down with a sack of flour this morning, and hit my head: so I thought I'd turn in, and take a snooze, do you see?" And as he spoke he pointed to his face, one side of which I now perceived was black and swollen, as if from a blow.

"That's a lie, Joe! and you knows it," said Peter Barnett, abruptly.

"You speaks pretty plainly, at all events, Master Barnett," was the reply, but in a less surly tone than he had hitherto used.

The man was clearly an original; and it was equally evident that Peter knew how to deal with him, and that I did not. I therefore called the former on one side, and desired him, if bribing was of any use, to offer the miller 50*l.* if through his information we were enabled to overtake the fugitives. Upon this a conversation ensued between the pair, which appeared as if it would never come to a termination; but just as my patience was exhausted, and I was about to break in upon them, Peter informed me that if I would engage to pay Hardman 50*l.* and to protect him from Wilford's anger, he would tell me everything he knew, and put me on the right track. To this I agreed, and he proceeded to give me the following account:—

In the course of the previous day, a vagabond of his acquaintance, who called himself a rat-catcher, but was a professional poacher and an amateur pugilist, came to him, and told him that a gentleman, who had a little job in hand, wanted the use of the cottage, as it was a nice out-of-the-way place; and that if he would agree, the Gent would call and give him his instructions. He inquired of what the job consisted; and on being told that a girl was going to run away from her home—that being, as he observed, merely an event in the course of nature—he agreed. In the evening he was visited by Wilford and a man who was addressed as Captain. They directed him to have a room in the cottage ready by the next morning for the reception of a lady; and at the same time a sealed paper was handed to him, which he was

directed to lock up in some safe place, and in the event of the lady and her maid-servant being given into his custody unharmed, he was to deliver up the paper to a gentleman who should produce a signet-ring then shown him. This being successfully accomplished, he and his friend the poacher were alike to prevent the lady's escape, and protect her against all intrusion, till such time as Wilford should arrive to claim her; for which services the worthy pair were to receive conjointly the sum of 50*l*.

In pursuance of these instructions, he had locked up the paper, and prepared for locking up the lady. About half an hour before we made our appearance, a carriage had arrived with four smoking postboys; it contained two females inside: the Captain and a gentleman (whom the miller recognised as Mr. Cumberland, of Barstone Priory) were seated in the rumble, while his friend the poacher was located on a portmanteau in front.

Cumberland and his companion alighted; and the former immediately asked for the paper, producing the ring, and saying that the plan had been changed, and that the lady was to go on another stage. Joe Hardman, however, was not, as he expressed it, "to be done so easy," and positively refused to give up the paper till the lady was consigned to his custody. A whispered consultation took place between Cumberland and the Captain, the carriage door was opened, and the lady and her maid requested to alight. Joe and his poaching friend then ushered them into the room prepared for them, the windows of which had been effectually secured, locked them in, and, leaving the poacher on guard, hastened to get the paper; which, on receiving the ring, he delivered up to Cumberland. No sooner, however, had Cumberland secured the document than he made a signal to the Captain; they both threw themselves upon Hardman and endeavoured to overpower him. He resisted vigorously, shouting loudly to the poacher for assistance, an appeal to which that treacherous ally responded by bestowing upon him a blow which stretched him on his back, and damaged his physiognomy in the manner already described. Having put him *hors de combat*, they took the key from him, released the lady, forced her and her maid to re-enter the carriage, and drove off, leaving him to explain her absence as best he might.

They had not been gone more than ten minutes, when Wilford and his groom rode up at speed, and on learning the trick which had been played upon him, swore a fearful oath to be avenged on Cumberland; and after ascertaining which direction they had taken, followed eagerly in pursuit.

He added, that his chief inducement for making this confession was, his conviction that something dreadful would occur unless timely measures were taken to prevent it. He declared Cumberland's manner to have been that of a man driven to desperation; and he had noticed that he had pistols with him. Wilford's ungovernable fury on being informed how he had been deceived, was described by

Hardman as enough to make a man's blood run cold to witness. Having, in addition, ascertained the route they had taken, and the means by which we should be likely to trace them, we returned to the carriage,—my heart heavy with the most dire forebodings; and inciting the drivers, by promises of liberal payment, to use their utmost speed, we once again started in pursuit

A VISIT TO SOUTHEY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR AMONGST THE LAKES IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

BY J. K.

I HAVE been roving for the last month among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, and there renewing the impressions I received in my youth in travelling through this wild and beautiful tract of alpine scenery; the slight journal I enclose gives but a faint idea of the country, yet it will serve to point out those features of it which most interested me. On Saturday, the 31st of August, I set out from London, accompanied by my old acquaintance Mr. R., and reached Kendal on Tuesday evening.

Wednesday, the 4th of September.—We proceeded early in the morning towards the mountains, which rose before us, thronging together in wild magnificence. We were soon encircled by their steep, and they seemed to sever us from the world and all its cares. We came at length in sight of Windermere, and continued to catch glimpses of it through the woods till we approached Ambleside, a village sweetly situated in a mountain glen at the head of the lake. After breakfast I walked to Rydal-mount, the residence of Wordsworth; it is quite overshadowed by woods and fells: on the left are the groves surrounding the seat of Lady Le Fleming, and his shrubbery commands a view of Rydal water. Wordsworth gave me a cordial welcome, and invited me to dine with him. During the forenoon, I went to see two cascades in Rydal-park; they fall through clefts of the rock, and are nobly broken as they dash from crag to crag: the lower of these cascades forms an exquisite moving picture, seen from a kind of hermitage which overhangs the stream. The torrent falls into a deep basin, and rolls on over the dark and rifted crags. The water is so crystalline, that at its greatest depth you may perceive every piece of rock and enamelled stone that paves its channel. I passed a pleasant evening with Wordsworth and his family; his conversation is flowing and animated, and, in spite of his intolerance both as a critic and a moralist, he is a very interesting companion. His high forehead thinly sprinkled with hair, and his large and weather-beaten features, which have long borne the buffets of the

mountain storm, give him when he is silent somewhat of an austere look ; but when he speaks they soften into an expression of kindness and benignity.

He talked of the neighbouring lakes, and the peculiar beauties of their scenery ; but observed that they could not be set in competition with the lakes of Switzerland or Italy, begirt with forests of pine and chestnut, and embosomed by the dazzling snows of the Alps. He described it as one of his greatest pleasures during his constant rambles amongst the hills, to converse with the peasants whom he happened to meet with, and thus to collect the opinions of country people about rural life, and the local traditions attached to each point of the scenery with which they had been familiar from their childhood. In speaking of Southey's productions he gave the preference to "Kehama : " "Roderic," he said, was little more than a novel in verse.

"Walter Scott," he remarked, "excells in depicting the pomp of chivalry, and the pageantry of external nature, but he seldom develops in his poems the deeper feelings of the soul ; his tales display much greater powers than his poetry."

Wordsworth's studies are chiefly confined to the works of former ages. Unlike Walter Scott he seldom reads, and scarcely ever applauds the productions of his cotemporaries ; his taste is influenced by the suffrages of the world in their favour, nor does the neglect which has been shown to his own loftier strains, abate his assurance that they will endure, and receive their due meed of fame, when the labours of his rivals are forgotten.

Thursday, 6th.—I arrived at Keswick, and called in the evening on Southey. I was very desirous to see a poet whose works had been familiar to me from my schoolboy days, and whose life I had heard was in unison with the moral beauty that breathed through his writings. While the servant carried up the letter which I had brought from Mr. Wynn, I had leisure to contemplate the view of the mountains which the lawn before the door commands. The shrubbery opens into a nursery-ground, which extends down the hill to the town. The Greta winds round the foot of the hill, and, rolling under the bridge, hastens to join the Derwent.

I was shown upstairs into the library. Southey received me with much courtesy, and requested me to pass the evening at his house. I was greatly interested by his manner, and the fine cast of his countenance ; his eyes are dark, and when he is silent they often seem fixed on vacancy as though he were lost in thought ; but when in conversing the ardour of his mind is called forth, they beam with the fire of genius. I never beheld features more nobly imprinted

by thought and feeling, or more fitted to reflect every shade of sentiment. His nose is high-raised, though scarcely enough arched to be called aquiline ; his lips meet in too straight a line, but his teeth are of an ivory whiteness ; his eyebrows are singularly thick, his strong and bushy hair standing out from his forehead, and, slightly tinged with grey, heightens the manly and dignified style of his countenance.

His look reveals the fearless ardour and wildness of his fancy ; he has a trick of raising his head while he is speaking, which gives him a free and independent air ; his figure is tall, and his whole demeanour is that of a scholar and a man used to the best society. He presented me to his wife, the once blooming Edith, a gentle and amiable woman, whose matron features still retain traces of the beauty which captivated his youth : her eldest daughter, a pretty light-haired girl, came into the room with her, and afterwards her four younger children. I was struck by the love-beaming countenance of a young lady who joined the circle, and seemed one of the family : she was the daughter of Coleridge ; and she might vie with the most poetic of his creations in ideal beauty. Her mother, though less engaging than her sister, Mrs. Southey, seems a good-humoured, sensible woman. Southey's roof affords an asylum not only to the deserted wife and daughter, but also to the widow of his early friend Lovell. Among the inmates of his household reigns an air of peace and serenity which appears chiefly to flow from his own consistent kindness and steady observance of every domestic duty. His conversation is very animated, and free from the slightest reserve ; he speaks with quickness and fluency, but his voice is so low, that at the close of a sentence it sinks almost to a whisper, yet it is distinctly audible, and when he reads it becomes strong, musical, and sonorous. I told Southey that I was at Lisbon while he resided there, and was disappointed at not meeting him at the house of a lady with whom he was intimate. This led him to talk of Portugal, and Cintra, where he had passed a summer : he regarded the Portuguese as a noble-minded and highly intelligent people, endued with all the energy which distinguished them of yore. He spoke of his intended "History of Portugal," observing that his account of Brazil formed part of it, and that he should devote a separate work to the Portuguese dominions in the East.

On finding that I had lately travelled over the Netherlands, he conversed with me about Brussels and Waterloo, and said that since his excursion thither he had crossed the Alps, and gone as far as Milan. He regarded Lagoa as the most beautiful of the Italian lakes. "But were I desirous," he continued, "of living in complete seclusion, I should most covet the

Isola Madre on the Lago Maggiore; it is the loveliest retreat I ever beheld."

His present abode, I observed, must be almost as much sequestered from the world. Mrs. Southey assured me that, on the contrary, they considered themselves in the very centre of the world; that theirs was a very gay neighbourhood, and that during the summer they had a constant succession of visitors; Canning had called on them a few days before. We talked of his coming again into office.

"I hope the report is true," Southey said; "especially as I hear he has pledged himself not to bring forward again the Catholic claims: that measure, if carried, would soon lead to the subversion of the Established Church."

We touched on the alarming state of the country, and the increasing murmurs of the agriculturists.

"Much of the evil," he observed, "has sprung from the licentiousness of the press; unless some restraint is imposed on it, whatever is valuable in the constitution will speedily be swept away."

Among the impious works that had been suffered to circulate, he instanced "Don Juan," as clearly a libel; "Cain," he did not consider in that light, however fitted it might be to do mischief. Lord Byron, he said, was certainly mad; but he knew very well what he was about; his madness was not of the kind which exempted him from being amenable to the laws.

In the course of our conversation several of the living poets were mentioned. Campbell's style he thought false and artificial; he considered Coleridge unrivalled in the powers of his imagination, and in the wealthiness of his mind. He conversed on every subject with the spirit of an accomplished scholar, and in the decisive tone of one who dared to think for himself, and whose views were clear and defined. If an allusion was made to any work, in an instant he brought down the volume from its shelf, turning over the leaves with an ease and quickness that showed his familiarity with its contents, he spread it before me, and pointed out the passage sought. The room in which we sat contained a noble collection of books; they had all been purchased by himself, except the Spanish and Portuguese volumes, most of which had been collected by his uncle. From the windows, through the trees of the shrubbery, are seen glimpses of the lake, and the encircling mountains. Southey told me, he was often so much occupied, that for several days together his walks were confined to the lawn which lay before us.

"There," he said, "I take my exercise; it is my quarter-deck. This room is my workshop; I have written nearly all my compositions here; during the last twenty years I have

seldom been absent from home for more than a month in the spring."

I regarded with no slight degree of interest the writing-table, near which we sat. A small folding mahogany desk lay open on it, covered with papers, and beyond was a book-stand containing the volumes that he had occasion to consult: on one side was lying, in loose sheets, the first volume of his "Peninsular War," which had just passed the press. Southey makes no mystery of his craft. He told me that he never composed but with the pen in his hand, and always transcribed his productions himself.

"I leave so much," he said, "to be done in copying, and make so many alterations, that it would not be possible for me to employ the hand of another; I am fond of correcting my compositions; I could with pleasure revise my 'History of Brazil.'"

Though Southey seldom rises before eight or nine in the morning, and is always accessible to his friends, he has contrived by regular application to complete a series of works forming almost a library, and displaying no less depth of research, than richness and sublimity of imagination. By carrying on two or three different tasks at the same time, and devoting to each its allotted hour, he avoids fatigue, and converts the toil of authorship into a healthful exercise of the faculties. The flow of his thoughts is not disturbed by the presence or the voices of his family, who come into the room when they please; and if a casual visitor dissipates for a while the dream of his fancy, he has the faculty of recalling it at will, in all its clearness and truth of perspective.

In talking of his works, I observed that all were unanimous in regarding "Roderic" as one of the noblest and most pathetic productions in our language, however divided they might be in their opinion of his "Eastern Poems."

"I am far from wishing," Southey replied, "to disparage 'Roderic;' but 'Kehama' is greatly superior to it; it is a much higher effort of imagination: to compose an interesting poem founded on the Hindoo mythology was an arduous task."

He repeated to me part of "The Old Woman of Berkeley," and said that he considered it as the best of his shorter poems; from his lips it was singularly effective. He then unlocked a secret bookcase near the fire-place, filled with manuscripts; there were at least fifty volumes.

"These," he said, "have been the labour of twenty years; I have here two unfinished poems; one is entitled "A Lay of Paraguay," and is written in the stanza of Spenser; the other is founded on the story of Oliver G——"

* This poem has, lately been published in a very unfinished

the regicide, and relates to the settlement of a quaker colony in America; when I have completed these, I shall leave off composing poetry. "There is enough poetry in the world," he added, when I expressed my regret at his determination, "and I should not be able to write better than I have done." He read to me the opening of *Oliver Cromwell*; its style is remarkably plain and unambitious, but impassioned and full of energy; part of it is composed in rhyme, and part in blank verse, and in the dramatic form. Southey's mode of reading poetry borders on recitative; his tones alternately swell and die away on the ear; he pronounces the energetic words with a deep and prolonged emphasis, and on coming to any pathetic idea his eye kindles and dilates, and his features finely reveal the varied movements of his soul. Two visitors who came to pass the evening with him were announced; he laid aside his manuscript, tea was brought in, and the ladies joined in our conversation. The evening glided rapidly away. I was so much pleased with my new friends, that I felt quite reluctant to leave them. On my departure I was gratified by being invited to renew my visit as often as I could during my stay at Keswick.

Friday, 6th Sept.—We removed from the inn to a pleasant lodging, which I took for a week, on the outskirts of the town, near the borders of the lake. Southey called upon me, and I returned with him to his house.

Saturday, 7th.—I walked through the wood to the top of Castlerigg; but the day was so stormy that I was soon obliged to retrace my steps. I passed the evening at Southey's. He read to me part of a treatise which he was writing, entitled "*Sir Thomas More*." It is cast in his favourite mould, that of a vision, and though somewhat quaint, at once arrests the attention. The ghost of More comes at night to the library of Montesinos, a Spaniard, residing among the mountains of Cumberland, and holds with him a series of colloquies on the progress and prospects of society.

Monday, 9th.—We went in a boat to the head of the lake, and, landing there, pursued the road that winds through Borrowdale; the path leads along the base of a dark and beetling cliff: vast fragments of it, riven by the fury of the elements, are scattered round, and its side is strewn with shivered slate from the quarry, which half-way up is dug into the bosom of the mountain. At the entrance of the dale a towering rock rises boldly in the midst of the pass, and, lifting its giant form, scowls on the profane intruder. The vale beyond recedes far into the heart of the mountain, and its boundaries are hidden by projecting steepes, and by

slate, under the name of *Oliver Newman*, by Mr. Cuthbert Southey.

cliffs overhung with native oak, beneath whose shade roll the waters of the Derwent. I stopped at the bridge leading to the village of Grange. The river, which during the greater part of its course is so shallow as scarcely to cover the smooth stones that overspread its channel, here glides on in a rapid, but deep and ample flood, brightly pellucid, and gleaming with a pale green hue caught from the grey and olive-coloured rocks that pave its bed. The streams of this mountain region are all lucidly clear, and have this peculiar tint, resembling the lustre of the chrysolite. We pursued the road up the glen till we reached the Bowder Stone, a huge mass of rock, which seems to have been dissevered from the brow of the neighbouring fell: at every step the encircling mountains appeared under new forms, and every variation of the sun and clouds brought into view some latent feature of the landscape. After resting for a few minutes at the cottage which lies under the shelter of this enormous stone, we proceeded to explore the more secluded recesses of the glen; we had nearly reached the black-lead mine when the clouds began to gather over the distant heights; their dark vapours came boiling round the summit of Scawfell, and threw a deep gloom over the valley. We hastened our return, and just reached the valley as the big drops began to fall.

Tuesday, 10th.—We went in a boat on the lake, and landed near Lodore. A winding path led us to a woody projection of the cliff near the bed of the torrent: it has its source in a tarn situated about three miles off among the fells. The waters, hurled from the height into a deep chasm, pour with a deafening din over successive ledges of the rock, which is rifted to fragments, and crushed "by the fierce footsteps of the giant element." I paused for some time to enjoy the feelings which the scene inspired; it is singularly wild and grand, but what most impressed me was its beauty, viewing it as I did beneath a noontide sun, with its cliffs, here naked and shooting into fantastic forms, there crested with light and pensile foliage, and with the glassy lake beyond, reposing amid the mountains.

Thursday, 12th.—We ascended Skiddaw. By pursuing an oblique course under the conduct of the guide, we rode to the summit without difficulty. From the topmost ridge a noble view bursts on the sight; the coast of Scotland is faintly seen in the perspective, and towards the north and west are discovered, rising in turbulent disorder, clusters of mountains invisible from the vale beneath.

Friday, 13th.—We accompanied Mr and Mrs. W—— to Crummock-Water and Buttermere. Leaving the carriage at Scale Hill, we walked through an oak coppice to the margin of Crummock, and proceeded in a boat to the

isthmus which separates it from the lesser lake. The shores of these lakes have a pure and ethereal kind of beauty; they are fringed with wood, or edged with meadows and corn-fields, except where the rocks descend abruptly to the water. A few cottages, and two secluded villas, are just seen by glimpses among the trees. The mountains have a stern and desolate appearance, especially Grasmere, whose sides are strewn with dark red stones, and Honister Crag, pre-eminent among the rest by its strange and picturesque form, impending boldly over the vale. We landed near the residence of Mr. Jobson, who has the exclusive privilege of fishing for char in the lake; he was employed with some labourers in drawing the net, and they caught about a dozen char, which we purchased.

The char in shape resembles the trout; the back is of an olive colour, enamelled with gold; the under part is white, the fins are pink, and along the side spreads a broad streak of orange. The flavour of this fish is like that of the trout, but is richer and more delicate. We dined at Scale Hill, and reached Keswick late in the evening.

Saturday, 14th.—We passed the morning on the water. I landed at Barrow, and walked to Ashness Bridge, and to the brow of the rocks beyond; on the following evening I took leave of the Southneys, and on Monday proceeded to Pooley Bridge.

Tuesday, 17th.—We were joined, unexpectedly, by Mr. and Mrs. W——, who accompanied us in a boat to Patterdale. The scenery of Ulleswater, where the *Ermont* issues from it, is rather tame. Its finest feature is the wooded hill of Dunmallet; but in our progress we were impressed by the increasing wildness of its shores, here deeply indented by jutting crags, there sweeping into bays. Near Patterdale the lake is studded with several rocky isles, over whose summits the fir and birch wave in beautiful luxuriance; and the view is bounded by a pastoral valley, embosomed among the fells that rise around in wild magnificence, the giant brow of Helvellyn towering above them all. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the lake, it was like a lucid mirror; and as we glided near the shore, so brightly did its bosom reflect the mountains and the sky, that the boat seemed to float in air on the verge of a vast ridge of rocks, as if launched from the confines of the earth into the azure depths of space.

Friday, 20th.—We journeyed on by the pass of Kirkstone, a sullen, dreary track, to Ambleside, and took up our abode at the "Salutation" Inn. In the evening, I went to see Stockgill-force; the cascade falls in many a sheet of foam from rock to rock, and the steep banks are finely overarched with wood.

Saturday, 21st.—We rode along the side of Rydal-water to Grasmere, and, crossing the bridge that leads to the village, bent our course up Red-bank. I paused in ascending the steep, to contemplate the Elysian valley which spread below; it appeared more lovely from its contrast with the rude and frowning heights that enclosed it. At its northern boundary, the mountains dividing, form, above their lower acclivities, a grand inverted arch, through which the main road winds, passing by Dunniabraise. Beyond this vista the peaks of the remoter fells were seen, dark, and wrapt in shadow, though the rest of the landscape was bright with sunshine. The fairy lake lay beneath in its beauty, embosomed by the mountains, like a nymph reposing in the arms of a giant. In the evening we embarked on Windermere, and proceeded to the ferry.

Monday, 23d.—After surveying the varied views from Mr. Curwen's pleasure-house, we took a boat, and pursued our way to Newby Bridge. In the evening we went on to Ulverstone, leaving behind us, not without regret, the sublime scenery of the mountains.

Monday, 30th Sept.—I reached home, having travelled slowly, and passed three days at Buxton and Matlock.

THE SNAKE

AN ANECDOTE OF ST. DOMINGO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"Truth is strange; stranger than fiction."

THERE is not in all probability a more lovely spot on earth than the feud-rent Island of St. Domingo. Nature, as if to compensate to herself for the deficiencies, both moral and physical, of its human features, has lavished upon every other object, both animate and inanimate, a profusion of beauty and brightness, which made Victor Jacquemont, the celebrated traveller, love to designate it "the paradise of the world." The birds, the butterflies, even the very insects which are generally known by the name of *reptiles*, are unusually brilliant in colour and graceful in form. Among other winged wonders, the Island is celebrated for a large fly, or rather gnat, which, by making the circuit of an apartment, fills it throughout with a strong scent of roses, whence it derives its appellation of the "Otto-of-rose Fly." India itself does not produce more gorgeous butterflies, and is even exceeded in their variety. Land tortoises are to be found in profusion in the woods; and fish, in wonderful varieties and quaint forms, in all the deep bays and rivers. Flocks of parrots and paroquets make the forests vocal; humming-birds and fire-flies are rife among the flowers; and those flowers are in

themselves exquisitely beautiful, varied, and odorous.

Nor are the grander features of the country less attractive than its natural productions. Primeval forests, stupendous mountains, abundant rivers, majestic waterfalls, fruitful valleys, irrigated by torrents leaping and bounding from the heights—nothing is wanting to complete one wide and continuous landscape of surpassing beauty and magnificence; while within the mountain-barrier, known as *Les Mornes*, are an abundance of small fresh-water lakes, as blue and clear as the elastic atmosphere to which they form so many graceful mirrors.

In one of these luxuriant and laughing valleys, in the lovely district of Mirabalais, and distant about thirty leagues from the capital of the Island (Port-au-Prince), is situated a pleasant valley, traversed from end to end by a rapid torrent, which, after fecundising the soil, loses itself at the extremity of the leafy gorge in one of the limpid lakes already described: so calm, so waveless, and so untroubled, that at twilight it looks like a sheet of liquid silver, in which the rising stars are reflected in golden spangles. Palm-trees of prodigious strength and height, crowned with their maple-like blossoms; thickets of *mauritis*, (a species of palm which excludes all other vegetation from beneath its shade, and carpets the soil with its own withered leaves); date-trees; magnolias, with their large lily-shaped blossoms gleaming through the deep-green and highly-varnished foliage, like chalices of perfumed alabaster; and magnificent *catalpas*, revealing among their jagged and polished leaves the golden clusters of the wild ebony tree. The primrose-coloured flowers of the *odier* of Canada are mingled with the blossoms of the blue honeysuckle, in which the negroes delight under the name of *coali*, and which carries its scent with the more pungent odour of the white jessamine; while floating curtains of creeping plants, weaving themselves into a dense mass, as they clamber over trees, and plants, and rocky prominences, obscure by their tangled maze the rude barrier beyond.

Nothing, in short, can be more beautiful than the aspect of this lovely valley: and yet, although no charm is wanting to make it the chosen site of many a rural dwelling, in the year 1846, when it was accidentally traversed by an English resident in the Island, to whom I am indebted for the singular anecdote which will make the subject of my paper, it contained only one solitary *ajoupa*, or hut, whose low roof, thatched with palm-leaves, peeped out like some gigantic bird's-nest from among the dense foliage amid which it was embosomed.

And even this humble and isolated dwelling was abandoned when the foot of the white stranger paused upon its threshold; vigorous

parasites were trailing over its roof, flowers bloomed about its entrance, and the traces of animal occupation were visible, although decay had as yet made no progress in the frail erection. It was evident that only a short time had elapsed since its inhabitants had abandoned it; and it stood so smilingly amid its leafy covert, and on the border of a far-extending patch of sugar-canes, that my informant's curiosity was excited as to the cause which could have induced the tenants of such a dwelling to seek elsewhere another habitation.

His inquiries were soon answered. This little cabin had been the happy home of a young and able-bodied negro, named Rheinbeau; who, with his wife, a handsome and active negress, a son of ten years old, and an infant to which she had recently given birth, were its contented tenants. On the birth of his second child the negro had resigned the larger of the two rooms of which the hut consisted, to the sick woman and her baby, and occupied with his elder boy that which was devoted to the common uses of the little household. For a few days all went well. Mother and child progressed rapidly in health; and peace and humble happiness made this primitive dwelling the abode of joy. But, ere long, that joy was damped; and, as the sturdy negro went forth to his daily toil, it was with a heavy and anxious heart. Morning after morning he saw his wife, who had parted from him with comparative cheerfulness on the preceding evening, sad, attenuated, and drooping; while the infant, originally plump and vigorous, was evidently withering without any apparent cause.

The young mother uttered no complaint for herself; but she wept bitterly as during the commencement of the day she discovered that Nature had withdrawn from her the means of nourishing her child, whose feeble cries appeared to reproach her for her helplessness; nor was it until the return of noon, that, weak and exhausted as she was, she found herself enabled to supply its wants. Yet still she struggled against the mysterious ailment by which she was oppressed; and still she persisted in expressing her simple wonder at the attenuated condition of her babe, which she declared never left her bosom throughout the night; but after draining the tide of life from the breast upon which it had been rocked to sleep, passed with unerring instinct to the other, and never ceased from dusk to dawn to surfeit itself upon the lacteal tide; while she herself, overpowered by the demand made upon her strength, sickened, and even fainted beneath its pertinacity.

Rheinbeau, whose whole heart was centred in his little family, grew daily more depressed and hopeless. In vain had he consulted the wise women and cunning men of his tribe;

their charms had wrought no remedy; and the work of death was still going slowly on, when on a sweet summer night a strong desire grew upon the elder child, who lay sleepless on the mat beside his father, to look upon his infant brother as he slept. Accordingly the boy rose stealthily, in order not to disturb the rest of the family, and passed into the inner room. With noiseless steps he approached the mat of his mother, who lay in a deep and heavy sleep, with her baby upon her arm; but he did not pause to look upon the features of the infant, nor upon those of its slumbering nurse. He shuddered convulsively, stood for an instant incapable of motion, and then glided from the room as silently, and far more rapidly than he had entered it, and throwing himself down once more beside his sleeping father, crept terror-stricken to his bosom.

Rheimbeau, awakened by the sudden contact, and feeling that the frame of his son was convulsed by some strange terror, demanded hurriedly the cause of his alarm; but it was a considerable time before the boy could sufficiently control his horror, and command his voice, to explain the nature of his dismay. This was no sooner done, however, than the negro started from the earth. The night was nearly spent, and the sun was rising behind the mountains. In an instant his hatchet was in his hand, and he bounded into the chamber of his wife, and approached the bed. But he saw nothing there to excite either his vengeance or his terror: with a light hand he drew aside the covering which veiled the mother and her babe; they both slept in peace; and after gazing on them for a moment in thankfulness of heart, he looked earnestly round the chamber in search of a concealed enemy. Finally, convinced that a frightful dream had for a time obscured the reason of his son, he returned, and chid him severely for the folly which had led him to assert so horrible a tale; but the continued declarations of the boy filled him with doubt and consternation, and he resolved on the following night to convince himself of the truth.

Enforcing upon the trembling lad the importance of silence, above all towards his mother, he threw on his rug, collected his implements, and went forth to his daily toil, with a heart ill at ease, and yearning for the gloaming. That was a long, long day to the anxious Rheimbeau, but at length his tasks were ended; the crests of the palm-trees grew golden in the beams of the setting sun; another moment, and the blossoms of the wild jasmains glowed like burnished stars; another, and the surface of the lake caught the blended colours of the western hemisphere, and glittered like one wide mosaic of jewels. He soothed his suffering wife, caressed his haggard and pining child, breathed

over both the prayer of an aching heart, and left them to their rest. And then night fell; and all the inhabitants of Mirabalais slept the sleep of weariness save the anxious husband.

Yet still for awhile he controlled himself, and the night was half spent ere, once more grasping his hatchet, he stole noiselessly to the rug of his slumbering wife. The eye of a negro is quick even in the darkness; and he had not bent over the bed more than a moment before he detected a black mass coiled up between his wife and her nursling. A cold dew started upon his forehead, and his knees trembled, as the truth became evident. The mystery was unravelled; the exhaustion alike of the mother and her child was at once explained.

Rendered desperate by horror, Rheimbeau clutched his weapon more closely, and prepared to strike his formidable foe. Not for an instant did he quail. The strength of the husband and the father was in his arm, or he might well have shrunk before so formidable an antagonist, for the mysterious intruder was a huge snake of the largest and most hideous species, known at St. Domingo as *la Madelaine*, which had nightly resorted to the mat of the nursing mother, in order to surfeit itself upon the milk which should have nourished her infant.

The reptile was still feeding when the negro reached the bed-side, but a start of horror which he could not repress disturbed it from its unnatural occupation; and it raised its flattened head angrily, and turned its fiery eyes upon the intruder. A blow from the upraised hatchet smote it upon the instant, but, as it recoiled, its envenomed teeth fastened upon the sleeping child, and then it made a fruitless effort to escape. Unconscious of the misfortune which had overtaken him, and attributing the cries of the infant merely to the terror of its sudden waking, Rheimbeau struck again and again at the unsightly serpent; when suddenly the mother also threw off the weight of the unnatural torpor by which she was nightly oppressed, and springing from her rug amid the blows of her husband and the shrill hissing and heavy writhing of the wounded snake, the miserable truth burst upon her in all its horror. Already enfeebled by exhaustion, she could only make an effort to save her child—an inert and swollen mass was raised for an instant in her arms: she gave one wild and piercing shriek, clutched the shapeless infant to her breast, and fell to the earth senseless.

When day dawned, the dead mother was still lying upon the floor of the hut, with the disfigured corpse of her child resting upon her bosom; while a few paces from them a black and tangled mass, breathless and motionless, betrayed the vengeance of the bereaved husband.

Mother and child were buried in one grave,

beneath the shade of a magnificent magnolia; and when the next day dawned the *ajoupa* of Rheimbeau was tenantless.

SOME PASSAGES FROM A JOURNAL THAT WAS NEVER KEPT.¹

CHAPTER III.

HOW WE GOT BACK FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

I stood on the pavement and thought it all over with myself. I had seen Emily Baverstock, I had talked with her, sat by her side; she had appeared pleased and happy through the evening; she had given me a flower from her bouquet, (and many a man has been made happy by a flower, how little soever the lady may have thought of it or cared for it as she gave it,) and after all, was I, or was I not, glad that we had met? If she had cared for me, would she have joined the laugh against me in the morning? when she saw I was really annoyed, would she have rather increased than sought to still the bantering so heavily heaped on my poor head? Then on the other hand, if she had not had a kindly feeling towards me, would she have come forward so pleasantly to meet me in the evening, and shone more winningly than ever in my eyes?

In the way of parenthesis,—how very seldom ladies act so favourably towards poor nervous timid men, as Miss Emily did to me on that evening! We meet one of those practical riddles, “a nice girl;” we talk with her, we agree in our opinions, get on, in short, swimmingly; and we part flattering ourselves that we are excellent friends: the next morning perhaps we meet again, and instead of proceeding on the ground where we last left off, lo and behold, there is all the initiatory work over again, and when the pleasant point of ease and openness is won, then another parting, and so on. We slip back in the interim the step onward we had gained; and so backwards and forwards we go, in a pendulum kind of interest. Perhaps it is as well, though, or we should have offers of marriage at the end of six days instead of six months; and all sorts of unpleasantnesses would arise, besides the probable necessity for the increase of union workhouses. For, unhappily, we cannot all afford to marry. Shade of Johnson! thou hater of a parenthesis, now indeed have I studied thee in vain!

And now, fair reader—for I do venture to hope that some of the softer sex may glance at this my journal, (Mind, I have confessed that we men are vain,)—you perhaps begin to think that I have inveigled you into a love story. They are so very common now, I am sure you are tired out with them; from the “Book of Beauty” to the “Amaranth of the Feelings,” we have nothing but these love stories, and if I should be weak enough to fall into the same line, I should be a doubly-dyed traitor; for my title was so very innocent

and unpretending—“How we went to Southampton.” There was nothing approaching to a love story there, yet before the end of Chapter I. a certain Miss Emily Baverstock is abruptly introduced. We plead guilty; we never intended it, (over how many faults have those words thrown or tried to throw a roseate hue!) but in all journals and confessions we must give vent to our real feelings, and this is why the fair Emily came forward to play her part in the Southampton Regatta.

And why did I think so much of the “said ladye?” How far had we known each other previous to this memorable day? We had met some two score times when I was visiting an old lady, who, forsooth, had a fancy for me, and lived in a neat little place in the same village of which Colonel Baverstock was squire. It was a pleasant unsophisticated sort of place, and we all felt at home with each other, and walked and talked together naturally enough, and in some strange way or other I preferred “la belle Emilie” for my companion, and she generally allowed it to be so. But as to love, why, I had never breathed such a word to her. I was nothing but a Cambridge man in my second year when we first met, with no particular private property, and no particular expectations; and how could I speak of love, even if I wished? Then the Colonel—he was proud as Lucifer, not rich, but wished to be, and this was the very reason why he would requite a rich son-in-law. Oh no, I had never breathed one word of love to her, and yet I believe, that when I stood alone in the Southampton High Street, I loved Emily Baverstock more than all the world besides. And now, reader, you are almost as well up with the state of matters between us as we were ourselves. And so I, that is, my bodily appearance, stood on the pavement, while my heart was tightly wedged in one corner of a well-filled carriage, that was increasing its distance from me at the rate of nine miles an hour.

But Ellis was in no mood for silent meditation. “Are you fond of spending your nights in a kind of perpendicular somnolency on the pavement, Carleton? If not, we’ll ‘move on,’ as A 221 would say in London. You may be as pensive and sentimental as you like on your way home, and make sonnets to your lady’s eyebrow.—I won’t interrupt you. But business first, remember; and so to begin, where’s Jones?”

And each asked the other, “Where’s Jones?” but, as none knew, our answers were mere surmises. On application to the waiters at our hotel, we learnt that he had dined there two hours before, had found fault with everything brought to him, and had left with no complimentary expressions on the inn and its management. We all wished to leave as soon as possible, and now we had the pleasant prospect of an indefinite delay for our straying friend. And Jones was a difficult man to find. His peculiar aim in most of his wanderings was to “see life” he always said, and as he contrived to bring everything under the category of “life,” the bounds of his speculative investigations were by no means contracted. Whether it would be well to search for him in a churchyard,

(1) Continued from p. 11.

studying life among the tombstones, talking over spavins with the ostler in the stable, gazing at human passions as exemplified round a public billiard table, or discussing roasted chestnuts at a stall at the street corner, we were equally at a loss to determine.

However, we started with what spirit we could on our search. We looked into the stables, but he was not there; he had been, we found, but had left after many inquiries concerning the weekly salary and occasional perquisites of the third helper; we turned into the billiard room—he had been there too, but when we heard of his nineteen games before mentioned, we were little surprised not to find him. And so we went up the street on one side, and down the other; into glove shops, pastrycook shops, and every shop that was open, but no Jones. He was seeing life somewhere else.

It is a very unsatisfactory thing, missing one of a party in a strange town, particularly for the solitary one who is missed. The others have some chance of amusement from the mere fact of companionship, but even they get tired at last; and thus, after walking up and down that High Street some twenty times, besides exploring every street branching to the right and left, we decided just to try the pier, and then give it up.

We had not done so as yet, for we thought it an unlikely place, particularly as a visit there entailed the change of some small sum of money. Yet we were wrong; there he was, and there he had been for the last two hours. Yes, Jones was seeing life with a policeman at half-past ten at night, at the end of the Southampton pier. As we came upon him, he was examining the internal economy of the dark lantern, and endeavouring to find the centre of gravity of the truncheon. We immediately seized on him and bore him away. His parting with the policeman was impressive and affecting.

"Good bye, my fine fellow," was his concluding speech, "I've had a very jolly hour with you, and only wish we could meet every night; and if you ever come to Euston Square, call at the house with the green blinds outside the windows, and I shall be glad to see you."

And Jones meant it. He would have met that policeman with pleasure in Euston Square, and walked with him about town, regardless of the natural impression of the world around him, that he was under arrest, or at any rate under strict surveillance of the civil authorities.

"Ellis, you have no conception what a superior person that Simmonds is."

"Who in the name of fortune is Simmonds, man?" asked we.

"That policeman, to be sure; why he has put Sir Robert Peel's policy in quite a new light."

"The light of his dark lantern," interrupted Ellis.

"Ellis, I should be glad if you could learn to talk rationally for a few moments in your life;" and Jones was perfectly silent till we reached the inn.

The gig had been mended, the horses were fresh, Hensley was obligingly humble, Jones was philoso-

phically contemplative, Ellis was hilariously jovial. I was an agreeable compound of all, and as the clocks chimed eleven, we left the gas-lit streets, and, under a bright moon, started for Hemingford. Hensley and Jones led the way in the phaeton, Ellis and myself followed in the gig, and bound down by strong adjurations not to attempt to pass them, under the solemn warning of Hensley, that if we were to do so, he would put his skill into practice, and by any means frustrate our purpose. We knew his artistical treatment of wheels, and wisely remained in our rearward position; and what with my *re-living* o'er in thought former days with Emily, and *pre-living* future imaginary hours, I got on pretty well.

Then Ellis was always happy when he was talking, and his powers in this line were unlimited; and at length, from my only catching a stray word here and there, and making random replies, I began to attend more closely to his tales. And some of them were wonderful. There is no man living of whose veracity I have a higher opinion than of Ellis's. (If I were not to put this in, *entre nous*, reader, he would be with me to demand the *amende honorable* in the earliest possible time that an express train could bring him to my side.) Yes, I have, I repeat, implicit confidence in his veracity; but my innocence and inexperience were once or twice a little astonished.

The number of times in which, for some freak, he had been ordered to the main-truck, or some other equally exalted locality, were so uncommon, that it certainly spoke well for the discipline of her Majesty's navy, and perhaps also for some trifling disregard for the lives of its junior officers.

"Yes, my boy, it may seem strange to you, a landsman, but for three mortal hours I sat there and sang with such sweetness, that the opinion of the chaplain to this day is, that he then first heard the music of the spheres. But did I ever tell you about the rich planter's daughter in Cuba? The extent to which that beautiful creature loved me!—then the magnificent havannahs,—the utter abandonment of heart with which she twined her young feelings,—By Jove! too, the old man's enticing and peculiar beverages. Oh, Charley, Charley, what a life I could write if I had but leisure! I should be a fortune to half the London publishers.—But isn't this rather slow? we ought to do it in two hours. I'll be hanged if I don't try to steal on Hensley, and pass him before he knows we're near; ten to one he is asleep—he has not looked round for twenty minutes."

I made some slight resistance, knowing Hensley's character, and that he would most certainly keep his word, and use every effort to retain his place directly he guessed our intentions; but Ellis was determined. We quietly quickened our pace, and as we gradually gained on the phaeton, I began to think we should pass without discovery: but if we did, I was doubtful as to what would be Hensley's course when he found out our treachery. There was some comfort in the road being wide in this place, and free, we remembered, from any sudden turns for some miles.

Our horse's head had reached the phaeton's hind seat, still Hensley sat unmoved; further yet: we were nearly even with the hind seat, when, with the yell of a Cherokee Indian, up sprang Hensley, and brought down the whip with his brawny arm from head to tail of his steed. Even hack horses have feelings, and whether the small end of the lash had entered the animal's eye, or some tender spot had been accidentally twitched by the lash, the stroke told; and with a bound that lifted the shafts to an angle of thirty degrees, away went the phaeton at a pace that it had never gone before, and if it has again, its mortal course is run, for no such ill-constituted vehicle could twice stand such a burst.

"Clap on all sail and give chase," shouted Ellis; and we were after them like a shot. Galloping in a gig is, under all circumstances, an unpleasant feeling; but when the time is night, the road little known, a phaeton a few yards before, to which if any mischance happens in the way of a break down, you must either—horse, gig, and all—clear the impediment, or join yourselves to the general wreck; add to this, a mad-brained sailor driving, and you may form, reader, some idea of my feelings on this occasion.

Ours was the fastest horse, and in a fair race we must speedily have distanced our competitor. But Hensley had implicit trust in what is nautically termed "toulung," and directly we gained on his horse's haunches he would turn sharply across upon us, so that our only chance of escaping an entire and simultaneous smash was by a powerful and sudden pull in.

It was tremendous work for a nervous man. There was Jones perfectly passive, philosophically consoling himself on the improbability of two upsets in one day, Hensley determined to maintain his place and demonstrate his skill, and Ellis apparently insane.

"If we could only injure some of his rigging, to stop his confounded tacking,—if we could bring down his top hamper;—here, take the whip, and throw it at his hat, Carleton."

I scarcely saw the expediency of the step, particularly as I knew Hensley would proudly sacrifice twenty hats to his honour; so I declined the whip. My satisfaction was that the horses were *not* thoroughbred, the pace was beginning to tell, and *something* must put a stop to our progress soon. Hensley was that *something*:—he saw that his horse was rapidly failing, that we must ultimately beat him; every stride brought the minute closer when his grand manœuvre must fail, from the utter inability of his animal to perform the proper tack; capitulation was absolutely necessary, so he resolved to draw his robe of dignity around him, and die gracefully at the base of his defeat. Turning round in his seat, then, he called out—

"Ellis, Ellis, do in the name of common sense pull your mare in; this is carrying a joke too far. You must have seen how I have been sawing at my horse's mouth, but his mettle is so high now it's roused, that I can never do it while your wheels are rattling so close behind."

During this speech his horse, notwithstanding its high mettle, had nearly subsided to a walk. Our reply was one united roar of laughter; this was so perfectly *Hensleian*. Nothing would have stopped Ellis's spirit of rivalry so well; in two minutes we were amicably at a full stop, wheel by wheel; while our horses, with panting sides and drooping heads, told a tale somewhat different from Hensley's.

Neither party could well reproach the other; for even if Hensley had adopted a slightly offensive style of keeping ahead, we had undoubtedly been guilty of the provocation; so, like wise men, we cried quits, and discussed our prospects. Our pace had been rapid, and we had been so occupied in our vigorous struggle for precedence, that we had given little heed to the road; and on looking round us now we discovered that we were on an apparently large common, which I at once confessed not to remember to have passed in the morning. Ellis was of my opinion,—Hensley wavering,—Jones strongly on the opposition side of the question.

"Not passed it in the morning! absurd! what a strange thing it was that some men never kept their eyes open through life, to mark the objects which were around them! Why, he had particularly noticed in the morning the form of some stones which he now saw clearly in the same spot to the left."

Now, Jones might or might not have seen those stones in the morning, but it was a remarkable instance of clairvoyance if he saw them now, for nothing could we discover through the moonlight but the backs of some cows, moodily ruminating or sleeping in the distance.

Jones had once or twice made a slight allusion to "treating" the policeman; this led us to conclude that they had perhaps discussed something together besides Sir Robert Peel's policy, which thus might afford some clue to this particular form of stones which he now saw to the left.

Under these circumstances we gave but small weight to his opinion, and thus, "unanimously, barring one," as an Irishman might say, we decided on the verdict, "Lost our way." We could not be very far from the right road, for the branching off must have taken place within the last mile and a half, so we knew to a certain extent where the way was. And Ellis, too, threw a light on the subject by methodically and professionally stating that Hemingford lying N.E. and by North, or something like that, (I don't box the compass myself,) if we only kept the North star at a certain number of points to our left, we must be right. Both these last comforts were very well in their way, but something too much like the old story of the Captain's servant:—

"Please, sir, is a thing lost if one knows where it is?"

"Certainly not, simpleton."

"Then, Master, your silver ladle isn't lost, for I dropped it overboard last night, and it's at the bottom of the sea."

Pardon, reader, this unwarrantable introduction of an antiquated Joe Miller, but when we wrote themes

at school some years back, we were obliged to bring in an example, or simile, or both, and the habit sticks to us still.

Jones was in a minority, so he was obliged either to come with us, or remain on the common and nestle under his peculiar heap of stones—when he found them. He chose the former, but he had his consolation; he despised us, oh! how bitterly he despised us, for not being equally convinced with him that we were right. He was a martyr to the want of observation of three men, and he cuddled himself up in his martyrdom, and despised us for our real inferiority but fancied triumph. Poor old Jones! we would not rob you of one title of your contempt; it did us no harm, and what a soothing balm was it to you!

What could we do but retrace our way? The weakest of all weak men is the man who persists in an error; and, taking the first cross road we came to, we believed ourselves wiser men than we were some half-hour back, though I doubt if we were sadder ones. And on and on we drove, through the winding tree-fringed lanes; and the moon made little dots of silvery light upon our path; and each stile, and each stone and stunted bush, assumed a fairy like aspect, so far different from what each looked in the glaring sunshine, and—and we began to think we had lost our way again. Mind you, we none of us confessed it to the other; 'tis only retrospectively that we make this confession.

I am, naturally, philosophically constituted; and should have gone on quietly enough, pleasingly considering that Southampton was not the only inhabited town in Hampshire; that if we failed *here*, we should find *there*, and that even if classic Winchester should show its gray towers to our wondering eyes at matin hour, yet that there might be found "good entertainment for man and horse." And what in the hour of leisure should horse or man desire more?

Ellis was more merciful, and he broke cover first.

"Odd we don't come to some house, isn't it, Charley? We ought to be close upon that first village we passed through, by this time."

"Not a doubt that we *ought* to be," was all I could answer.

"Why, Charley, you don't mean to say that you think it possible we have come wrong again, do you?"

"My dear Ellis, I have scarcely a hope that we have not done so."

"Whew! whew!" was my friend's reply; and his shrill whistle roused the slumbering watch-dog at his post, and his deep bay came welcome to our ears; for we were deep read enough in natural history to know that in these days dogs do not hunt the forest in packs, and eat their prey by moonlight in the silent fields. And I logically reasoned aloud, "Where there is a dog there is a house, and where there is a house there are inhabitants."

"And where there are inhabitants, there they are asleep," continued Ellis, as we pulled up before an old dark-looking farm-house.

"Jump out, Charley, and make them hear."

"Better ask Hensley," quoth I.

"Hensley, just run in, rap at the door, and ask the people the way to Hemingford, will you? I'd go myself, gladly, but I've got the reins, and Carleton, here, is half asleep." (Oh! fie, Ellis! fie, my man of veracity!)

I suppose that as a general rule, people do not like knocking at farm-houses after midnight, with a furious dog barking within four feet of their legs, strength of chain being doubtful; at any rate, Hensley did not, for he passed on the request.

"My horse is rather fidgety: just try the place, Jones."

And Jones did; I suppose he thought it a favourable opportunity of seeing nocturnal life in the agricultural districts. And he raised such a din at the door, that the dog became frantic, and a nightcap and head became visible at an upper window; and a gruff voice from the nightcap, in no gentle terms, bade poor Jones "be off!"

"My good sir," began our friend.

"Be off! I tell you. I know you're one of those swell chaps down at Southampton. Be off!"

"But listen, my good man; will you tell us—"

"Be off! I say; or I'll be down, and let Rufus at you; and if he only gets his grip, you'd need be a pretty deal sharper than you are—sharp as you think yourself—if you get off easily."

And the head retired with the apparent intention of fulfilling the threat. Jones bolted, to use an expressive phrase; and Jones was right. The farmer had evidently no gentlemanlike feelings, and Rufus appeared something of a cross between a bloodhound and a mastiff.

The incident affected us all to a certain degree, for we drove on some hundred yards before we held our council of war.

"This comes of that early closing movement," began Ellis. "The idea of turning in by this hour! Why, if these Hampshire people were half men, we should have been welcomed to a hot supper, with strong October ale, and a bowl of punch, or something in that way to wind up with, preparatory to beds for four, and a satisfactory breakfast in the morning. And now there is nothing left us but the example of Bamfylde Carew, the original composer and performer of the spirited melody 'I'm the gipsy king, ha! ha!' and a 'Midsummer night's dream' beneath yon dew-tipped hedge."

So spake he; and we talked long, and, I doubt not, well; but unfortunately the reporters were not there, and my journal does not give the details of our conference.

The result is sufficient. Hensley persisted that no one of his name had ever slept under a hedge, and he would not be the first to begin anything so very low; he should therefore drive on and trust to—I forget exactly what he meant to trust to, but it gave him sufficient confidence to proceed, and he bade us good night and left us. Jones was half asleep already, and was perfectly passive under Hensley's guidance.

Perhaps he was suspicious of being again placed near the fangs of a watch-dog; at any rate, his remarks were few, and occasionally incoherent.

"And now to make all snug for the night," said Ellis, as he leapt from the gig, and began to make mysterious attempts to take the horse out. "How stiff these buckles are—"

"Oh, we'll dance all night by the merry moonlight,
And drive the gig home in the morning."

Come, lend a hand, Charley."

He had unbuckled a vast number of unnecessary straps, but we managed to get all right, and I wheeled the gig back under the hedge. On turning, to my astonishment, I saw Ellis sitting in the road, busily engaged with our horse's fore-legs.

"That 'll do, I think," said he, as he jumped to his feet. "You won't stray far now, if you were ever so fresh."

No very dangerous prophecy, if one might judge by the difficulty with which the poor animal succeeded in reaching the grass by the road-side. Ellis had acted out one of his morning propositions, and tied the creature's fore-legs together with a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs.

"And now we'll make a night of it, my boy; just try this pocket flask; I kept it out of sight till those other fellows were gone."

I was tired and sleepy; nevertheless, I tried the flask, mainly as a preventative against ill effects from exposure to the night air, and wrapping myself in my horse-rug, "resigned myself to slumber," to use a perfectly original mode of speech. I woke once. I cannot say how long I had been insensible, and Ellis, who had lit a cigar, was still persisting in his lyrical declaration, that he should

'Dance all night in the pale moonlight,'

and expressing his unalterable resolution of

'Driving the gig home in the morning.'

It was eight o'clock in the morning when we entered Hemmingford, and when we drew up at the little inn, shall I say we were pleased to find that the phaeton had not arrived? Perhaps upon the whole we were. Breakfast was our first order, and upstairs we went to wash and otherwise refresh ourselves.

I took the treasured gift from my button-hole; the rose had withered and faded, the myrtle was fresh and green. I put them both into water, however, and thought, "Are these the emblems of our future loves? if so, of which is the myrtle the type?—of which the rose?"

Reader, if you wish to relish a breakfast at a village inn on a summer morning, sleep under a hedge the previous night. Never was there such bacon, never such milk, never such eggs. And so thought Hensley and Jones when they arrived, though they were not in half the condition that we were, for, being too proud to sleep under a hedge, they had driven on till the horse could be driven no more, and then caught what snatches of sleep they could up-right in their seats.

And this then was our trip to Southampton Regatta; we have got back, reader, and the extract from our Journal (which was never kept) is ended.

The next day we saw Ellis part of his way to the Mediterranean, that is, as far as Portsmouth, and from the door of the "George," he waved his last adieu to us as we sat on the roof of the old Rocket, on our way back to London.

G. E. P.

THE TWO TEMPER.

BY F. B.

2. THE TEMPER OF THE LEARNED.

NONE are so truly learners, none so conscious in themselves that they are but learners, as those whom the world honours with the name of learned. The wise man of old declared that he knew but one thing, and that was that he knew nothing. And so is it ever with those who are really wise. The fool boasteth himself in his folly, but the wise man is lowly in all his ways. We all know that a wide field of inquiry lies open before us: but how vast it is, how increasing, how infinitely beyond our reach in its entire range, none know so well, none feel so deeply, as the men whom the world call learned. Read as they are in the book of nature; taught in many a mystery; deemed of others the teachers of all men, they move among the throng as observers, teaching, indeed, yet ever taught; giving out from their stores of knowledge, yet ever drawing for themselves new lessons of wisdom. As learners they started forward on the journey of life, with new vigour, and hopeful hearts. All seemed bright before them: everything within their reach. If they met with a few rough places in their path, or stumbled, perchance, ere they were well used to the way, they did but rise up with fresh energy, not disheartened, but the rather moved to new exertion; and if a cloud crossed their sky, and threw a shadow over them, they looked on to the bright spots beyond, where the sun was gilding all with his glory, and men seemed to be moving amid his rays, and the halo of beauty that played around them appeared, as it were, a crown of honour, and they pressed on with eagerness to gain it for themselves. In the extreme distance it lay: far as yet before them, but yet not hopelessly beyond them; and they thought how that they should gain it soon, and rest after their toiling. But as their sight grew stronger, it stretched forward, and took in a wider range: yet even then did they think to reach the farthest point, nay, fancy it already within their hands. But like the child who follows after the rainbow, hoping to find the golden treasure at its foot, they saw it recede before them, and appear ever as distant as at the first. And yet, unlike him, they were not disappointed, but gained at every step a something solid, and worth the having. But as they went onward their powers grew greater, and they advanced faster: yet still they saw before them the same widening horizon: that which was near, and certain to their eye, fading off into the indistinct and clouded, till all beyond was wrapped in mystery. But still they went onward, for they had the diligent temper, and wearied not: and the humble temper, for they had learned to feel how small a part they were in the midst of the vastness around them: and now they began to be trustful, and full of

fath in that which was as yet veiled from their view. And when at last they had gained the highest ground at which they had aimed in the beginning, and the crowd was at their feet with its voice of applauding and its eye of wonder, their loftier eminence did but open to them a wider view than they had ever yet conceived: new objects for their search, new subject for their faith, and longing after; and then, if they looked through a clear medium, and with a gaze attuned by holiness, they fell back upon themselves in admiration and love of Him who knoweth all things, and veiled their eyes before his ineffable greatness. Such is the course of the learner: such the temper of those who are honoured with the name of learned.

And now may he who has won this name look abroad upon things around him, and back upon the way by which he has gone, with a new eye, and a changed spirit. No longer has he doubt upon his mind:—what lies behind him is his in the certainty of his knowledge; that which is before him is sure in the consciousness of his faith.

And now must another temper develop itself, one which has been his all along; but which must now be displayed, and brought into full energy. The truly learned must cherish the temper of love.—without it he will be but as a plant in a wide wilderness, growing up to full age only for itself, putting out flowers, whose hues none can see, whose sweet odours, if any such there be, are lost upon the winds of the desert. Never does he fully know, till he know somewhat of himself; never does he know himself, till he know somewhat of the love he owes his fellow; and then only does he truly live, when the loving temper is developed, and brought into play; and the measure of his life increases, and the circle of his knowledge widens, and ever takes in for him new elements of happiness, and he has a faint taste of that knowledge of Paradise, ere the bitterness of evil had spoiled the sweetness of the good.

"This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.
The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat is energy of Love
Divine or human: exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained,
If so approved, and sanctified, to pass
Through shades, and silent rest, to endless joy."¹

Through the medium of love he will look upon the world around him; and his soul will yearn towards those who are going on their way in the darkness of ignorance, or spending their days to no end in presumption and fancied knowledge; or wasting their labours in pursuit of that which they can never gain, allured by a false glare at distance, and hurried on, till they rush headlong over the precipice, on whose brink it hovers; or drawn from the right way by some wandering light, till they are lost in the swamps of their own vain conceits. Once, perhaps, he was himself as one of them; but he gradually drew off into a brighter light, and a clearer path; and now he looks upon them from a new position, not as objects whom he may despise: for contempt, as such, forms no part of his character; but he rather looks upon them with pity, and would free them of their load, and draw them off from the path of danger: and if they be still obstinate, and so wise in their own

minds that they cannot learn from him, he will turn away,—in sorrow, indeed,—but for anger he will find little room; and all his contempt will be spent upon the principles, not upon those who are deceived by them;—for *them*, rather, his pity is reserved; and he loves them still, even as erring brethren. And, marking their perverseness, and the pride of their ignorance, he draws thence a new lesson, and applies the moral to himself. But while he despises them not, or even mixes with them, he is careful to be well distinguished from them; and moves among the multitude with a becoming gravity; and in all his communications is well heedful that nothing unworthy fall from his lips. And his loving temper prompts him to advantage them all, as far as may be; and renders him ever ready to teach; for such is the especial worth of the treasure he has gained, that it grows by imparting unto others, and only becomes less by being hoarded up, and kept close within its own storehouse, till it be dulled, and eaten up by the rust itself has gathered. And his character herein is such as Chaucer has ascribed to his clerk—

"Of study toke he moste care and hede,
Not a word spoke he, more than was nede;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speeche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

Prologue to Canterbury Tales, v. 305.

But as the loving temper implies the promptness to teach, so does this latter necessitate the temper of patience; patience to bear with the mockings of pride, and the emptiness of those who, deeming that they know all, have not made even the first step to knowledge—patience to work with the slowness of those of feeble mind, and remove the doubtings of such as want faith to look onward. And to patience must be added the quickness to discern between what is true and what is only apparently true; and having done so, to set it in clear light before the eyes of others; for there are not a few things which wear the garb of truth, which are, in reality, errors beyond all others, and the more dangerous that they are often the least suspected. To mistake the plausible for the true, is one of the great errors of all ages, nor is our own excepted; and it is one which is the more likely to prevail, inasmuch as it requires less labour to reach the plausible (truth not always lying on the surface); and because that which is most pleasant in our estimation, quickly appears plausible. It is indeed astonishing with how superficial a veil the seemingly pleasant covers itself—with how unblushing a front it presents itself to the world, and how simply the world receives it, and hails it as the good. But all this lies in the frailty of man; his proneness to look at self alone; and having thus narrowed his view, he becomes more and more short-sighted, till he cannot attain the view of things at distance, and is shut out from heavenly objects,—near him once, but now far removed by his own fault; not, indeed, that *they* are removed from *him*, for heaven removeth itself from no man, but he has retrograded from them, since man has two courses, and is never still. He must either progress or go back. If he progress, he will do well; but if he go back, evil is his lot. It may, indeed, be said that he progresses in evil; but the forward progress of evil is a backward step in his existence; a

¹ Excursion. B. v.

throwing off of God's grace and goodness, but a heaping up to himself of wrath and indignation. And he is ever brought before the bar of conscience, that setteth as admonitor of his deeds; and ever seeking excuses for himself, he decks out the foul with a fair name, and robes vice in the seeming apparel of virtue; putting paste for jewels, and the gaudy glitter of tinsel for the solid richness of the gold itself! And the world chooses the tinsel and the paste, but the jewels and the gold it strives not after, for they are hard to be attained. So, also, men do what seems to advantage them, and they call it expedient: but therein they go wrong, and expediency gains an evil name; and so common is it, that we call the expedient and the bad under one category: but it should not be so, for the expedient is not bad, nor the bad expedient. But the expedient is the useful, and that which tends to good, and after it we should all seek, and to it shape all we do. But that which is too often called useful is not so, though it seem to bring men great gains, till they swell out with the pride of the world, and are puffed up with its pomps, and heavy with its riches, that last but for a season; and they miscall wisdom, and knowledge, and holiness, and cloud them over till they cannot know them. So, then, it is, beyond all, necessary that the learned, and he who would teach, be able patiently to weigh whatever comes before him; and, discerning well between those things which are opposite, separate the plausible from the true, the apparent from the real good; discovering the end at which it is right to aim, and the best means thereto, and so know the really expedient, that which is in the truest, nay, the only sense, useful; and having done all this, he must be able also to lay it in such manner before others, that they may follow his guidance, and be led on their way till they gain the same high place in which he himself is standing. Such is the position he bears to others; but something, also, does he owe to himself. If the humble temper was needed by the learner, a hundredfold more is it required by the learned, not only because he is still going on the same course, but to prevent his being puffed up by his own attainments; for there is danger lest he should exalt his own reason, and, forgetting that knowledge is the gift of God, should say proudly, "By my own strength have I done all this!" He must make the service of God the basis of all he does, lest he sink into carelessness first, and then into infidelity, and so bring discredit upon wisdom herself. If he act not for God, he must be acting against him; there is no middle course; and if such be his end, he had better never have been born—the folly of the fool is wisdom compared to that by which he has fallen. He has sunk beneath the weight of the crown which he had won, and has tarnished its noblest and richest gem with the dark imaginings of his own heart. He has forgotten his Maker, and thereby degraded himself; for, to sum up in the words of Bacon, "They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base, ignoble creature. It destroys, likewise, magnanimity, and the raising of human nature: for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a god, or *Melior Natura*. Which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth

and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain." But into such depth of false opinion the learned must not fall, else will he lose at once the right to be so esteemed. For, as it has at the outset been shown, he who is learned, is above all others a learner; so, then, the man, who supposes he has attained all knowledge, even to the shutting out of Him who is the fountain of knowledge, thereby declares that he has ceased to learn, and that a mist has passed over his horizon, or a disease fallen upon his mental vision, so that he can no more look onward, as at the first, nor see the things around him wearing the same garb as they once did. All is changed! but the change is internal! It has not befallen the things without, but has its seat in his own heart. It is the last fell trial to which he is exposed; and if he escape that, and break through the darkness that has closed around him, as he presses manfully on, the mist shall roll away before him, and a glory shall burst upon his gaze, brighter than he had ever conceived before, and a crown of triumph await him, such as no man has the power to deprive him of; and he shall gain the full reward of faith—the perception of all good.

A TALE OF KHELAT.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

It was the pass of the Bolan. On either side rose precipitous scurps, so wild, so apparently difficult of access, that the eagle alone might be supposed to claim their rugged rocks for solitary dwelling places. Below gurgled a mountain stream, the melting snows of Caubool, and its fringes of coarse towering grass screened from the eye those cave recesses in the rocks which were the frequent resort of beings as wild, as savage, and as cruel as the tiger and panthers of the plains.

At a particular point the stream spread itself over a larger surface, forming a little lake, as it were, among the blocks of stone that, fallen from the rocks, rested in the coarse reeds. Bending over this little pool might be noted a figure whose picturesque costume and wild aspect was well in keeping with the scene; a figure, alas! too common in those days of turbulence and bloodshed. The face, whatever its aspect may have been, was now wholly concealed by the depending folds of an enormous turban of coarse white cotton cloth, and with the masses of black hair that fell in thick ringlets on either shoulder. The dress was heavy in form and make, descending from the waist in massive folds, singularly unfitted, as it seemed, for the exercises of either war or foray; and yet that such were the ordinary engagements of the wearer was evident from the variety and quantity of arms with which he was girded. True, his shield of transparent hide, bossed with gold, and attached to a belt of green Caubool leather, as well as his match-lock, with its watered barrel of enormous length, rested against the rocks; but the *Belooche* still wore his sword of Damascus steel, his powder-flasks embroidered by the skilful hands of the mountain maidens, while the *kreeze*, knife, and dagger, peeping from his

thick waist belt, were either for use or ornament, as might be. Among the rushes, too, was the chief's war-steed, a sorry looking beast enough, with hollow eyes, spare frame, and that general aspect of starvation which is the characteristic of these Yaboos; yet the mare was not without her decorations, for, to set aside the saddle with its dozen coverings of green and scarlet cloths, she had a standing martingale of crimson rope, studded with white shells, a little mirror dangled on her forehead, and a necklace of blue beads encircled her throat to protect her from the evil eye. And well did she deserve such bravery, for from Candahar to Cutchee, over rocky mountain and sandy desert, the mare of Alif Khan Khyheeree was as well known as her rider, and hopeless was the villager who, from the little watch-tower erected near his fields of ripe jowarree, saw her slight frame, in stretching gallop, heading a chosen band.

The chief, however, had now ended his devotions, and they had been unusually long that evening, for two reasons; the first, that he had cut a Banian to pieces on the plain at sunrise, who was on his way to Caubool with supplies for the British army, the Belooche thus possessing himself of camels, which might be resold to the commissariat at Sukkur for double their value; and secondly, in the commotions at Khelat he saw a prospect of confusion which would produce most advantageous chances of *loot* (booty), and fill his saddle-bags with matters far more to the purpose than the silver bangles and turquoise nose jewels of Sindhian peasants.

"*Allah kureem!* (God is merciful)," said the Belooche, and with this pious ejaculation Alif Khan rose from the ablation of his moustache, and turned to offer a pill of opium to his mare; for beyond the quarter of small undressed kid he had given her at starting, the "light of his eyes" had tasted nothing since sunrise, and had made a *dour* (fleet journey) over some forty miles. The "*Allah kureem,*" of the Moslem was not, however, lost in that wild spot; echo gave it back, reverberating from angle to angle of the granite rocks; but mingled with the echo was a deep-toned human voice, and as Alif Khan heard that sound, he snatched his matchlock from the ground, and kneeling in a crouched position on the ground, pointed it toward the turn where the scarps, approaching, left but a narrow pathway for the coming traveller. In a second, however, the weapon was again laid upon the rushes, and the chief rose to pursue his purpose.

The rider who now wound round the jutting rocks and approached the little pool, in arms, costume, and accoutrement, in no way appeared to differ from Alif Khan himself, for he too was evidently a Khyheeree, a robber, a man of violence, revelling in the love of booty and of bloodshed. He was younger, however, than the Khan, his hair was more glossy in its wild luxuriance, and his countenance, with its large flashing eyes, was an eminently handsome one; his horse, too, was more richly caparisoned, sleeker, and evidently well bred, of Arab blood, and suggested the idea of his having been stolen, as no doubt he had been, from the pickets of our cavalry.

"By the beard of the Prophet, you have saved me a dour!" exclaimed Abdullah Khan, checking his handsome steed by the little pool; "I thought to have gone on to Dadur before I met you and Itabar, and the rest of them; and as Ramun *would* gallop after a Cossid carrying letters from the Feringees, I just looked to the priming of my matchlock; for those burnt fathers of Murrees are going to save the Sahib Logue's (gentlemen's) camels for them, and keep the Bolan clear of Belooche's. Ha! ha! I wonder what old Doda Murree is to get for his work? But that's not it: he hates Dost Mahomed, and has a blood feud with Ackbar Khan; so he thinks to help these sons of Satan to drive the old Affghan from his home."

"Shah bash!" was the reply, "the more loot for us; we got fifty camels to-day, and Itabar tied a red handkerchief he picked from the baggage to the end of his spear, and has driven them all up the Kujjuck pass. We'll send a bangle to that Seitaram, the Hindoo Seit (merchant) at Shikarpoor, and Government will give us a hundred rupees a-piece for them, sent back as new beasts from Khelat. Ha! ha! truly our *nuseeb* (fate) is great; but as to your dour, brother, your Arab there will be beaten in a ten miles run; sell him back to the Sahib Logue; nothing but a Yaboo will show clean heels to their cavalry. But what news bring you from Candahar? Is Shah Niwaz Khan still at Khelat?"

"Likely enough," replied Abdullah coldly; "but I want your aid, Alif Khan. Sher Mahomed, whose daughter, Firoze, is the beauty of Candahar, is afraid of this insurrection at Khelat, and means to send her off to Quetta. We must waylay this party, Alif."

"May our faces be blacker!" was the angry retort; "do we load our matchlocks and tighten our girths for girls? To be sure, when Ramun carried off the cultivator's daughter from Bagh, and when he was tired of the joke sent her back, cajoling her father and husband to pay him rupees and *loonghies* (scarfs) every year, in gratitude for having delivered her from the Sahib Logue,—cunning rogue!—there was wit in the plan worthy of Ramun; but Sher Mahomed, the prince of Candahar, won't believe such a bhat as that! He may blow you from a gun, as he did Saola Boordee; but you may easier know the Koran like a moolah than get loonghies for giving back *his* daughter."

"I don't mean to give her back," observed Abdullah, carefully smoothing his luxuriant moustache; "did I not tell you she was the beauty of Candahar?"

"Ha, ha!" sneered Alif Khan, "the date tree bears that fruit, does it? And do you think the Candahar girl will, for love of a Belooche, roll herself in a *chuddee* (sheet), and ride behind you like a Sindhi grass-cutter? And when the time comes for looting prayer-carpet, silver chillums, and Delhi turbans at Khelat, is the girl to be left in a cave of the Khyber, to tell the Feringees which way the Belooches fled? Truly, brother, you are wise."

"Did I not say she was as fair as a houri of paradise?" was the reply of the chief; "I shall sell her to

the first casilah going to Persia, and get three thousand rupees from the servants of the Shah; and as for her bangles and jewels, you may take them for your share, if you choose to help me now; but words are words."

"Inshallah! you have sense, brother; you talk like a moolah; but just now I thought you little better than a *mujnoon* (idiot); to fill our saddle-bags with silver and gold is well, and a woman like the princess of Candahar is worth many camels."

And thus agreed upon the question, the friends rested by the pool, refreshing themselves with opium, after which each lighting his *kaliun*, and mounting his steed, they slowly wound along the mountain pass, chatting as they went of deeds of plunder and of prowess, of ripe grain fields cleared in a night, of burned villages, plundered camels, and slaughtered Banians, quoting, as they did so, from time to time, verses from the Koran, or breathing deep Bismillahs!

The palace of Candahar was remarkable from its exterior decorations, the chunam facing being scattered with powdered talc, a practice in that singular city, which, when the sun glittered on its principal buildings, gave them a crystallised look that charmed the eyes of the semi-barbarous admirers of that sort of frosted imitation of "marble halls." And the character of the dweller in this palace was much in harmony with the bad taste that shone on his exterior walls, while his tyranny was not less remarkable than his ignorance. It is to exactly such a court as that of Sher Mahomed that the idle and dissipated of the people flock, sure of patronage; and thus the players, dancing-girls, and buffoons of Hindostan, the pretended poets of Persia, the bud-tamers of the southern coast of India, and worthless people from all parts of the East, thronged the court of Candahar.

It was now sunset, and the prince having lately risen, and been present at a great buffalo-fight in the outer court, was seated on a musnud, or cushion-throne, in the large hall of the palace, surrounded by his *chelas* (favourites), while buffoons, musicians, and dancing-girls ministered to his amusement. Sher Mahomed, perhaps, loved his daughter as much as his gross nature rendered him capable of affection, and he was anxious to place her in safety, in consequence of the condition of Khelat, with difficulty governed by Shah Niwaz, her betrothed husband; yet after all he chiefly loved Firoze because she was so passing fair, and he had long since repudiated her mother, a princess of great merit, and advanced a dancing girl to her position in the harem, simply because the Natch woman wrote intelligibly in Persian, and thus saved for some moments the intrusion of business on the diversions of the prince.

The first who claimed attention in the hall was a bird-tamer, with a little paroquet of Malabar, a clever little thing, who held in his tiny beak a rod, balancing small lamps. These, with closed eyes, he suffered to be lighted; and then twirled them rapidly round, until they appeared a ball of light; and the prince,

in well-pleased glee, cried out "*Shah Bakh!*" and ordered a loonghie for the owner. Then a Delhi actor separated himself from the groups, and in a sort of recitative, accompanied by a *Tom-tom* (native drum), described his great skill as a *Patan Horseman*, and his determination to seek renown. He parts with his supposed wife in deep grief, vowing eternal fidelity, and sets out; but ere he has travelled ten miles, is won by a damsel, guarding jowarree in a field; and taking her to wife, seats her on his steed, and re-enters his harem, carefully concealing his new acquisition. The first love is in raptures at his return, and a bowl of rice appears. The pair enjoy it much; and the boasting Patan relates adventures and escapes, all due to his own bravery, of the most startling kind; but the fair traveller is hungry with her ride, and urgent for food. The Patan gesticulates violently in narrative; and in doing so, drops rice over his shoulder into the lap of his young bride; but it will not do: an exposure of his faithlessness follows. The ladies fly at each other, and finally agree to buffet the Patan, which they do so well, that the moral of the danger of two wives became quite evident to the Moslem court, amid roars of laughter. Thus encouraged, the buffoon now appeared in a flesh costume; but the moment he did so, an armed retainer, heated and eager, bent his forehead to the earth before the delighted prince.

"How, slave! What villany is this?" hastily demanded Sher Mahomed.

"Firuz Oolah desires an audience from my lord," was the trembling reply.

"May his father be burnt!" thundered the prince. "Are our pleasures to be spoiled by the babbling of that grey beard, who takes an hour to tell us a camel has been stolen on its way to Mustang. Begone! or by the beard of the prophet you shall rue it. Bid yonder *Mujnoon* go quickly on. His play is droll enough, but not true. We have three hundred hours in the harem of Candahar. Princes are not Patans."

"Ha! ha!" shouted the crowd. "Who can speak like Sher Mahomed of Candahar? He is wiser than Sadi; and his words are sweeter than all the couplets of the *Gulistan*."

But a second messenger now bent in low salaam before the prince. Firuz Oolah again desired an immediate audience, for his tidings were of value, and pressing.

The king started from the musnud. "Zadik," he shouted to a huge Negro, who instantly forced himself from the crowd, "take hence that old fool, Firuz Oolah, and blow him from the gun of the Red Gate. I have long been weary of his tedious stories, and he shall tell them now over the kusumba bowls of paradise." And with a loud chuckling laugh, the weak and wicked prince again lounged idly upon his cushions.

But the good old Firuz Oolah was not doomed to the cruel fate commanded by the tyrant of Candahar. The very length and number of the stories, held so tedious to the prince, had endeared him to his less

cruel, though not less idle and pleasure-seeking retainers; and as the old man now sat in the hareem of the beautiful Firoze, whose tutor he had been in her earliest knowledge of the Koran, Zadik, brutal as he was, yielded to the entreaties of all about him, that the life of Firuz Oolah should be spared, and that, with his fair pupil, the old priest should set forth that night for Quetta. Khehat was taken, and its escaped prince sought refuge in flight, alone, without arms, or money. The chiefs of Moorad Alli had, however, sworn to seek, and to destroy him, but an old fakir, who dwelt without the fort of Khehat, in a natural cavern of the rock there, smiled as he saw them gallop through the gates in hot pursuit, for he knew of the talisman, blessed at Kerbela, that the prince wore upon his arm; and turning to his roots and water, ate his evening meal, little disturbed by fears for the safety of the true heir to the musnud of Khehat.

On a wide plain, within a march of the strong fort of Quetta, an encampment had been made among the camel-thorns and wild colocynth bushes, the only growth of that arid waste. The night was far advanced, and the moon shone brightly forth upon the group that made their bivouac there. In the centre might be seen a small tent surrounded by a screen, as usual with those intended for the accommodation of the ladies of the East; and around it were picketed horses, their long heel-ropes stretching over the ground, and fastened to pegs, sufficiently dangerous to the unwary stroller. Beyond these knelt unloaded camels, calmly chewing the cud, and seeming to watch with great interest the heavy wooden saddletrees, and heaps of quilted coverings that lay about them. Here and there, covered with a coarse white cloth, lay a camel-driver, soundly sleeping; and among the bushes blazed little fires of crackling thorns, over which sat knots of men, smoking their cocoa-nut kaliuns, and chatting about money, rice, and turbans.

Restless with the excitement of her journey and its cause, and rendered anxious and unhappy by the news of her lover's flight, the Princess of Candahar had stolen from her tent, and now, with old Firuz Oolah and her nurse, sat in the fresh cool air of midnight. Her little gold-embroidered Bokhara cap rested on the masses of her glossy hair; and the tightly fitting vest of pale blue cloth falling on her trowsers of rose-coloured silk, displayed the faultless proportions and grace of a form, that justly entitled the fair Firoze to her well-known title of the Beauty of Candahar. The old moolah was, as usual, telling one of his prosy stories about an old Moostung king, when the princess, who had been languidly drawing the fragrance of perfumed conserves through the jewelled mouthpiece of her hookah, and pondering on the probable fate of her hapless lover, suddenly bent forward, darted a searching glance among the heaps of camel furniture, prayer carpets, and rich housings that were strewn around, and laying her hand on the priest's arm, exclaimed, "Look! Firuz Oolah, look! See you not a strange figure stooping by yonder

thorn? There, where the horsemen have laid their crimson flag."

The priest had just come to a point in his story where the horses in a king's stable ask what is to become of them if their master turns Jogee? And this being an interesting point, the interruption was vexatious.

"I only see," said he, "a fakir, who seems to have forgotten where he put his parched grain last night.—And so, when the horse Golaub heard—"

"Nay! my father, nay! This is no common fakir.—Allah kureem! He steals yet nearer. He watches us. He is armed. Rouse the guard, Firuz Oolah, there is danger here."

But ere the priest could collect his scattered attention, the object of the terror of the princess was at her feet; and beneath the white ashes and saffron robe of the ascetic, the fair Firoze traced the noble presence of Shah Nawaz Khan, the exile prince of the fallen fortress.

"Sweet lady!" he exclaimed, "the star of my house is eclipsed by the clouds of dark adversity. I am hunted as a beast of prey. From cave to cave, through steep defile and rugged fastness, my pursuers trace my weary steps. At Quetta, however, a force will soon be mine. The Kujjucks, Atuckzhies, and half the Dooranee tribes espouse my cause; suffer me then to travel onward in your camp, and the sweet light in your eyes shall herald for my fortunes a new dawn bright with happiest promise."

Firoze bent low her head, and the tears that fell on the hand now clasped in hers told, better than the purest Persian could have done, that she would share his fortunes, remembering only the strong power of her love, which, weak as in fact she was, the maiden felt could, if he trusted in her faith, buckler him against an army of his foes.

"Ah! my son," observed the good old priest, truly spoke the poet when he said 'Happiness and the life of man are transient as drops of dew on the leaf of a lotus;' but we must move, for the Pleiades warn us it is time to march. How still the air is! It was just such a morning as this when I left Bagh, and I remember the Rajah, as soon as he was seated on his camel, calling to me, and saying—"but happily other eyes beside those of the chatty Firuz Oolah had watched the stars, and, therefore, the camp was soon astir."

On the whole line between the Bolan and Cabool there is not a point more beautiful than the fort of Quetta. Situated as it is on the apex of an isolated hill, whose base is surrounded by rich and luxuriant gardens, interspersed with sparkling rivulets, general war and the feuds of tribes had stamped its character on the scenes around, but its beauty was not yet marred by a successful siege, nor its graceful minarets battered to the dust; the fate of Ghuzni was not that of Quetta. Still the fortress lay in the line of country harassed by a foreign enemy, distracted by the contentions of tribes, either tributary to Dost Mahomed, attached to the old family of Shah Soojah, the rival kings of Caubool, or who, by reason of compact with



their feudal lords, had been absolved from tribute, and now resolutely supported their independence; with these men of honest purpose, and chivalrous resolve, mingled others bent on plunder, or hot with desire of vengeance. Freebooters, who lived on the property of others, reaping fields of ripe corn at midnight with their damascus blades, and young chieftains, whose fathers having fallen in foray, had blood feuds with the families of their antagonists, feuds which, on either side, would be handed down while a descendant remained on earth to bare his sword, vow a deep oath of vengeance, or thirst for the blood of the innocent. In such times, and under such influences, it could not be matter of surprise that every landholder cultivated his field armed like a Belouche, or that among the sweet groves of Quetta, where bloomed the wild rose and the apple-blossom, where the goldfinch in the bright sunbeams carolled her matin-song, and where nature smiled in her loveliest dress of herb and flower, the grass was often stained with gore, and the ghastly features of a murdered traveller caused the passing horseman to gallop faster on his way, while, perhaps, the ringing sound of a matchlock-bullet, short of its mark, scared the ambei-plumaged songster into the thickest covert of the woods.

The bazaars of Quetta were thronged by a varied population,—merchants who had taken shelter there with their camel-loads of Bokhara silks, their stuffs and perfumes of Persia, their cotton of bright colours from the lower country. Here and there a Dooranee chief might be seen, glittering with arms, silent and thoughtful, and in the courts of the temples fakirs performed what seemed strange forms of penance, the better to elude and beguile the attention of the people; but beneath this ostensible motive for seeking Quetta, generally lurked deep motive, political intrigue, and evil in all forms. Chapmanship was at an end, men bought and sold only the necessities of life; the kaboh shops, indeed, were open and well attended, but, as with a coffee-house in Europe, those who crowded in, and about them came to hear news, to listen to the tales given by the last cosid, to exult over the reported murder of a foreign envoy, or to cry "Shah bash!" when told of fresh camels and supplies intercepted and destroyed on their way to Caubool.

In the midst of all this wild confusion and hot excitement, one man sat in Quetta, who, although the great mover of Moslem impulse, the great impeller of Moslem thought, the great governor of Moslem action, among every tribe of those wild and reckless hosts who for years had ravaged the land with anarchy and steeped it in blood, seemed wholly indifferent to all that passed around him. This one man was the Syud Ameer Shah, the adviser of Acbar Khan, to whom every Moslem looked as the defender of his faith, and the breaker of all bondage; the superior spirit, before whom even the tyrant Sher Mahomed quailed with superstitious awe; the religious leader, to whom the chief of every tribe submitted; the only being in that vast land whose

simple word was stronger than every oath, whose promise was a hostage, and whose commands were honoured even by those who never heard the words of the Koran, unless in the call to prayer from a muezzin's minaret.

And now in front of the open door of the reported mausoleum of one of the twelve Imaams, sitting in one of the attitudes of prayer commanded, and wholly absorbed, as it would seem, in religious contemplation, the Syud Ameer Shah counted the beads that lay upon his knee, muttering to every bead a prayer. Spread on the marble whereon he sat was a striped carpet of scarlet and blue Herat cloths, and an emerald signet, graven with a verse of the Koran, was on his finger, but beyond this the Syud Ameer Shah could not have been distinguished from a hundred of the Moslems who daily bent before that sacred shrine. No string of pearls encircled his neck, no rich bangle clasped his arm or ancle, his body dress was of white calico, and his turban of soft muslin, such as is commonly worn by Moslem gentlemen. His beard was short, but black and glossy, and his eye-brow had a distinctive expression, very unusual in that feature, unless where character is strongly marked. Whatever, however, that character was, the observer would have been wholly at a loss to guess, as with a dull eye fixed on the shrine, and lips moving half audibly in prayer, the Syud remained thus seated in the wide marble courts of the mausoleum of the Imaum.

This apparent abstraction is one of the very few points insisted on in the education of Mohammedans; and though, from long habit and practice, it is common in a degree to all Moslems during their appointed hours of prayer, the Syud Ameer Shah possessed the art in its perfection. The mausoleum court had been for some time unoccupied by all but this still, abstracted worshipper, when a figure barefooted, smeared with white wood-ashes, and clad in the orange-tawny robes of a wandering fakir, quickly passed from beside the fountain of the court and stood a step behind the Syud. The step, stealthy as it was, could not be unheard in that vast echoing area, and the Syud must have noted it both as it approached and ceased; but neither did the eye move, nor a syllable drop more hurriedly from the murmuring lip. A brief space ensued, the sparkling eyes of the fakir glanced impatiently around, his lips were compressed, and, as a fancied sound seemed to fall among the stone colonnades around, his hand stole to the handle of a kreeze secured amid a roll of Tulsi beads depending from his waist belt. At length, with a low salaam to the object of his prayers, the Syud arose, turned, and, with the single word "come," passed slowly by the fakir across the court, and, entering a little postern gate, moved on to a sort of cushioned throne, piled by a delicious fountain, and shaded by luxuriant and fragrant trees, interspersed with the rarest shrubs and flowers of the Caubool gardens.

The fakir bent his forehead to the earth before the priest. "It is well, my son, that you are safe,"

observed Syud Ameer Shah, "for the Dooranee tribes, but for your presence, would soon break again into their old factions. I have directed Doda Murree to aid you from the hills: the moolahs of Moostung have uttered my denunciations against the chief of the Atuckzhies, and the tribes have brought money, arms, and horses; the Kujjucks, by my command, are prepared to stop the wells on the way to Khelat, and have provided forage; but in all this, Shah Niwaz, you will do well to recognise, not your own popularity, but the power of the favoured of the prophet, the will of the Syud Ameer Shah!"

"Upon my head be it," replied the prince; "once again on the musnud of my fathers, it will be no longer Shah Niwaz Khan who dictates *purwannahs* (written orders) for the Brahoos people, but Ameer Shah, greater than all princes, and second only to the holy Imaams,—will my lord the Syud give me the pain of departure? I desire to arm myself at once to command the army, and I beseech the great chief of the faithful to suffer it to be made known in his harem to the princess Firoze, that the slave her pity saved goes hence a warrior—as becomes his birth."

"The princess of Candahar," replied the Syud, "has not arrived in Quetta. Alarmed, as I am told, by the band of horsemen that attacked her party, she turned aside, and fled with a priest, her friend and tutor, to Mustung. I have sent *purwannahs* to ensure her honourable treatment from the chief, who is not tributary to Sher Mahomed, and has a blood feud with the family, but the word of Ameer Shah is spoken. Go then, my son, and the talisman of Keibela be thy guard." The countenance of the Syud Ameer Shah became again impassable in its expression, and as the prince bowed to press the hem of the priest's garment to his forehead, the Syud uttering familiar sounds, hundreds of tame carp, the tenants of the bright fountain's basin, swam in struggling throngs towards him, and the Machiavelli of his time and country watched the finny crowd with interest, as they caught the morsels of fine grain he scattered towards them.

The prince, meanwhile, collected his followers, and galloped from the fort of Quetta; but the chiefs, expecting to be led on the road to their loved Khelat, murmured as Shah Niwaz spurred on towards Moostung; but the words of the Syud were of more interest to him than the musnud of Khelat! The prince was ambitious, but he was young, and the flower of love must fall, ere the bud of ambition can fully bloom upon its stem.

* * * *

In the garden of an old tomb, on the edge of the desert of Cutchee, lounged the Beloochee chiefs, Alif Khan and his handsome colleague, Abdullah. This garden, once a resort of all the great Moslem families of Dadur, was now in ruinous plight; the old well had fallen in, and was garlanded with wild convolvulus, while the only remaining shrubs were a castor tree or two, a thorny neem, or a hardy cotton plant. The mausoleum had been handsome, its dome covered with blue tiles, and its stone-work carved with verses of the Koran; but the tiles for the most part had

fallen off, the carved decorations were mutilated, and the doorways were blocked up with masses of stone fallen from the pillared galleries of the shattered minarets.

"By the beard of the Prophet, it was well done!" remarked Alif Khan. "How readily that eunuch, who could not read a word of Persian, believed Ramun, when he showed him the *purwannah* (written order) stolen out of the moonshee's chest at Quetta, and told him it was an order for us to act as guides to the princess by the mountain pass, while her people, to take the attention of the Khelat horsemen, spurred on by the open way. Mashallah! it was well done, brother. But what cowards these Jogees are! Did you see that fellow, crawling by the princess's kajawah, how he snatched a rein from the jameedar, and spurred faster than them all? But you've got more than you want in that old priest, for you don't mean to sell him to the Shah of Persia too, I fancy! But the sooner it is all done the better, for the kafilah will come across the desert before the snows, and this is no time to be guarding girls."

"She is very handsome," replied Abdullah.

"By the holy Imaams, you drive me mad, brother! 'She is handsome! she is handsome!' you gabble all day, like a minar, trying to imitate the 'Allah! il Allah!' of a moollah; but there is no meaning in such folly. Settle her price with the merchants, and take her on to Shikarpoor; Shah Niwaz Khan has got the Dooranees over, and we shall have prayer-carpets and puggrees as common as stones, in the Bolan pass, ere the feast of Beiram."

"She certainly is very handsome," replied Abdullah; and so saying, he strolled towards his Arab, gave him a handful of fresh jowaree, and levelling his match-lock, shot a little green bird that happened to be pluming himself in the neem tree.

With a dark scowl, the glance of Alif Khan followed the movements of his companion. "Ere the new moon end the fast of Ramazan," said he, "the princess of Candahar shall be on her way to Herat, and her price, with that of the old fool who is with her, safe in the saddle bags of Alif Khan. Inshallah! F'allah! this folly shall not blacken all our faces."

Deceived by the stolen *purwannah*, scattered with gold leaf, denoting its origin from a royal hand, and by the distant appearance of a party of Beloochee horsemen, the unhappy Firoze had suffered her camel to be led into a mountain defile; while the disguised Shah, with the retainers of her father, sped onwards to the fort of Quetta. Too late was the truth revealed. And although ignorant of the intention to sell her as a slave for the harem of Shah Tehran, the weak and wicked Persian despot at whose name she had long learned to tremble, Firoze saw and knew herself in the power of marauder chiefs, anxious, as she believed, to stipulate for terms with the powers of Candahar and Khelat, holding their prisoner until concession to their demands was yielded. In meek sadness the unhappy girl thus pondered; the luxuries of her father's harem superseded by a small carpet, spread where the grave-stone of the saint once had been:

for an azure ceiling emblazoned with verses of the Koran, she saw a crumbling dome, the retreat of noisome bats; for the sweet birds, who knew her gentle voice, and left their shady coverts at her call, she was now surrounded by all the reptile brood, who make their dwellings, and take as their possessions, aged monuments, and the rank tangled verdure of neglected gardens; for the delicious perfume of roses, chumpa, and mogree blossoms, the pestiferous breath of the wild indigo poisoned the air around her. But yet Firoze, in all her misery, cared not for herself; her midnight dream, her morning prayer, still had but one object, the safety of the idol of her young heart—the exiled prince!

Firuz Oolah lost his sympathy for the Shah in intense care for his pupil; and the strength of his anxiety was proved by a total forgetfulness of his old habits. No longer a teller of tedious legends, he passed his time in praying zealously for deliverance, in cursing the Belooches, and in stealing within ear-shot of their conferences; and all this ended in his acquainting himself with the determination of Alif Khan, and the expected arrival of the Herat kafilah.

The first impulse of Firuz Oolah, on becoming acquainted with these facts, was to pronounce an emphatic "*Tuf!*"—the next, to pluck his beard as if every hair was a blade of tiger-grass growing in his path of escape,—thirdly, to consign every Belooche to the lowest caverns in the kingdom of Satan,—and lastly, to consider how the Biahooe adherents of Shah Niwaz could be informed of the condition of the princess.

* * * * *

Poor Firoze! now was her sense of misery powerful indeed! For three long days had she borne her saddest thoughts in loneliness, for Firuz Oolah no longer soothed her solitude. She knew not if he lived, nor could she avoid with dismay seeing that a strange activity and confusion reigned around her. Belooches, in parties, and as single horsemen, were constantly arriving, resting for awhile, and then speeding swiftly to the pass; those who came from it were laden with rich dresses, handsome arms, and other booty, that they hastily deposited in the old well, and then returned. The gurgling water course, that turning from the mountain torrent meandered through the rank weeds of the tangled garden, was no longer clear and bright, but red and turgid; and the gaunt dog, that was wont to slack his thirst there, left it untasted. Never before had either of the chiefs desecrated her cheerless sanctuary, but on a day when the excitement had been the strongest, Alif Khan suddenly appeared, commanded her to yield her jewels, and warned her to prepare for accompanying the kafilah at dawn.

Stunned and terrified by an amount of misery far greater than her worst fears anticipated, the princess offered no remonstrance, but with fixed eye and pallid lips suffered the chieftain to turn and leave her; but scarcely had he done so, when Abdullah sprang through the broken window, and seized her in his arms. With the strength of a young panther half

secured in the hunter's toils, she burst from his rude grasp, and, solitary as she was, the wild Belooche felt for a moment startled, ay, and somewhat alarmed it might be, by the courageous bearing of a girl.

"Slave! murderer! robber! as thou art," she exclaimed, "dare not thus insult the daughter of the prince of Candahar; or by the blessed Fatima," and she raised her hand to her fair forehead, "Sher Mahomed will exterminate your race from the Bolan to the sea; and every *jaghirdar* (landholder) above the pass shall the guns of the Red Gate blow to the winds of heaven."

"What words are these?" replied Abdullah. "There has been a fight above the pass, and confusion is on every side. Alif Khan would sell you to the Persian merchants, and to-night you will be in their hands. I might say, who can help it, if this is *nuseeb* (fate); but you are handsome, and Abdullah Khan seldom woos in vain. I like your spirit, too; a Belooche girl could not have laughed at kismut better than you have done, alone, in this old hole: therefore, while he slept, I have changed my Arab for Alif's mare, and will speed with you to Kotra before dawn; and there you may live, while the snows block up the pass, and work my pouches and slippers for me, and buckle on my arms for a foray. Inshallah! the sun shall shine on you!" and again Abdullah advanced towards her.—But now loud shouts burst on the ear; the rocks of the Bolan reverberated with the sounds of the well-known Moslem war cry; Alif Khan, rushing into the mausoleum, caught Firoze in his arms, and throwing himself upon his horse, galloped through the low gateway towards the desert. Armed and mounted men were now seen pouring in quick succession from the Bolan, their point the ruined tomb; but the flying figure of the wild Belooche catches the leader's eye; he spurs upon the track; encumbered by his fair burden the chief too late discovers that it is no longer his fleet and faithful mare that bears him on—his pursuer nears—is now beside him, a matchlock ball takes true aim, and Alif Khan, in dying agony, clutches the desert's sand.

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The fakir of Khelat thinks little of the restoration of the Shah, being strong in his faith of the Talisman of Kербela; but his reputation as a saint has increased tenfold, from the authority of fulfilled prophecy; while the good old Firuz Oolah, in the hareem of the beautiful Firoze, tells longer stories than of old, but now without any fear that their thread may be broken by the gun of the Lall Durwaza.

MICHAELANGELO'S "RAISING OF LAZARUS,"¹ IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IN that gradual development of the mature age of our nation, which we call its advance in civilization, there is hardly a more pleasing feature than the re-

(1) The writer of the above paper seems to consider it an acknowledged fact that Michael Angelo painted the resurrection of Lazarus. The more commonly received opinion is, that, although the composition of the picture was the work of that great master, and the figure of Lazarus probably done by his

cognition of the fact that the less educated Englishman can enter into the same tasteful pleasures and amusements as those whose lives are, or may be, an uninterrupted course of self-education and instruction. We have sometimes amused ourselves on the afternoon of a fine summer's day, whilst we accompanied round the eloquent walls of the National Gallery some chance party of rough visitants—sailors or country people—and listened to the remarks which their natural taste gave birth to at the sight of the several pictures. It was no displeasing sight to observe the unerring feeling which constantly led them to pass over the works which represented the legends of Greece or Rome—legends which, when thus represented, are meaningless for good to most of us—and to gaze with varying attention on those great paintings in which Christian artists have delineated subjects worthy of Christian art. We have observed, that from those who come to learn, the touching picture by Francia, in which the Holy Virgin and two attendant angels are supporting the body of our Saviour, is wont to receive especial attention. Some may ask, whether any effect can be thus produced? Eye may look into eye, and face seek face, but one heart cannot view the thoughts of another. Yet we should be unwilling to doubt that amongst the infinite crowd of circumstances which mould and influence the human will, the high thoughts arising thus in the beholder's mind have a place and a power for good. Thoughts like these may seem too dark and serious to be in place here; but wherever human nature exhibits itself, whether in the representations of the past thoughts and beliefs of various ages—as on the walls of our National Gallery—or in the easily observed feelings of simple and truth-seeking visitors, there is there room for seriousness.

We regret that the collection furnishes few specimens of high Christian art intelligible to the many besides the one we have just named, with its beautiful companion picture by the same thoughtful artist, and the "St. Catherine" and "Dispute in the Temple" of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. But there is one great work remaining, of higher subject and mightier power than those named above, to which we would willingly draw the attention of such as have hitherto passed it by unnoticed; for we believe that there are many whom the great size and unfortunate position, whom the effort of mind requisite to enter into the work of any mighty genius, have deterred from a proper examination of Michel Angelo's "Raising of Lazarus;" most, at least, seem to leave this masterwork all but unnoticed. And yet, it is not likely that the design which the deepest and highest of artists brought forth in honourable rivalry with the last and most admired work of his world-famous rival!—should have no lesson to teach us, if we approach it in a dutiful spirit. And we may be well assured that it can have been in no unworthy emulation that Michel Angelo set himself here to equal the "Transfiguration" of Raphael—and he equalled it. It is in the simplest language that this *visible speech*—to use the expression of Dante—is conveyed. Throughout the picture there is no attempt after the fancied "ideal" of art; every figure in that majestic drama is clothed in the simple dress which may well have been that of the villagers of Palestine; in their faces we read the elevation not

of classical form or ideally correct outline, but of the highest and most intense expression. The action of Lazarus is that of one suddenly called forth from the grave and placed among the inhabitants of the upper earth in a moment, by a force which took no recognition of time. He is there already loosing himself from the bands of the grave, and looking forth with the earnest expression of one who would know why he has been summoned from that dark state of which some dim recollections seem yet to hover round him to the light of day—to the sound of human voices—to the sight of his friend.

Among those present, the great wonder which has just enacted itself before them has produced different feelings. In Mary, as she kneels at the feet of the Lord of life and death, wonder and joy are swallowed up in the most absolute faith and love; the words of belief, for which she cannot find utterance, are more than expressed by her hands and upraised eye. No words could express the horror and awe at the sight of the dead appearing among the living, which the apostle, crouching to the earth in terror, his hands convulsively wrung at the unutterable sight, wears on his countenance. The miracle has been worked with the silence and suddenness of a ghost-vision; hence other spectators are as yet dimly aware that a great wonder has taken place; some stretch forward with eagerness, inquiring what the event is; others seem hitherto unaware that anything more than weeping has marked the grave of the departed. Behind, groups are gathering and speaking, represented with all the wonderful life-like energy of Michel Angelo; whilst, high up, the chequered sunbeams, lightening up the romantic town and gliding over broad hill and valley, shadow forth the strangely varied destiny of the man who has been twice summoned from darkness to light—of the traveller who has returned among us from the fearful World of Spirits.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

BY ZEMIA.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, when after a long series of deluging wet weather the sky had cleared, the clouds had dispersed, and the sun was shining out bright and joyous, as if glorying in the discomfiture of his vapoury enemies and laughing gaily through their tears, that a younger sister and myself set out on one of those rural rambles from which we had been for many consecutive days debarred by the unmerciful wetness of the weather. Rain in moderation we minded not; but even we, independent as we were, had been obliged reluctantly to acquiesce in the opinion of the supreme dictator of our domestic circle, that of late the rain had been any thing but moderate; and that though cloaks and umbrellas were very good things in their way, they were not, at least ours were not, impenetrable; and that young ladies who *had* a comfortable parlour to sit in, and cheerful companions in it, would show their discretion by abiding there when, to use the common expression, "it was not fit to turn a dog out." So abide we did, perforce; but one day when we had come to the irrevocable opinion that all books were stupid, all sewing tiresome, music a bore, and headaches inevitable, and were raising our eyes, more from habit than from any hope of new discoveries, to that

own hand, the rest of the painting was executed by Sebastian del Pombo, at the desire of the Cardinal Grubo de Medici (afterwards Clement VII.), who wished to present an altar-piece to the cathedral church at Narbonne.—*Note by the Editor.*

quarter where the joyous intimations of fine weather were generally first discernible, we saw, to our great delight, a thin narrow line of light breaking across the dark horizon. It was more than we hoped; it was almost too good to be believed. We rubbed our eyes, but there it was; ay, and increasing both in breadth and brightness too. We ran to the clock—just half-past eleven—the best hour possible. We visited the barometer—it did not look very flattering: we ventured to shake it gently, and there was indeed a vibration of the dial hand which we decided must be certainly ascending. Still we could hardly muster boldness to go out there and then, though if we had consulted our inclination only we certainly should have done so. We determined to wait till after dinner, (for we were of that unsophisticated class who could eat hot roast beef at one o'clock,) and then to assert our independence, our freedom of will, and sally forth.

The horizon became brighter and brighter, and ere we had fully discussed our pudding the sun broke out gloriously, and the indications of fine weather were undeniable even by the most sceptical of the party. Still there were some at the table older than ourselves, and some wiser; and we had to listen to various insinuations on the one part about "fallacious appearances"—"deceptive gleams"—"the influences of a damp atmosphere on the chest," and "the prejudicial effect of soaking wet grass on the feet;" to which insinuations as general principles, we gave the most unqualified assent; seeming, or trying to seem, totally unconscious of any particular application being intended by the oracular dispenser of these interesting truths. Another of the party—a malicious girl she was—gave us a most graphic sketch of the delights of a fit of tooth-ache, and spoke in animated terms of the beauty of a swelled face, launched forth into an eloquent effusion on the comforting and soothing properties of a flannel bandage or a hot poultice. This, though it did not come from an "influential quarter," was sufficiently annoying, and as we were too well acquainted with the lights and shadows of that interesting complaint—the tooth-ache—not to recognise the picture set before us, and as, moreover, the painter was a merciless quizz, we had no remedy but in silence: we turned a deaf ear, and notwithstanding our own personal bravery, we were very blind to the imploring glances of a dear little boy, who was longing to go with us, but was afraid to ask. This indeed was the hardest part of the business.

We set out!

We went on the Diggle hills, which at that time were not disfigured by smooth cart roads cut at right angles, bordered with stiff, straight, regular hedge backings, with an incipient hedge about six inches high, and formal protecting rails of half as many feet. There were then no staring placards at every corner and turning, intimating as plainly as a painted board could intimate, that the property had passed into the hands of one who grudged though he could not remove the ancient land-marks, and that he would do all in his power to discourage "intruders." We

passed on: the soil there is gravelly, and we managed very well until we came to a field which had been newly ploughed, leading down towards the clough. Path there was none; the merciless share had gone hither and thither in preparation for a new arrangement of crops, the heavy rains had suspended operations, and before, by dint of indomitable resolution, we had made our way across it, we both felt unequivocal symptoms of the "prejudicial effects" of wet on the feet. We reached old Edward Murphy's pretty cottage in the glen, which, however, looked somewhat disconsolate now. The brook, swollen with the rains, was brawling and leaping in the sunshine, the pebbles sparkled at the bottom, but the grass on the margin was weighed down by the heavy rain drops, glistening bright though they were. The garden looked very dismal. The chrysanthemums were heavy and dull; the china-asters were soil spotted and ragged; and some of the monarchs of the garden, the dahlias, looked weatherbeaten and discoloured, though others held up their heads bravely, while the giant sun-flowers behind were still brilliant. A late honeysuckle at the gable wafted a grateful though faint perfume on the air, and some few adventurous bees had stolen half-a-yard from the hive to "pne its sweets;" and the southernwood, carnations, and mignonette near the door, how desolate soever to one sense, gave agreeable testimony to another that summer was not yet quite gone. The good-named old woman received us with a kind welcome, and the noble looking old man, though, as usual, asthmatic and unable to quit his chair, was, as usual, intelligent and cheerful; and as usual we stayed there much too long.

We had still to go to Poppythorn-lane, which, as every one knows, is no trifling exploit from the place where we then were. But we thought by dint of good walking we might still perform our task without entirely losing our credit for punctuality at home. We forgot that it was not quite so easy to skirt along the clough in wet weather as in dry; and that when in some places your feet sink above shoe-tops at every step, your lost time is hardly made up by slipping, with your will or without it, a yard and a half in others; or that a ditch or ravine swollen with rain, or slippery with mud, is not so speedily crossed as when dustily dry. However, on we went; and in time found by the church clock that our progress thither had been made in any but due time. We deliberated seriously now whether we should not return; but we should have the clayey, slippery steep path to descend, (for *then* the path was not straight and regular, and ended,) the clough to cross, and the steep and slippery hill on the other side to re-ascend, with the certainty of being "floored" some few times on the passage; so we determined to go to the high road. When there, we were comparatively so near to Poppythorn-lane, and the widow Arnold would be so delighted to see us! On we went.

It was when we had got ankle deep in the intricacies of Poppythorn-lane, when to go on seemed impossible, and to return we knew was still worse; when having just, by the aid of a friendly land and

a strong umbrella, raised one foot out of the stiff clay in which it seemed irrevocably buried, and almost instantaneously found the other in the same interesting situation, I began to have certain compunctious recollections of neglected warnings and unattended-to hints, and, moreover, certain very moving inspirations of a well-spread tea table in a bright and happy parlour; when arm chairs, and sofas, and footstools floated across my mental vision, along with savoury and inviting accompaniments of tea and coffee, bread and butter, and toast—it was just then that I was startled from my moody reverie by my sister's exclamation—"Look at the moon!"

I did look. There was the moon already high in the heavens, full, beautiful, and bright, sailing away in majesty through a sky so cloudless, that not even a vapour seemed to have found a resting place. How such a moon could have risen so high without our at all noticing her progress was unaccountable to me, but such was the fact. My low-born earthly visions of tea and toast, ottomans and tabourets, vanished instantaneously, and were replaced by aspirations high and glorious—as high, as glorious, as the moon herself, and I felt, for the first time in my life, a desire to poetize.

"Anne," said I, at length, "sister Anne, let us write a sonnet to the moon."

"With all my heart," replied she.

We again dragged our feet from the clayey receptacle in which they had embedded themselves, and proposed to try the side of the lane along the edge of the ditch which ran along it, where scattered tufts of grass seemed to offer a rather more agreeable footing, but the path being somewhat hazardous as regarded the preserving our equilibrium, we proposed to go hand-in-hand, thus mutually supporting each other, so that we might give our undivided attention to the composition of our sonnet. Anne went first, extending one hand behind her, which I grasped. I gave myself up to serious thought. At length I said, "Anne, have you done much?"

"Not very much, sister; nor am I likely, whilst you put me in fear of my life every second minute by jerking me as you do."

Much offended, I withdrew my hand, but soon found that it would be advantageous to me as regarded the integrity of my limbs to treat my indignation as Lady Townley did the twinge of conscience—i.e., "make a great gulp and swallow it;" so I resumed my hold. A turn in the road, however, gave us somer relief; we were, indeed, shoe-top deep, but it was in *mud* not *clay*; and to country mud we were accustomed. We separated, and gave all our energies to our task.

We walked, or rather floundered on, in profound silence; ever and anon I looked up at the glorious luminary to drink poetic inspiration from her bright beams, and I could perceive that Anne did the same. I considered her under all aspects, as crescent, and horned, and gibbous; as new, as full, as eclipsed: I considered all her various phases as explained in the most approved books of science: and having fully

revolved in my mind these graver and more stable points of what my father would call the "subject matter" of my theme, I considered her in her poetical relations. I mustered in my mind all the terms in which I had seen her enshrined in the poet's wreath: "The chaste cold moon," "The pale queen of heaven," "The radiant queen of night," "The pilgrim of heaven's homeless way," &c.; and though I remembered numberless such epithets, I was yet much annoyed by other ideas, the furthest possible from what I wished or wanted, which would intrude. For instance, I could not help thinking of "the man in the moon," sent thither for gathering sticks on the sabbath-day; his unlucky faggots showed bodily before me. Chaucer, I remembered, called him a thief; thus:—

"Bearing the bush of thornes on his backe,
Whiche for his *theft* might cline no ner the heven."

Then I fancied I saw Dan O'Rourke and his reaping-hook, and then Caliban and Stephano:—

"Cal.—Hast thou not dropped from heaven?"

Steph.—Out of the moon, I do assure thee, I was the man in the moon when time was.

Cal.—I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog and bush."

I could not help remembering that it was to the wine Stephano was indebted for his apotheosis, and that brought into my mind the tradition of *claret* being the favourite beverage of the lunar potentate.

"Our man in the moon drinks claret," is the burthen of a celebrated ancient ditty, and in another equally orthodox authority the *ambrosia* is specified as well as the nectar:—

"The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnep and carrot," &c.

I tried to elevate my ideas, but anon the ancient nursery legend of the old lady and her broomstick arose, and then I found myself "mentally ejaculating," as Hook would (not) write it,

"The man in the moon came down too soon
To learn his way to Norwich."

Pshaw! Then divers recollections would intrude of the various profound discussions I had heard at various times of the nature and material of the moon; of her being made of green cheese; and of her being cut up regularly at the month's end into stars. This I had frequently heard asserted as an indisputable fact. I made a strenuous effort to rise above these grovelling thoughts.

I determined to waste no more thought on the ideas of others, but to plunge in *medias res*, as the critic says, at once, and that on my own responsibility. I did not know whether to begin, "O lustrous and beautiful Moon!" or "O Moon!" the first had every epithetical advantage, the last was classical in its severe simplicity; yet I felt that the idea was scarcely original: it was suggested by a composition I had often heard and admired of a relative of my own, who having been required to write a theme on Winter, commenced, "Oh, Winter, Winter, Winter! His classfellows thought the commencement

sublime, but unhappily he achieved no more. So I determined to relinquish "O Moon!"

After much deliberation, I resolved to begin, "O thou!" as I thought it was a commencement which would not fetter me at all; I could approach the main subject—THE MOON—by degrees, or bring her suddenly into presence with an unexpected electric effect. I proposed to touch upon her nature and peculiarities so far as they have been discovered by the most scientific astronomers; I proposed to embellish this truthful groundwork by all poetical associations which memory or fancy could bring to my aid; the superstitions of the ancient barbarian, and the credulous imaginations of more modern intellect, should alike find a place; these should all be gracefully indicated rather than obtrudingly displayed, and I determined to wind up the whole with a lofty and solemn apostrophe to her as queen of the hosts of heaven. There seemed, indeed, to be no slight difficulty in compressing this variety of material into the space of fourteen lines; but if the difficulties were great, the merit of the achievement was greater, and my spirit soared to the task.

Thus, having fully laid out my plan and resolved on "O thou" as a commencement, I was proceeding with good hope of success to hunt for the next word, when the chain of my ideas was suddenly snapped by a scream from my sister. I turned hastily, and found she had succeeded in ensconcing not only her foot, but half her leg, in a deep pool of mud and slime; a cold bath shock which seemed to have chased away all her poetical ideas, for she rated me, and the lane, and the mud—nay, if I remember rightly, even the *Moon*, in very plain prose indeed. I comforted her as well as I could. "Anne, my dear, you'll be no worse when you get home."

"Probably not, but I am not at home yet."

This was too incontrovertible a fact for me to dispute.

When she was extricated, we walked on. We were so near the high road, where we could hardly conveniently poetize, that I thought we had better compare notes of our progress. "Anne, I've made a beginning,—have you?"

"Yes, I have, but hardly any more."

"What is yours? Mine is 'O thou.'"

"So is mine, I declare! just the very same; and I should have had another word directly but for that unlucky plunge."

"So should I," thought I; but I did not venture to say so.

On taking our places at the tea-table, we found a friend there who was frequently in the habit of "popping in" upon us, and whom I shall introduce under the convenient travelling name of Mr. X—. As he is the only being in shape of a hero who figures in this true *historiette*, I suppose I ought to describe him. His person was at that time somewhat angular, but that fault, if fault it were, has rapidly vanished, for it would puzzle the most acute geometrician to discover an angle in his now flowing proportions. With regard to his face—I am really a bad hand at

description—his eyes appeared bright and sparkling; yet, when you looked more closely, you found that they were a very common-place grey indeed, and were indebted to their long dark lashes and the animation of the moment for the good character they somewhat unjustly obtained. If a nose *un peu retournée* be beautiful, he might have some claim to credit on that score. He had a broad, high, intelligent forehead, an open countenance, and a small well-shaped head; but he had too much mouth, and too little hair. In short, the remark usually made upon him was that he was "the ugliest man in creation." One lady friend, indeed, was heard to say that he was "tolerably well-looking;" and another once remarked that she thought "X— was growing a downright handsome fellow;" but this was a young lady who prided herself on saying *outré* things, and the neighbourhood all agreed *nem. con.* that this was the most outrageous perversion of truth that even she had ever been known to perpetrate.

So he, with the rest of the party, listened to the detail of our adventures, our "moving incidents" and "hair-breadth 'scapes." In common with other people, we had a sort of innate feeling that it was not quite the most agreeable thing in the world to fall under the lash of Mr. X—'s satire, and we had, consequently, some qualms about relating the *Sonnet* writing. However, truthful habits prevailed, and out came the whole detail, and highly were we gratified to find that instead of annihilating us with satire, he was our strenuous defender and able champion,—and, indeed, our only one; for the others laughed at us unmercifully, and even the young five-year-old urchin lisped out that "he thought *he* could have done as much as that." I thought I should like to box his ears.

But Mr. X— brought them all to order by treating the matter in a philosophical way. He said that it was an indisputable fact that when a thing was *well begun*, it was as good as half done. That no commencement could be more pithy than ours—none, he would venture to say, more appropriate. That having thus each admirably commenced, we had each, in fact, *half done*; and that *two halves* put together would make a *whole*, he fancied no one then present would be hardy enough to deny. Therefore, the sonnet was completed; what would they have more?

Nothing. Everybody was dumbfounded.

A few hours afterwards we received from Mr. X— a letter sheet of writing, accompanied by a billet to this effect:—

That "Mr. X— did himself the honour of offering to the Misses Z— a Sonnet, or rather an attempt at a *Sonnet to the Moon*. That if—which he hardly ventured to hope—it did evince any poetical talent, he utterly disclaimed all merit therefrom; offering it merely as a very humble attempt at completing what the Misses Z— had so admirably commenced; but which, unfortunately for the world, they had been prevented from bringing to a conclusion."

It ran thus:—

"O Thou that shinest forth so full and bright,
Like to an orb of goodly Cheshire cheese,
Peeping so friendly at me through the trees,
As if to supper thou wouldst me invite—
And truly I should much enjoy a bite
Of that same cheese—if, as some poets say,
Thou of such stuff art made (for, by the way,
I feel a very monstrous growing appetite.)
Methinks the man that doth within thee dwell
Brings forth a tankard of best XX,
Wherewith my clay I long to moisten well,
But how to reach it doth me much perplex.
But ah! yon envious cloud hath hid thee from mine eyne,
And all my cheese and ale have ended in moonshine!"

To the lines were appended a few notes, critical and explanatory. The writer entered pretty largely into the nature and properties of different kinds of cheese, and cited various authorities to prove that the cheese principally alluded to in the Sonnet, and of which most certainly the full moon is composed, was neither Cheshire cheese nor green cheese, neither Dunlop nor Parmesan, but—sage cheese. He apologised for the terminating Alexandrines, as being incompatible with the structure of the legitimate Petrarchian sonnet; and finally he made a powerful appeal to the sympathies of his readers, in consequence of the grievous disappointment which these faulty lines commemorate; comparing his sorrow to that—perhaps the most pathetic and touching circumstance which history records—viz., that recorded in the scene between Launce and his dog Crab. (Vide "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Act ii. scene 3.)

Many years have passed over my head since the circumstances above recorded took place. I dare not presume to say that the tribulations which have fallen to my lot, and from which, as a member of the great human family, I could not look to be exempt—have sobered my spirit of all its erratic tendencies: what my sister Anne may have done I know not; she does not confess her poetical delinquencies to me—but from the hour in which I received the above communication, I have never attempted, or thought of attempting, to write a SONNET TO THE MOON.

THE PEOPLES RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

From the French of Beranger.

BY F. R.

THEY'LL talk of him, and of his glory,
The cottage hearth, at eve, around;
Fifty years hence no other story
Shall 'neath the lowly thatch resound.
Then shall the villagers repair
To some grey ancient dame,
And bid her long-past times declare,
And tell his deeds, his fame.
"Ah, though it cost us life and limb,"
They'll say, "our love is still the same,
And still the people love his name;
Good mother, tell of him!"

"My children, through this very region,
He journey'd with a train of kings,
Followed by many a gallant legion!
(How many thoughts to me it brings,

That tell of days so long/gone by!)
He climbed on foot the very hill
Where seated on the bank was I
To see him pass. I see him still;
The small, three-cornered hat he wore,
The riding-coat of gray.
I trembled at his sight all o'er!—
Cheerful he said, 'My dear, good-day!'"
"Mother, he spoke to you, you say?"
"Ay, said 'good day' once more.

"Next year at Paris, too, one morning,
Myself, I saw him with his court,
Princes and queens his train adorning,
To Notre Dame he did resort;
And everybody blest the day,
And prayed for him and his;
How happily he took his way,
And smiled in all a father's bliss;
For heaven a son bestowed!"
"A happy day for you was this,
Good mother!" then they say:
"When thus you saw him on the road,
In Notre Dame to kneel and pray,
A good heart sure it showed."

"Alas! ere long, invading strangers
Brought death and ruin in our land!
(Alone, he stood and braved all dangers,
The sword in his unconquer'd hand.)
One night. (it seems but yesterday,)
I heard a knocking at the door—
It was himself upon his way,
A few true followers, no more,
Stood worn and weary at his side.
Where I am sitting now he sat—
'Oh, what a war is this!' he cried.
'Oh, what a war!' "Mother, how's that!
Did he, then, sit in that same chair?"
"My children, yes!—he rested there!"

"'I'm hungry,' then he said, "and gladly
I brought him country wine and bread;
The gray surtout was dripping sadly;
He dried it by this fire. His head
He leaned against this wall, and slept—
While, as for me, I sat and wept.
He waked and cried, 'Be of good cheer!
I go to Paris, France to free,
And better times, be sure, are near!"
He went, and I have ever kept
The cup he drank from—children, see!
My greatest treasure!" "Show it me,"
"And me!"—"and me!" the listeners cry—
"Good mother, keep it carefully!"

"Ah, it is safe! but where is he?
Crowned by the pope, our father good,
In a lone island of the sea
The hero died. Long time we stood
Firm in belief he was not dead,
And some by sea, and some by land—
But all, that he was coming, said.
And when, at length, all hope was o'er,
Than I, were few that sorrowed more!"
"Ah, mother, well we understand!
Our blessings on you; we too weep,
We will pray for you ere we sleep!"

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER VI.

"Then comes the cheek, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall,
There is one remedy for all."

The Two Voices. Tennyson's Poems, p. 127.

"Whence is this music?"

Beaumont and Fletcher

"Pleasant are the words of the song," said Cuchullin, "and lovely are the tales of other times. They are like the calm dew of the morning on the hull of reeds, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale."

Ossian.

"WELL, my Lucy," said Harry Sumner, when Mr. Perigord had left the room, "I had anticipated spending a little time with you, and consoling myself in my dear sister's company. That is now impossible!"

"Oh, do not say so, Harry—pray do not! How wretched I shall be if you and George quarrel!" said his sister, weeping.

"I must say, my dear boy," remarked Mrs. Sumner, "that you have yourself to blame in great measure. If you will not condescend to tell Mr. Perigord the true state of the case, what can he think?" It cost Mrs. Sumner no little pain to speak thus; as soon as the words were out of her mouth, as if to show how they belied her heart, she ran to her son and affectionately embraced him.

"He has no right to think so, mother," he replied; "he has no right to think so."

"But what can he do, my dear?—ask yourself," she said. "Why don't you deny it?"

"I cannot deny it. It is out of my power!" he answered.

"O Harry—Harry!" exclaimed his mother, "your pride, believe me, is your worst enemy."

"Won't you tell us all about it, Harry?" asked his sister, in a gentle coaxing tone of voice.

"My dearest Lucy," he replied, "I cannot! No—I would not enlighten him on the subject, since he seems to have taken to the more improbable version so readily. I would tell my mother and you."

"The more improbable version!" she interrupted, laughing;—"there—I knew how it was. You've told us, Harry! you've told us! I do so wish George had been here."

"Did I say so?" inquired Harry; then taking his mother and sister's hand between both of his, he added in a tone of deep earnestness, "I think you both know that I would not keep anything from either of you without some urgent cause. Now listen. If I were, in some unguarded moment, to reveal to you the exact reason of my failure, I should never know another moment's happiness; and I think I know my mother and sister well enough to be quite sure that after what I have said they will never ask me another question on the subject."

"I'm sure I will not, Harry!" exclaimed his sister. But I suppose there is no harm in asking you to deny

that you copied—just for the sake of my husband, Harry."

"Your husband may sink to the antipodes before I breathe a syllable for his sake, Lucy—you may be sure of that," he replied.

"Oh, do not speak so!" said his sister, imploringly. It is for my own sake I ask it, Harry—for my sake!"

"Lucy!" said Harry Sumner, reproachfully, "did you understand what I said?"

"Oh yes! I will not say another word about it. But if you and George quarrel! You will not go, will you? No sister could ever love her brother more dearly than I do my Harry; and my husband, of course, a still intenser love is due to him."

"Is due! Yes—if—My only astonishment is—" Such were the half finished sentences in which young Sumner couched his reply.

"It is not often," she continued, "that George loses his temper. He certainly is not passionate. But when he does, he is apt to say things which I am sure he is very sorry for afterwards. Unluckily he had been terribly put out just before you came. But if you stay—you will see—he will try to make up for what he said by all sort of attentions. You must not expect him to apologize. He cannot do that. It is not in his nature. If he were ever so wrong he would not apologize."

"A truly noble character!" exclaimed Harry, almost involuntarily.

"Hush, Harry!" said his sister, upraising her forefinger in an attitude of rebuke, and a slight frown passed like a fleeting cloud over her sunny features.

"I beg your pardon, you affectionate loving thing," he replied, laughing; "you observe, other people can be put out as well as Perigord. I can apologize, however."

"And you are not unforgiving, I know! You won't go, will you?"

"Stay, and chaperon me to Pendlebury, to-morrow, Harry," said Mrs. Sumner.

"Do you return to-morrow, mother? Well, I suppose I must pocket the affront, and remain here this evening," he replied.

"Thank you—thank you, Harry dear," said his sister, "it is so like you! But you will not go to-morrow, mamma? You promised to stay until next week."

"I did, my love; but as things are," answered Mrs. Sumner, "it will be better for all parties that we should go to-morrow. It seems that this mystery can never be cleared up; and, until it is, I foresee, even if your husband regrets the intemperate expressions he made use of just now, that he and Harry will not have been in the same house together a week, before a deadly feud will have arisen between them."

"I think so too, mother," said her son. "Lucy, you must come and pay us a long visit at Pendlebury."

"I should be overjoyed, if George's horrid politics would let him," she replied.

Her brother suggested that the state would be able to spare him occasionally, so that he might run down, now and then, for a day or two at Pendlebury. The suggestion, however, did not seem very palatable to

¹ Continued from p. 20.

his sister : and accordingly, ceasing the conversation, he petitioned to be permitted to relieve himself of the pulverised M'Adam with which he was so plentifully powdered.

"I will show you your apartments myself," said his affectionate hostess,—“this way;” and she fondly leaned upon his arm, as she conducted him to the suite of rooms appropriated to his use.

Mr. Banbury had taken his leave at the same time that Mr. Perigord left the room; and throughout the preceding conversation, Miss Fonderson had stood gazing on her nephew with all the deep devotion and admiration of a confirmed idolatress.

"Blessed fellow!" she exclaimed, as the door closed upon him and his sister. "He want to copy from any one, indeed! I should think it's more likely that some one copied from him!"

Several minutes intervened before Mrs. Perigord re-entered the breakfast-room. She had occupied them in relating to her brother the somewhat unexpected death of old Mrs. Millisant, the touching details of which she had heard from her husband's uncle, the rector of Bribeworth. Her mother and herself had seen the old woman almost every day since she had been in the hospital; and it was beautiful, she said, to witness her cheerfulness amidst her sufferings. The old man's distress was perfectly harrowing, the rector had told her. The fearful operation she underwent did not extort a single groan, and she afterwards gradually sunk off into the last sleep so gently and so peacefully, that it was impossible to fix the exact moment at which her soul winged its flight away from its aged tenement. Her last words were a prayer for mercy, and for acceptance in Christ.

"Fancy," said Mrs. Perigord, "that good old creature, dying, praying for mercy!"

"She was always an humble old soul," observed her brother. "But, Lucy, we will talk about these black subjects at some future time. I really have had a trifle too much of them lately. I can scarcely believe in my own identity. I have no relish nor taste for anything. Nothing interests me. My spirits seem smitten to the earth. Sometimes most disagreeable thoughts come over me—a strange wish to plunge into all manner of excitement and excess. Then poor Lamb's fate comes vividly before me. By the bye, I must go and inquire after those poor people. Fare thee well, Lucy!"

"Good bye for the present. Don't give way, Harry dear. You must stay with your sister a little longer. I have so many things to talk to you about," she replied, with all the gaiety and playfulness of manner she could command; and, leaving her brother to arrange his toilette, she sought her husband in his library. As soon as Harry Sumner was left alone, he divested himself of his travelling dress, and wrapping himself in a capacious *robe de chambre*, threw himself in a half reclining position upon a sofa. Never before had he remained so long a consecutive period of time in solitary contemplation, apart from his books and studies. Two hours had glided almost imperceptibly away before he emerged from a state

of absorbing thought which almost abstracted him for the time from all sensual consciousness. The following dislocated sentences, in which his thoughts broke forth occasionally into expression, afforded some clue to the general direction they were taking:

"Where is he now?—Such infinite trouble, and labour, and pains!—The soul!—No, I would not believe that the soul goes out when the body falls, for the splendour of a life-long, universal monarchy, not for twenty lives long!—Eternity!—Infinite life!—Well, I get a first-go on—all imaginable fame and power—What then? how much better than good old Mrs. Millisant? Poor Lamb! He was a good fellow!" (and Harry Sumner bent his forehead upon the sofa-cushion)—“Myriads of human beings, as busy and as ardent in their day as—ah, well, never mind. Vast kingdoms no more! gone! extinct!—How infinitely, infinitely little, puny, mean, wretched, insignificant, the life of each human being—my life—except for a future import!—Can it be called a pleasure at the best?—I'm not poverty-stricken, not starving, not ruined, not mad, nor a scoundrel!—Am I the more happy?—Well, the part of life must be performed!” and drawing a heart-deep sigh he commenced assuming his walking dress, exclaiming, as he did so, “Away with all his execrable political manœuvrings, I will stand for none of his boroughs, and no loss to him either; he would find me awkward in his harness!”

This time Harry Sumner's toilet did not occupy so long by at least half an hour as was usual with him. Somehow or other the dark brown hair got into its place almost of its own accord; the set of the cravat satisfied him at the first attempt; the first waistcoat that came to hand was the one he wanted, and instead of turning in various directions before the glass to inspect the cut of his coat and the set of his trousers, a sneer passed, spectre-like, athwart his features, and a sentiment of self-contempt swept maziily over his soul. As he was leaving the apartment, the notes of a harp fell upon his ear. He listened, and heard his sister accompanying herself in the following song, composed by herself:—

SONG.*

Weep not for Death!

'Tis but a fever stilled,

A pain suppress'd, a fear at rest,

A solemn hope fulfilled.

The moon shewn on the shamb'ring deep,

Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?

Weep ye for change,

For earth's pure dews exhaling,

For Joy's first tear, for Hope's first fear,

For Love's first little faling;

Morn's lightest shadow on the seas,

Tells us of midnight. Weep for these!

Weep not for Death!

The fount of tears is sealed.

Who knows how bright the inward light

To those shut eyes revealed?

Who knows what fearless Love may fill,

The heart that seems so cold and still?

* The writer is indebted for this exquisite song to a lady.

Weep ye for Life,
 For smiles that end in sighing;
 For Love whose guest hath never rest,
 For the heart's hourly dying.
 Weep not when silence locks the breath,
 Life is the bitterness of death.

CHAPTER VII.

"*Ille consuetudine imbuti humanitatem perdimus.*"—*Lactantius, de Vera Cult.* vi. xx.

"Compassion!—pity! Pride can do without them."—*Wordsworth's "Borderers."*

HARRY SUMNER's thunder had reached Mr. Perigord's ears as that gentleman stalked forth from his breakfasting apartment. He hesitated for a scarcely perceptible moment, as if he were experiencing an impulse to return. But instantly recovering himself, he proceeded in a perfect state of external calmness to the library. So dexterously did the servant throw open the door for his master, and so noiselessly did the lock and hinges perform their respective offices, that he had advanced some distance into the room before the visitor was aware of his entrance. Mr. Jeremiah Gripe (for such was the name of the visitor), happened at the time to be reading very intently, with his keen blue eyes, through a pair of glasses which his fore-finger and thumb were holding on the very verge of a long and pointed nose, the title inscribed on a book on one of Mr. Perigord's shelves, "The romaunt and wonderfule historie of John Nick, y^e Lunnon mechanic, styled the English Cræsus; his rise to wealth and opulence, 1688." Short of stature, his bipedal garments were yet shorter. They appeared to be on the most distant terms with a pan of high quartered, lack-lustre shoes, from one of which drooped a withered shoe-string; leaden-coloured woollen stockings connected the separated garments, and prevented their hopeless estrangement. A very old and short coarse blue cloak was hitched round his neck by a brass hook and eye. A bent and napless hat was on the chair at his side. His dress bespoke extreme poverty: a perfectly self-possessed expression in his flesh-coloured and good-humoured countenance, an easy and even polished manner, betrayed a higher station.

As soon as the ears of this personage caught the sound of Mr. Perigord's footsteps, he deliberately turned round, and eyeing him for half a second through his glasses, resigned them to the scrap of brown tape on which they hung; and advanced to greet him.

"Ah! my good friend Gripe!" said that gentleman, as he exchanged salutations with his visitor. "What is the matter now? Anything wrong?"

Mr. Gripe drew a large round papier-maché snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, on the lid of which a monster train was depicted, steaming along on a railway; tapped it; took a pinch, and handed it to Mr. Perigord. Mr. Perigord availed himself of the offer, and remained silent. He was not, however, unobservant of a singular smirk on his visitor's

countenance. Neither seemed inclined to break the silence. At length Mr. Perigord inquired, somewhat impatiently, "Well, Gripe, what is your business? What have you come about?"

"To see you," replied that personage; and in so saying, his finger and thumb being engaged in keeping possession of a pinch of snuff, with the three other fingers extended, he tapped Mr. Perigord lightly on the arm, and looked, with a very knowing expression, into his countenance.

"Sit you down, Gripe," said Mr. Perigord, smiling. "Sit you down. I want to hear what you've got to say."

"Not a bit," he replied, maintaining his standing posture. "Sir Pigby Lackworth—Come, take another pinch, Perigord. This is——"

"Gold dust, for what I care," interrupted Mr. Perigord. "What of Sir Pigby?"

Mr. Gripe seemed heartily amused at the idea of his box being so valuably freighted; and his face seemed to beam with good humour, as he chuckled, "No, no, no! not gold dust.—He's as sharp as a whistle. His head's as long as an eel. I say, Perigord," and again he tapped that gentleman with his three disengaged fingers lightly on the arm.

"I must be going," said Mr. Perigord. "I cannot spare you the whole day, if my whole fortune were at stake."

"Part of it is," was the reply.

"How do you mean?"

"This morning you had shares in the Bribe-worth and Huxtable—at least Mrs. Perigord's mother had—a capital bargain I got her."

"And so she has still, I presume," Mr. Perigord observed.

Mr. Gripe took a pinch of snuff.

"Gripe, you annoy me!" observed Mr. Perigord, in a slow and unpressive tone of voice. "If you have nothing to communicate, I must leave you."

"Ha! ha! Very good, very good," chuckled Mr. Gripe. "Well, Fabius saved Rome by delay. Hannibal nearly lost it by ditto."

Mr. Perigord's patience was now thoroughly exhausted. "I wish you good morning," he said, making a movement to the door; "you don't suppose I can expend a day upon being befooled in this manner?"

"If that's all her fortune she's a ruined woman," continued his imperturbable visitor, not taking the slightest notice of Mr. Perigord's petulance.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Perigord; not a little disturbed by the intelligence.

"A ruined woman! if that is all her fortune," echoed the broker, in a meditative and gradually subsiding tone of voice; accompanied by a very deliberate but hearty inhalation of the tobacco-dust that remained between his finger and thumb.

Mr. Perigord began to assume a manner more earnest than was his wont. "It is!" he said; "She has, by my advice, invested every farthing in that 'line!' You don't tell me it's thrown overboard?"

"Promptness and decision!" replied Mr. Gripe, tapping the lid of his snuff-box. "Our old colonel's

fa-nous apophthegm. Promptness and decision, just at the *right* moment, the invincible tactics!"

"Would you have me sit here all day, Gripe, to listen to your old colonel's twaddle?" asked Mr. Perigord, petulantly, "and one's relative's whole fortune at stake!"

Either Mr. Perigord's unwonted warmth, or his concern for his wife's mother, appeared to amuse his stoical visitor. His eyes glistened with merriment, and his fair and fresh complexion rumbled up into multitudinous puckers, as he exclaimed in reply, "Twaddle! Promptness! We shall see. They're all sold—all. Three sovereigns a share more than she gave—a prompt dog that bought them. Ha! ha!—Well, heaven's over all! A long headed fellow that Sir Pigby!"

Mr. Perigord bit his lip. "Is the bill thrown out?" he inquired eagerly.

"How cleverly he did snub counsel to be sure! Dropped on their weak points like boiling water on jelly. I'm just from St. Stephen's. He carried the whole committee with him."

"It is thrown out then?" pursued Mr. Perigord.

"Will be this time to-morrow. Sure as my name begins with Jere—yours with Pen." Mr. Perigord coughed, seated himself on his chair, fidgetted with some letters and papers, and betrayed other symptoms of uncomfortableness.

"Will be!" continued Mr. Gripe, echoing himself, "Said so to a contradictory friend there. 'Not a bit of it,' says he; from habit. Contradicted and argued him into a passion. Bought the shares on the spot. Only wait Mrs. Sumner's signature. On the spot. Decided dog! Very prompt of him! Ha! ha! All fair in a scramble. Success to the canniest! Hope I haven't done wrong?" and as Mr. Gripe put this inquiry, his blue eyes appealed to his ministerial companion as though they would have looked him through.

Mr. Perigord replied by rising from his chair with much stateliness and composure; and observing, as he patted the share-broker on the back, in a manner so condescending and patronizing, that that individual seemed to chuckle internally as a fiend might have done,

"Bravo, Gripe! Bravo! Your promptness is not twaddle at any rate. I hasten to make myself a *particeps criminis* in all you have done wrong. You have managed cleverly, I must confess. You would make a better exchequer chancellor than half of us after all."

"You're about right there," said Mr. Gripe. "Doubt if they'd find a man between this and the chaps they say stand feet to feet with us that would be more devoted to the state"—here the speaker paused, slowly regaled himself with snuff, and then continued with a sly look at his companion, "of my own finances."

Mr. Perigord loftily smiled, and inquired if he wished for Mrs. Sumner's signature at once. Mr. Gripe having replied in the affirmative, was fumbling in his pocket for his papers, when a nervous and

hurried rap at the street door was almost immediately succeeded by the appearance of the footman. Scarcely had he time to hand a card to Mr. Perigord, and to inform him that the young lady "begged to see him immediately—only for a few minutes," when in rushed, in a state of deep agitation, the applicant herself; and not noticing, or not observing, the presence of a third person, threw herself at Mr. Perigord's feet.

Young, not uncomely, and elegantly attired, her eyes were disfigured with weeping, her bosom heaved convulsively with sobs. She wrung her hands, and as soon as she could articulate, besought Mr. Perigord (as well might she have knelt to the rock at whose foot the sea wave chafes) in the following broken sentences.

"Oh, sir! you can save my husband. He has been cashiered. It is his colonel's malice—Colonel Flint of the 13th. He undertakes to disprove every word by infallible witnesses. You were his friend at college. O save him, sir—pray save him. It will be his ruin." And a bitter fit of hysterical crying prevented the poor creature from proceeding with her application.

Here, then, was a scene! Nothing could have happened more entirely distasteful to the individual whose assistance was sought. Behold that fastidious gentleman, the involuntary hero of a romantic episode! His hard features grew more rigid, his brow darkened, his lips became compressed; and altogether appearances were very much against the success of the young wife of the cashiered ensign.

Mr. Gripe, however, had betrayed much more visible emotion the moment she burst into the apartment. His rubicund, and usually cheerful countenance fell suddenly to an indefinable length—his snuff-box went rapidly into some recess in his nether garments: and signifying to Mr. Perigord, through the instrumentality of a pantomime of the most agonized earnestness, not to open his lips, he snatched up his dilapidated hat, and gliding anxiously out of the room, impressed the hall servant with the solemn necessity of informing his master that he should return in an hour; and emerged, to his no small relief, into the street.

The disappearance of his friend Gripe, at that particular juncture, did not operate as an alternative to Mr. Perigord's innate horror of scenes; and freezing as a thorough draught in Lapland was the tone of voice in which he demanded,

"What is your husband's name, madam? What are the charges on which the court-martial has been held?"

The poor timid creature, relieved by the first impetuous outbreak of her emotions, appeared to be awakening to a consciousness of the unusual step she had taken. She rose to her feet with no little dignity of manner, blushing deeply, and evidently considerably embarrassed; and acceded to Mr. Perigord's request that she should be seated.

"My husband's name is Medwin," she said. "He is an ensign of the 13th."

"Oh—Medwin of University—let me see—true! I did know him slightly. What are the charges, madam?"

"Slightly!" exclaimed the young creature, colouring deeply. "He writes me word you were like brothers, and that he is certain you will help him if you can. Drunkenness, insubordination, and conduct unbecoming a gentleman, are the lying charges."

"Is your father able to do nothing for you?" inquired Mr. Perigord.

If that gentleman had studied every possible combination of words into sentences, he could not have devised a more ill-omened inquiry. The unhappy lady to whom it was addressed trembled violently, the colour went and came in her cheeks and brow, her eyes filled with tears, and she could scarcely make herself intelligible when she replied with a voice half choked with emotion, "I have not a relative besides my husband and my father—my father has cast me off for marrying poverty as he calls it."

Meanwhile Mr. Perigord was in a state bordering on distraction. If I cannot get her off, he said to himself, here will be another scene.

"My dear lady," he said, rising from his chair, "I fear you are very unwell. Can I be of any service to you in sending you home? I regret much that I cannot serve you in this other little matter."

"O no—no—no! I have a cab at the door," she replied, bursting into an agony of tears.

Mr. Perigord offering her his arm, conducted her to the street cab which waited for her at the door, and expended upon her all the considerateness and attention which was powerfully excited in his breast by her departure.

He saw her sink back into the carriage, cover her face with her hands, and her whole frame convulsed, as the driver, springing on his seat, relieved him from all further apprehension.

He was musingly retracing his footsteps, when he heard a voice behind him exclaiming—

"George! George!—I won't come in. I have only a moment to say bye-bye, I am just off to Bribeworth."

Mr. Perigord quickly recognised his uncle's voice; and, turning round and taking him by the hand, begged that he would step in for a minute or two. He wished to say a few words to him very particularly.

His uncle the rector somewhat reluctantly complied, and listened impatiently to his nephew's history of young Sumner's "extraordinary proceedings."

"And no wonder!" he exclaimed, when he heard the valediction with which Sumner had dismissed his nephew. "Every one most likely to know," he continued, "adjudged him certain of a first. Why copy, then? He will not tell the cause of his failure. He would have had an excellent tale, plausible and conclusive, if he had been plucked for copying. Your only authority is a lady you despise for her vulgarity and disregard of truth. You take the worst for granted, and put upon him the grossest insult a young man of honour can receive. I only wonder it is no worse. Take an old man's advice, George: tell him you regret the hasty words you uttered—"

"What! apologise, Sir?—to a man so much my junior—an undergraduate? Never!"

"I am not of opinion that it is a mark of a small mind to apologise when one is in the wrong," replied the rector. "However, that is by the bye. Make it up as best you can. Do not let him think you heard his parting observation, and endeavour to heal the galling effect of the taunt you have put upon him by particular and assiduous attention.—I suppose you have heard that Nancy Millisant is no more?"

The rector's nephew was deeply revolving in his mind his uncle's sound and practical advice. "Nancy Millisant!" he echoed, in an abstracted manner. "Yes—I think Lucy mentioned something about it yesterday."

"The old man is terribly cut up about it," resumed the uncle.

"The old man!" exclaimed the nephew—"old Millisant! They were never mad enough to let him come Quixoting to town!"

"It was not wise, after my judgment," rejoined the rector. "The fact is, his master, that old methodist fellow, Methuselah Wire, was glad of a good opportunity of getting rid of him. He's had fifty years of work out of him, and now there's no more to be had."

"One must be civil to Farmer Wire, you know, Sir: he influences some thirty votes. He is an extremely respectable man," interposed the nephew.

"But what is to be done with old Millisant? He must not starve. That man won't take him back, you may be sure. Something must be done for him. Have you anything at Pendlebury you can put him into?"

"Not I. The parishes profess to keep the diones. Let them do it; I am not going to contribute my share to the parish, and keep the poor besides. The responsibilities of property I admit; but if they are taken out of your hands by a fatherly government, it is not the fault of the man of property."

"Some of the modern tinkering," muttered the rector.

"Well, well, we have long ago agreed to differ on that point," Mr. Perigord replied. "However, I see nothing for it but old Millisant must have a parish allowance."

"So it seems," rejoined his uncle. "I must see and get that done at the next meeting of the guardians. The old man has spent all his money, and will have nothing to keep away the wolf with when he returns. You had better give me a sovereign for him, George."

If old Millisant had himself made the application which was now made for him, it is probable he would have been refused. It must, therefore, for the benefit of others, be emphatically stated that the sovereign which the squire of Bribeworth handed to his uncle could not be termed an alms. It was, alas! given to his *relative's application*, and not to poverty as poverty, for the love of Christ. It was not even common benevolence.

None of this, however, concerned the rector of Bribeworth. He received the gift for his aged,

broken-down parishioner, and requesting his nephew to make his adieux to the ladies, and to young Sumner, he hurried off in quest of the Bribeworth coach, leaving his nephew to look over some important papers, and to expect very anxiously the return of Mr. Gripe.

THOUGHTS ON THE PENDULUM.

To many persons there is something impressive in the monotonous beat of a pendulum. Through day and night, amid scenes chequered by the varieties of life, or deepened into solemn gloom by death, we still hear its dull, scarcely audible, but emphatic movement.

How this melancholy repetition of sound impresses us in the deep quiet of midnight with a feeling which prepares the mind for supernatural impressions. Whilst the faint night-light burns dimly, as if oppressed by some unseen presence, and the surrounding silence is broken by those unaccountable crackings and creakings heard only in old houses, the pendulum's measured tick seems as if muttering untranslatable mysteries to the spirit of the night.

Thus some may feel or think, at times, about the pendulum; investing the common-place dutch-clock with a poetry wild and wonderful as the strains of Southey or Coleridge. But others may be inclined, though with little reason perhaps, to ridicule such sentiments, deeming them but romance. What *useful* facts, or scientific principles, are connected with the pendulum? these may inquire.—What can it teach, or how is it useful except to keep the old eight-day-clock moving? Some readers may be surprised to hear that many of the most refined problems in physical science are connected with the motions of a common pendulum. The *shape* of the globe on which we live can be ascertained by a skilful observation of this vibrating instrument; and the variations of so mysterious a power as attraction are noted by the same means. The reader may not, at present, see the mode in which this is done; but we trust the whole matter will be comprehended when we have concluded this article.

That the subtilities of the laws which rule the material universe should be interpreted by the vibrations of a piece of metal, seems at first too startling to be true; but it is nevertheless one of the grand facts which are so often made plain to our view, by their connexion with the simplest phenomena. The great is thus often understood through the little, as the nature of the lightning is made evident by means of the sparks produced from an electrical machine. The child sees little, if any, difference, between such sparks and those

which amuse his fancy in the nursery fire, but the philosopher reads in them the suggestive hints of nature as she mightily works in her circle of wonders. If a simple spark can thus instruct us in the laws of electricity, so may the pendulum enlighten us respecting other great facts. Before proceeding to these particulars we must take a short survey of the history of the pendulum itself, and explain the events which led to the discovery and improvement of this time-measurer. The Dutch mathematician *Huyghens* was probably the first who adapted the pendulum to the clock, and thus laid a foundation for all subsequent experiments. The peasant's wife who regulates the affairs of her household by the clock behind her cottage door, little suspects the laborious experiments to which men of the keenest intellects have subjected the pendulum. Huyghens himself turned aside from the excitements and honours of statesmanship, open to him by his position,¹ to speculations on the pendulum, from which not even the fascinations of geometry and optics could keep his busy intellect. This man, therefore, who forms the important link between the starry Galileo and the philosophic Newton, gave to the vibrations of the pendulum the earnest attention of his subtle and exact understanding. The applicability of this oscillating power to keep a clock in motion is supposed to have occurred to Huyghens in the year 1656, before which time, however, we must admit that other men of high genius had made experiments on the pendulum. Amongst these was the great Galileo himself, who died when Huyghens was but thirteen years old.² These previous discoveries do not, however, diminish the fame of the Dutch philosopher, who must doubtless be regarded as the *inventor* of the clock-pendulum. Before his time a *weight* was used to set the time-keeping machinery in motion; but henceforth the principle of the oscillating rod was universally adopted.

The swinging of the lamps in the cathedral of Pisa suggested to Galileo some general notions of pendulum oscillation, and the ideas of this profound student of nature may have easily become known to Huyghens, and thus the structure of a common clock might be traced to two apparently accidental circumstances. The first being the vibration of the lamps in the Italian cathedral—a common occurrence whenever the lights were trimmed—and the second the presence of a young student in the building at that precise time. To follow all the experiments made on the pendulum since the days of Galileo and Huyghens to this

¹ His father was the intimate friend of three princes of Orange, and his brother was secretary to our William III.

² Galileo died 1642; Huyghens was born 1629.

year 1848 would require an elaborate treatise, and a discussion of some of the most difficult problems in science. It must, therefore, suffice if we indicate one class of such researches, and the results to which they have led.

The reader is doubtless aware that most substances expand by heat, and contract by cold; and he will therefore suppose that a strip of metal, or three feet of wire, will not remain of the *same length* under all temperatures. The variation may be small, but it must be *something*. The pendulum of a clock will therefore alter its length in different climates: one three feet long at the pole becoming more than thirty-six inches in length at the equator. Such a result must inevitably follow from the laws of expansibility; and what is the consequence? That the clock will vary its rate of going with these changes in the pendulum; going faster when it is shortened, and losing as it becomes longer. The derangements in the rate of going may be too small to cause inconvenience in our ordinary business, but are most important when the clock is employed in astronomical observations, when a small error may produce results of the most mischievous character.

How shall these deviations from uniform movement be prevented? This was the problem proposed to the philosophy of Europe, and long was the struggle, and almost numberless the experiments, before the solution was obtained. Nor is this surprising, when we remember that the fixed laws of nature seemed against men in this attempt. The Creator had so formed metallic and other bodies, and so adapted the agencies of heat, that when the latter power acted upon substances, they expanded. Such is the chemistry of the universe, or of that part called the earth. To *alter* such arrangements was clearly beyond human powers, which can only collect, combine, and adapt—not create—natural agencies.

What, then, can be done? cried puzzled Science from her halls of experiment, whilst her disciples looked in bewilderment at obstinate pendulums, and varying chronometers. Science, however, when thoughtfully working in her appointed circle, has a keen and wide eye, which after long vigils seldom fails to read aright the characters written on some *key fact*, which being understood opens a pathway to brilliant discoveries. In the present case the results may seem of a less striking character, but they solved the problem, and that was sufficient. The expansibility of bodies under heat created the difficulty, yet by this very property itself was the difficulty overcome. Science, after much pondering, and deep questioning, on this said expansibility, heard a voice suggesting that *all* bodies might not *expand alike*. The hint was enough for patient thought to work upon; and it was soon found that the too great lengthening

of one substance might be checked by uniting it with another of less expansibility. Our countryman Harrison thus produced, in the year 1726, what is justly called the *compensation* pendulum, composed of nine distinct bars, five being made of steel and four of brass. The term *compensation* was significantly expressive of the important property possessed by this pendulum, which retained the same length through all changes of temperature; the unequal expansion of the brass and steel preventing, by a careful arrangement, those deviations so fatal to astronomical observation. Some persons call these *gridiron* pendulums, a name which is only applicable to the visible form, and not to the qualities of the instrument.

The inventor found his patient experiments in this department of science rewarded by the discovery of a chronometer, or time-piece, keeping time so truly that the captain of a ship at sea could, by having one of these clocks on board, find the longitude within a few miles of the exact position. This procured for Harrison 20,000*l.* from the Government, being the highest of the rewards offered to him who should discover a method for finding the longitude at sea. To pursue the long series of experiments which have developed the various properties of the pendulum, would, perhaps, be tedious and uninteresting to the general reader, who may be satisfied with the view already given of the origin of this instrument, and its subsequent improvements. We therefore omit all reference to the mercurial and other pendulums which have brought the chronometers to such perfection, that the best do not vary more than a quarter of a second from the exact time in twenty-four hours.

Having thus shortly viewed the history of this vibrating machine, let us consider its importance as an auxiliary to science.—The *shape of the globe* can be determined from the motions of the pendulum; a statement which will excite no surprise in the minds of some, whilst others may gaze upon its oscillations and ask, "What connexion can possibly exist between these movements and the form of our planet?" Not that the question would be a wise one, for the falling of a drop of rain, and the size of a dew-drop, are affected by the bulk of the globe, or even by its shape. *How* does the pendulum furnish us with any suggestions on such a subject? Let us now state the facts belonging to the subject, and the causes on which the phenomena depend. Suppose a pendulum is at this moment beating sixty times a minute in the reader's room, what will happen if this same pendulum be removed to the equator, or towards the pole? In the former case it will beat more slowly, and therefore *lose* time, but in the latter its oscillations will be quickened. What occasions this? It is clear that the pendulum beats

more slowly at the equator than at the poles, that is, it falls *more slowly* in its sweep in that part of the world. This decrease in its rate of falling is, of course, produced by a diminution in the earth's attraction, or, in other words, the pendulum is drawn downwards with less force than before; this of course accounts for the slower swing. But why has attraction diminished at the equator; does that universal principle vary, being stronger here and weaker there? Let the reader bear in mind the fact, that attraction must diminish the further we depart from the centre of the earth; if, then, one part of the surface of the globe is further from the centre than another, bodies at that point will not be so strongly *drawn downwards* as those which are placed in portions nearer the central part: in other words, substances will *weigh less* when far from the attracting point than when near it; and will therefore *fall towards* the earth with a diminished velocity. This is exactly the case with the pendulum, which, at the equator, oscillates more slowly, that is, *descends* with less velocity than at a part of the earth near the poles. Why is this? The fact is one which must interest the speculations of thoughtful men, and there is but one satisfactory explanation. The surface of the globe at the equatorial parts *must* be farther from the centre than that in the polar regions, for the pendulum falls more slowly in the former than in the latter parts of the earth.

The shape of the globe cannot, therefore, be a *circle*, but must be a *spheroid*. If it were a circle the pendulum would beat at the same rate in all parts, for every point of the earth's surface would, in that case, be at the same distance from the centre, and attraction would act with the same force in every part of the globe. A dozen persons sitting round a candle at equal distances from it, will have the same degree of light; but far otherwise will it be if some are placed sixteen feet from the light, whilst others remain within a radius of four or six feet. The influence of attraction diminishes also in proportion as we recede from the point towards which bodies fall. Now, as the pendulum falls *faster* at a station near the north or south pole, than at a place on the equator, the inference must be that a man, when standing near or on the *line*, is farther from the centre of the globe than an inhabitant of the arctic regions. The conclusion, therefore, is, that the equatorial portions of the earth *bulge out*, and the parts near the poles have a *flattened* shape.

The above course of reasoning is suggested by every pendulum which we see vibrating, whether it belongs to the Dutch clock in the poor man's house, or to the highly-finished time-keeper in the rooms of our philosophical institutions. The oscillations of a slip of metal may, therefore, utter, though in a peculiar

language, a great physical truth, and illustrate the workings of those mysterious laws on which the shape of our globe, and the grand movements of the universe, depend. It is surely a duty to mark such connexions, between the vast and the little, between the form of the world, and the going of a clock. It is thus that a well-educated mind sees *something* great or interesting in all things, whether it contemplates the brightness of the morning star, or speculates on a pebble gathered from the sea shore.

It may now be desirable to state some of the facts connected with this subject. Those who have heard that the pendulum beats more slowly at the equator than at the poles, may wish to know the difference between the vibrations in those parts. Some idea of this may be gained if we remember that a seconds pendulum, beating at Cayenne made 148 oscillations less in twenty-four hours than a similar pendulum vibrating at Paris. It did not, therefore, beat sixty seconds to a minute, and was *shortened* to make it move faster. Of course, the difference would be much greater were a comparison made between two pendulums, one moving at the pole, and the other at the equator. In fact, at the latter-mentioned part of the earth, the pendulum must be shortened one-eighth of an inch, to make it beat sixty times to the minute. What is the length of a pendulum which vibrates sixty times in a minute in London, or in a similar latitude?

This may be stated at 39.139 inches; increasing, of course, as we approach the poles. If such a pendulum were removed to the equator, it must be made shorter to prevent the vibrations from becoming too slow, but if taken to the pole, it must be lengthened to correct the tendency of the oscillations to become quicker. Some readers may have imagined that the pendulum which beats so regularly in the cases of their English clocks, would preserve the same uniformity of motion in all parts of the globe. Such must henceforth remember that this delicate instrument always declares to the intelligent observer, whether its distance from the centre of the earth has been altered. The pendulum therefore *speaks* to the ear of the scientific in a language most emphatic. This variation in the lengths and vibrations of pendulums will not, perhaps, surprise those who know that a clock near the equator is about sixteen miles further from the earth's centre than one stationed near the pole. That the attraction should be as different in such distinct circumstances, was to have been expected.

But the pendulum will of course always remain the *same length* under the *same condi-*

(1) Or about thirty-nine inches and one-eighth.

tions ; and this fact leads us to another important remark.

This instrument is capable of becoming a *standard of measures*, so that all our feet, yards, and furlongs, can be rectified by it. It has long been the desire of philosophers to discover an invariable standard, by which to test and connect all measures. This is supplied by the pendulum. Let us suppose that a pendulum, beating in London, when the thermometer stands at 60°. and the barometer at 30°. is exactly measured in the year 1848 ; its length will form a standard to which all other measures are referrible. The foot would be a fraction of such a standard, which would be contained a certain number of times in a furlong, or a mile. Now, if 1000 years afterwards, all our measures should be lost, the standard could be again recovered by another examination of the pendulum, under the same circumstances as at first. Both experiments, that in the year 1848, and that in 2848, would give the *same* length of the standard, nor would the case be different in the year 10,000, if we dare suppose the earth existing at such a distant epoch.

The possession of such a perfect standard of measure is naturally an object of interest to scientific men, who, from the time of Huyghens to the present age, have devoted their attention to the subject. The French mathematicians rejected this mode of fixing the standard for reasons which are not deemed very strong, and adopted the ten-millionth part of the line between the pole and the equator, which part they call a *metre*. The standard in England is, however, the pendulum, which is made the test of all other measures by Act of Parliament.

Such is the importance stamped on a slip of metal by science. We trust all our readers will from this time regard the pendulum with a higher interest, looking upon it as an expounder of great laws, and an illustrator of important facts in the constitution of the globe.

If we have appeared, during our brief discussion of this subject, to verge a little on the borders of the *dry* (that horror of horrors to some readers), we must shelter ourselves behind the remark that all things cannot be arrayed in flowers, nor are the grand truths of science better understood or appreciated when expressed in fanciful prettinesses. We, however, trust that few will feel disposed to complain of dryness when the importance of all facts relating to the pendulum are considered. W. D.

It is not the pleasure of curiosity, nor the quiet of resolution, nor the raising of the spirit, nor victory of wit, nor faculty of speech, nor lucre of profession, nor ambition of honour or fame, or inableness for business, that are the true ends of knowledge —*Lord Bacon*.

A ROBBER-CHIEF IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

AMONG the remarkable personages of the last century, was the celebrated (or shall we not rather say the notorious) Cartouche, or Robber-Chief, who, at the head of his daring band of followers, filled all France with his deeds of violence, and carried terror even into the streets of Paris. His reckless audacity was mixed with a degree of gallantry and of devotion which softened the harsher features of his character, and invested him with a certain kind of popularity even among those who were held in constant terror by his name.

Monsieur Argenson was an incomparable Lieutenant General of Police, but in defiance of all his vigilance, Cartouche appeared in the midst of Paris ; and at this unwelcome apparition, many families who had not the resource of a courtly residence at Versailles, prepared to take refuge in their country *châteaux*, although the severity of the winter made such a removal both disagreeable and inconvenient. They soon found, however, that safety was not to be secured by flight, for Cartouche, at the head of forty or fifty men, attacked the Cardinal of Gèvres as he was passing through the outlets of Paris on his way to Bourges. It is true that he dealt gently with the cardinal, having deprived him only of his episcopal cross and pontifical ring, together with ten louis d'or which were found in his purse ; a paste of robin-red-breasts, and two flagons of Tokay, which he had won from a friend at piquet. We may observe here, by way of parenthesis, that this worthy cardinal, although prodigiously scrupulous, was somewhat addicted to good living : he would on no account play for money, lest he might lose that which rightfully belonged to the poor ; neither would he indulge himself by purchasing expensive food or wine ; but his conscience was quite at ease when he played at piquet for some *recherché* dish, or for a flagon of Schiraz which cost twelve or fifteen louis. If he was so unlucky as to lose, he paid his debt of honour by giving a volume of his ecclesiastical mandates and pastoral instructions, of which he always carried about with him forty or fifty copies superbly bound and illuminated. These little self-deceptions were thoroughly understood among his friends, who readily fell in with his humours, because he was not only the most dainty, but also the most charitable of prelates—the most candid and good hearted of men.

To return to his adventure with Cartouche. The bandits refused to take any thing from the Abbé de Cervette, the cardinal's secretary ; saying that he was too handsome a youth to be robbed, and that they had not audacity enough to commit so great a crime.

"Since you are so very kind and courteous to Monsieur l'Abbé," said his Eminence, "you ought, at least, to leave him half the pasty, and one flagon of this Hungary wine."

"Most gladly will I share them with M. l'Abbé," replied Cartouche; "if he will do us the honour to join our party, and to partake."

But the Abbé hastened to offer his excuses for declining so polite an invitation; and there on followed mutual compliments and regrets, which doubtless were more amusing to the bandits than to those whom they were despoiling and who longed for their departure.

One of the robbers pretended to suspect the Abbé was a fair lady disguised in a cassock.

"Rash and unhappy being!" exclaimed the Cardinal; "do you not know that such a concealment would be an act of sacrilege on my part? And how do you dare to take me for a guilty debauchee?"

Cartouche gave his comrade so furious a blow, that he struck him to the ground.

"There! that will teach thee to treat our prelates disrespectfully;" said he, reddening with anger.

"See how this rascal presumes to attack the Cardinal of Bourges; knowest thou not that he refuses tythes from those that are in distress?" continued Cartouche, foaming with rage, and kicking the poor wretch who lay sprawling on the ground! . . .

So full of terror were the good people of Paris at this time, that no one ventured out at night, without being accompanied by five or six well-armed men; and those whose attendants were either few or cowardly, attached themselves to the better appointed equipages of their friends. The Parisian police were continually on the *qui vive*; and while their indefatigable chief was on his nightly patrol, Cartouche entered his house, and rifled it so thoroughly of every article of value, that the worthy officer was obliged to eat his soup with a pewter spoon. The major of the French guards did not know which way to turn, so numerous and pressing were the applications made to him for sentinels and escorts, many of which he was obliged to refuse. In short, since the days of the Fronde, Paris had not been filled with such perplexity and fear.

While this extraordinary man was thus baffling the vigilance of some, and defying the authority of others, it was affirmed that the influence of one lady's name was all-powerful with Cartouche and his myrmidons. The Marquise de Bauffremont distributed passes which were always respected by the bandits, and the secret of her power soon became known.

She had returned home one morning at half past two o'clock, and as soon as her waiting-women had undressed her, she dismissed them

according to her usual custom, and sat down by her fireside to write her journal, which, unhappily, has since been lost; for she was a woman of great talent, and so full of observation that nothing passed unnoticed before her eyes.

She was enjoying her busy solitude, when her attention was suddenly attracted by a confused noise in the chimney; and a moment afterwards there appeared from amid a tumbling mass of soot, plaster, and swallows' nests, a man armed to the teeth. His precipitate descent having impelled the burning logs into the centre of her apartment, his first act was to seize the tongs and deliberately to replace the wood in its former position on the hearth. Some glowing cinders having fallen upon the carpet, he gently removed them with his foot; and then turning to the marquise, made her a low bow.

"Madam, may I presume to inquire who it is I have the honour of addressing?"

"Sir, I am Madame de Bauffremont; but as you have the appearance and manners of a gentleman, rather than of a robber, I cannot divine why you have come down the chimney at this very unseasonable hour into my apartment."

"Madam, I had no intention to enter your apartment.—Will you have the kindness to accompany me to the door of your hotel?" added he, drawing a pistol out of his belt, and taking a lighted wax candle.

"But, Sir——"

"Madam, you will have the goodness to make haste;" said he, cocking his pistol. "We will go down together, and you shall order your Swiss to draw the string."

"Speak lower, Sir; for heaven's sake, speak lower!" said the terrified woman. "The Marquis de Bauffremont may overhear you."

"Pray, Madam, put on your mantle, for it is excessively cold, and you may suffer from going out in your dressing-gown."

His orders were implicitly obeyed, and Madame de Bauffremont was so overcome with fear, that as soon as she had seen her redoubtable visitor fairly outside the house, she was obliged to sit down a moment in the porter's lodge. A loud tap was heard at the window which overlooked the street.

"Monsieur le Suisse, I have travelled a couple of leagues to-night over the roofs of houses, being pursued by informers. Do not let your master suppose that I have been here on an affair of gallantry, or that I am Madame de Bauffremont's lover; you will have to do with Cartouche, so take care what you are about. But they shall hear from me by post."

Madame de Bauffremont returned to her apartment, more dead than alive, and awaking the marquis, related to him what had passed. He declared it was only a nightmare, and that

she must have had disturbed dreams. Two or three days later, however, she received a most polite and respectful note from Cartouche, enclosing a safe conduct for herself and family, with permission to extend it to her intimate friends. The letter was accompanied by a small box containing a magnificent diamond; and the stone being valued by Madame Lempereur at 2,000 crowns, the Marquis de Bauffremont deposited that sum in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame, for the invalids of the Hôtel-Dieu. So the matter terminated satisfactorily for all parties.

One more anecdote of Cartouche, and I have done.

After his capture and condemnation in 1721, he underwent the torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, with unflinching fortitude, and no pressure of agony could wring from him the names of his accomplices; but a religious scruple accomplished that which the severest sufferings could not achieve. The curate of St. Sulpice, whose visits he had earnestly solicited, having convinced him that one of the first duties of a Christian was to tell the whole truth when it was required by a lawfully constituted judge, the unhappy man, with torrents of tears, revealed the names of his accomplices; but he seemed almost overwhelmed by the mighty effort it required to abandon, even in subservience to religious duty, that principle of fidelity to his comrades which had so long been the ruling instinct of his better nature.

Thus strangely blended are the tendencies to good and evil, even among the very outcasts of humanity!

Reviews.

MISS STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. VOL. XI.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE eight years which intervened between the death of Mary of Orange, and that of her husband and successor, present to the observer of human nature a field as bleak and as barren as those which immediately preceded them. The character of Anne is only less repulsive than that of Mary, because it is more weak. She was emphatically and intensely *common-place*. In private life she might have passed muster under the world's standard as "a good sort of person." All her faults were mixed with feebleness; all her virtues were small, tame, and inoffensive; she would not have been likely to violate a propriety, or to forget a conventionality either in the cause of right or of wrong. She had affections, though they lacked that strength and steadfastness which alone could make them really valuable; and she was not ungenerous, though her very

nature was ignoble; in the garb of a decent and comfortable selfishness she might have slipped past us without notice, and sundry shallow amiabilities, too scanty to impoverish in any measure the fountain from which they were derived, might have duly qualified her for an epitaph as lengthy and as turgid as that which Bishop Burnet bestowed upon her sister. Of such materials much of the current and untested goodness of society is made up; but the first breath of the furnace melts it like wax. How does the broad sunlight put to shame the mean proportions and unseemly outline of that poorly-draped lay-figure which we mistook for man made in the image of God!

No inconvenient sincerity of nature prevented the show of a reconciliation between Anne and William of Nassau, as soon as such a proceeding became necessary to their interests. They did not in the least mind making their words sweeter than honey, while there was war in their hearts. William had the more difficult part to play in this domestic union, because of what Miss Strickland calls "the natural venom of his temper;" nevertheless he was capable of suppressing even this, so soon as he found it likely to take effect upon himself. He felt that the talents, the popularity, and the voluntary submission of his wife, had invested him with a claim on the reverence of the English nation which his personal qualities never could have achieved in the first instance, and which they were exceedingly unlikely to retain unassisted. His right to the throne was, as Dr. Miller sagaciously observes in his philosophical history, "a parliamentary right;" it looked a little bare and unsatisfactory when closely examined, and he was glad to give it an extraneous dignity by covering it with the tattered and soiled garment of hereditary prestige.

As for Anne, although in many of the transactions of her life it is impossible to acquit her of that species of hypocrisy into the composition of which self-deception and want of self-discipline very largely enter, we are disposed to give her the full benefit of the doubt which arises out of her natural tendency to vacillation. From time to time we find her writing repentant letters to her father, and even assurances of her determination to join him instantly, if he should land in England. Nor is it probable that these were deliberate and wilful falsehoods, though most assuredly he who should have trusted to such declarations would have found himself leaning upon a broken reed. The state of mind is not always purely evil though the outward development may be so. This seems to be the point on which error is so often made in our judgment of others. We see the sin; it is broad, clear, unmistakeable; we immediately decide that the cause by which it was produced was as simple and definite

as itself. But, for the most part, this is not the case. The cause was probably compound, as the nature in which it was to work was compounded of many parts, though the visible effect, the action, was single and separate. The next time we do wrong ourselves, we, being sensitively alive to the mixture of motives by which we were impelled, and strongly disposed to make all conceivable allowances in a case so delicate, may, perhaps, congratulate ourselves on the absence of that naked and unmitigated guilt, which we have charitably presupposed in the instance of our neighbour. In both matters we were mistaken; and we should do well to remember, that there never was a sin yet for which a multitude of plausible excuses might not be found in the mind of the sinner. However, this is not a sermon; the special practical illustration of the remarks just made (if they be true,) is to be found in the character of Queen Anne. It seems not unlikely, that she believed herself in earnest when she indulged in all those little penitential outbreaks which appear so ludicrous to posterity, because posterity has the means of knowing their unreality. She probably persuaded herself that disgust with the unpleasant consequences of her offence was genuine penitence, and, as she was not wholly heartless, the warmth of expression in which this transitory reformation clothed itself was far from unnatural. She was therefore not so guilty as she would have been, had she been deliberately, consciously, and intentionally a hypocrite; but she was quite as guilty as the generality of those who appear to be deliberate, conscious, and intentional hypocrites really are.

The *interest* of these pages is exclusively contained in the history of the little Duke of Gloucester, for eleven years the heir on whom the hopes of the new dynasty were all centred. Mary of Orange was childless; but the retributive justice which afflicted her where she would be likely to feel it most tenderly, did not fail to visit the softer-hearted Anne in a manner equally impressive, and which, once at least, as we shall presently see, produced its due effect. After many bitter disappointments and much suffering, she was permitted to rear one sickly, fragile, but most intelligent child, whose existence must have been a prolonged terror to his mother, and who was taken from her at an age when she might reasonably begin to hope that he had outgrown the dangers of his infancy,—in the midst too of her rejoicings on the festive occasion of his birthday. The words in which Miss Strickland describes the demeanour of Anne under this sore trial are so forcible, that we shall give them without alteration.

"The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child, tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure which astonished every one. She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occu-

pied with high and awful thoughts. In truth, she was debating with an awakened conscience on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God. Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge, but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young Duke took place July 30, 1700, five days after his birth-day. The thoughts of Anne were at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed where was extended the corpse of her only child with an expression of awe and resignation on her features, which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible punishment from heaven, for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest compunction at any previous period."

This last assertion we are, as we have said, disposed to doubt; because, in fact, it seems to be simply impossible. But, practically, the view is accurate enough; for her contrition, supposing her to have felt it at all, certainly never went beyond a very shallow and transient sentiment.

The history of this poor little prince's life is full of a strange kind of pathos: the "stiff-bodied coats," which restricted the growth and impeded the play of his young limbs, symbolizing very expressively the strait-waistcoat which it was the labour of those around him to fix upon his tender mind. Alas, for the freshness and freedom of beautiful childhood! Surely it is not possible to behold a more melancholy spectacle than this—human hands busied in distorting and deforming God's excellent creation, while the divine life that is in it, too vigorous to be readily suppressed, ever and anon breaks forth, and manifests itself in some new development which is stifled as soon as perceived. There is a poem of Schiller's, embodied by Retsch in a series of his wonderful outlines, representing the struggles and sufferings of genius, compelled to satisfy its cravings with the husks and sherds of the Actual—to dwarf its noble proportions that they may fit the Procrustes-bed of conventional tyranny—"Pegasus in the yoke?" the winged creature can, when compelled, do the work of a cart-horse, and is therefore, reasonably enough, rated at a cart-horse's value. But, true and touching as is this parable, (and happy they who have never witnessed such a tragedy,) it scarcely affects us with so perfect a sense of despair, as does the sight of that premature decrepitude—for we cannot call it manliness—which is sometimes forced upon the child. In the first instance, the stature is complete—the wings are fully grown—there is ever the hope that the bonds will at last be shattered, and the freed captive borne upwards to the region

of his natural life. But in the other case it is not so. While the mind is opening, it is possible not merely to afflict, but even to change and corrupt it so, that, humanly speaking, it never shall be able to attain to its development. The mischief is boundless and irreparable.

As usual in such systems of training, intellectual precocity seems to have been the object of this unfortunate child's teachers, while the subjection of the will was comparatively neglected. We see not in him that perfect truth and implicit obedience to the production of which the whole discipline of education should be directed, and which, if so directed, it cannot fail to produce; premature discretion, ready artifice—(springing generally from an amiable motive)—these are the salient characteristics. His uncle, the king, invests him with the order of the garter, and the six-years old courtier on being asked whether he did not enjoy the festival, replies cautiously, "I am gladder of the king's favour." So again his faithful and devoted servant, Lewis Jenkins, thus writes of him. "He now, though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be *more wary* in what he said, and would not talk and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions with some archness." On completing his ninth year, the poor little victim was committed to the tender mercies of Bishop Burnet, "after which," says Miss Strickland, "no more of his lively sallies are reported. Two years' attention to the studies prescribed by his right reverend preceptor would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain." A few pages after, we find ample demonstration of the truth of this assertion, when at the quarterly examination, to which the young prince was subjected in order that his intellectual progress might be tested, it is affirmed that his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished his questioners!! They might well be astonished, though rather at the preceptor than at the pupil. Even Pinnoek's Catechisms would have been better spiritual nourishment than this.

The bodily training of the hapless boy was not less defective. He suffered, like many children of precocious intellect, from water on the brain, causing much giddiness and physical distress, and requiring complete freedom from mental exertion. How injuriously Bishop Burnet's absurd system of instruction must have affected such a tendency, it is scarcely necessary to say. The history of the manner in which the mistaken parents used to force activity of movement upon the helpless invalid, on one occasion even enforcing an unnatural vivacity by *actual blows*, is really too painful

for insertion. Neither can we reconcile it to Miss Strickland's description of Anne's maternal fondness; it is inconceivable that a really affectionate mother could be at once so blind and so cruel. We have no doubt, however, that she loved her child as well as she was capable of loving anything; which is not saying much. Scattered throughout the earlier portion of these pages, are many anecdotes of childish wit and mirth, spirit and sense, showing the original goodness of the materials which were thus laboriously spoiled. Most emphatically was it an *Angel of Death*, whose kind hands withdrew the young soul from misery and misgovernment, ere they had the power utterly to mar its beauty. That eleventh birthday was, for him, a birthday indeed.

This child-torturer, Bishop Burnet, of unenviable notoriety, has yet another claim to the remembrance of posterity, which, in these days, seems curious enough. He was the originator of those high and hideous pews, commonly called pews, whereby many of our churches are still disfigured. The motive was worthy of the act, and is recorded for the benefit of all those who uphold such monstrosities. He did not think that the Princess Anne's ladies looked enough at him while he was preaching; and as he felt pretty sure that the only means of inducing them to do what he desired would be to deprive them of the power of looking at anybody else, he obtained permission to raise all the partitions of the seats in St. James's Chapel so high, that their occupants could see nothing but the pulpit! The same precaution seems to have been found necessary elsewhere, as the example was very speedily and generally followed. We venture to recommend that in the present day the existence or non-existence of these barricades should be esteemed a test of the popularity of the preacher.

We will conclude with one exquisite trait of William of Orange, which, perhaps, more than any other expresses the character of his mind, as it is, in fact, the legitimate development of such principles as those by which he was actuated. The best mode which the friends of the little Duke of Gloucester could discover, to recommend him to the affections and favourable opinion of his uncle, was to persuade the latter that the boy showed an inherent and incurable disgust to—MUSIC, POETRY, and PAINTING! Comment would be superfluous.

THE PRINCESS.

SOME five or six years since, Mr. Tennyson published a volume of poems, among which were "*Locksby Hall*," and the "*Gardener's*

(1) *The Princess*, a Medley, by Alfred Tennyson. E. Moxon, Dover Street, &c.

Daughter," and hushed for ever the snarling and merciless criticisms which had assailed his earlier rhymes. Since that time he has kept silence. His admirers have fondly hoped that this period has been spent in securing immortality—it has been occupied in the composition of a "Medley." Listening for the diapason of the oracle, the votaries have assembled round their sacred oak of Dodona, and have heard but the wind musically murmuring among its leaves.

Like every poem bearing the stamp of originality, "The Princess" has been violently abused, and as violently praised; now crowned with a crown of surpassing glory, now dis-crowned, unqueened, and driven from her golden seat. Truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes. The full measure of Mr. Tennyson's fame has yet to be made up; but "The Princess," is not the less a charming and most imaginative poem.

The story is not a very probable one, nor is that of the "Tempest;" nor are those of all enchantments. You have to suppose, to accept, something in either case; there, the power of the magician; here, the idiosyncrasy of the principal character. It is, after all, the completeness with which the idea is worked out, rather than any absurdity in itself, which inclines you to carp both at the story and at its author. A college of *sarantes* is not a more unlikely social phase than a commonwealth of Amazons; and yet few of us would give up Theseus and Hippolyta.

The story is soon told. A knot of college friends, including the narrator, are staying together in a country house. On a summer's day, while the park is thrown open to the Mechanics' Institute of a neighbouring town, the guests themselves assemble at luncheon within the walls of an old abbey there. They talk of college life; presently one of the party reads a page or two from a family chronicle about a certain Sir Ralph and some old ancestress,

"Who drove her foes with slaughter from the wall."

And,

"Where,"

Asked Walter, "lives there such a woman now?"

Lilia, the daughter of the host,

"A rosebud, set with little wilful thorns,"—

"The mignonette of Vivian-place,

The little hearth-flower, Lilia,"

takes up the cudgels in defence of her sex, and says pettishly,

"You men have done it, how I hate you all!

Oh! were I some great Princess, I would build,

Far off from men, a college of my own,

And I would teach them all things—you should see."

The gownsmen laugh at the idea of

"Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,

And sweet girl graduates with their golden hair;"

and one of the party is sentenced to tell a story. He chooses Lilia's fancy as his theme; premising that:

"One that really suited time and place,
Were such a medley, we should have him back,
Who told the Winter's Tale, to do it for us;
A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of college, and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight, in silken masquerade,
And there, with shrieks and strange experiments,
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass."

And so ends the induction.

Our princess, Ida, has been affianced in her childhood to the prince of a neighbouring country, but when she arrives at years of discretion, repudiates the contract, and with it all ideas of matrimony. She has a theory; she is

"All wild to found an university

For maidens,"

and obtains from her easy father,

"A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king——"

a summer palace in which to carry out her plan.

The prince, however, who has the evil hap to love her, or rather, at this stage of the affair, her miniature, would follow her. He shrinks from the declared resolve of his father, an admirable specimen of testy royalty, to levy an army, and

"Crush these pretty maiden fancy-dead,
In non gauntlets—"

and,

"Ere the silver sickle of the month
Became her golden shield,"

starts from the court with Cyril and Florian, his friends, reaches the frontier, the capital, and finally, the academia of his mistress. There, however, no male thing is admitted. The friends disguise themselves in female gear, and are entered as pupils, fall over head and ears in love, within a short time are detected and doomed to death by the indignant Ida, but not till the prince has had an opportunity of saving her life, which only adds fuel to her passionate disdain. They find themselves at length, however, on the outside of the college walls. The whole affair has given rise to a very pretty quarrel, which the armies of the two kings are about to fight out, when Arac, one of three stately brothers of the princess, proposes that all their differences shall be settled by a *melée* of fifty knights on either side. The lists are arranged, the trumpets sound, the prince is at length borne down by the gigantic Arac, his party is discomfited, and the princess, for once breaking through her rules, descends with her fair train of pupils to tend her wounded brothers.

Ida has now, in spite of herself, resumed the chief prerogatives of her sex. Her womanly instinct has forced upon her tenderness, pity, loving-kindness; all bearing Heaven's mark as

plainly as the proudest attributes of her tyrant, man. The sequel is clear:—the triumph of nature, after some struggles, is complete. The college becomes an hospital. Not her brother only, but all the knights who have suffered in the tournament, are admitted within its walls; and Ida takes the prince, whom she can now remember as the preserver of her life, under her own especial charge. Love follows hard upon pity, and the Ladies' College we may presume to have been closed upon the marriage of its principal.

The style of the poem progresses gradually from lively to severe. As the interest of the story deepens, the half-burlesque tone of the commencement disappears; and the gems which were before dropped carelessly at our feet, are now presented each in its proper place. That they are not polished and repolished, we think no matter of regret. Mr. Tennyson disdains for his blank verse the elaboration which is necessary in some of his smaller pieces; and while his ear prevents it from degenerating into the chopped-up prose of Byron, he never sacrifices either sense or strength to mere harmony. His verse resembles rather some old barbaric diadem, set in red gold, with jewels of every shape, regular and irregular, than one of our modern coronets, with its gems cut into exact and many-sided beauty. The errors which do disfigure "The Princess," specks of dust upon a fair face, we fear he will never remove. Mr. Tennyson has very great mastery of language, and, like an absolute monarch, sometimes mistakes the source of his authority. There is no right divine in grammar. He is exceeding the bounds of legitimate authority when he deposes "slid," and erects "slided" into the perfect of *slide*. It is pure tyranny to put a sentence or two to the torture, in order to show his power, and throw upon the world such maimed truncated objects as "too dark for legible." These are slight faults. We are the more anxious to see them disappear.

We are afraid to begin quoting where so many beauties throng upon us.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the sweet, sad, mournful song (p. 66),—

"Tears, mournful tears."

Here are a couple of pictures, which we recommend as subjects to our artists, instead of "the Death of Harold," or, for the future, anything connected with the Black Prince, or the Conversion of Saxon Kings.

"There,
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapped in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head, a follower of the camp,
A charred and wrinkled piece of womanhood
Sat watching, like a watcher by the dead."

"Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance,
She past my way—Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent; but when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelmed and mute, and motionlessly pale,
Cold ev'n to her, she sighed; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd; a twitch of pain
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said
'He saved my life; my brother slew him for it.'
No more; at which the king in bitter scorn,
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up. She saw them, and a day
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good Queen, her mother, shone the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche;
And then once more she look'd at my pale face;
Till understanding all the foolish work
Of fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was molten in her breast."

These extracts, which are taken almost at random, will show of what materials the poem is composed. We only regret that so much wealth has been lavished upon a subject which we cannot but think was hardly worthy of it. Mr. Tennyson has not now to convince the world that he has a poet's appreciation of nature. His imagination is great, his power of description univalled. Like one of Lessing's pictures, it unites energy with detail, the greatest breadth with the minutest finish. Unlike Wordsworth, he can express the passionate utterances of love in all its varied moods. His former poems have been fragments, each displaying one of these excellences. We hope some day to welcome from his pen a work which shall combine them all, with yet higher reach than he has attempted.

THE EMIGRANTS OF AHADARRA.

PERHAPS there is no feature more striking in the age we live in than the universality of its investigation and research. Not fifty years have passed away since men with quiet habits and Cambridge educations buried themselves in remote districts, heard of, indeed, occasionally by dear friends as having increasing families and rheumatic twinges, but coming as little forward as the water ouzels which built their nests in the sedgy banks of the trout stream below their well kept gardens. Now, however, a change has come over the quietude of such existence. The country curate has been three times in London in the course of a single year, because the "Direct Destruction" Company have determined on making a viaduct over his church steeple, and a tunnel underneath the graves; and as for the water ouzel, her *habitat* is as well known as though she had taken a house for the season in Park Lane, or May Fair. The meanest animal which has left the impress of its footsteps on the shores of some primæval sea, has found a biographer to narrate the history of its alliances with all the enthusiasm of Lodge himself, while philosophers, mere

fortunate than Alexander, have discovered for themselves new worlds by their investigations of the old.

But this is not all. The pleasant tales which delighted us in childhood have been subjected to somewhat the same process, and our opinions, like children's toys, have been so often picked to pieces to see what they are made of, that they sometimes do not fit as well as they have done. The three one-eyed Calenders, the beautiful Princess Balbadour, and all our dear and early friends of the Arabian Nights, come out with strange and unfamiliar names, and cease to be what they have been. Whittington's cat (the very mouser that we loved) turns out to be nothing more romantic than the *catta*, or vessel, which brought the London (or Persian) merchant rich treasures from afar; and not even Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," can bring us to anything like a creditable belief in ghosts. Surely, surely we may be permitted to regret some of our loves that were old, and to exclaim, "Turn agam, Whittington," for we feel that in his cat we had once a property, and that we have lost something which was our own.

In this state of feeling it is delightful to meet with a writer who, without making claim to any other magic save that of his own keen observation and imaginative power, places before us a tale of so much interest as that of the "Emigrants of Ahadarra."

The name of William Carleton is of itself enough to ensure our attention and respect, and the story now before us is well worthy of his reputation. It was wisely said by Napoleon, that "a man to lead the people must be of the people," and in the delineation of Irish character, Mr. Carleton has all the advantages derived from his intimate knowledge of the home life of the peasant acquired at the period of early youth. It is his great merit that, partaking largely of their sympathies and feelings, he yet depicts their vices and their follies with sturdy independence and with an unflinching hand. He knows the people well, and with him most assuredly "knowledge is power." The conventional Irishmen, the Sir Lucius O'Tiggers, and "Sprigs of Shillelah," are not revived by him, nor does he ever commit the mistake of making men of earnest purpose, and wild excitability, (merely because they are Irishmen,) commit a blunder when they propose a crime. With a sense of the ludicrous we believe unsurpassed, he never sacrifices to feeble sentimentalities, or forced drollery, the interest which belongs of right to the pleadings of nature and of truth.

The story of the Emigrants of Ahadarra is one of great and continued interest.

Bryan McMahon, a young farmer of good character, is attached to Kathleen Kavanagh, the lovely daughter of a neighbouring agriculturist. The lease of his farm, on which he had laid out much capital, has expired, but his landlord has promised to renew it, and all things seem to favour the union of the lovers. Hyacinth, (or Hycy) Burke, however, a young man of indifferent morals, and somewhat larger means, is determined to prevent the marriage; and for this purpose intrigues with some illicit distillers, whom he

induces to carry on their trade upon McMahon's land—the object being to ruin the latter with his landlord, the government, and his mistress, at one and the same time. In the course of his plottings, the village schoolmaster (Finigan) becomes possessed of some information of importance, and writes a characteristic but anonymous letter to Burke. The anonymous letter, however, has the rather unusual appendage of the writer's name, and an interview takes place between them, of which the following extract is a sample.

... On riding up to the school, Hycy, as he approached the door, heard his own name repeated by at least two dozen voices.

"Here's a gentleman, masher." "It's Misher Hycy Burke, sir." "It is, bedad, sir, Hycy the sportheen—"

"Him that rides the races, masher." "Ay, and he has on top-boots and buckskins, an' as gran' as a gentleman—"

"Silence!" said Finigan, "Silence, I say! Is this proper scholastic decorum in the presence of a stranger? Industry and taciturnity, your reptiles, or castigation shall result. Here, Paddy Sparable," he added, rising up, "here, you ruitrod, assume my office, and rule the establishment until I return; and, mark me, as the son of a naylor, sirra, I expect that you'll rule them wid a rod of iron—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ay, but Paddy Pancake's here to-day, sir, an' he's able to welt me, so that it's only leathened I'd get, sir, if you please."

"But have you no officers? Call in aid, I ordher you. Can't you make Sam Scaddan and Phuddher Mackleswig there, two *polis*, an get Pancake down—flatten him—if he should prove contumacious during my absence. Pancake, mark me obedience is your cue, or if not the castigator, that's your alternative; there it is, freshly cut, ripe and ready—and you are not to be told, at this time o' day, what portion of your *corpus* will catch it. Whish-h-h, silence, I say!—How do you do, Mr. Burke? I am proud of a visit from you, sir; perhaps you would light down and examine a class. My Greeks are all absent, to-day; but I've a beautiful class of Romans in the fourth book of Virgil—immortal Maro! Do try them, Mr. Hycy; if they don't do Dido's death in a truly congenial spirit, I'm no classic. Of one thing I can assure, that they ought; for I pledge my reputation it is not the first time I've made them practise the Irish cry over it. Thus, however, was but natural; for it is now well known to the larned that if Dido herself was not a fair Hibernian, she at least spoke excellent Irish. Ah, Mr. Hycy," he added, with a grin, "the birch is the only pathetic switch growing! Will you come in, sir?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Finigan; but perhaps you would have the goodness to come out for a little;" and as he spoke he nodded towards the public-house. "I know the boys will be quiet until you return."

"If they don't," replied Finigan, "the alternative is in no shape enigmatical. Mark what I've already said, gentlemen. Sparable, do you keep a faithful journal of the delinquents, and observe that there are offices of importance in this world besides flagellating erudition in reptiles like you."

He then looked about him with an air of vast importance, and joined Hycy on his way to the public-house. Having ordered in the worthy pedagogue's favourite beverage, not forgetting something of the same kind for himself, he addressed Finigan.

We shall not pursue the story further. The plot which Burke had designed thrives well, and McMahon, ruined in circumstances, and disgraced by the sup-

position that he had received a bribe, determines on taking his family with him to America. Heartbroken as he was, discarded by his mistress and mistrusted by his acquaintances, he yet finds consolation in the untiring affection of his sister Dora, and to her he turns for comfort and support.

She, however, poor girl, has her own sorrows, almost too heavy for her to bear. The following interview between her and James Kavanagh, will explain their nature and their cause:—

... From the moment that the decision (*to emigrate*), was come to, a deep gloom settled upon the family, even Dora, notwithstanding her affectionate disposition and high spirit, had her own sorrows to contend with—sorrows known only to her brother Bryan, whose heart bled for her. Thus, by the rest of the family, was imputed to the natural regret she felt, in common with themselves, at leaving the old places for ever, with this difference, to be sure, they imagined that she felt the separation more acutely than they did. Still as the period for their departure approached, there was not one of the family, notwithstanding what she felt herself, who laboured so incessantly to soothe and sustain the spirits of her father, who was fast sinking under the prospect of being “for ever removed,” as he said, from “the place his heart had grown into.”

She was, in fact, the general consoler of the family; and yet her eye scarcely ever met that of her brother, that a tear did not tremble in it, and she felt disposed to burst out into an agony of unrestrained grief.

It was one evening in the week previous to their departure, that she was on her return from Ballymacan, when, on passing a bend of the road, between Carriglass and Fenton's farm, she met the cause of the sorrow which oppressed her, in the handsome person of James Kavanagh, to whom she had been for more than a year and a half deeply and devotedly attached, but without the knowledge of any individual living, save her lover himself, and her brother Bryan. On seeing him, she naturally started, but it was a start of pleasure, and she felt her cheek flush, and again get pale, and her heart palpitated, then was still a moment, and again resumed its tumultuous pulsations.

“Blessed be God, my darling Dora, that I've met you at last,” said James: “in Heaven's name how did it happen that we haven't met for such a length of time?”

“I am sure that's more than I can tell,” replied Dora, “or rather, it's what you and I both know the cause of too well.”

“Ah, poor Dora!” he exclaimed, “for your sake I don't wish to spake at all about it, it left me many a sore heart when I thought of you.”

Dora's naturally pale cheek mantled, and her eyes deepened with a beautiful severity, as she hastily turned them on him and said, “What do you mane, James?”

“About poor Bryan's conduct at the election,” he replied, “and that fifty-pound note, and may hell consume it and him that tempted him with it!”

“Do you forget,” she said, “that you're spaking to his sister that knows the falsehood of it all? and how dare you, in my presence, attempt to say or think that Bryan Mc'Mahon would or could do a mane or dishonest act? I'm afraid, James, there's a kind of low suspicion in your family that's not right; and I have my reasons for thinking so. I fear there's a want of true generosity among you, and if I could be sure of it, I tell you now that, whatever it might cost me, I'd never—But what am I sayin'? That's past.”

“Past! oh, why do you spake that way, Dora dear?”

“It's no matter what I may suffer myself,” she replied,—“no matter at all about that—but waunst and for all, I tell you that, let what may happen, I'm not the girl to go into a family that have treated my dear

brother as yours has done; your sister's conduct has been very harsh and cruel to the man she was to be married to.”

“My sister, Dora, never did anything but what was right.”

“Well, then, let her go marry the Pope, with reverence be it spoken, for I don't know any other husband that's fit for her. I'd like to see the girl that never did anything wrong; it's a sight I never saw yet, I know.”

“Dora dear,” replied her lover, “I don't blame you for being angry: I know that such a load of disgrace upon any family is enough to put one past their temper. I don't care about that, however,” he proceeded; “if he had betrayed his church and his country ten times over, an' got five hundred pounds instead of fifty, it wouldn't prevent me from making you my wife.”

Her eyes almost emitted fire at this unconsciously offensive language of Kavanagh. She calmed herself, however, and assumed a manner that was cool and cuttingly ironical.

“Wouldn't you, indeed?” she replied: “dear me! I have a right to be proud of that. And so you'd be mane enough to marry into a family blackened by disgrace? I thought you had some decent pride, James.”

“But *you* have done nothing wrong, Dora,” he replied, “you're free from any blame of that kind.”

“I've done nothing wrong, haven't I?” she returned. “Ay, a thousand things; for, thank God, I'm not infatigable, like your sister. Haven't I supported my brother in everything he did? And I tell you that if I had been in his place, I'd just a' done what he did. What do you think o' me, now?”

“Why, that every word you say, and every lively look—ay, or angry, if you like—that you give, makes me love you more and more, an', please God, my dear Dora, I hope soon to see you my own darlin' wife.”

“That's by no means a certain affair, James; an' don't rely upon it. Before ever I become your wife, Kathleen must change her conduct to my brother's.”

“Deed, and I'm afraid *that* she'll never do, Dora.”

“Then the sorra a ring you'll ever put on me while there's breath in my body.”

“Why, didn't she give him three months to clear himself?”

“Did she indeed? And do you think that any young man of spirit would pay attention to such a stilted piece of pride as that? It was her business to send for him face to face, and to say, ‘Bryan Mc'Mahon, I never knew you or one of your family to tell a lie or do a dishonest or disgraceful act.’—and here, as she spoke, the tears of that ancient integrity and hereditary pride, which are more precious relics in a family than the costliest jewels that ever sparkled to the sun, sprang from her eyes,—“and now Bryan Mc'Mahon, I ax no man's word but your own—I ax no other evidence but your own, I put it, then, to your conscience—to that honour that has never yet been tarnished by any of your family, I say, I put it to yourself here, face to face with the girl that loves you, and answer me as you are in the presence of God: did you do what they charge you with? Did you do wrong knowingly and deliberately, and against your conscience?”

The animated sparkle of her face was so delightful and fascinating, that her lover attempted to press her to his bosom, but she would not suffer it.

“Behave, now!” she said firmly; “sorra bit—no,” she proceeded, “and whilst all the world was against him, running him down, and blackenin' him, was she ever the girl to stand up behind his back and defend him, like a—hem—defend him, I say, as a girl that loved him ought, and as a generous girl would?”

“But how could she when she believed him to be wrong?”

“Why did she believe him to be wrong upon mere hearsay? And granting that he *was* wrong, do you

think, now, if you had done what they say he did (and they lie that say it), an' that I heard the world down upon you for your first slip—do you think, I say, that I'd not defend you out of elane contrairiness, and to vex them? Ay, would I!"

"I know, darlin', that you'd do everything that's generous an' right but, setting this affair aside, my dear Dora, what are you and I to do?"

"I don't know what we're to do," she replied; "it's useless for you to ax me from my father now, for he wouldn't give me to you—sorra bit."

"But you'll give me yourself, Dora, darling?"

"Not without his consent—no, nor with it, as the families stand at this moment; for I tell you again that the sorra ring ever you'll put on me till your sister sends for my brother, axes his pardon, and makes up to him as she ought to do. Oh! why, James dear, should she be so harsh upon him?" she said, softening at once; "she is so good, and so faultless, after all!—But I suppose that's the reason of it—she does not know what it is to do anything that's not right."

"Dora," said her lover, "don't be harsh on Kathleen: you don't know what she's sufferin'; Dora, her heart's broke—broke!"

The tears were already upon Dora's cheeks, and her lover, too, was silent for a moment.

"She has," resumed the warm-hearted girl, "neither brother nor sister that loves her, or can love her, better than I do, after all."

"But in our case, darling, what's to be done?" he asked, drawing her gently towards him.

"I'll tell you, then, what I'd recommend you to do," she replied; "spake to my brother Bryan, and he be guided by him. I must go now—it's quite dusk."

There was a moment's pause, after which she bade her lover a hasty good night, and hurried home.

It would be to anticipate the interest of the *dénouement*, were we to point out the rather amusing Hibernianism in the title to our tale; we shall only add our best thanks to the publishers of the Parlour Novelist for introducing it to us. It was the favourite project of the enterprising Constable to offer literature to the public at so cheap a rate that the "book on the cottage window should become as necessary to its inmates as the chair by the cottage fire." The publishers of the Parlour Novelist seem determined to carry out this principle to its utmost extent. We wish them heartily success, and for ourselves only hope that they will continue to supply their readers with tales which in interest and beauty may equal that of the Emigrants of Abadarra.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

Yes, Beauty's blush is fair to see,
And Beauty's glance is dear to me,
And dearly do I love to view
The light that beams in eyes of blue,
As pure as is the rosy glow
Of morning spread o'er all below;
Yet if, with cold and haughty eye
The scornful beauty pass me by,
The veriest worm that crawls would be
A dearer object far to me;
But when from affection free,
And linked with sweet humility,
Then Beauty shines divinely bright—
Like glow worm through the shades of night.

Οιδίπους.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

In these inconceivable and incomprehensible times, which have come upon us as suddenly as showers are popularly supposed to do in the weeping month of which this Day of Fools is the commencement; in these stirring times, when wonders come treading on the heels of wonders, till we cease to feel surprise at anything; when kings slip off their thrones, and are lost to sight in the dim obscurity of private life, or pitch constitutions ready cut and dried out of the window, to be scrambled for by the murmuring masses below, even as we have beheld charitably disposed practical jokers distribute red-hot hallopence from a fire-shovel to small boys in the street, (boys and masses both running the risk of burnt fingers for their pains.) in these eventful days on which we have stumbled, so to speak, we feel sure that our loyal subjects, our amiable and enlightened Public, must rejoice to learn that we are still undeposed, still able and willing to watch over their interests, and cater for their instruction and amusement.

For, gentle Readers, be it known unto you that editors have been at a premium of late. As citizen kings have gone down, and their princely progeny fallen below par, (*par*) as a punster, which be it observed we do not consider ourselves, would say, so, in an inverse ratio, editors are looking up, and poets is riz. But we, faithful to our Sharpe, have steadily resisted the temptation of acquiring small fame by adding our own perieranum to the list of "Heads of the People" broken in Trafalgar Square by the ruthless staves of indiscriminating policemen. And yet such individuals as A 26 and B 47 ought to have respect for men of letters, unless, indeed, they confuse them with their natural enemy, the "*homo trem ultracum*." Neither have we betaken ourselves, like a certain brother editor, to the city of the barricades, to fraternize with Liberty in a blouse, and see the fun. But as, instead of availing ourselves of any of these openings for "a nice young man," we have remained at home to attend to our own affairs, let us prove that we have not relinquished these highly desirable opportunities for nothing, and enter upon business.

In the first place, then, S. M. has not made April fools of us, and we have much pleasure in introducing our readers to the "Story of a Family," by the authoress of the "Maiden Aunt." We also feel sure that they will be glad to perceive the name of Miss Pardoe amongst our contributors, and to learn that our pages are for the future to be occasionally enriched by the productions of her graceful pen. Of our Steel Engravings we need say nothing; we leave them to speak for themselves. We have more good things yet in store for our readers; of what they are to consist, the enlightened members of society who are sufficiently alive to their own interest to invest a shilling in the May part will become aware.

A word to one of our fair correspondents. We did not know till she did us the favour of writing to us, that Xantippe was an Irish woman; such is, however, the only hypothesis by which we can account for her sending us a letter to inquire the fate of her contributions, and carefully concealing both her own real appellation and the names of the articles in the fate of which she is interested.

¹ FUR, a thief.



THE FIRST SETTLERS.¹

BY ELIZA FARNHAM.

ON the northern side of a prairie, eighteen miles in extent, two groves approach within a short distance of each other from the east and west. They lie on a lofty swell of land, and are visible many miles away. The plain between these dark green promontories is smooth as the unruffled sea; and you fancy as you look upon its quiet outline, while the tree-tops toss and swell against the clear blue sky, that the smallest object would be discernible. Presently a short dark line rises against the light, and as the coach toils over swell after swell, and brings you nearer the object, it grows distinct, permanent, and bold, and fastens itself with a strange pertinacity on the eye and mind. It concentrates your wandering thoughts, and you wonder what could have led to the construction of such an object on that spot. No dwelling or other tenement is visible, and the green wall of the western grove rises apparently a full mile from it. There it stands, without proportion or symmetry, its harsh angles unrelieved by a single shrub, its silent walls brown with the storms of years.—It is a tomb! Farther back in the grove, stands a house near which its silent tenant lived and died.

Long before these lands were vacated by the Indians, a settler came hither from the eastward with his family. He was roving through these beautiful gardens in search of a spot whereon to make his home. One morning his white-topped waggon entered the southern border of this large prairie, and, all day, was seen by the wondering Indians at the grove to rise and fall slowly among the green swells, coming nearer and nearer, till at nightfall it halted on the line where this solitary tomb now stands. Here the travellers encamped; and one who has visited the spot will not wonder that when the patriarch had seen the next sun rise on the scene before him, he declared their journeyings ended. A site was selected in the grove for their cabin, the logs were felled and laid up by the father and his sons, and a frontier home soon sent its smoke curling through the overhanging boughs. Their only neighbours were the rambling Indians, who, in their excursions from the north and south, always halted at this grove. They had no domestic animals save the faithful cattle that had drawn them, and a dog.

For many months after the cabin was built they depended on wild game and fruits for subsistence. The rifle of the father brought down abundant supplies of deer and grouse, and the smaller members of the family could trap the quail, gather berries and plums, and beat the hazel and nut trees.

The wife and mother wrought patiently for those she loved. Her busy hands kept a well ordered home during the day, and at night they plied the needle to the wardrobe of her little household band. It was already scanty, and materials to replace the worn-out garments were far away, and would cost what she had not to give. When one was worn beyond the resuscitating powers of her needle, its place was supplied as well as might be, by the skins which they had taken from their game.

Sunrise and evening twilight found the father at his labours. He had no harvest that year, but if he would reap the next, much preparation must be made before the winter came. First, the turf was broken where he proposed to plant his corn, rails were next

made and laid around it, some of the native hay was gathered and piled up at the corner of his cabin, and a little garden fenced and ploughed. When all these things were done, there yet remained the journey to the nearest settlement for winter goods and grains, and for the cow, which could no longer be dispensed with. When all was ready, the father and his eldest son started in the emigrant waggon, and were absent many days, during each of which the mother and her little children—protected, if danger came, only by the dog—looked anxiously out upon the great prairie, now embrowned by the frosts of autumn, and wondered when they would return. There were few travellers then in those uninhabited plains. Day after day passed, and no sign of life was visible on the plain, save the deer bounding among its crisp herbage, or the famished wolf rushing madly against the winds which bore the scent of prey. The intense sunshine which flooded the swaying sea, was now softened by the hazy atmosphere peculiar to those plains in the autumn months; the flowers were all dead, the trees discoloured, and a wild, vast desolation, which penetrated the soul of the lone woman, seemed hovering over the face of her new home.

On the fifth day, a party of Sauk warriors, plumed and painted, entered her dwelling. Her heart beat quick, and her eye glanced wildly toward her little ones, as their swarthy figures darkened the door; but a moment restored her self-possession. She knew they were not enemies, and felt secure in her very helplessness. They had not lived much among the whites, and it requires some teaching to induce the savage to fall on a helpless person who is not his foe. With the few words and signs which she had acquired, she entered into conversation with them, and learned that they were on their way to give battle to the Kaskaskias and Peorias. Here was a new cause of solicitude; her husband's road lay through the battle ground, and who could tell what savages, seeking blood, might do? or what would be his fate should he fall between the hostile parties! Offering them such hospitality as her poor home afforded, and praying that it might purchase the safety of the absent, she signified her hopes and fears, and watched their retreating footsteps with a boding heart.

All day she bent her eyes to scan the plain, but nothing met her search save the forms of the retreating warriors, which grew dimmer with distance and the fading light, till at length they were wholly lost. With aching head and anxious heart, she put her little ones to bed; and when they slept she rose and looked anxiously out upon the night. Black broken clouds were driving across the heavens at a fearful rate, and the wind rushed through the naked trees, and howled around her chimney, like some evil spirit demanding sacrifice.

The only window of her cabin looks over the plain; and there she stands, gazing as if the daylight rested on it, and she hoped each moment to see the long-wished-for object leave in sight. Presently a strange light gleams on the blackened sky! What should it be? Not lightning, for it rose instead of falling, and hung longer on the sight than the electric flash. But it is gone!—now again it comes, stronger, and looks as if the bright fiery sun had lost his place, and, without any precursor, were rushing up the southern sky. Again it almost disappears; but the faint tinge is soon increased, and a broad glare bursts up which overwhelms that widowed heart. The

(1) From *Life in Prairie Land*. Harper & Co. New York.
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dreadful truth pierces her very heart, and makes her whole frame tremble. The prairie is on fire! Oh, God! what a conviction! She remembers now that they have talked of prairie fires, and promised themselves much pleasure in beholding them: but she never dreamed of the red demon as an enemy, and one to be encountered in this dreadful solitude.

Her heart sinks within her. There are no means to avert or escape it. The only living things about her are the children and the faithful dog. The former are sleeping quietly, and the latter sits at her feet gazing in her face with a mute sympathy that brings tears to her eyes. She does not need to look for the light now, for it has gained so that she cannot escape its glare. The wind is bearing the fire almost with its own speed across the immense savannah. She cannot calculate the distance at which she first saw it, but if it were at the extreme southern border, it must, with such a wind, reach her in a few hours, nay, even less!

But what to do? where to go? She rushes to the door. Merciful Heaven! It is all one sea of dry combustibles around her. Grass, dry grass, everywhere! she can find no refuge. The very tree-tops, if she could gain them, with those she is bound to save or perish with, would afford her no protection from such a sea of flame as is roaring yonder. The wind increases—the elements seem to grow madder as the flame approaches, and aggravate its fury. With every blast it towers and curls, and then, as if enraged at its own impotence, sinks a moment sullenly, to gather strength for a fresh effort.

There is a large creek about four miles away; and on this the lone woman hangs her last faint hope. The wind will not befriend her, and she can only hope that the waters may arrest the flame. hapless woman! she little knew the strength of the devastating demon that was let loose that night! A slender thread of water to separate her from such a surging sea of flame! But if it did not protect her, what then? If the last extremity came, what should she do? She could have but few moments to deliberate, after the dreadful foe crossed this line. Bewildered, almost stupified, by the terrors of her condition, she had not waked her children. She had contemplated their dreadful fate alone, almost in silence, and with little action, after she opened the door, and was overpowered by the conviction that to leave the house was even more certain death than to remain.

Now, when the time grew short, and the hot breath of her relentless foe rushed fiercely around her, she addressed herself rapidly to the care of her little ones; she woke them with much difficulty, and with much more brought them to comprehend the danger that awaited them. One lively boy enjoyed the spectacle, and clapped his hands, and almost maddened his mother by rushing out to get a fairer view of the wonderful scene. But where was the dog?—the noble dog who was her only intelligent friend in this fearful time? Her quick mind had counted on his protection in case she should escape and were shelterless. But where was he? She stepped to the door; the light was now strong and revealed distinctly every object. He was nowhere to be seen! She made the woods ring with his name, and presently a low supplicating bark was borne to her ears on the hot wind.

The fire had crossed the creek, and was tearing its way, like an infuriated demon, up the plain. A few minutes must decide her fate; she fell on

her knees, and commended herself and her helpless babes to the mercy of her God; and then rose, calm and collected for the event. She had not, hitherto, contemplated the wonderful scene apart from the dangers with which it was fraught: but now, for the first time, she was struck with its grandeur and sublimity. It was an unbroken line of flame, wide as the eye could reach, mounting, roaring, crackling, and sending up columns of black smoke, which as they rose became rarer, and rising still higher, were reilluminated so as to appear another devouring demon sweeping the heavens. Mercy and hope seemed alike cut off by its angry glare. The fiery wall shut out the world behind; except occasionally, when a blast cleft it, it opened upon a black chasm that looked like the funeral vault of nature.

Scarcely had she taken this brief survey, and noted the nearer approach of the flame, when the dog came bounding to her side, and, with the most earnest petitions, sought her attention without the door. She followed him a few steps, scarcely thinking what she did, but, finding nothing, and seeing him making rapidly for some distant point, she turned back, closed the door, and sat down before the window to watch the progress of the fire. In an instant he was there, pawing, whining, howling, and, by every means in his power, soliciting her attention. Before she could open the door to admit him, he bounded through the window.

"Merciful God! what have you done! we shall all be consumed—there is no hope now!" He stood at her feet; the strong intelligence of his face fascinated her eye in spite of the danger. What could he mean? In an instant the sagacity of his instinct flashed upon her. To the ploughed field! Yes, there was hope, and there alone. She seized the two younger children in one arm, and almost lifting the other by her hand, she fled along the trodden path, the delighted dog going before, and manifesting his joy by every sign in his power. They gain the fence—the fire is at their heels, it almost blisters their unprotected faces! One or two more leaps, and the herbless ground is gained. The fire has nothing now to feed on, and almost faint with the sudden and certain safety, the exhausted mother drops on the ground among her helpless infants.

"Merciful Saviour, what an escape!" In a few minutes the flames are besieging the house; the logs covered with dry bark are but a morsel in their fierce jaws; the hay-stack takes fire, and communicates to the rest of the cabin, and while the great volume of the fire sweeps among the trees and over the plain, it leaves the heavier materials to be consumed more slowly. Long did the light of the burning home, therefore, blight the eye of the lone woman after the "prairie fire" had done its worst around her and gone, bearing ruin and devastation to the northern plains and groves. Worn out by the terrors of the night, she sank into the semblance of sleep on the naked earth, among her babes, with her faithful protector crouched at her feet.

She woke in the morning to the dread reality, which had been briefly forgotten, but which now broke with stunning force upon her senses. Her children were chilled and hungry. The spot where late their pleasant hearthside shone was a heap of mouldering brands and blackened ashes, with which the morning winds were toying in merry pastime. There was neither food nor shelter! and when she rose to her feet and looked out upon the plain, its strange appearance startled her. It seemed more

boundless than ever, and the blackness of desolation brooded over it. It was clean shorn of every blade of vegetation, and appeared, within the last few hours, to have been blighted with a curse from which the smiles of heaven could scarcely redeem it.

With faltering steps the unhappy woman gathered her little ones, and prepared to leave their cheerless bed. But whither should they go? There was no house within many miles. Beside her own little roof she had not seen another since they left the last settlement. To seek shelter on bread, therefore, from others was impossible. Her only resource was to search the wasted wood and plain for roots or nuts, or whatever might be left to support life, till her husband's return. The fire of her cabin would warm her shivering babes for one or two days at least, and if help came not then, she must trust herself to the mercies of a journey over the bleak desert.

Bending her steps, therefore, towards the smouldering ruins, she soothed and warmed her children, and set out with the generous dog to search the grove for food. It was a desperate pilgrimage: most of the nuts and fruits in the vicinity of the house, had been gathered and deposited in the loft for winter use; and of those that were left upon the ground, few had escaped the consuming flames of the previous night. Occasionally, she found one sheltered by a decayed log or a heavy clump of grass, which the fire in its haste had not stopped to devour. But they were rare, and she had three months to feed beside her own! A scanty meal was, however, obtained, and she returned to the fire. The warmth relieved the sufferings more effectually than the coarse morsel they had eaten. The little ones wondered where the house was, but rejoiced in the great pile of burning logs, and after a little time, the mother had the happiness of seeing them forget their hunger in some merry games.

Long and intensely this day did her eyes dwell on the wide, black plain! She had no need to look so earnestly, for the most careless glance would have revealed the white cover of the waggon if it had been moving over the dark surface. Noon passed, and brought no signal of mercy. She could see the brown deer leaping timidly over the scorched waste, and the grouse wheeling his short, swift flight from place to place; but this was all. Another night of dreadful solitude, exposed to cold and hunger, and to the starved wolf! shelterless, weaponless—the dog their only defence.

During the day she had found a few of the ground-nuts, which grew quite abundantly in the edge of the grove; with these she fed her little ones; and parting with nearly all her clothing, wrapped them in the scant covering; and with pleasant words, while her heart was bursting, soothed them to sleep, and laid them on the charred turf to the windward of the smoking pile, while, with her noble dog, she sat down to watch their slumbers.

At intervals, for several hours, the winds bore to her aching ears the short, querulous barking of the small prairie wolf, and once or twice her very blood curdled when the shrill, dismal howl, by which the large grey wolf summons his neighbours for an attack, resounded over the bleak waste! The night was utterly black. Beyond the little circle, faintly lighted by the wasting embers, nothing could be discerned. Her eyes would not warn her of an enemy within three yards; and as often as she peered into the darkness at every new sound, the faithful dog would nestle to her side and lick her

hand, and turn his intelligent eyes towards hers with an expression of sympathy and confidence that cheered her solitary vigil more than she could tell.

The cold winds howled around her thinly clad frame, and chilled it to the core. The noises one by one died away, and, spite of the horrors of her condition, a drowsiness stole over her which she could scarcely resist. Her eyelids drooped, and her shivering body swayed slightly to and fro, when the smouldering ends of the logs tumbled into a new position, and sent upward a volume of shining, crackling sparks, which roused her sinking energies and braced her for another hour's watching. At last the darkness became profoundly silent! Save the steady pressure of the wind, not a sound was heard. The nocturnal wanderers seemed to have withdrawn to their haunts, and left nature to the undisputed reign of night. Chilled, and faint with fatigue and fasting, the lonely watcher could no longer preserve her wakefulness; she curled her shivering form close to the sleeping babes, and left the vigil to the faithful dog.

It was stupor rather than sleep that locked her faculties till the cry for food recalled them. The fire was diminishing; the sun was up, but he looked coldly through a mass of leaden vapour that was crowding up the south-eastern sky. The whole heavens were curtained with the still, sullen mass which threatened every moment to descend in rain. A few hours before, she had thought her condition could scarcely be aggravated. But the impending storm was little less to be dreaded, in their feeble state, than the terrible foe which had exposed them to it. Her limbs were stiff and full of pain; her brain reeled, and her sight became dim, as she rose to her feet and prepared to search the grove once more for something to sustain life in her hungry children.

Her own desire for food was gone; she would have loathed the most tempting viands. But when the little ones hung upon her garments and begged for bread, she summoned her fainting limbs to one more effort; and, taking a direction which had not been tried before, she found, after a long and painful search, a few stalks of the ground-nut, which her feeble hands with difficulty removed from their firm hold upon the soil. The roots of these afforded a morsel wherewith to still the cries that pierced her heart. And when there was no farther hope, and her limbs tottered beneath her, and strange racking pains wrung her worn body, she hastened back to the spot which still seemed home, though nought of home was there, and felt, if her hour were come, it was better to lie down and perish by those consecrated ashes, than in the cheerless wood.

A drizzling rain was falling when she reached the spot, and threatened to increase. It would be impossible to preserve the fire long; but pushing the brands together, she gathered her trembling little ones about her knees, and, between her periods of agony, sought to impress their memories with the terrible events that had befallen them. She endeavoured to make the eldest boy comprehend that he might be the only narrator whom his father would find, should he ever return; and left many tender messages for him and for her first-born. With pallid, tearful face he promised to do as she desired; but urged her to tell him where she would be when his father came, and whether his little brothers were going with her, to leave him all alone.

The rain increased, and their drenched garments gave the chilling blast redoubled power. The em-

bers hissed and blackened, and soon refused to warm the shaking group. Like the pangs of death grew the mother's agony!—as certain and relentless! And there, beside the reeking ruins of her home, the black earth beneath, and the pitiless storm above—there, alone, her only attendants the helpless children and the dog, who sat at her head, and seemed almost to weep over her writhing form, the hapless woman gave birth to a little being whose eyes never opened to the desolation of its natal hour!

Long did the mother lie unconscious alike of the terror-stricken cries of the children and the moaning caresses of her dumb friend. The day was far advanced when her eyes opened on the dreadful scene. The cold rain was pouring steadily down, and twilight seemed to her faint eyes to be creeping over the earth. A pleasant sound was ringing in her ears, but either it was a dream, or its import had faded from her mind before it was fully grasped. She made an effort to rise, but fell senseless. Once again her eyes opened, and this time it was no illusion. The eldest of her little watchers was shouting in her ear, "Mother, I see father's waggon!" and there indeed it was, close at hand before his untrained eye had discovered it. All day it had been toiling across the black prairie! The rain had softened the turf, and the wheels sank without cutting it; so that the last few miles had been inconceivably tedious. The mourning garb of the plain had struck the hearts of both father and son with indescribable terror. The former would have left his slow team and flown across it, but his son had charge of the cow, and this was impossible. More alarmed and excited as he advanced, he was still obliged to restrain his intense feelings, and accommodate his progress to the slow motion of the tired cattle. Night drew on before the desolation of his home was revealed to him.

When within about a mile, he should have discovered the house, but all was a level waste! Unable longer to endure the torture, he sprang forward, leaving the animals to follow as they chose. He flew, he shouted, and the dog bounded to meet the well-known voice. When the boy saw the waggon, the father had just left it, so that even as he repeated the joyful tidings, the stricken man stood over them, half-stupified by the effort to comprehend the nature and extent of his calamities.

A group of perishing children, an infant corpse, a dying wife! and all, all gone, wherewith to minister even the decent ceremonies of such a period. Oh, how bitterly his heart cursed the day when he trusted the treacherous beauty that invited him there! He raised the dying woman in his arms; the seal was on her glazing eye, and the faint fluttering at her wrist foretold the last and worst that could befall him! Slowly, word by word, she told her agonizing tale. He threw his garments over her, and wiped the rain-drops from her face, and drew her to his heart. But the cold dew returned, and told that storm or shelter would be soon the same to her! He prayed her forgiveness, and with wild, incoherent words, accused himself of her cruel murder. She vindicated him from these accusations with all her little strength, and with many messages for her absent son, and many prayers for her dear children and their father, she resigned her breath, just as the last light was fading from the western sky.

She had begged that her tomb might be made on the site of the burned cabin. And there, when he had watched two days and nights by her unsheltered

corpse, and hewn a rough coffin to receive her and her untimely babe, she was deposited. The grave was a rude hollow, scooped with sticks and the hands of the widowed husband and his sons. The preparations were completed, and the dead lowered on the afternoon of the second day. At midnight a troop of famished wolves attacked the holy spot, and but for the rifle of the husband, would have torn its sacred contents from their rude repose. The next day he felled the nearest trees, and laid them in the form of a vault on the spot. And this it is which greets the traveller's eye so many miles away on the untenanted prairie!

The grove has since retired and left the tomb alone—a bold and solitary mark on the high line of the horizon. The plain below is still unchanged. It is the same rich, green expanse in summer; the same bleak, howling waste in winter. It is now skirted with farms under the edge of the woodlands.

One cabin has sprung up in its midst, on the bank of the stream. But it is forsaken and dilapidated. Its door is gone, and the rough planks which made the floor have been used as fuel by emigrants who have encamped near it. Its small cellar yawns dismally in the face of the curious traveller who looks within.

TWO HOURS IN A PRISON.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

(*The Historian of the Queens of England.*)

WE have duties to the age we live in; and it behoves those who labour in the cause of truth not to confine their researches to ancient tomes or mouldering documents, records of the immutable PAST, but to walk occasionally abroad among their fellow-creatures, and to note the distinctive features of that important PRESENT, on which depends the happiness or misery of the millions who are passing onward with us to the boundless ocean of eternity. The facts which our own eyes have witnessed, do they not belong to the history of our times, a most important portion of it, the domestic statistics of the people? When future writers shall be describing our PRESENT as their PAST, will they not search for these things, these facts of every-day occurrence, as carefully as we have sought for those which gave characteristic evidences of the illustrious dead of centuries gone by?

Our sympathies should not be exclusively devoted to the calamities of royalty; and I venture to believe that many of the gentle readers who have delighted to enter with me into the palaces of the Queens of England, will follow me with no less interest into the cottage of the English peasant, or the gloomy recesses of the prison-house.

The following transcript of a page of life's stern realities, is from my pencilled notes of two hours spent in one of those desecrated abodes of royalty which modern utilitarianism has converted into a county jail.

On Saturday, Sept. 3, 1843, my sister and I arrived at Lancaster on our way to the lakes, and determined to take our Sabbath rest in the royal duchy. The next morning, after attending divine worship in the beautiful old church, where, by the bye, we heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. May, we were enabled, through the courtesy of one of the county magistrates, our friend and cicerone, to employ the interval before the afternoon service in visiting the castle; Sunday being a day on which strangers are generally excluded, unless, as in our case, accompanied by one of the visiting magistrates.

We entered at the ancient gateway built by John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster; and after giving a passing sigh to the disfigured glories of the Plantagenet architecture, we crossed the spacious outer court and proceeded to the female penitentiary. If any thing connected with a prison could be called pleasing, I should consider that term applicable to the arrangements of that department of the establishment. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness and good order. Above all, there was every appearance of an excellent moral influence exercised by the matron, who was, I doubt not, well qualified for her difficult and important office.

As it was Sunday, the prisoners rested from their penal tasks; those who could read were supplied with Bibles, and a profound quiet that approached almost to solemnity prevailed. In one of the wards five women of different ages were seated; two attentively engaged in the study of the Scriptures, and three who could not read, weary of want of occupation. The youngest prisoner's eyes were full of tears when she raised them from the Sacred Volume. She was not above nineteen years of age, meek, modest, and prepossessing in her appearance; it was a piteous sight to see her in such a place. I asked her what offence she had committed.

"Dishonest practices," she replied, with a flood of tears.

"In what way?" I inquired.

"Giving away my employer's provisions," she sobbed.

An offence which from its frequency and extent is doubtless a serious injury to householders, and which adds breach of trust to dishonesty. Yet in many cases the offence has been the offspring of compassion, the weakness of a tender heart that knew not how to resist the importunities of those who had pleaded hunger, and cold, and sickness, as the reasons which led them to crave relief of one who was in the midst of plenty. And if the alms had been abstracted by the household servant from her own pittance, what a touching instance of charity would the gift have been! But servants seldom have any thing of their own to

give, and it is not for them to indulge in the luxury of giving at the expense of others, however hard it may be to withhold a morsel of food from the hungry. In their own class this is rarely done; for of all people the labouring poor are the most charitable, and the beggar is sure to be offered a share of the cottar's crust, even if it be the last scrap in the cupboard. The young servant, when her compassionate feelings are assailed by a tale of distress or the artful pretences of an importunate impostor, has to struggle against the propensity of a kind heart to comply with the entreaties that are addressed to her, and the custom of people in her own degree to give a part of what they have to those whose necessities appear greater than their own.

I remember the case of a little maid in a farm house, her first place, who, while sitting on the threshold at the open door on a fine summer morning, discussing the contents of a porringer of bread and milk with great relish, was thus addressed by a beggar girl about her own age.

"How I should like that nice bread and milk! I am so very hungry: you have a good breakfast every day, and I never have. For God's sake, give me some bread and milk."

"It isn't mine," replied the little maid, "but I suppose it makes no difference to mistress whether I eat it or you;" and she resigned the porringer to the importunate petitioner.

Her master treated the transaction as a breach of the eighth commandment, and though the magistrate before whom he carried the complaint was too just a man to do more than reprimand the culprits, the young servant was dismissed from her place with a character for dishonesty.

It would be well if the sweet spirit of Christian love and forbearance were more frequently exercised by those stern moralists, who appear to consider it their duty to inflict the penalty of the law for every petty larceny they detect; and that they would commune with their own hearts with a humiliating sense of their responsibilities to Him, "in whose sight no man living shall be justified." It is no light matter to destroy the prospects of a young female by branding her with the name of a felon, for an offence that bears no proportion to the punishment.

The young woman in the Lancaster penitentiary had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, two of which had expired, but an allusion to the approaching period of her liberation elicited a burst of anguish. "She knew not what would become of her then," she said.

I told her "she was still in the fresh morning of life, and having health and strength might get an honest living, if she put her trust in

God, and avoided evil companions and practices."

She said, "she hoped God would enable her to do so, but she owned she despaired of getting into service again without a character." "Who," continued she, weeping bitterly, "would take any one who has been in jail?"

All this time one of the other prisoners was watching the conference with a bold yet sinister regard, which attracted my attention, and appeared very distressing to the poor girl, who hung her head, large tears fell heavily on the pages of the open book that lay on her lap, and her bosom rose and fell with suppressed emotion.

I turned to the other woman. "And what has been your offence?" I inquired.

"Receiving stolen goods," she replied undauntedly, "from *her*," pointing as she spoke to the young creature with whom I had been talking, and who responded to this rough rejoinder with a deep-drawn sigh.

Here then was the tempter, an evil woman in middle life, with a face mapped with the traces of sordid and cruel passions, the ferocious eye and the brazen forehead that denoted a heart callous to every feeling of remorse or pity. There was mockery in the tone of her horrid voice, defiance in the scornful gesticulation of her finger, as she stood scowling with fiend like malignity at her tearful victim.

I looked from the crime-hardened sinner to the unfortunate young creature whom she had betrayed into sin, and whose punishment she was aggravating as far as she had the power. It was one of those painful pictures to which one would wish to call the attention of Christian pastors and Christian legislators.

The matron of the penitentiary looked with compassionate sympathy on the case of the young woman. She said "her conduct was unexceptionable, and she trusted that she was a sincere penitent."

There was something simple and touching in her manner; her cheek still retained the blush of shame, her heart the freshness of youthful sensibility, and the tenderness of a conscience not yet inured to sin. She had taken her chastening meekly, and it had wrought in her a godly sorrow. The end of punishment had therefore been successfully accomplished as regarded the renewing of a right spirit, but how were the fruits of repentance to be brought to perfection in holiness of life, if, when the term of her incarceration ended, she was to be flung back upon the wilderness of life without a home or shelter, or a refuge from the taunts of unconvicted sinners, deprived as she was of the only wealth of the labouring classes, a good character?

"A broken and a contrite heart God will not despise." But man is less merciful to his

fellow-worm than the Almighty Judge to whom all hearts are open, and who knows how far the sinner whose offence has been amenable to the laws of man, is more deserving of condemnation than those better instructed and more fortunate criminals, whose guilty violations of His commandments pass openly unpunished before the eye of that world which inflicts inexorable vengeance for smaller sins.

In the infirmary we saw a dying woman, who told us that she had been left at the last assizes under sentence of transportation for life, but the rapid progress of a deadly malady had prevented her from being removed with the other convicts. She was now bed-ridden, in the last stage of dropsy, "but," said she, "by God's especial mercy I have been spared to be brought to a recollection of my sins and the knowledge of my blessed Saviour's love, in the last days of my long and evil life. Ladies," continued she, "you would be frightened if I were to tell you the dreadful things I have done; you would not stand near me if you were to know what a sinner I have been."

Then, stretching out her hands, while her large dark eyes, glazed and swollen with her fearful malady, swam in tears, she added in a deep hoarse voice,—

"Pray for me. Pray that the sins of a long life—sixty years—spent in the practice of every sort of guilt, may be forgiven me, for the sake of God's blessed Son. Oh! his wonderful goodness in not cutting me off in the midst of unrepented crimes! in granting me this comfortable bed and this quiet room to die in, instead of the horrible scenes, the noise, the blasphemies, the cruel mockery I should have been among! No one can tell what it is, to die surrounded by wicked people. God has been very gracious to me in bringing me to this peaceful place, and giving me so many comforts which I did not deserve, and above all, the knowledge of his mercy in pardoning sinners. But I—I have been so very wicked, that I dare not hope He will pardon a wretch like me."

She was in a state of great excitement, and only paused when too much exhausted to proceed. We said all we could to soothe and encourage her to trust in His mercy, who had thus, in the twelfth hour as it seemed, called her to a knowledge of His salvation. Her tears began to flow, and she became more tranquil. There was no thought of display or profession in this woman; she spoke in the vehement eloquence of unaffected feeling, but the feeling of a strong character. "Her hours," she said, "were numbered, and she wished to spend them all in praising God's goodness in bringing the sickness upon her which had been the means of her coming to a knowledge of her responsibility in his sight, and that

instead of sailing with her fellow convicts she had been brought to the Lancaster penitentiary to receive spiritual instruction and to die a penitent, and in that quiet room."

In the same ward was an unwedded mother, who had on the preceding day brought her first-born, a guiltless child of sin and shame, into the world. It was an uncommonly lovely babe, and the other females appeared to derive much pleasure from this attractive addition to their mournful society. It was an affecting thing to see at the same moment the beginning and the end of human life under circumstances so painful to contemplate, and striking was the contrast between the unconscious innocence of the new-born infant, and the fearful agitation and passionate remorse of the dying convict.

I talked a little with the mother of the babe, but her intellect, naturally of the lowest grade, had never been cultivated. She seemed scarcely accessible to any good impression beyond the instinctive tenderness of maternity—depraved indeed must any female heart be in which that feeling finds no place.

In a lower room I saw two other women with older infants. One of these, a beautiful fat fellow of six months old, with a fair face and laughing black eyes, held out his dimpled hands to come to me, and almost flew into my arms, where he displayed great animation—patting my cheeks and playing with my ribbons. This lovely boy, so full of life and intelligence, whom many a childless noble would have gladly given half his estate to call his own, had been born in the prison, the heir of misery and evil repute. His mother, a woman of some ability, but with a decidedly unprepossessing countenance, was a circulator of base coin. She had a shrewd sinister expression in her dark watching eye, and I mourned for the too probable training her innocent babe would receive from her. I could not forbear, when I gave him back to her arms, entreating her to consider her responsibility in the sight of God as a mother, and not to bring up that sweet child to a life of guilt here, and misery hereafter. She turned away and dropped a tear, a token of softness I had not in sooth expected from her. But woman, however fallen, is often to be subdued, if appealed to through the mysterious fountain of tenderness that pervades a mother's heart.

Our next visit was to that part of the prison where juvenile offenders are confined. There were about sixty boys wearing the prison dress congregated in the court yard. The appearance, I regret to say, of the majority of these, was most discouraging. I however ventured to speak to one who stood aloof from the rest of the degraded company, as if ashamed of his associates. I asked him "of what offence he had been guilty?"

He hung his head, blushed deeply, and replied in a low, but distinct voice, "Dishonest practices."

"Have you been brought up in that sad way of life?" I inquired, "or have you brought shame and sorrow on parents who endeavoured to bring you up in the fear of God?"

He burst into tears, and said, "I was brought up by good parents, who served God, and taught me better things."

The prisoner was about fifteen, tall, handsome, and with gentle manners; his appearance was that of a person who had been used to far different scenes and associations.

I expressed a hope that, seeing the error of his ways, he might become a reformed character.

"It is only the third time he has been here for his tricks," observed the governor's son drily.

This boy, so young, so ingenuous in appearance, was then an old offender; but was he the less an object of compassion on that account? Nay, but the more so, for the first step in the paths of evil, that decisive step in the journey of life, the only one that costs they say a pang, had been taken at a very tender age; we know not under what circumstances of strong temptation an easy temperament had been deluded into sin. The barrier of duty once broken down is lightly overstepped a second time, and even a third; but while the blush of shame, the tears of self-reproach, the tenderness of youthful feelings yet remain, who shall dare to regard the youthful culprit as a reprobate? Should we not rather strive to improve these impressions for the renovation of a right spirit within a heart that laments its errors? We see the punishment, the degradation, which crime has brought upon its votaries, but we see not the concatenation of circumstances that have led to the offence. "Let not the city boast of its strength which hath never been exposed to a siege."

The governor of Lancaster gaol was anxious that the separation system should be adopted, as affording the best hopes of effecting the reformation of the criminals. The effects, however, even of this salutary method, are too often but of temporary benefit. A strong effort of legislative wisdom and philanthropy is also required, in order to devise some national employment for this unhappy portion of the community; otherwise they go forth after the term of their imprisonment is ended, with strong impressions, it may be, of the hideousness of sin, and a desire of leading a new life—"to will is present" with many of them, "but how to perform they find not."

They come forth with the brand of infamy on their characters. Who will give them employment? Shunned by the respectable

portion of society, and in want of bread, they become reckless. The juvenile offenders are assailed by their old tempters, and they fall again and again.

Dead indeed must that heart be to all the holier sympathies of the Christian character, which could contemplate without feelings of the deepest commiseration the blighted hopes, the desolate position of those unhappy ones. Surely some institution might be devised, on industrial principles, to afford employment and probationary encouragement, to enable the reclaimed felon to earn a new character, to become a new creature. Such an institution would be as a city of refuge, to which the chastened and repentant might flee, as a resource against the strong temptations by which the newly released penal prisoner is assailed in his destitution and his despair.

The result of such being flung back, like noxious weeds upon society, is to disseminate far and wide the seeds and atmosphere of moral pestilence, and to consummate the ruin of immortal souls by selfish apathy, instead of becoming partakers in the joy which is felt by angels over one sinner that repenteth and turneth from the evil of his ways.

But to proceed in the progressive unfolding of the dark curtains that shut the interior of the gaol, and its degraded tenants, from the observation of the world. We were next conducted to that quarter of the prison where adult male offenders were confined. About 150 of this class were assembled in the yard. It was my first visit to a gaol, and never before had I seen so many human beings congregated together, whose countenances bore so universally bad an expression.

Dressed in their hideous felon livery, blue and yellow, they looked like one large family of evil-minded brothers—for a similarity of propensities constantly actuating the brain, will generally produce corresponding lines in the features. Even so did it seem with these men. A brand, more unmistakeable than that which the searing-iron of the old law was wont to impress on the palm and the cheek of the petty larcener, had sealed them all. I thought of the mark of Cain—the outward and visible sign of the inward workings of sin in the soul, marring the human countenance as with a blight, or the traces of loathsome disease. If one might venture to form a judgment from a brief and silent survey of this degraded company, for there was not one to whom I ventured to speak, I should say that the intellectual faculties of the majority of them were of the lowest grade, and had never been cultivated. Very few of them could read, which may partly account for the mistaken course they had pursued in life.

They reminded me of Goldsmith's description of the Vicar of Wakefield's gaol congregation.

There was the sly leer, the sullen scowl, the air of hardened impudence, the bold stare of defiance, the sardonic curl of lips which with difficulty repressed some ribald joke as we passed, and the cunning, sinister askance of others, who were evidently considering whether it might not be possible to exercise a feat of professional legerdemain on the pockets of some of the visitors. On the whole, so disheartening and revolting a spectacle I never saw before or since.

We proceeded up the massive stone staircase, which was much worn away by the constant footsteps of guilt and misery, and looked into some of the wards, where I saw several of the unhappy men sitting on their beds in a sort of sullen apathy, apparently reckless of everything but the irksomeness of restraint and the absence of excitement.

I was told that the male felons appeared to greater disadvantage on Sundays than on the week-days, when they were occupied at their tasks. Having no inclination for devotional exercises, the sabbath rest was pain and weariness to them, and increased the gloom of the sullen and the ribaldry of the vivacious.

They had all attended morning service in the small chapel attached to the jail, but derived apparently little benefit from what they heard. I did not see one male felon with a Bible. Those who knew how to read could not be induced to read religious books.

The aspect of things in the female penitentiary was incalculably more encouraging.

We were shown specimens of the male prisoners' work, consisting of sacks, mats in great variety, shoes for men, and ladies' morning slippers worked in cross-stitch, in pretty and well-executed patterns, also carriage-boots and snow-stockings, knitted in coloured wools. I was surprised at this sort of employment having been chosen for men, but was told "that the women were constantly occupied in making and mending the prison linen and garments, and that it would be no punishment for them to be employed in fancy-works, in which all females take decided delight; that the men did not like to do it at first, but afterwards it appeared to have rather a beneficial influence, by directing their perceptive powers to objects of a refining and entertaining nature." There appeared to me sound judgment exercised in this arrangement, especially as the men so employed were of the more decent class, and worked apart from the other felons, whose tasks were of a more laborious description.

In passing through some of the lower lobbies we were shown the strong cells used as places of temporary confinement for the refractory, in extreme cases, and formerly, sad to record! for the reception of pauper lunatics. Far worse they were than dog-kennels—paved with

cold damp stones, exposed to currents of unwholesome air, and exhaling a vapour like that of a charnel house.

I turned faint and sick, and they took me to the battlements to breathe the fresh free mountain air, and look at the glorious prospect from the top of that massive keep which has defied the storms of so many centuries.

The tide was just beginning to withdraw its inland sea of dancing waves from the broad expanse of Morecambe Bay, which lay like a mighty marine lake between us and the range of dark blue northern hills. How bold and free they looked!—Warton Crag, Whitbarrow Scour, Humphrey-Head, and Helvellyn, with Ingleborough, Black-Coom, and the far off Scottish mountains on the verge of the horizon; and then the green and smiling foreground of the panorama,—the Claughta fells, and the golden harvests in the rich valleys of Slyne and Lunedale. Turn which way we would, east, west, north, or south, all was peaceful, beautiful, or sublime; images of the goodness and the glory of the Almighty Creator,

Who through creation's chain
Hath made all things in harmony,
And nought in vain.

Having made the circuit of the battlements we returned to the penal abode of sin and misery, where the air appeared oppressive and difficult to respire, and the light was impeded by the gratings of the sternly-guarded windows, and every door through which we passed was shut and locked behind us with a clangour that struck like a blow upon the heart.

But again we emerged into fresh free air and sunshine. While crossing the castle-yard we observed two bee-hives, embowered among the wreaths of clematis and fragrant jessamine, that mantled the walls of the governor's garden. They were tenanted, we were told, by two stray swarms of bees, that came over the mountains, and had settled in the precincts of the prison,—a singular and interesting fact, as if they came to afford the moral teaching of their happy industry to those who had found idleness the root of every evil.

Of all God's works, man is the only creature who breaks his laws.

In one of the lower rooms in the gate-house we were shown a great variety of heavy chains, fetters, handcuffs, and other implements of human cruelty, once, alas! in frequent use within the walls of every prison; here, also, were the pikes on which the heads and quarters of some of the unfortunate gentlemen who had engaged in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had been fixed over the gateway.

Aged men of the last century, contemporary with those dreadful times, had told persons still living "that they remembered that gateway a ghastly spectacle, covered with heads." The

execution of the Jacobite gentlemen had taken place without the town, on an opposite hill, it was said. We were shown a darksome dungeon under the gatehouse, in which prisoners of an earlier date had been incarcerated. The roof was ceiled with rough wicker work, plastered with clay.

Lastly, we went into the old Chancery in the gateway tower, said to be the most ancient apartment in Lancaster Castle; it is now appropriated for the confinement of the insolvent debtors of the lowest class, and, certainly, it was the most melancholy and wretched department of the prison we had yet entered. We ascended to it by a flight of antique stone stairs, at the foot of which some of the hapless tenants of the place were sitting in listless despondency.

The chapel-bell was chiming for afternoon service, but not one of the group regarded the summons. Nothing could be more squalid and neglected than their appearance. There was an utter inattention to personal cleanliness, and their clothes were, for the most part, in rags. It was a heart-rending sight, for the condition of the felons was far better, inasmuch as they were fed, clothed, and made subservient to the rules of cleanliness and decency; but here was too evident a want of the common necessities of life, and the aspect of these unfortunate victims of adverse circumstances was that of gaunt-visaged, comfortless despair.

In the Chancery chamber the very antiquity of the place rendered the picture of misery that struck me on my entrance more impressive. It would require the pen of Crabbe to do justice to the scene. On a wretched pallet lay two or three men, strong and able to work, but deprived by their imprisonment of the opportunity of employing themselves, and, with no other occupation than that of brooding over their calamities, they had thrown themselves there in utter recklessness of everything around, stupified and stagnating in their hopeless misery, and trying to seek refuge in sleep.

Notwithstanding the heat of the day, a large fire was blazing in the huge fire-place, by which three or four men sat smoking short black pipes, and in a corner of the room lay an old man on a bedstead, without mattress or sheets, wrapped up from head to foot in a dirty blanket; the outline of his form was so attenuated and motionless that at first I imagined it was a corpse. The walls were adorned with rude, but not ill executed designs in black charcoal, some of which were in the bold style of the cartoons that have been lately exhibited in Westminster Hall. Among these was the figure of John of Gaunt, Edward the Third, and other historical personages connected with Lancaster Castle, including Queen Adelaide, and her present Majesty our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, as Duchess and Duchess

Dowager of Lancaster. These were the production of an unfortunate genius, half artist and half poet, in whom the precious quality of prudence had been wanting; at any rate, he had proved unfit to struggle with the cares of life. He had obtained his discharge from the prison a few months before that period, and shortly after, his release from his troublous pilgrimage in this world. They told us he was just dead.

It was impossible to remain long enough in this dreary abode to take more than a cursory view of the general aspect of the place. We felt ourselves as unauthorized intruders on wretchedness which we had no power to alleviate, and retired with heavy hearts from the depressing place. Many of these unfortunate people had perhaps been accessory to their own calamities by profligate or indolent habits, but, under any circumstances, their condition was far more deplorable as regarded food, lodging, beds, and the means of cleanliness, than the most depraved of felons.

Would it not be an act of mercy, worthy of the consideration of Christian philanthropists, to enable small debtors, who frequently belong to the operative classes, to exercise their various crafts for the means of maintenance while in prison? Might they not also be encouraged to work for the benefit of their creditors, for the liquidation or composition of their debts?

A sale-room, or bazaar, for the disposal of the produce of their industry, might be established in every gaol, under the auspices of an association of charitable ladies, assisted by the clergy of the district; and thus would hopeful habits of industry be fostered, calculated to give a better colouring to the future prospects of those who are now wasting their lives in soul-destroying atrophy of mind and body. Such an institution, as well as the establishment of government, or county, factories, for the employment of reformed felons, would, I am persuaded, be attended with the most beneficial effects on the moral health of our country.

The objection, that such institutions are calculated to injure honest shopkeepers and the owners of private factories, by competing with them in their articles of sale or produce, is both futile and unjust. Futile, because these considerations never deter manufacturers or tradesmen from competing with one another. Who ever heard of any one belonging to those classes consulting the feelings of other persons in the same department, whether he should establish a factory, or open a shop, that was likely to be a profitable speculation to himself? No one can be prevented from doing it, or from offering articles to the public at a cheaper rate, in order to obtain more custom. Why, then, should government be deterred from adopting a course which is open to every one

for the advancement of private emolument, when the object would be to furnish employment to those who would be otherwise preying on the community? The objection of the manufacturing classes is unjust, because it opposes selfish interests to the happiness and reformation of thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-creatures, who have all a right to get an honest living.

It costs the country far more to punish crime than it would to prevent its repetition.

Under the present constitution of things, there is no resource for the penitent offender, who is willing to abandon his evil courses, and do that which is lawful and right. Without work, without food, he becomes hopeless, reckless, and, in nine cases out of ten, the last state of that man is worse than the first.

As we retired from our painful survey of the various scenes of human degradation and affliction within that doleful abode, we observed a young woman, of respectable and interesting appearance, walking in the exercising ground of the debtors' prison with an elderly man. It was a father and daughter. The father, a decayed tradesman, was incarcerated for debt, and she, good faithful daughter! had walked twelve miles that morning to bring him a few little comforts. He was leaning on her arm and weeping, and she, regarding him with an air of anxious solicitude, appeared to be whispering earnest words of consoling tenderness, and possibly of hope. Touching picture! How inexpressibly precious are traits of the virtuous duties, the holy charities of life, in the immediate proximity of the revolting evidences of human depravity! they show like the sweet flowers that wind themselves among the brambles and thorns of some frightful thicket, and plead for cultivation and dissemination throughout the wilderness.

The music of the full-toned peal of bells, chiming for evening service in Lancaster church, had been, for the last quarter of an hour, echoing through all the courts and buildings round and about the castle, and was now succeeded by the emphatic monotones, called "tolling in." Happy were those who could obey the summons, and pass free and unquestioned through those grim and sternly-guarded portals, to unite—oh, blessed privilege!—with a peaceful and devout congregation, in the duty of public worship in that stately fane, so well adapted, in its quiet and solemn grandeur, to compose the mind to the sacred occupation of prayer and praise. Two hours spent in the gloomy *penetralia* of sin and sorrow we had just quitted, had prepared us, on entering the church, to say with the holy Psalmist, "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts!" "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are thy ways."

LITERARY IMITATIONS AND SIMILITUDES.¹

IX.

"Тыю сеest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us."

Julius Caesar, Act v. sc. 5.

When Cowper's flock of sheep, in "The Needless Alarm," are huddled about the pit, (not a metaphorical one), listening in huge consternation to the huntsman's horn, and all the music of "ruthless joy" attendant on the unseen chase, a ram sums up an harangue to the woolly assembly with

"I hold it therefore wisest and most fit
That, life to save, we leap into the pit."

This sentiment, however, though not in this case the dictate of utter despair, is stoutly and successfully controverted by

"his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe."

Assuredly "no" such "orator as Brutus is," she answers—

"How 'leap into the pit our life to save!
To save our life, leap all into the grave!"

Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last"

X

"Unskilled and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Calendish beauty join'd to Cecel's wit."
Prior, *To the Countess of Exeter playing on the Lute.*

"A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit"

Byron, Age of Bronze.

XI.

"Here," (at Glenfinnan,) "Charles Edward, as a conquered fugitive, looked for the last time upon his native country and hereditary kingdom, before he re-embarked to leave it for ever. They were bitter tears shed by the last of the Stuarts near this very spot, when, surrounded by more than a hundred Highland gentlemen whom his enterprise had ruined, he drew his sword with princely dignity to begin an animating speech, but on turning to the brave men following him to banishment, he was struck to the heart with grief, suddenly sheathed it, and wept in silence."—Miss Sinclair, *Scotland and the Scotch*, p. 181, *Second Thousand*.

"Behold the picture! Is it" not "like" . . . this—descriptive of an incident in a widely different career from that of "the young Chevalier?"

"The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments, with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery, all, in short, that constitutes the proud panoply of glorious war, for ever lost. Cortes, as he looked wistfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through

all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul."—*W. H. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico*, b. v. ch. 3.

Any one conversant with the "Paradise Lost" can hardly fail to be reminded, when reading either of the above anecdotes, of the beautiful passage—

"He now prepared
To speak: whereat their double ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round,
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way."
Paradise Lost, b. i.

Ovid does not allow his gods to weep:—

"Neque enim cœlestia tingi
Ora decet lacrymis."

Metam. viii. 213.

Moore speaks of

"Tears
Pure as they weep, if angels weep in heaven!"
Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

Shakspeare, no less than Milton, has attributed tears to angels:—

"Man, proud man,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. 2.

On which passage Theobald's annotation is, that "the notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical: 'Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.'—*Grot. ad S. Lucam*. But Shakspeare probably knew and thought right little of the "masters of the Hebrews." Milton, who both knew and thought far more of such matters, has not, however, it should seem, represented the angelic host as weeping over "man's first disobedience:—"

"Dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages,¹ yet mixed
With pity violated not their bliss."²

Paradise Lost, b. x. 2.

A description thus rendered by Wordsworth:—

"Thus, after Man had fallen
* * * * *
Throngs of celestial visages
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared."

Introductory Sonnets, xxi.

Compare also with the elder bard's language this of Wordsworth:—

"I saw, and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian * * * * *
* * * * *
Where pity, to the mind convey'd
In pleasure, is the darkest shade

(1) Is this a translation of Ovid's "cœlestia ora?"

(2) It may be added, that Milton, in his Ode upon the Circumcision, addressing the "flaming powers and winged warriors bright," supposes it probable that their "fiery essence can distil no tear," with an allusion to the (supposed) Hebrew etymology of the name "seraphim," שֵׁרָפִים, "to burn."

That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings."

The Gleaner. (Suggested by a Picture.)

XII.

The heart of many a reader of "Marmion" has throbbed when, in the course of that awful scene of judgment and condemnation in the convent canto,

"The blind old Abbot rose
To speak the Chapter's doom
On those the wall was to enclose
Alive within the tomb;"

giving at last that fearful exemplification of the "suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," contained in those words of fate, words "smoother than oil,"

"Sister, let thy sorrows cease,
Sinful brother, part in peace!"

"The Edinburgh Reviewers suggested that those awful words which were the signal for immuring the criminal," (see Scott's note,) "is 'Vade in pacem,'—not 'part in peace,' but 'go into peace,' or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world."

The "Hebræorum magistri," alluded to in the last article, had a curious superstition connected with the formula, "Go in [or to] peace!" In Bartolucci's "Bibliotheca Rabbinica," vol. i. p. 419, we find recorded this singular rabbinical distinction:—

"R. Levi, the son of Chitha, said, Let him who departs from a dead person say not, 'Go to peace' (לְשָׁלוֹם) but 'Go in peace,' (לְפָעַם) And when any one departs from a living person, let him say not, 'Go in peace,' but 'Go to peace' This distinction he supports by the texts, 'And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace,' Gen. xv. 15; David said to Absalom, 'Go in peace,' 2 Sam. xv. 9; he went and perished. Jethro said to Moses, 'Go to peace;' he went and prospered."

The Edinburgh Reviewer would probably have been somewhat amused with this rabbinical illustration.

XIII.

"The party, consisting of the Antiquary, his nephew, and the old beggar, now took the sands towards Mussel crag,—the former in the very highest mood of communicating information, and the others, under a sense of former obligation, and some hope for future favours, decently attentive to receive it. The uncle and nephew walked together, the mendicant about a step and a half behind, just near enough for his patron to speak to him by a slight inclination of the neck, and without the trouble of turning round.² Petrie, in his Essay on Good-breeding, dedicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh, recommends, upon his own experience, as tutor in a family of distinction, this attitude to all led captains, tutors, dependants, and bottle-holders of every description."—SCOTT. *The Antiquary*.

Curiously enough, a most venerable antiquity may be found for the lesson of good-breeding so

judiciously delivered by Petrie. Buxtorf, in his Talmudical Lexicon, (p. 1887,) has recorded some rabbinical directions bearing on this subject:—

"He who walks right beside his rabbi is a clown: he who walks behind his rabbi is a blockhead:—he ought to walk partly beside, partly behind him."

S A B R I N A.

BY M. R.

I.

SHE sat in her enchanted bower—
It was the dreamy evening hour—

Sabrina.

And shadows were on the hill tops,
And silver glistening globed drops
Beaded the dark green leafy copse,
Sabrina.

II.

There hung a crimsoned orange light
Above the bower, upon the height;
And large bell'd flowers bent o'er a stream
Where slept the sunlight's latest gleam,
And all the place was like a dream.

III.

Her father is a stern old king;
But love, it is a mightier thing;
Her cruel step-dame, high in state,
For her young life is lying wait;
But love is mightier far than hate.

IV.

Far in the west the mountains hoary
Look young beneath the orange glory.
Nearer, one star, with silent march,
Goes brightly up the deep heav'n's arch,
Right over the dark belt of larch!

V.

And silent is the slender screen
Light hung above her bower, I ween;
And silently do odours climb
Up from the hawthorn and the lime—
A silent place, a silent time.

VI.

A place, like one we seem to know,
Seen first in the dim long ago:
A glimpse of a fair, far off land,
Whither the brain's mysterious wand
Points, guided by the Unseen Hand.

VII.

"And, oh," she said, with pale, sad face,
"Alas, to leave this happy place!"
Yet," said the maiden, "well I weet
The wings of time are very fleet,
And dreams are sad, that have been sweet.

VIII.

"To-morrow my charmed bower I leave—
Oh, linger then, thou dewy eve!
To-morrow fadeth my delight.
To-morrow falls the heavy blight.
Let it for ever be to-night!"

IX.

"Oh, Guendolen! Oh, heavy dree!
Mother!—no mother unto me;
How could'st thou scheme to wound me sore?
Say mine was an unholy lore?
Brand my fair name for evermore?"

X.

"I only know, since childhood's hour,
Strange visions o'er my heart had power—
Yea! even now around me rings
A music of melodious wings:
A voice of low, sweet whisperings.

(1) For the substance of this paragraph, I am indebted to an editorial note in an edition of Scott's poetical works, 1833.

(2) In the memorable scene of the interview between Queen Caroline and Jeanie Deans, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," Scott makes Lady Suffolk observe the same rule.—

"Jeanie saw persons approaching them. They were two ladies; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person."

XI.

"I only know, that long ago
I wandered where the waters flow—
A drowsy chime, a murmur stilly,
Where glide the waters, green and chilly,
Round starry bud and water lily.

XII.

"Then came, once seen—seen never since—
The beautiful young River Prince;
And ever as he gazed there,
Methought the warm, delightful air
Was playing with his long, bright hair,

XIII.

"Which o'er his mantle's silvery fold
Went down, like broidery of gold;
And o'er his royal baldric's rim,
And down each lithe and faultless limb;
And the sun seemed in love with him!

XIV.

"And with his eyes he look'd in mine,
And said, 'For ever I am thine,
Sabrina.
I'll build thy bower on yonder height,
And come thou there whene'er the light
Is veil'd by the first shades of night,
Sabrina.'

XV.

"And ever have I come, since then,
Alone, to the enchanted glen;
But never, hapless grown sithence,
Have mine eyes look'd upon thee since,
Thou beautiful young River Prince.

XVI.

"And now, to-morrow, I must die
The scorn'd death of infamy.
Oh, stern of heart! Oh, fell command!
Oh, Guendolen of bloody hand!
I go unto the silent land!

XVII.

"Oh, would those dewy lips of his
My burning lips once more might kiss!
Oh, would my weary, weary head,
And my hot brain, like molten lead,
Upon his breast were pillow'd!"

XVIII.

She ceased. The magic sunset still
Hung rosy o'er the charmed hill.
What sweetest note, what lovely air
Comes floating to the lady fair!
It is—the River Prince is there.

XIX.

"And come," he said, "our bridal bed
Upon the sands of gold is spread,
Sabrina;
And all night long, in heaven's steep,
The calm-eyed stars their watch shall keep,
And smile upon us in our sleep,
Sabrina.

XX.

"And all night long, a low sweet song
Shall thrill amid the waves' wild throng,
Sabrina.
And 'neath the silver-crested tide
I shall be ever at thy side,
And all my heart thine own, my bride,
Sabrina."



To think well, is the way to act rightly.—*Paley.*

Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinence any part of learning that has no immediate reference to the happiness or convenience of mankind.—*Addison.*

Reason is the test of ridicule, not ridicule the test of truth.—*Warburton.*

TOM TALBOT'S GUN.

A SKETCH, BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PEOPLE's names are frequently as ill assorted with their natures as their occupations; and the sound often bears away imagination from the reality. There is more in a name than is willingly conceded to a mere sound, yet I defy any one to avoid associating something aristocratic with the name of "Talbot;"—it carries with it an importance, an air, "a style," as a city lady would say. You would never inquire for a TALBOT in Wapping, or Islington; or take for granted its being indigenous at the "east end" of Oxford-street; it *might* get there astray, or by chance; but you would not, of your natural self, assign it such quarters; no, not even with your ears stuffed full of "Liberty and equality!" could you fancy meeting a Talbot in the city—except on Lord Mayor's Day, when the city chief plays at royalty, and a migration from the west takes place in the direction of the Mansion-house.

As good, and as highly honoured names are to be met all over the world; but, if we look for harmony in all things, names have their peculiar and fitting atmosphere. You do not go to seek camellias in a meadow, or cowslips in a conservatory; and your *instinct* would not direct you to seek a "Talbot," with or without the "Tom," at the other side of Temple-bar, however the "Tom" might render the purity of the "Talbot" a matter of question. It is amusing to observe the attempts that are made to dignify common-place names by attaching one of believed importance to a "Smith" or a "Brown."

I knew a Mr. Smith, who, not a little perplexed by the romance of his mother, and the tendency to the heroic in his father, signed his name simply "R. N. Smith." "R. N. Smith" was perfectly quiet and respectable, and his wife always called him "Smith;" his friends, if they thought about the initials at all, believed that they signified Robert Nicholas, or Richard Nathaniel. He was a little, round, peace-loving man; very sleepy, and so kind-hearted, that, to distinguish him from other Smiths, he was called "Lolly"—Lolly Smith!—and yet he had received at the font the baptismal names of "Rousseau Napoleon!" But all this has nothing to do with my "Tom Talbot," and his gun.

This Tom Talbot *did* live at the other side of Temple-bar; not in the palpitating and fevered artery of Fleet-street, but in the fourth story of what artists call "a picturesque house," somewhere at the back of one of those mysterious courts of the Inner Temple. "A picturesque house" is always in untenable repair, and yet it finds plenty of tenants—creatures who cling to the shelter of almost roofless walls, knowing, that if they forsake them, they themselves will be still more forsaken;—for those who pull down old dwellings, do it to erect fine houses in their stead; and while the homeless-stricken creatures crawl into worse and more confined localities, the thin walls of the modern palace tremble while the carriage rolls, and the bizarre taste triumphs where

the stout dwelling of a more solid, a more truthful race once went tediously through the various stages of stability and decay.

In a garret of one of those "picturesque houses" Tom Talbot lived with his mother. The windows were nearly all "nailed up," or the light "bricked out," as if it had done something wrong, and could not be again admitted; substantial doors hung upon curious old hinges, and in and about the panels crawled manner of insects—earwigs and rolling "woodmen," and spiders,—spiders, whose huge webs hung in positive tapestry over the crumbling walls, filling up dark corners where flies never went, (so that spiders must have other food,) and tangling around the cornices until they looked like funeral palls. The basements were in better condition than the attics; but all, though swarming with the animal life of existence, and the insect life of decay, were doomed long ago to be pulled down. The balustrades of the banisters were broken or dislocated; the floorings of the dark closets torn up and destroyed; the boards in the chambers rose, by common consent, at one end, when trodden upon at the other; the leather hangings, or oak panels, had long disappeared; and if Mrs. Talbot or poor Tom were "wanted," it seemed a service of danger, in more ways than one, to ascend to their dwelling. The several floors could not be considered as tenanted by "pleasant neighbours" in any way: poor wandering children of sin and shame staggered, or trembled, up the creaking and unsafe stairs at all hours of the night; eyes, brightened by the evil spirit of alcohol, gleamed and flashed in the darkness, and words, hard and loud, mingled together, and echoed through the lofty chambers. But the poor widow inhabited the highest loft,—she worked hard, and slept soundly; and, as she arose before the sun-beams shone on the mullions of the old windows, or darted a single ray through the interstices where the mortar had dropped away from the brick-work, the house was still and quiet, and she heard nothing as she descended save the heavy breathing of the sleepers. Before she left her little room she always covered Tom up carefully, leaving his cup of pale-blue city milk, and his slice of bread, ready for breakfast. She also put her apron over his green linnet: the bird never sang loud enough to rouse an infant, but she thought he might waken Tom, and on the chance she covered him also. And close by the bird's cage stood an old-fashioned oak-leaved geranium in a red earthen pot; and above it was suspended another flower-pot, containing a climbing, or rather a descending plant, which flourished vigorously, throwing out tassels and tendrils about and around, with as much grace and beauty as if it hung in a lady's conservatory instead of the two-paned window of an "untenable house."

From this it may be gathered, that the very poverty of Tom Talbot's little room bore a cheerful aspect; the bird and the plants were luxuries—the luxuries of a natural, but not a vulgar mind; and the sleep enjoyed by that pale delicate boy was a luxury also—for he slept soundly and peacefully, long,

long after his mother commenced cleaning out more than one "set" of grim-looking "chambers," which were found perfectly "straight" by the Barristers, who never saw or heard the mysterious power that kept their Chambers in order; indeed, I never heard of these law-laundresses being encountered at all. Once a week, a scrap of evil spelling intimated, that so much for cleaning and so much for coals was to be left on the chimney-piece; no one knew where the writer lived; no one could have known if she had died, for another would have taken her place; she crept about, morning and evening, more noiseless, and more unobserved, than the cats that stare from the roofs upon the courts below. She was a simple, earnest creature, whose mind was so entirely right that she could see no wrong; and all her heart's desire, despite the den she lived in, was to bring Tom up in her own simplicity and honesty of purpose.

Tom, as I have said, was a pale, delicate boy, of about fourteen years old, but not larger than most boys of eleven. He was remarkably gentle and patient; knew every court, and alley, and nook, and corner of "The Temple," which he believed a much finer and holier place than was to be found anywhere else in the world; he often went messages for the gentlemen; and was employed, for about two years, by a lawyer, (who, strange to say, in these evil times, had nothing to do,) to sit in the front office. And these were the two bright years of Tom's life; for he did nothing all day but read; he read law-books, while his master read the papers; and he mightily desired to get into the Courts, and hear the pleadings; and when he came home at night he would arrange his mother's mob-cap wig-fashion, and make long speeches to the bird-cage, and call his simple mother "his learned brother." All this perplexed her, for she had hoped to see him follow his father's trade, and mend shoes, but he would not hear of it; he would do anything in the world she desired except undertake a trade.

Tom was, as I have said, a pale, delicate creature, with tastes and feelings as delicate as his appearance; of so peace-loving and gentle a disposition that his companions, or rather those who desired to be his companions, called him a coward. This gave Tom a great deal of uneasiness; he felt he was not strong enough to fight, as others did, and yet he had a great wish to distinguish himself for bravery. His mind was superior, and his information greater, than that of any other boy of his age in the neighbourhood; he would sit for hours beneath the light of his two-paned window, imbibing the richest knowledge from volumes obtained at a neighbouring book-stall, paying for his reading by sundry acts of industry performed at the command of the humble librarian. He felt the increasing power of his growing mind, and yet the taint of cowardice embittered his life; and often, when the bullet-eyes of a pugilistic youth, who dwelt somewhere in the basement of the old house, turned upon him with an expression of scorn and derision, he would sink away, abashed at his own want of strength, and wondering why he should

have been cast upon the world without fitness for its struggles. This thought often drove him to the very verge of despair,—he ceased to enjoy his books, or the song of his bird, or the tender care bestowed upon him by his most tender mother. Instead of sleeping peacefully, as he used at one time, after she left the attic, he would rise betimes, so that he might get to his occupations before any of the neighbouring boys, particularly the one with the insolent eyes, were stirring; but the insolent eyes seemed to poor Tom endowed with the power of following wherever he went, for if he only closed his own, there they were, round, and grey, and hard as marbles, and with as little feeling and expression—staring at him perpetually. They disturbed his dreams; they were opposite to him if he looked up from the page that folded up the poor quarter of a pound of butter, and which he never failed to peruse; they met him in the narrow alley, and cast stony as it were at him from the rickety book-shelf that trembled beneath the weight of his few books.

"Mother," said Tom one night, when the poor woman, somewhat elated by a new fourpenny-piece that one of the Templars had added to her bill as a free gift, brought home a slice of cheese, a lettuce, and a sprig of groundsel for the old linnet; "mother, there is no use in talking, but I shall never be happy until I buy a gun."

"Dear me, 'Tom," replied the simple-hearted woman, "that's easy done, there's plenty of them at the toy stand, beautiful red stocks and tin barrels like silver, a penny a-piece; I would ha' bought thee one to-night, if I thought thee had a mind for't."

"I am not a baby, nor a *child* now," replied Tom, in the nearest approach to anger he ever made, "I'm not indeed, mother, such a child as to want a *toy* gun, I want a real one!"

"Lor bless the boy!" she exclaimed, suffering the lettuce she had just shaken to fall again into the bowl; "a real gun! why, what would 'ee do with it? there isn't a sparrow now in any of the courts, nor a daw."

"I do not want to shoot any thing, or any one, mother, but if I had a gun I think I should become brave; I am sure I should! I might put a little, just a *little* powder into it, and set it off over the parapet with a bang and a fiz, so that the ogre, with the great hard stony eyes, Jack Pigeon, should see and hear it."

"Ah, 'Tom!" replied his mother, looking at him mournfully, "I thought the war spirit was out of the family; thee father was peace-loving and gentle, he would not even run his awl into a shoe roughly, and yet his father was as great a warrior as he was a miser, and had won much in foreign parts, though we never knew what he did with it."

"A warrior, mother!" repeated Tom, with a delight which sent a glow to his pale cheek; "a real living warrior, fearing nothing, like those old heroes I have read about?"

"I am grieved enough, Tom, that you *do* read so much. I tell 'ee men who have made great books have died in a worse room than this, boy."

"But their books did not die," persisted Tom; "and I have heard before now that men who write law may die poor, but those who practise it die rich."

"I've often thought of turning my back on the Temple altogether," said the widow, shaking the salt up by knocking the leaden salt box, all battered yet bright though it was, against the table. "Even the barristers, except a young one here and there, expect the half-pence change in a little brown pile upon the paid bill."

"And the attorneys, mother?"

"Oh, I never do for them at all! never! since one asked me for what they call discount on a half-crown debt."

Tom always smiled at his mother's hatred of attorneys, and insisted the lettuce was not fairly divided, his share was so much the largest; but the lad's mind reverted to his grandfather and the gun.

"Mother!" he recommenced, "I often think how great the soldiers must feel at the Horse Guards, and yet they are only men; they could never be so great but for the gun; when they fold their arms over it and walk, they look as though all the stony eyes in London could not frighten them."

His mother looked up, but made no reply; she had said grace before the commencement of their simple meal, and repeated a thanksgiving as reverently as though the supper had been salmon, not salad.

"Tom," she replied, after a little quiet smile had subsided into the wrinkles time had furrowed around her mouth, and her face assumed its usual thoughtful and patient expression, "Tom, dear. I'd rather you'd turn my caps into a hundred lawyers' wigs, than take on about soldiering."

"I have no notion of soldiering, mother," he answered, "I know myself too well for that; but I am so weakly, that the other lads laugh at me and treat me scornfully; they do not care for what I know or what I feel; they see me pale and sickly looking and think that I do not feel, at least they know I cannot resent an injury."

"The fruit of all thy reading, Tom, is that thy own mother does not understand 'ee. If thou meanest that thou hast no strength to fight that Pigeon, I'm glad enough, I tell 'ee. He's a bad lad, and would gie 'ee the worst on't."

"Not if I had the gun, mother."

"Surely 'ee wouldn't murder the lad?" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot.

"No, mother; but I might pepper him a little, just to make him civil. Not that I'd do that, either; I think to show it him would be enough."

Tom's mother looked at him long and earnestly. The boy opened some old torn book and sat down to read by the *glimmer*—for it could not be called *light*—of a thin yellow candle; and after a time his mother set about washing a pile of dusters and cloths of various sorts and degrees, humming occasionally a line of an old hymn, and sometimes calling to Tom to snuff the candle, or put a bit of coal on the fire, as the clothes must be dry for the morning. Then she remained active and silent for a time, then again seemed restless,

and at last insisted on Tom's going to bed, which he did unwillingly; for the first time in his life, she told him he was long saying his prayers. His mother looked at him so often, that at last, to relieve her anxiety, he closed his eyes, and feigned sleep. More than once she took up the remains of her candle, and, shading the light from his eyes, bent over him; he did not move. She then carefully unlocked an old chest whose miscellaneous contents Tom thought he had fully inspected many times; she placed the candle upon the little table, and then drew forth their best Sunday clothes, a faded shawl, some old knives, tea-cups, disjointed portions of furniture, sundry backs of worn out black-lead brushes, and sundry fragments of china, an old saddle and canteen, a tea chest, a rude picture in a black wood frame;—the widow sat down and looked at it long and earnestly, smoothed the paper carefully in which it had been folded, and tied it up again. Tom remembered he had once taken that, his father's picture, out, and hung it up, but his mother took it down. "I do not like to hang it before me," she said; "it makes me feel so lonely, and so ungrateful too towards God for the blessing He *did* leave me, when I look at the picture of what He thought right to take away."

She took out one thing after another. "She is quite at the bottom now," quoth Tom, "there is nothing after the old lasts;" and he closed his eyes, but, hearing that his mother was still fidgeting, he soon opened them again, and there she stood in the middle of the little room, examining a most picturesque old gun!

Tom could have leaped out of bed with joy, but he controlled himself, and remained still, watching closely. The widow laid it down, and, stooping again over the chest, pulled out several odds and ends of things he had never seen before; these she replaced, and, after again looking at the gun, returned it to its old hiding-place.

Tom was bewildered; but he made up his mind, after a little consideration, that the chest must have a false bottom, and that perhaps his mother's dread of fire-arms had made her conceal the gun from him when he was a child, and now the caution would be increased. She looked round once or twice while replacing it, and Tom feigned a sleep he did not enjoy.

"Such folly!" said Tom to himself, the next morning, after his mother had departed with her usual relay of keys, and a box of leathers and brushes, containing also a tinder-box, and bunches of pestiferous matches, and a long sweeping broom, and a short broom, and a flannel and pail, and a worn out "whisk," and a furniture brush, a waxed flannel and a bright dustpan, and a black coal-box, with its freight of tiny bundles of old fashioned fire-wood, and a lump of yellow soap, and a pair of gigantic looking house-maid's gloves; carrying a multitude of things if they came to be analysed, and yet they were so well packed and arranged that they all seemed to belong, as indeed they did, to the great family of necessity, to whose wants she was a humble but efficient

minister; and so she sped down the rickety stairs, through the morning fog, to her morning labour, not singing on her way, as the poets say milkmaids do when tripping over dewy lawns, but with her head pressed forward by the weighty hand of adversity, which increases its pressure, after the world's fashion, with increasing sorrow. Patiently she continued through the dim lane into the mysterious Pump, or Hare, Court, where every thing was as silent as in the vaults of St. Sepulchre's at midnight.

"Such folly!" repeated the boy, while he threw wide the little casement, and chirped to the green linnet, and told the bird it was morning.

"Such folly!" and, having placed the picture reverently on the dark chimney-piece, he spread out upon the floor without care or arrangement all the things his mother had replaced; the old saddle came down with a bang upon the still older floor, that made it shake again, and his father's dingy lasts, big and little, rolled over and about to the very corners of the room; a great old cricket, with horny eyes, rustled amid the ashes and chirped gaily.

"Ah! ah! old fellow," said Tom, "I'm glad you're alive; I haven't heard you for a week." The cricket had always crumbs thrown it, partly from superstition, partly from kindness.

Now Tom was at the bottom of the chest. There it was, outspread before, or rather beneath him; he examined every corner carefully, he even sought for an inch of candle to enable him to see, but there was not a wick, for in those uneconomizing times the fire-lighter frequently stuck in "an end" of candle under the paper and wood to make sure of the success of her arrangement: this was evidenced by a little pyramid of grease beneath the stove, which, in due time, when the fire kindled and glowed, expanded, imparting a peculiarly "shiny" effect to the black lead; so Tom could find no candle, but, like a phrenologist, trusted to his fingers, and began *feeling* for the development of a hook, or ring, or nail. At last he discovered a projection he could seize upon, and up came a portion of what he had so long believed to be the bottom of the chest. He soon felt the gun, and seized upon it with delight. He could not tell whether it was a fowling-piece, a rifle, a firelock, or a carabine; it was a gun, and a large one! he took it in his arms, and gave it a good hug; he then placed it upright against his shoulder, as he had seen the soldiers do, and marched backwards and forwards, up and down, with his arms crossed over it; the cricket chirped, and the green linnet gave a stifled sort of twitter. Tom *did* feel a certain degree of courage; he threw back his head, advanced his chest, and forced down his shoulders; if the sun could have sent its shine into the room, Tom would have been startled at the length and dignity of his own shadow; he wheeled round, marched more strongly than before, not heeding the warning creak of the crumbling floor, which, as his mother said, could be "pinched into snuff;"—again—he was certain now of his bravery, for he heard Pigeon's jeering laugh from below—a very mockery of honest, healthy laughter, and he longed

to thrash him. He marched again, halted, and wheeled round, or rather *down*, for the board gave way beneath his energy, and, in the endeavour to save himself he let go the gun, which fell against the fender, and, to poor Tom's anguish, the barrel snapt across. He took it up, despite its weight,—for it was twice the weight of any other gun, though neither Tom Talbot nor his mother knew that; he lifted it as tenderly as a mother could have raised an infant—he saw that where it had flown across had evidently been once divided, and that a bit of paper was sticking out. He could have cried with vexation; he was provoked with the cricket for chirping, and the linnet for its first attempt at a song since moulting. In the very restlessness of his regret he pulled out the bit of paper, and, though he did *not* know a fowling-piece from a carbine, he *did* know a bank note when he saw it! No wonder the cricket chirped and the linnet sang, while Tom, having, all trembling and flushing, and half weeping as he was, ascertained that the old crumpled yellow note was of the value of ten pounds, peeped first into one and then into the other aperture, and saw that, hidden away as it had been there before he was born, it was not solitary.

"Somehow, I thought what thou would be at," exclaimed his mother, following her black poke bonnet and the handle of the long broom into the room as fast as her encumbrances would permit, "and I don't know why I should have thought 'un, but I did! Thee grandfather's old vagabond gun! which I often feared would do thee a mischief whether loaded or not, and which I'd have sold for old iron long ago, but for the promise I made him never to part with it."

Tom flounished the note before her, and discovered others, and broken coins of value, and lumps of gold, and rings, the spoils of an old soldier, hoarded with a miser's care in the very instrument of his wealth; and the widow sat on the old saddle amid the debris of the chest, and the upset brooms and brushes and blacking, and matches, and flannels, and lasts, bewildered; and the bird and the insect sang louder than ever. At length, with many sobs and tears, she pressed Tom to her heart, repeating, "Oh! if thee father had but known it! if thee father was but here!" The privations her husband had endured during a life of illness crowded around her, and if it had not been for the consolation afforded by the consciousness that her hard, honest labour had been as a spell around him, to shield him from misery, she would have suffered still more at this sudden wealth. Blessed are the widows who can so look back to the past! "After all," she said, simply, "we were not so bad off then, my child! He delighted to say, 'Mary, I want nothing, for I have God's blessing and your love;'" and then she wept again, and held the notes up to the light, and fingered the gold, while Tom discovered more and more in the gun; and then the clock struck, and she remembered she must go and see, as she always did, if the young barrister's fire in the half empty room at No. 7, was good; he was so meek and quiet, the only one of her "gentlemen"

she ever saw, because he had been ill there once, and his "boy" came for her.

"We mustn't be uplifted because of our wealth, Tom," she said, tying on her bonnet; "I shall turn over my keys to the poor thing with the five fatherless children, and thee won't mind that Pigeon or his hard grey eyes now, Tom, will thee?"

Tom laughed and shook his head. "They'll all discover my pale boy's above them," she persisted; "he's been so always, but they'll find it out now, as the weasel said to the mouse-hole when the mouse was *at home*!"

She went a little way down and returned—

"Tom, dear, may be I'd see thee in a better wig than thee mother's cap yet, dear, and look after thee chambers in Pump Court my own self. Bless the boy! he's the right colour too," she muttered, while proceeding down stairs with the firm step which the possession of money gives, "he's the right colour too; them lawyer chaps are all pale."

Years and years after, when Tom Talbot was considered an intelligent and refined gentleman, he often told this story of his gun.

NOTES OF MUSIC.

BY F. B.

MUSIC!—who loves it not? who has not felt his soul soothed and softened by its sweet influence?—Ah! those bright, blue, laughing eyes!—I see them sparkle at its very name! Yes, gentle reader, you love it, and you ask me, who does not? Well, strange as it is, it is not more strange than true, that there are souls, if souls they can be called, for whom music has no charm; who have never been touched by its sweetness, nor roused by the full outpourings of its harmony. Nay more, there are beings, incredible as it seems, who even dislike it; and deeply, very deeply should we pity them, for their souls labour with a sore disease, and they have lost one part of the wealth of their existence. Even as we would sorrow with the blind, or with the deaf, should we have pity on them; ay, yet more, for theirs is a loss, and a marring, not of a bodily, but of a spiritual life.

But you like it well, gentle reader;—you know its sweetness,—you have felt its power;—and yet, were I to ask you what it is, you would be hard put to it to answer me. Well, wiser heads than ours have wondered before this, and have told us much about it, but little to satisfy. There are many things too high for us to define. Language cannot grasp them, and though the thought may frame a conception of them, it is not able to embody it in words. We know what music can do; we feel how it moves us; but we cannot tell what it is. It is sweet as the voice of God's love speaking to us in our pilgrimage;—it is dear as the sounds of home floating around us as we journey; like stray murmurings from the heaven we are longing for. To many things can we liken it, but itself we cannot declare. We can tell, indeed, the agency by which it is produced,—we can talk coldly of the vibrations of the air, and the waves of sound, but yet we have in all this arrived only at the mechanism of it, its material part, that by which it becomes manifest to our weak senses, and are as far as ever from what we sought, for we have not discovered what it

is. It is like the lightning that plays around us and is ever affecting us in a manner we know not ; which science indeed can teach us to apply, but its nature it cannot tell, nor the way of its working. We wonder at it, and we admire ; we see it streaming in beauty across the northern sky, or going forth as a destroyer amid the storm :—or we mark it as it pursues its silent course, seeming to be the principle of life in all things. And what this is to the body, music, perchance, may be to the soul,—a principle that runs through its every part, binding together every element of which it consists, and tempering the whole till it be harmonized in love. Even as the subtle fluid that seems to pervade all nature goes silently on its course, so is it with music. It may be felt, even when it is all unheard. It is itself an inner life ; and the soul can conceive it, even when there is no sound.

Often, doubtless, have you watched the closing of a summer's eve, when the clouds appeared like a sea of gold, and the sun itself seemed, as it were, the gate of heaven with its glory beaming through, and you have stood long and gazed upon it, and drunk in the splendour and the beauty, and have felt your soul gladdened within you ; and you have thought that you were not mere clay,—a body that should live awhile on this earth, and then perish for ever ; but that you had a higher being within, and a nobler end. All this you felt, and it seemed as though the future opened upon you, and the veil had been lifted awhile from the hidden world, and your spirit held converse with its kindred afar off. You felt the grandeur, and the glory, and the beauty, and there was a wondrous working of the soul within you ; and yet you could not have given utterance to it, nor told what it was. And so is it with music, and somewhat of this kind is the feeling it will oftentimes produce. It comes upon the spirit of man with a still, small voice, whispering, as it were, of his immortality. Yes, such moments as these should ever remind him of the higher nature within him ; how he is allied to heaven by his spirit, though bound to earth awhile, till his appointed work be done. At such times as these does he feel the soul within him struggling for awhile against the bars that keep it in, and striving to gain a glimpse of the bright light that dawns but faintly on it now. And what shall we say of him who has never felt these workings—this yearning after a better life ? Greatly is he to be mourned over, for the light within him has become darkness ; how, we cannot say, though too often, we fear, it is by his own fault—through the strivings of his own perverse spirit ; for self-will ends in vice, and vice perverts the mind, and darkens it. But if such an one is the object of our pity, what must he be, who has felt all these inward workings, and yet remains hardened ; the man who is blind to the sure witness of nature, regardless of the voice within him ; who hears his own spirit assert its immortality, and yet, as it pants to rise, with his own hands strengthens its fetters, till it lies darkling in evil, and without hope for evermore ! Great is his sin, wonderful his dulness of heart. Dark indeed are the shadows of man's unbelief, when they can cloud over such revelations of beauty and happiness as these.

Wonderful is the power of music, and to its influence are all things subject. Love speaketh out in its sweet tones ; and in turn it ministereth to love, and they are twin sisters, born together in old time, long ere the foundations of this world were laid. Love planned the

fair order of the creation, and music hailed its completion, when the Great Author of all beheld his work, and saw that it was good. Then "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." Then, when the course of time began, music poured in upon it, like a breath from Eternity, to temper its cold winds ; or like a ray of the sunlight of heaven, to warm the hearts of those who journeyed beneath earth's clouded sky. And it runs through all time, linking the past with the present, even as, in its eternal nature, it points us on to the future.

Blending with poetry, that other great relic of our better nature, it gives life and soul to noble deeds, and brings freshly before us the memory of earth's great ones, who have passed away from our bodily sense, but with whom our souls may still hold converse. All nature is full of it. Every ripple of the stream, every whisper of the grove,—the voice of the tempest and the far-off murmurings of ocean, are but its varied forms ; and as they are borne on high, they blend together into one voice of harmony. All the beauty of the world,—the many tints of morning that change and play upon its face, till they are lost in the full light of day, are only the same power speaking through another sense ; and the darkness of night is but a rest, as it were, in the great song of praise. And it shall keep pouring around us, till we leave the shores of time, and hear the seraph voices of heaven taking up their parts in richer and fuller notes ; while ever and anon some new strain of love, and praise, and thanksgiving, is wafted from the world below, and joins in with sweet accord to swell the mighty chorus. And the full choir soundeth to the glory of Him who dwelleth amid the brightness of his own inconceivable Majesty ; and every note grows sweeter as it tells his goodness and his love, for to this is attuned all the harmony of heaven, and the softness and beauty of the earth.

"There's not a strain to memory dear,

Nor flower in classic grove,

There's not a sweet note warbled here,

But minds us of Thy love

O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,

There is no light but thine, with thee all beauty glows."

The wildest passions will be quelled before the power of music—the eye of anger will cease to flash ; and the darkened brow will regain somewhat of man's likeness. It will soothe the deepest grief, and can bid joy flow on in a calmer and more even course ; and will blend with love till the spirit seems almost to forget its earthly bonds, and deems itself even now treading on the verge of a higher existence. It can express "thoughts that lie too deep for tears ;" and when the breast is iron-bound with the spell of sorrow, it also has power to unloose it, and bid the fountain of its tears be opened. How many a weary one has found comfort in its voice ! When his breast has been heavy with the weight of crushed hopes, and the things he had cherished the most and clung to the longest have lain scattered around him ; when the flowers that looked fairest to his youthful eye have been blighted, and the fruit he would have gathered has proved bitter at the core ; and he has been tempted almost to curse the day that gave him birth ; then, in the midst of his despair, there have come low whisperings, as it were, of angel-voices, to soothe him, and to comfort ; murmurings, indistinct at

first, and uncertain, but ere long swelling into full sweetness, and ministering peace to his troubled soul. There is no sorrow in music, else were it not of heaven, but it is fraught with gladness and rejoicing of heart. On earth, indeed, it will produce a chastened feeling, a holy gravity, a something that borders on sadness, but it is such sadness as worketh joy. The sadness is of earth; and when earth has passed away, it will be felt no more. It is either the awaking of the better nature within to a mourning over its evil deeds, or the longing of the prisoned spirit for its distant home. Surely, there can be no music in the world of evil!—all is discord there, and love cannot enter.

Music is the higher poesy. It is the full embodying and realizing of an idea, of which language is but a representation. Though not material, it has a real existence; it dwelleth within the soul, and anon comes forth to commune with the world. Then is the idea that lay within fully understood, even though no words be added; nay better, perchance, than if words were there, for it comes upon the souls of others, like a spirit holding converse with a spirit, by itself, and not through messengers. Music is one relic of our once happier state; and when it stirs within us, it gives a pledge of the hope that is ours. He whose heart is kindest, whose soul most tender, will be most easily moved by it, and most susceptible of the happiness it can give. Ever, therefore, should we strive to keep within us a pure and a tender heart, one which will be awake to the voice of love, alive to the beauty around us. And such an one will be ever growing in kindness, as it ministers kindly to the wants of those about it; and out of tender acts shall grow tenderness, and love from deeds of love. And for such acts as these the world affords opportunities in abundance, by which we may work good for our own spirits, and scare away the evil passions that would come in upon us, and harden our hearts.

"Around each pure domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine,
Our hearths are altars all—
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal!"

HEART AND HEAD.

"Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man."—SCHILLER

THE destruction of popular fallacies is no mere child's play; it is a truly important business; and it will require a great many intellectual and moral Herculeses to get all the labour done in a satisfactory manner. Such heroes are what, in philosophical language, may be called practical teachers of Truth. Like Spenser's Red Cross Knight, they attack Error and her direful brood in their favourite lurking-places; and, like him, they will ultimately conquer—"Every little is a help;" and we will add our trifle of battle-doing towards the death of an error which we know to be very mischievous.

Many persons believe, or act as if they believed, that the head and heart of man are two parts of his nature, distinct from, and even opposed to each other. This belief seems to us to be a fallacy.

That the notion prevails, is evident from the frequent occurrence, in general society, of phrases like the following:—

"So-and-So is a great blockhead, but he has a very good heart." "I do not care for your highly-intellectual people; I like simple, good people." "This or that man or woman has a glorious intellect, but a bad heart."*

It may be observed also in the general tone of opinion among mediocre persons; *i.e.* among the majority. Their looks, words, and actions evince a disposition to believe, *a priori*, that stupid people are good-natured, and that people of superior intellect are not good-natured or kind-hearted.

The reason for this does not seem to us difficult to come at. It is found in the vanity of our nature. No one likes to acknowledge himself inferior to another.—Now, all persons who readily acquiesce in this last assertion, by that very acquiescence prove themselves to be mediocre, or below mediocrity; for none but superior minds are an exception to this very rule; and they are so, because the fundamental quality of their superiority is, that they perceive and reverence what is above them. Mediocre people, and people below mediocrity, are those who do not like to acknowledge their inferiority to others; and if they be forced to acknowledge that this or that man or woman is greater than they in the qualities of the head, their wounded vanity takes refuge in the notion that he or she must be inferior to them in the qualities of the heart. Mediocre people, when they come into contact with their intellectual inferiors—with those torpid, dull, and small intelligences that are called *stupid*, find their vanity gratified by the comparison; and they feel complaisant enough to attribute some very good qualities to their acknowledged inferiors. They smile the pleasant smile of satisfied vanity, and say: "Poor So-and-So! one cannot say much for his head, certainly; but I am sure he has an excellent heart."

Hazlitt, in his beautiful essay "On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority," has said, "Ignorance of another's meaning is a sufficient cause of fear; and fear produces hatred;—hence the suspicion and rancour entertained against all those who set up for greater refinement and wisdom than their neighbours. It is in vain to think of softening down the spirit of hostility by simplicity of manners, or by condescending to persons of low estate. The more you condescend, the more they will presume upon it; they will fear you less, but hate you more; and will only be the more determined to take

* Christian Year. First Sunday after Easter.

their revenge on you for a superiority, as to which they are entirely in the dark, and of which you yourself seem to entertain considerable doubt."

This truth, we fear, poor Hazlitt learned by bitter experience. It is evident, from the whole of the essay in question, that its author by the term "Intellectual Superiority" does not recognise the divorce between the understanding and the feelings, between the head and the heart, which is so fashionable just at present.

We do not deny that a certain amount of intelligence, of cleverness, and contriving, constructive skill, exists in many men, with an apparent deficiency of moral feeling. They exist also in the lower animals; they are, in a great measure, animal qualities, and may exist without the manifestation of that higher form of life, which is born of love. But does it follow thence that those men who think the most and know the most, feel the least and love the least? Such an idea is incompatible with any fair estimate of our human nature and its destiny. The immortal spirit of man is not composed of heterogeneous parts; it is one and indivisible: acting upon external things by various organs, and acted upon by them through the same organs. Through the eye the spirit gathers notions of what is visible; through the ear it knows what is audible; and by a law of its being, it proceeds from its knowledge of the things seen and heard, to a conception of the invisible and the inaudible. There is not one sort of spirit for the conception of vision, and another sort of spirit for the conception of sound. It is the same spirit that both sees and hears. It is the living soul of man. It is neither head nor heart; it is head and heart, intelligence and feeling. It is not a seeing faculty or a hearing faculty, a knowing faculty or a loving faculty; it is *faculty* itself; the spirit which knows, loves, and works.

In this sublunary world, or world of time, the spirit is variously developed in individuals. We have not all the same amount of life, *i.e.* of developed spirit: some are almost entirely unconscious of the existence of a living soul within them; it does not make itself strongly felt through the lower form of the animal nature; they seem to have no growth, no progress—their most active principle is self-love, or self-preservation, which acts as instinct. These are they who are called, emphatically, *stupid*. The term may seem harsh to the general reader, but we know no other that would not falsify the truth we wish to convey. Now, we maintain that *stupid* persons, be they ever so much disguised by external circumstances of position, fortune, &c. are no more affectionate than they are intelligent. They are inert; they do not, by their activity, interfere with others, or *froisser* their vanity; but they do not love others any the

more for that. We would not advise any one to depend upon the love or generosity of stupid people, unless they are in the habit of finding grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles.

Do not let the gentle reader waste his pity on the stupid, whom he may fancy we treat somewhat mercilessly. It is misplaced. They do not need it. Like the unexpanded bud tightly shut up in its calyx, they feel nothing of the storms without; they are hard, compact, and uninjured by all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." As long as the outer integument of strong stupidity is not burst, they remain ignorant of the struggles and trials which attend growth and development—they too "bide their time," but as yet they need no one's pity. Give it rather to that half-developed mind, that is fighting hard for increased life—for wider and higher growth. Do not think, because it stands alone, and *must* struggle alone, that it does not need, that it will not gratefully receive, your sympathy; that because it thinks and speculates, and strives to penetrate into your nature and its own—because it is ever busy in acquiring knowledge, that it will not love you, and cling instinctively to all that is best in you; that it will not ask as imploringly for something to love as for something to know. Such a mind *may* fail you at your need; for, said we not that it was only half-developed? It is very imperfect. Its intellect and feeling, knowledge and goodness, are yet but defective. Still, let us give our sympathy to those who suffer, not to those who know not the meaning of the word; and let us be sure of this, as a general rule, that the greater the extent and vigour of the head, the greater the activity of the heart. We are ourselves so thoroughly convinced of this, that we venture to affirm that there never was a man with a really enlarged intellect, who had a narrow heart. The habit of setting the head in opposition to the heart, even in words, is bad; because it fosters the delusion that they are different principles in our nature. Cripple the action of the affections in any individual, and you cripple the brain in precisely the same degree;—ay, even though that individual were a Bacon, a Napoleon, or a Kant; for knowledge and wisdom come as much through the heart's experience as through the reasonings of the brain, and both united form the spiritual nature of man. Once for all, intelligence or spirit is life and love—perfect intelligence is perfect goodness; the nearer the approach to perfect intelligence, the nearer the approach to perfect goodness; and so on through all the grades of imperfect spiritual existences, concerning which metaphysicians may falsely speculate; until we come down to man. Here our judgment is perplexed by the mixture of good and evil, and the difficulty of distinguishing between them; the wise seem

unloving, and the loving seem unwise; the spirit appears divided against itself, and knowledge and goodness are no longer one to our earth-bound perceptions. But the more we raise our minds above the vanity and turmoil of the world, the more shall we see unity in man's spiritual nature. What appears to us discordant in the characters of great men, we shall come to consider as "harmony not understood;" and we shall not vainly attribute to the lower order of intelligences those qualities which can only exist in the higher. When we see an act of pure goodness, we shall be sure that the mind from which it emanated cannot be inactive or unintelligent, though external circumstances may tend to make it appear so to incompetent observers like ourselves. A fool cannot be a good man, nor can a wise man be bad. This axiom is at all events safer to act upon than that which says, "He is such a fool, he *must* be good;" "he knows too much not to be bad." Poets and philosophers in plenty might be adduced in support of our view of the question, but we content ourselves with quoting Schiller once more:—

"Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a Heart in the unthinking Man;
Likeshadows on a stream, the forms of life
Reflect their characters on the smooth forehead;
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth.
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
Moves the light fluids lightly, but no soul
Warmeth the inner frame."¹

J. M. W.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH:

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.²

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETRIBUTION.

AT HER proceeding about a mile at a pace which comforted ill with the fever of impatience that tormented me, we came once again upon the high road; and having got clear of ruts and mud-holes, were enabled to resume our speed. Half an hour's gallop advanced us above six miles on our route, and brought us to the little town of M—. Here we were compelled to stop to change our smoking horses, and had the satisfaction of learning that a carriage, answering to old Peter's description of the one we were in pursuit of, had also changed horses there about twenty minutes before our arrival, and that a gentleman and his groom had since been observed to ride at speed through the town, and to follow the course taken by the carriage without drawing bridle. Whilst making these inquiries, four stout postmen had been attached to our vehicle, and we again dashed forward. Another half hour of maddening suspense followed, although the post-boys, stimulated by the promise of reward, exerted themselves to the utmost, till the carriage swung from side to side with a degree of violence

which rendered an overturn by no means an improbable contingency. No signs of the fugitives were to be discerned, and I was beginning to speculate on the possibility of their having again attempted to deceive us by turning off from the high road, when an exclamation from Peter Barnett (who from his exalted station was able to command a more extended view than ourselves) attracted my attention. We were at the moment descending a hill, which, from its steepness, obliged the postilions to proceed at a more moderate pace. Thrusting my head and shoulders out of one of the front windows, and raising myself by my hands, I contrived to obtain a view of the scene which had called forth Peter's ejaculation. Rather beyond the foot of the hill, where the ground again began to ascend, a group of persons, apparently farming labourers, were gathered round some object by the way-side, while almost in the centre of the road lay a large dark mass, which, as I came nearer, I perceived to be the dead carcass of a horse; another horse, snorting with terror at the sight of its fallen companion, was with difficulty prevented from breaking away by a groom, who, from his dark and well-appointed livery, I immediately recognised as a servant of Wilford's.

With a sensation of dread such as I do not remember ever before to have experienced, I shouted to the post-boys to stop, and, springing out, hastened to join the crowd collected by the road-side. They made way for me as I approached, thereby enabling me to perceive the object of their solicitude. Stretched at full length upon the grass, and perfectly motionless, lay the form of Wilford; his usually pale features wore the livid hue of death, and his long black hair was soaked and matted with blood, which trickled slowly from a fearful contused wound towards the back of the head. His right shoulder, which was crushed out of all shape, appeared a confused mass of mud and gore, while his right—his *pistol arm*—lay bent in an unnatural direction, which showed that it was broken in more places than one. He was perfectly insensible, but that he was still alive was proved, as well by his hard and painful breathing, as by a low moan of agony to which he occasionally gave utterance. "How has this happened?" inquired I, turning away with a thrill of horror.

"Well, as I make out, the mare crushed him when she fell upon him; but he knows best, for he saw it all," replied one of the countrymen, pointing to the groom, who now came forward.

On questioning the servant, I learned that Wilford, before he went out shooting that morning, had ordered his saddle-horses to be ready for him at a certain hour, adding, that the black mare, of which mention has been so often before made in this history, was to be saddled for his own riding. Immediately after Peter Barnett had returned with the news of Miss Saville's abduction, Wilford had called for his horses in great haste, told the servant to follow him, and ridden off at speed, through fields and along by-lanes, till he arrived at Hardman's mill. There he was made acquainted (as I knew from the miller's

(1) Translated by Coleridge.

(2) Continued from page 102.

confession) with the deception which had been practised upon him, and, muttering imprecations against Cumberland, he started in pursuit, riding at such a pace that the groom, although well mounted, had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him. At length they caught sight of a carriage with four horses descending the steep hill already mentioned, and proceeding at a rate which proved that time was a more important consideration than safety to those it contained. Regardless of the dangerous nature of the ground, Wilford continued his headlong course, and overtook the fugitives just at the bottom of the hill. Riding furiously up to the side of the vehicle, he shouted to the drivers to stop, in a voice hoarse with passion. Intimidated by his furious gestures, and uncertain whether to obey or not, the post-boys, in their irresolution, slackened their speed, when Cumberland, urged apparently to desperation, leaned out of the window with a cocked pistol in his hand, ordered the drivers to proceed, and, turning to Wilford, desired him to give up the pursuit, or (levelling the pistol at him as he spoke) he would blow his brains out. Wilford, taking no notice of the threat, again shouted to the postilions to stop, and was about to ride forward to compel their obedience, when Cumberland, after hesitating for a moment, suddenly changed the direction of the pistol, and, aiming at the horse instead of the rider, fired.

Simultaneously with the report, the mare plunged madly forward, reared up till she stood almost erect, pawed the air wildly with her fore feet, and then dropped heavily backwards, bearing her rider with her, and crushing him as she fell. The ball had entered behind the ear, and, passing in an oblique direction through the brain, produced instant death. Without waiting to ascertain the effect of his shot, Cumberland again compelled the post-boys to proceed, and by the time the groom reached the scene of action the carriage was rapidly getting out of sight. The servant, being unable to extricate his master from the fallen horse, was about to ride off for assistance, when some labourers, attracted by the report of the pistol, had come up, and by their united efforts had succeeded in freeing the sufferer, but only, as it seemed, to die, from the serious nature of the injuries he had sustained.

"Umph! eh!—the man's a dead man, or next door to it," exclaimed Mr. Frampton, who had joined me while the groom was giving the above recital. "Nevertheless, we must do what we can for him, scoundrel as he is. How's a doctor to be obtained, umph?"

"Where is the nearest surgeon?" asked I.

"There ain't none nearer than M——," was the reply, naming the town through which we had passed.

"I must leave you to settle this matter," said I; "too much time has been already lost, for me to attempt to overtake Cumberland with the carriage; I must follow them on horseback. Take off the leaders, and shift the saddle on to the led horse; he seems the freshest."

"Umph! go and get shot, like the wretched man here," put in Mr. Frampton. "You shan't do it, Frank."

"With his fate before me, I will be careful, sir," replied I; "but think of Clara in the power of that villain! Your niece must be rescued at all hazards; but, even for her sake, I will be cautious.—Is that horse ready?"

"If you please, sir," said one of the postilions, a quick, intelligent lad, who, while we were speaking, had removed the saddle from the dead mare to the back of the off-leader, "if you will take me with you, I can show you how to stop them." He then explained, that about five miles farther on there was a turnpike at the top of a long hill, which a heavy carriage must ascend slowly, and that he knew a short cut across some fields, by means of which, if we made the best of our way, we might reach the turnpike in time to close the gate before those of whom we were in pursuit should arrive. This plan appeared so sensible and comparatively easy of execution, that even Mr. Frampton could offer no objection to it, and, mounting our horses, we again resumed the chase.

And now for the first time since I had heard of Clara's abduction, did I at all recover my self-command, or venture to hope the affair would be brought to a favourable issue. But the change from inaction to vigorous action, and the refreshing sensation of the cool air as it whistled round my throbbing temples, tended to restore the elasticity of my spirits, and I felt equal to any emergency that might arise. After following the high road for about a mile, we turned down a lane on the right, and leaving this when we had proceeded about half a mile farther, we entered a large grass field, which we dashed along in gallant style, and making our way across sundry other fields, and over, through, and into (for the post-horses, though not by any means despicable cattle in their degree, were scarcely calculated for such a sudden burst across country as we were treating them to) the respective hedges and ditches by which they were divided, we regained the high road, after a rattling twenty minutes' gallop. The point at which we emerged was just at the top of a very steep hill, up which the road wound in a serpentine direction.

"Are we before them, do you think?" inquired I of my companion, as we reined in our panting steeds.

"I'm sure as we must be, sir, by the pace we've come. I didn't think the old 'osses had it in 'em; but you does ride slap hup, sir, and no mistake—pity as you ain't on the road, your honour."

"If I pass behind those larch trees," asked I, smiling at the post-boy's compliment, "I can see down the hill without being seen, can I not?"

His reply being in the affirmative, I advanced to the spot I had indicated, and to my delight perceived a carriage and four making its way up the hill with as great rapidity as the nature of the ground rendered possible. Turning my horse's head, I rejoined my companion, and we dashed on to the turnpike.

Half-a-dozen words served to convey my wishes to the turnpike-man, as many shillings rendered him my firm friend, and half the number of minutes sufficed to close and effectually bolt and bar the gate.

The post-boy having by my orders tied up the horses to a rail on the other side of the gate, we all three entered the turnpike-house, where, with breathless impatience, I awaited the arrival of the carriage. In less time than even I had imagined possible, the sound of horses' feet, combined with the rattle of wheels, and the shouting of the drivers, when they perceived the gate was shut, gave notice of their approach.

"Wait," exclaimed I, laying my hand on the boy's arm to restrain his impetuosity, "wait till they pull up, and then follow me, both of you; but do not interfere unless you see me attacked, and likely to be overpowered."

As I spoke, the horses were checked so suddenly as to throw them on their haunches, and, amidst a volley of oaths at the supposed inattention of the turnpike man, one of the party (in whose coarse bloated features and corpulent figure I at once recognised my *ci-devant* acquaintance of the billiard-room, Captain Spicer,) jumped down to open the gate. This was the moment I had waited for, and bounding forward, followed by my satellites, I sprang to the side of the carriage. A cry of joy from Clara announced that I was recognised, and with an eager hand she endeavoured to let down the glass, but was prevented by Cumberland, who was seated on the side nearest the spot where I was standing. In an instant my resolution was taken: wrenching open the carriage door, and flinging down the steps, I sprang upon him, and seizing him by the coat-collar before he had time to draw a pistol, I dragged him out head foremost, and, giving way to an ungovernable impulse of rage, shook him till I could hear all the teeth rattle in his head, and threw him from me with such violence that he staggered and fell.—In another moment Clara was in my arms.

"Clara, dearest! my own love!" whispered I, as, shedding tears of joy, she rested her head upon my shoulder, "what happiness to have saved you!"

There are moments when feeling renders us eloquent, when the full heart pours forth its riches in eager and impassioned words; but there are other times, and this was one of them, when language is powerless to express the deep emotion of the soul, and our only refuge is in silence. Clara was the first to speak.

"Frank, tell me what has become of Mr. Fleming—the pistol-shot—that maddened plunging horse—I am sure something dreadful has happened."

"He is indeed severely injured by the fall," replied I, wishing the truth to break upon her by degrees; "but I was unable to remain to learn a surgeon's opinion—and this reminds me that I have still a duty to perform; Cumberland must be detained to answer for his share in this transaction;" and, leading Clara to a bench outside the turnpike house, I proceeded to put my intentions into practice.

But whilst I had been thus engrossed, affairs had assumed a somewhat different aspect. The turnpike-man was actively engaged in a pugilistic contest with Captain Spicer, who, on his attempting to lay hands on him, had shown fight, and was punishing his adversary pretty severely. Cumberland's quick eye had perceived the horses the moment he had regained his feet, and, when he saw that I was fully occupied, he had determined to seize the opportunity for effecting his escape. Springing over the gate, he untied one of the horses, and striking down the boy who attempted to detain him, rode off at a gallop, at the moment I reappeared upon the scene; while the second horse, after struggling violently to free itself, had snapped the bridle, and dashed off in pursuit of its retreating companion. This being the case, it was useless to attempt to follow him; and not altogether sorry that circumstances had rendered it impossible for me to be his captor, I turned to assist my ally the turnpike-man, who, to use the language of the "Chicken," immortalized by Dickens, appeared in the act of being "gone into and finished" by the redoubtable Captain Spicer. Not wishing to have my facial development disfigured by the addition of a black eye, however, I watched my opportunity, and springing aside to avoid the blow with which he greeted me, succeeded in inserting my fingers within the folds of his neckcloth, after which I had little difficulty in choking him into a state of incapacity, when he submitted to the indignity of having his hands tied behind him, and was induced to resume his seat in the rumble as a prisoner, till such time as I should learn Mr. Frampton's opinion as to the fittest manner of disposing of him. I then replaced Clara in the carriage, which by my orders had turned round, rewarded the turnpike-man, as well as the boy to whose forethought and able guidance I was mainly indebted for my success, and, taking my seat beside my prisoner, we started on our return.

One naturally feels a certain degree of awkwardness in attempting to make conversation to a man, whom only five minutes before one has nearly succeeded in strangling, however thoroughly the discipline may have been deserved—and yet silence is worse; at least I found it so, and after clearing my throat once or twice, as if I had been the person half-throttled rather than the throttler, I began,—

"It is some years since we have met, Captain Spicer."

The individual thus addressed turned round quickly as I spoke, and favoured me with a scrutinizing glance—it was evident he did not recognise me.

"Have you forgotten the billiard-room in F— Street, and the way in which your pupil and associate, Mr. Cumberland, cheated my friend Oaklands?"

The captain, on having this somewhat unpleasant reminiscence of bygone hours forced upon him, turned—I was going to say pale, but that was an impossibility—rather less red than usual, ere he replied, "I beg pardon, Mr. Fairleigh, but I'd quite forgotten you, sir; 'pon my conscience I had. Ah! that was

a foolish piece of business, sir; but Mr. Cumberland, he always was a bad un."

"The man who encouraged and assisted him, not to mention working on his fears, and goading him to desperation, is scarcely the person to blame him," replied I, sternly.

"Ah! you don't know all, sir; he was a precious sight worse than you're awake to yet, Mr. Fairleigh. I could tell you things that would surprise you; and if I thought that you would save yourself the trouble of taking me any further than M——, which is, I believe, the nearest place where I can pick up a coach to London, I don't know that I should mind explaining matters a bit. What do you say, sir? you are lawyer enough to know that you can't do anything to me for this morning's work, I dare say."

"I am not so certain of that," replied I; "abduction and manslaughter are legal offences, I believe."

"I had nothing to do with the last job," was the reply; "I could not have prevented Cumberland's shooting the mare, if my own brother had been riding her."

This I believed to be true, and I was far from certain that, although morally guilty, Captain Spicer had committed any offence for which he could be punished by law; moreover, as he had been a good deal knocked about in his conflict with the turnpike man, and I had more than half strangled him with my own hands, I felt leniently disposed towards him. I therefore replied, "Tell me truly and honestly, supposing you can for once contrive to do so, all you know about this business, and if, as I imagine, you have only been the tool of others in the affair, it is possible my friend Mr. Frampton may be induced to let you off."

Upon this hint, the captain having prevailed upon me to remove his extempore hand-cuffs, and passed his word not to attempt escape, proceeded to give me the following particulars.

About a year or so before, he had acted in some mysterious capacity at a gambling-house, of which Cumberland was part proprietor, and which was one of Wilford's favourite resorts. The debts which, as a boy, Cumberland had begun to contract, had increased till he became deeply involved; and, after availing himself of every kind of subterfuge to postpone the evil day, was on the point of being arrested by his principal creditor, a money-lender to whom he owed 750*l*. Shortly before the day on which he had promised to meet the demand, Spicer, getting a cheque cashed at a banker's in the city, was present when an agent of Wilford's paid in to his account 2,000*l*., which circumstance he mentioned to Cumberland. That evening Cumberland induced Wilford to play piquet: they played high, but fortune varied, and, at the end of the game, Cumberland rose a winner of eighty pounds, for which Wilford wrote him a cheque. On examining his banker's book, Wilford discovered that a cheque for 800*l*. had been presented and duly honoured, which proved, on minute inspection, to be the cheque written for Cumberland, and of course a

forgery. For reasons of his own, one of which no doubt was to obtain absolute power over Cumberland, Wilford refused to prosecute. When, some months after this transaction, Spicer was summoned to assist in carrying off Clara, Cumberland sought him out, told him that he had a scheme to frustrate Wilford and gain possession of Clara, and proved to him that he had by some means obtained 5000*l*. in specie, of which he offered him 1000*l*. if he would assist him, his object being to escape to America, and live there upon Clara's fortune. Captain Spicer, tempted by the magnitude of the sum mentioned, aware that his character was too well known in London to render that city a desirable place of residence, and having a strong idea that he could turn his talents to account among the Yankees, stipulated that, in addition to the sum proposed, Cumberland should pay his passage out, and agreed to the plan. The further details of the plot have been already partially explained. Aware of Wilford's predilection for keeping up appearances, and conducting his intrigues with so much cunning as, in many instances, to divert suspicion into some other channel, Cumberland sought him out, and telling him that he had observed his passion for Clara, professed that her money was his only object, spoke of his desire to reside in America, and wound up by offering, if Wilford would give up the forged paper, and agree to allow him a certain sum quarterly out of Clara's fortune, to run off with her, and hand her over to him. To this Wilford, relying on Spicer, and determining to retain the forged cheque as a guarantee for Cumberland's fidelity until Clara was placed in the hands of Hardman, agreed. With the results of this arrangement the reader is already acquainted.

As my disreputable companion came to the end of his recital, we drove up to the door of the principal inn of the little town of M——.

CHAPTER XXIX. AND LAST.

WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE heart of the wandering Swiss bounds within him at the sound of the Ranz-des-vaches;—dear to the German exile are the soul-stirring melodies of his Fatherland; but never did the ear of German or of Swiss drink in with greater delight the music that his spirit loved, than mine did the transport of grunting by which Mr. Frampton welcomed his niece, the daughter of his childhood's friend, his fondly cherished, dearly prized sister.

"Umph! eh! so you've let that rascal Cumberland slip through your fingers, Master Frank. Umph! stupid boy, stupid. I wanted to have him hanged."

"I am afraid, sir, the law would scarcely have sanctioned such a proceeding."

"Umph! why not, why not? He richly deserved it; daring to run off with my niece. Dear child, she's as like her poor—Umph—umph! the Elliots were always reckoned a handsome race. What are you laughing at, you conceited puppy? It's my belief that when I was your age I was a great deal better

looking fellow than you are. Some people admire a snub nose; there was the Begum of Cuddleeke, splendid woman—well, what do you want, sir, eh?" The last words were addressed to Captain Spicer, to whom (as since our late truce he had become all amiability) I had entrusted the commission of ascertaining Wilford's state, and who now appeared at the door, and beckoned me out of the room. "I shall be with you again immediately," said I, rising; and, replying to Clara's anxious glance by a smile and a pressure of the hand, I hastened to obey the summons.

"Wilford is in a sad state, Mr. Fairleigh," he began, as I closed the door behind me; "dreadful, 'pon my life, sir: but here's the surgeon; you'd better speak to him yourself."

In a little ante-room, adjoining the chamber to which Wilford had been conveyed, I found the surgeon, who seemed an intelligent and gentlemanly person. He informed me that his patient had not many hours to live; the wound in the head was not mortal, but the spine had received severe injuries, and his lower extremities were already paralyzed; he inquired whether I was acquainted with any of his relations; adding, that they ought to be sent for without a minute's delay.

"Really, I am not," replied I; "I never was at all intimate with him; but I have heard that, even with those whom he admitted to his friendship, he was strangely reserved on such subjects."

"Better question his servant," suggested the surgeon; "the patient himself is quite incapable of giving us any information; the concussion has affected the brain, and he is now delirious."

The only information to be gained by this means was, that the servant believed his master had no relations in England; he had heard that he had been brought up in Italy, and therefore imagined that his family resided there; he was able, however, to tell the name of his man of business in London, and a messenger was immediately despatched to summon him. Having done this, at the surgeon's request I accompanied him to the chamber of the sufferer.

As we entered, Wilford was lying in bed, supported by pillows, with his eyes half shut, apparently in a state of stupor; but the sound of our footsteps aroused him, and opening his eyes, he raised his head, and stared wildly about him. His appearance, as he did so, was ghastly in the extreme. His beautiful black hair had been shorn away at the temples, to permit his wound to be dressed, and his head was enveloped in bandages, stained in many places with blood; his face was pale as death, save a bright hectic spot in the centre of each cheek, fatal evidence of the inward fever which was consuming him. His classical features, already pinched and shrunken, their paleness enhanced by contrast with his black whiskers, were fixed and rigid as those of a corpse; while his eyes, which burned with an unnatural brilliancy, glared on us with an expression of mingled hate and terror. He seemed partially to recognise me; for, after watching me for a moment, his lips working convulsively, as if striving to form articulate sounds,

he exclaimed, in a low, hoarse voice: "Ha! on the scent already! The staid sober lover—let him take care the pretty Clara does not jilt him.—I know where she is?—not I—that's a question you must demand of Mr. Cumberland, sir.—I beg your pardon, did you say you doubted my word?—I have the honour to wish you good morning—my friend will call upon you. What? Lizzy Maurice? who dares to say I wronged her?—'tis false. Take that old man away, with his grey hair—why does he torment me?—I tell you, the girl's safe, thanks to—to—my head's confused—the 'long man,' as Curtis calls him, Harry Oaklands, handsome Harry Oaklands. What did I hear you mutter? that he horsewhipped me?—and if he did, there was a day of retribution—ha! ha!—Sir, I shot him for it; shot him like a dog—I hated him, and he perished—the strong man died—died? and what then?—what becomes of dead men?—A long-faced fool said I was dying, just now—he thought I didn't hear him—I not hear an insult! and I consider that one—I'll have him out for it, I'll"—and he endeavoured to raise himself, but was scarcely able to lift his head from the pillow, and sank back with a groan of anguish. After a moment he spoke again, in a low, plaintive voice:—"I am very ill, very weak—send for her—she will come—Oh yes, she will come, for she loves me, she knows my fiery nature—knows my vices, as men call them, and yet she loves me—the only one who ever did—Send for her—she will come, it is her son who wishes for her." Then, in a tone of the fondest endearment, he continued, "*Lucia, bella madre, il tuo figlio ti chiama.*"

"He has been speaking Italian for some time," observed the surgeon, in a whisper.

"That man, Spicer, told me he thought he was of Italian extraction," replied I.

Low as were our voices, the quick ear of the sufferer caught the name I had mentioned. "Spicer," he exclaimed eagerly; "has he returned? Well, man, speak! is she safely lodged? Cumberland has done his part admirably, then. Oh! it was a grand scheme!—Ha! played me false—I'll not believe it—he dares not—he knows me—knows I should dog him like his shadow till we met face to face, and I had torn his false heart out of his dastardly breast—I say, he dares not do it!" and, yelling out a fearful oath, he fell back in a fainting fit.

Let us draw a veil over the remainder of the scene. The death-bed of the wicked is a horrible lesson stamped indelibly on the memory of all who have witnessed it. Happy are they whose pure hearts need not such fearful training; and far be it from me to dim the brightness of their guileless spirits by acquainting them with its harrowing details.

Shortly after the scene I have described, internal hemorrhage commenced; ere another hour had elapsed, the struggle was over, and a crushed and lifeless corpse, watched by hirelings, wept over by none, was all that remained on earth of the man whom society counted while it feared, and bowed to while it despised—the successful libertine, the dreaded duellist, Wilford! I learned some time

afterwards that his father had been an English nobleman, his mother an Italian lady of good family. Their marriage had been private, and performed only according to the rites of the Romish church, although the Earl was a Protestant. Availing himself of this omission, on his return to England he pretended to doubt the validity of the contract; and, having the proofs in his own possession, contrived to set the marriage aside, and wedded a lady of rank in this country. Lucia Savelli, the victim of his perfidy, remained in Italy, devoting herself to the education of her son, whom she destined for the Romish priesthood. Her plans were, however, frustrated by the information that the Earl had died suddenly, leaving a large fortune to the boy, on condition that he never attempted to urge his claim to the title, and finished his education in England. With his subsequent career the reader is sufficiently acquainted. On hearing of her son's melancholy fate, Lucia Savelli, to whom the whole of his fortune was bequeathed, retired to a convent, which she endowed with her wealth.

As Barstone was out of our way from M—— to Heathfield, and as Clara was too much overcome by all she had gone through to bear any further agitation, we determined to proceed at once to my mother's cottage, and despatched Peter Barnett to inform Mr. Vernon of the events of the day, and communicate to him Mr. Frampton's resolution to leave him in undisturbed possession of Barstone for a period sufficiently long to enable him to wind up all his affairs and seek another residence.

The return to Heathfield Cottage I shall not attempt to describe. Clara's tears, smiles, and blushes—Fanny's tender and affectionate solicitude—my mother's delighted, but somewhat fussy, hospitality—and my own sensations, which were an agreeable compound of those of every one else—each and all were perfect in their respective ways. But the *crème de la crème*, the essence of the whole affair, that on which the tongue of poet and the pen of the romance-writer would have rejoiced to expatiate, was the conduct of Mr. Frampton; how he was seized, at one and the same moment, with two separate, irresistible, and apparently incompatible manias, one for kissing everybody, and the other for lifting and transporting (under the idea that he was thereby facilitating the family arrangements) bulky and inappropriate articles which no one required, all of which he deposited, with an air composed of equal parts of cheerful alacrity and indomitable perseverance, in the drawing-room, grunting the whole time as man never grunted before; a wild and unexpected proceeding, which reduced my mother to the borders of insanity. Finding that argument was not of the least avail in checking his rash career, I seized him by the arm, just as he was about to establish on my sister's work-table a large carpet-bag and an umbrella, which had accompanied him through the adventures of the day, and, dragging him off to his own room, forced him to begin to prepare for dinner, while I turned a deaf ear to his remonstrance that "It was

quite absurd to—umph, umph!—prevent him from making himself useful, when there was so much to do in the house—umph!" Having promulgated this opinion, he shook me by the hand till my arm ached, and, declaring that he was the happiest old man in the world, sat down and cried like a child.

Worn out by the fatigues and anxieties of the day, we gladly followed my mother's suggestion of going to bed in good time, although I did not retire for the night till I had seen Harry Oaklands and given him an account of our adventures. Wilford's fate affected him strongly, and, shading his brow with his hand, he sat for some moments wrapped in meditation. At length he said, in a deep, low tone, "These things force thought upon one, Frank. How nearly was this man's fate my own! How nearly was I hurried into eternity with a weight of passions unrestrained, of sins unrepented, clinging to my guilty soul! God has been very merciful to me." He paused; then, pressing my hand warmly, he added, "And now, good night, Frank; to-morrow I shall be more fit to rejoice with you in your prospects of coming happiness; to-night I would fain be alone—you understand me." My only reply was by wringing his hand in return, and we parted.

Reader, such thoughts as these working in a mind like that of Harry Oaklands, could not be without effect; and when in after years, having by constant and unceasing watchfulness conquered his constitutional indolence, his voice has been raised in the senate of his country to defend the rights and privileges of our pure and holy faith, when men's hearts, spell-bound by his eloquence, have been turned from evil to follow after the thing that is good, memory has brought before me that conversation in the library at Heathfield; and as I reflected on the effect produced on the character of Oaklands by the fearful death of the homicide Wilford, I have acknowledged that the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable.

I was roused from a deep sleep at an uncomfortably early hour on the following morning, by a sound much resembling a view halloo, coupled with my own name, shouted in the hearty tones of Lawless; and, flinging open the window, I perceived that indefatigable young gentleman employed in performing some incomprehensible manœuvres with two sticks and a large flint stone, occasionally varying his diversion by renewing the rough music which had broken my slumbers.

"Why, Lawless, what do you mean by rousing me at this unreasonable hour? it's not six o'clock yet. And what in the world are you doing with those sticks?"

"Unreasonable, eh? well, that's rather good, now! Just tell me which is most unreasonable, to lie snoring in bed like a fat pig or an alderman, such a beautiful morning as this is, or to be out and enjoying it, eh?"

"You have reason on your side so far, I must confess."

"Eh? yes, and so I always have, to be sure. What am I doing with the sticks, did you say? can't you see?"

"I can see you are fixing one in the ground, taking extreme pains to balance the stone on the top of it, and instantly endeavouring to knock it off again with the other; in which endeavour you appear generally to fail."

"Fail, eh? It strikes me that you are not half awake yet, or else your eye-sight is getting out of condition. Six times running, except twice, when the wind or something got in the way, did I knock that blessed stone off, while I was trying to wake you. Epsom's coming round soon, don't you see, so I'm just getting my hand in for a slap at the snuff-boxes. But jump into your togs as fast as you can, and come out, for I've got such a lark to tell you."

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to follow Lawless's recommendation, and long before he had attained the proficiency he desired in his "snuff-box practice" I had joined him.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he made a most spiteful shot at the stone, "that's safe to do the business. By Jove, it has done it too, and no mistake," he continued, as the stick, glancing against the branch of a tree, turned aside, and, ruining a very promising bed of hyacinths, finally alighted on a bell-glass placed over some pet flower of Fanny's, both of which it utterly destroyed.

"Pleasant that, eh?—ah well, we must lay it to the cats—though if the cats in this part of the county are not unusually robust and vicious, there's not a hope of our being believed."

"Never mind," remarked I, "better luck next time. But now that you have succeeded in dragging me out of bed, what is it that you want with me?"

"Want with you, eh?" returned Lawless, mimicking the half drowsy, half cross tone in which I had spoken, "you're a nice young man to talk to, I don't think. Never be grumpy, man,—when I've got the most glorious bit of fun in the world to tell you, too. I had my adventures yesterday, as well as you. Who do you think called upon me after you set out? You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you at once, it was—but you shall hear how it happened. I was just pulling my boots on to try a young bay thoroughbred, that Reynolds thinks might make a steeple-chaser—he's got some rare bones about him, I must say; well, I was just in the very act of pulling on my boots, when Shrimp makes his appearance, and, squeaking out 'Here's a gent as vonts to see you, sir, partic'lar,' ushers in no less a personage than Lucy Markham's devoted admirer, the drysalter."

"What, the gentleman whose business we settled so nicely the day before yesterday? Freddy Coleman's dreaded rival?"

"Eh? yes, the very identical, and an uncommon good little fellow he is too, as men go, I can tell you. Well, you may suppose I was puzzled enough to find out what he could want with me, and was casting about for something to say to him, when he makes a sort of a bow, and begins—

"The Honourable George Lawless, I believe?"

"The same, sir, at your service," replies I, giving a stamp with my foot to get my boot on.

"May I beg the favour of five minutes' private conversation with you?"

"Eh? oh yes, certainly," says I. "Get out of this, you inquisitive little imp of darkness, and tell Reynolds to tie the colt up to the pillar reins, and let him champ the bit till I come down; that's the way to bring him to a mouth;" and, hastening Shrimp's departure by throwing the slippers at his head, I continued, "Now, sir, I'm your man; what's the row, eh?"

"A-hem! yes, sir, really it is somewhat a peculiar—that is, a disagreeable business. I had thought of getting a friend to call upon you."

"A friend, eh? oh! I see the move now,—pistols for two, and coffee for four; invite a couple of friends to make arrangements for getting a bullet put into you in the most gentlemanly way possible, and call it "receiving satisfaction,"—very satisfactory, certainly. Well, sir, you shall soon have my answer: no man can call George Lawless a coward; if he did he'd soon find his eyesight obscured, and a marked alteration in the general outline of his features; but I never have fought a duel, and I never mean to fight one. If I've smashed your panels, or done you any injury, I'm willing to pay for repairs, and make as much apology as one man has any right to expect from another; or, if it will be a greater ease to your mind, we'll off coats, ring for Shrimp and Harry Oaklands' boy to see fair play, and have it out on the spot, all snug and comfortable; but no pistoling work, thank ye."

"Well, the little chap didn't seem to take at all kindly to the notion, though, as I fancied he wasn't much of a bruiser, I offered to tie my right hand behind me, and fight him with my left, but it was clearly no go; so I thought I'd better hold my tongue, and leave him to explain himself. After dodging about the bush for some time, he began to get the steam up a little, and when he did break cover, went away at a rattling pace,—let out at me in style, I can tell you;—his affections had been set on Lucy Markham ever since he had any, and I had been and destroyed the happiness of his whole life, and rendered him a miserable individual,—a mark for the finger of scorn to poke fun at. Shocking bad names he did call himself, to be sure, poor little beggar! till, 'pon my word, I began to get quite sorry for him. At last it came out, that the thing which chiefly aggravated him was that Lucy should have given him up for the sake of marrying a man of rank. If it had been any one she was deeply attached to, he would not have so much minded, but it was nothing but a paltry ambition to be a peeress; she was mercenary, he knew it, and it was that which stung him to the quick."

"Well, as he said this, a bright idea flashed across me, that I could satisfy the little 'victim,' as he called himself, and get my own neck out of the collar, at one and the same time; so I went up to him, and, giving him a slap on the back that set him coughing like a broken-winded hunter after a sharp burst, I said, 'Mr. Brown, I what the females call, sympathize with you;—your thing-em-bobs—sentiments, eh? are

perfectly correct, and do you credit. Now listen to me, young feller;—I'm willing to do my best to accommodate you in this matter, and, if you're agreeable, this is the way we'll settle it. You don't choose Lucy should marry me, and I don't choose she should marry you;—now, if you'll promise to give her up, I'll do the same. That's fair, ain't it?" "Do you mean it really?" says he. "Really and truly," says I. "Will you swear?" says he. "Like a trooper, if that will please you," says I. "Sir, you're a gentleman—a generous soul," says he, quite overcome; and, grasping my hand, sobs out, "I'll promise." "Done along with you, drysalter," says I, "you're a trump;" and we shook hands till he got so red in the face, I began to be afraid of spontaneous combustion. "There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot," thinks I; so I made him sit down there and then, and we wrote a letter together to old Coleman, telling him the resolution we had come to, and saying if he chose to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against us, we would defend it conjointly and pay the costs between us. What do you think of that, Master Frank,—eh?"

"That you certainly have a more wonderful knack of getting into scrapes, and out of them again, than any man I ever met with," replied I, laughing.

Before we had finished breakfast, Peter Barnett made his appearance. On his return to Barstone, he was informed that Mr. Vernon had been seized with an apoplectic fit, probably the result of the agitation of the morning. He was still in a state of stupor when Peter started to acquaint us with the fact, and the medical man who had been sent for considered him in a very precarious condition. Under these circumstances Mr. Frampton immediately set out for Barstone, where he remained till the following morning, when he rejoined us. A slight improvement had taken place in the patient's health; he had recovered his consciousness, and requested to see Mr. Frampton. During the interview which ensued, he acknowledged Mr. Frampton's rights, and withdrew all further opposition to his wishes.

After the lapse of a few days, Mr. Vernon recovered sufficiently to remove from Barstone to a small farm which he possessed in the North, where he lingered for some months, shattered alike in health and spirits. He steadily refused to see either Clara or myself, or to accept the slightest kindness at our hands; but we have since had reason to believe, that in this he was actuated by a feeling of compunction, rather than of animosity. Nothing is so galling to a proud spirit, as to receive favours from those it has injured. In less than a year from the time he quitted Barstone Priory, a second attack terminated his existence. On examining his papers after his decease, Peter Barnett's suspicions that Richard Cumberland was Mr. Vernon's natural son were verified, and this discovery tended to account for a considerable deficiency in Clara's fortune, the unhappy father having been tempted to appropriate large sums of money to relieve his spendthrift son's embarrassments. This also served to explain his inflexible determination that Clara should marry

Cumberland, such being the only arrangement by which he could hope to prevent the detection of his dishonesty.

Reader, the interest of my story, always supposing it to have possessed any in your eyes, is now over.

Since the occurrence of the events I have just related, the course of my life has been a smooth, and, though not exempt from some share in the "ills that flesh is heir to," an unusually happy one.

In an address, whether from the pulpit or the rostrum, half the battle is to know when you have said enough—the same rule applies with equal force to the Tale Writer. There are two errors into which he may fall,—he may say too little, or he may say too much. The first is a venial sin, and easily forgiven—the second nearly unpardonable. Such at all events being my ideas on the subject, I shall merely proceed to give a brief outline of the fate of the principal personages who have figured in these pages, ere I bring this veritable history to a close.

Cumberland, after his flight from the scene at the turnpike-house, made his way to Liverpool, and, his money being secreted about his person, hastened to put his original plan into execution. A vessel was about to start for America, by which he obtained a passage to New York: in the United States he continued the same vicious course of life which had exiled him from England, and, as a natural consequence, sank lower and lower in the scale of humanity. The last account heard of him stated, that having added drinking to the catalogue of his vices, his constitution, unable to bear up against the inroads made by dissipation, was rapidly failing, while he was described to be in the most abject poverty. The captain of an American vessel, with whom I am slightly acquainted, promised me that he would learn more particulars concerning him, and if he were in actual want, leave money with some responsible person for his use, so as to ensure him against starvation. The result of his inquiries I have yet to learn.

Old Mr. Coleman was, as may be imagined, dreadfully irate on the receipt of the singular epistle bearing the joint signatures of Lawless and Mr. Lowe Brown, and was only restrained from bringing an action for breach of promise, by having it strongly represented to him that the effect of so doing would be to make his niece ridiculous. Freddy and Lucy Markham had the good sense to wait till his father had taken the former into partnership; being then, with the aid of Lawless's receivership, in possession of a very comfortable income, the only serious objection to the marriage was removed, and his father, partly to escape Mrs. Coleman's very singular and not over perspicuous arguments, partly because he loved his son better than he was himself aware, gave his consent.

George Lawless is still a bachelor. If questioned on the subject, his invariable reply is, "Eh, married? Not I! Women are a kind of cattle, don't you see, that I never did understand. If it was anything about a horse, now——" There are some, however, who attribute his celibacy to another cause, and deem that he has never yet seen any one calculated to

efface the memory of his sincere though eccentric attachment to my sister Fanny.

It was on a bright sunny morning, that the bells of the little church of Heathfield pealed merrily to celebrate a double wedding; and two fairer brides than Fanny and Clara, or two happier bridegrooms than Harry Oaklands and myself, never pronounced the irrevocable "I will." There were smiles on all faces; and if there were a few tears also, they were tears such as angels might not grudge to weep—tears of pure, unalloyed happiness.

Years have passed away since that day—years of mingled light and shade; but never, as I believe, have either of the couples then linked together shown, by thought, word, or deed, that they have failed in gratitude to the Giver of all good things, who in His mercy had granted them the rare and inestimable blessing of sharing the joys and sorrows of this world of trial with a loving and beloved companion.

Clara and I reside at Barstone Priory, which is also Mr. Frampton's home, when he is at home; but his wandering habits lead him to spend much of his time in a round of visits to his friends; and Heathfield Hall and Cottage, Leatherly, and Elm Grove, are in turn gladdened by the sound of his kindly laugh and sonorous grunts.

Reader, my task is ended. The "Private Pupil" is: pupil no longer. The "Scenes" through which you have accompanied your "Old Companions" are over, and new cares and new duties have devolved upon "Frank Farleigh." But if, as Editor, he may hope still to contribute to your pleasure or your profit, his career will not be a useless one; and, although at present it is not his intention to appear before you in a continued tale, your sagacity will be at no loss to discover in the pages of SHARPE traces of the same pen which has drawn the foregoing SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL.

FACTS IN THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF SACRED HISTORY—No. VII.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the eighteenth chapter of Deuteronomy and the tenth and eleventh verses, we read of the command against offerings to Moloch, against divination, against those who observe times, "or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." The people of India, like the expelled nations, are especially prone to these denounced abominations. Of their belief in the powers of *Sampuri*, I have before spoken, and their faith in necromancy is not less. "Cunning men" are to be found in every village, who undertake, for a few rupees, to detect thieves, or to protect property. In the former case, the result is often successful, fear acting on the credulous mind more powerfully than interest. An officer in Bombay lost a large quantity of valuable plate, and in vain offered rewards for its detection. He was then recommended to apply to a necromancer, and this man, in the jogee dress of orange tawny

cloth, his body and face smeared with ashes, and a string of bones round his neck, volunteered for a consideration to discover and restore the plate. The servants were all assembled in front of his tent, and the mummary proceeded. The necromancer made a circle of eggs, within which he sacrificed a kid and a fowl, muttering prayers and incantations. He then declared, that certain "gins" (evil spirits) had appeared to him, and revealed the name of the thief, and that if the plate was not found in such a spot, buried, by such an hour of the following day, the most fearful curses, leprosy, blindness, and all loathsome things, should fall upon the thief. The necromancer then threw himself into the most violent contortions, as if possessed and torn by evil spirits, rolling on the ground, and shrieking, as if in agony; the people fled, but at the appointed hour the cunning man, with his employer's moonshee, were at the indicated spot, and there, wrapped in a fragment of coarse cloth, a few inches below the soil, was seen the original cause for this *jadu*, or witchery. At Mandavie, one of our people lost a silver ring, and themselves sent for a *jadu wallah*, "a wizard," to restore it. I found his directions were, that a huge cauldron of boiling oil should be prepared, into which rupees, in number equalling the suspected persons, should be dropped, and on each man plunging his hand to secure one, the thief only would suffer. Fearing to lose the services of my people, I forbade this ordeal, but in secret it was performed, and every servant, of course, reduced to a condition of useless agony, the failure, however, being entirely attributed to my interference. The birds, parquets particularly, had, for a long while, committed great havoc on the fruit of the fig and jambu or plum trees of our garden in Cutch, and I directed the gardener to order nets to protect the trees; the following morning, however, I found all the shrubs, plants, and leaves covered with dust, as if by a sand storm: surprised at the phenomenon, I inquired its explanation, when the gardener triumphantly told me he had taken large bags of earth to a cunning man in the town, who had said words over it that would prevent all birds from ever again resting in the garden. Instances might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to prove that the people of the East yet trust in "the abominations of those nations."

In the second chapter of the Book of Joshua, we read of the woman of Jericho, who lodged and concealed from the men of the city the spies sent from the camp of Israel by order of the chief. And this chapter is a peculiarly interesting proof of the resemblances to be found in the manners and customs of past and present times in Eastern and Western Asia. We find that the woman Rahab, when questioned concerning the spies, who had been traced to her house, said "And it came to pass, about the time of shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out." The gates of Eastern towns are made of heavy wood, having iron bolts; in one side of the gate is a small low doorway having a bar, which enables foot passengers to go in and out of the town

to the suburbs as they please when the gates are closed. On each side of the gates are guard rooms, and the keys of the gates are kept in the house of the governor of the town, and brought from thence when required by the jemeedar, or serjeant of the guard. An hour after sunset the gates are closed, and are opened at dawn. Between these periods, no cattle or mounted men can enter; and if a letter is sent by express, the bearer ordinarily makes a slit in the arrow of his bow, places in it the letter, and shoots it over the wall. At sunset, the general business of the people of a native city is ended. The women have filled and brought in their water vessels from the neighbouring wells; the shepherds have collected their flocks and herds from pasture, and folded them in the city; travellers from the neighbouring villages have arrived to rest for the night at the caravanserai or temples, and all then required is security for the resting people. And when it is considered that no watch is set in an Eastern town, that the vicinity frequently abounds with freebooters, or bands of mercenary horsemen, who altogether live on pillage; that in a hot climate the people ordinarily sleep in the verandahs and doorways of their houses, often in the middle of the streets, with their little property invested in silver ornaments on their persons, and with only the covering of a cotton cloth, it will be seen how necessary this shutting of the gates of a town is to the comfort and safety of the inhabitants.

We read that the woman of Jericho protected the men who had come from Shittim to her house, before the gates were closed. "She had brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order on the roof." The stalks of grain in the East are always piled on house tops to dry, and when they have become so, are used for a variety of purposes. The stalks of jowarree serve as excellent forage for horses. Of other grains, the stalks form fodder for bullocks, and the leaves are woven into baskets, to hold or sift grain, into mats, with which to cover open carts, into fans or punkahs, to beat away flies and produce coolness. The stems or stalks, strung together, form screens for doors and windows, sometimes covering for floors, or divisions in rooms. In very hot weather in Shikarpoor, we used to direct stalks of grain to be laid thickly over the flat roof of the house, to protect the rooms in some degree from the intense heat of the sun; and among it men might easily have been concealed, as were these spies by Rahab, on the roof of her house at Jericho; and it must be remembered that all Eastern houses have flat roofs, this method of building being peculiarly conducive to the comfort of the people. With the roof of the house there is always an interior communication, and to it the inmates repair morning and evening to enjoy the refreshment of the breeze immediately before and after sunset, and frequently sleep on it; for the arrangements required, even where there are no "stalks of flax" laid in order, are very simple. A servant bears on his shoulder a roll of bedding, and lays it on the roof. This is untied, and a small carpet, and pillow, spread

on the roof. The master seats himself on the carpet, smokes his kaliun, meditates, prays, lays his turban aside, unwinds his waist belt, wraps one end of the *chudder* (cloth or sheet) over his feet, and draws the other over his head, and so rests, while the moon and stars shine brightly round him. So probably rested the men of Israel, for "before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof." This habit of repairing to the roofs of houses forms a very characteristic feature in ancient cities; and singularly interesting and picturesque is it to the traveller's eye, more particularly should the city be Mohammedan. At Shikarpoor in Upper Sindh, some of the houses were several stories high, commanding agreeable views of the fertile gardens without the walls; all had flat roofs, well stuccoed, and surrounded with balustrades or walls, some very elaborately carved and decorated; and on these were spread cushions, Persian prayer carpets, hookahs, and sherbet ewers, and at sunset the city, from the roof of our house, which was situated in a garden without the walls, looked like a huge parterre of flowers, from the numbers and varieties of turbans, scarlet, blue, orange, green, and white, which appeared above the houses, while the wearers, from Tukkee Shah, the governor, to the ordinary merchants, were employed in the various attitudes of prayer commanded by the moollahs, or lounging in graceful ease, with their friends and dependents, all equally enjoying the cool sweet breeze of evening.

We see that Rahab entreated the men to show pity and kindness to her father's house—a request quite in character with oriental manners, notwithstanding the condition of the woman, which would not separate her from her family, her father, mother, brethren or sisters, for whom she thus touchingly entreats; and after this "she let them down by a cord through the window; for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall."

The walls of an Eastern city are built of sun-dried brick, as I have before had occasion to describe; they have bastions, and from each bastion runs a foot-way round the interior of the wall, so near the top that a man walking thereon may see over it, the breadth being sufficient to allow two persons to pass; this way is gained from the bastions, and they are ascended by stairs from the interior of the city. On these bastions are frequently erected small houses, of which the windows are not barred with wood, as those of the town, but have merely shutters to shelter the inmates in the rainy season; therefore, from such a window of a house on the wall of Jericho, nothing would be more easily effected than for men, holding by a cord fastened to the iron work of the shutter, or the strong iron loop always fixed in the centre of the window, to which the hooks of the wooden shutters are fastened, to let themselves down, and so, being outside the city, to flee unperceived, while the gates were still closed, and the people sleeping. It may be remarked, also, that the walls of the cities of the East generally are never lofty, all houses with two stories over-topping them; and that the cords and ropes in

use are formed (as they probably were in Jerico) of the fibre of the cocoa-nut, which possesses extraordinary strength, and is used as well for ordinary domestic purposes as for the cordage of shipping and the tackling of beasts of burden. In consequence of the habits of women of the East in drawing water in heavy copper vessels from deep wells, there are in all houses to be found large coils of this *coir* (rope); while a woman in returning from drawing water balances the vessel on her head and carries the rope depending from her right hand, the left frequently encircling a child seated on her hips, after the eastern custom. It is therefore likely that the chamber of Rahab (who before the spies arrived had doubtless drawn water from the neighbouring well) was provided with the ropes of her water vessels; and herself so skilled in their use, that she would very readily attach them, and so let the men of Joshua "down by a cord through the window."

In the third chapter of Joshua, and the eleventh verse, we read, "And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the Passover, unleavened cakes, and parched corn, in the selfsame day."

Old corn, or old *gram*, as it is called in India, is much lower priced than new corn; and in seasons of scarcity, horses are fed with it in consequence, and the poorer people feed on it, not caring to sift away the black grains. The unleavened cakes I have before described as the ordinary food, and the method by which they are prepared; but we have here, also, "parched corn" mentioned. This *gram*, thrown into a shallow dish, and thus parched over a quick charcoal or wood fire, is considered a great luxury in the East. It is given in small quantities to children, as we should give sweetmeats, and the women commonly carry a little of it tied in the corners of their veils, using it in the same manner. Europeans resident in the East frequently have it prepared with care, and eat it hot, as they do roasted Cashew-nuts; so we see that parched corn is yet valued, as it doubtless was in the days when the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal.

At the fifth verse of the sixth chapter we read, "And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout."

I well remember our tents being pitched on a level spot, under a widely-spreading tree, outside the village of Yerool, in western India, a pretty, and, to the Hindoos, a very sacred spot, near the caves of Ellora. About midnight I was roused by a strange, wild melody, that reminded me of the Swiss herdsmen gathering their flocks and herds upon the mountains. Soon the voice of a *charun*, or bard, was heard reciting the exploits of a chieftain, and as each verse concluded, the same wild, wailing blast swelled upon the ear. The chaunt, or dirge, of the bard was so in harmony with this melody of accompaniment, and the whole was so characteristic of the ancient interest of India's history, and its times when traditionary lore raised princes to heroes, and heroes to demigods,

that I listened with infinite pleasure until the bard had ended his wild lyric; and at day-break I sent for the *charun* and his people.

They came, each with a ram's horn suspended round their necks, and, raising them in a species of salutation to their lips, blew a "long blast"—wild, indeed, and singularly mournful, yet modulated with so much skill as to make it most pleasing to the ear. Religious fanatics from their caves in the mountains, occasionally use these horns at sunset and at sunrise in religious service; also the *shunk*, a shell peculiarly drilled, with the *colera* horn, a very large instrument, I believe the buffalo horn. This practice, then, of blowing with "trumpets of rams' horns," is as general in India at the present day as we suppose it to have been in Syria when Joshua commanded the priests before the walls of Jericho.

THE LADY JANE GREY.

P. LAWRENCE.

Ox hill and stream the morning beamed,
The fresh and fragrant morn,
And through the woodland cheerily
The huntsman wound his horn;
And lords and ladies, richly dight,
The gallant and the gay,
Had vowed to waken with the light
The pastime of the day.

Within her chamber far apart,
In simple garb attired,
Of modest mien, and brow serene,
A lady sat retired.
In meditative mood she sat,
And scanned the magic page,
The dreamy and mysterious lore
Of Greece's poet-sage.

And when the sound of horn and hound
Broke full upon her ear,
"They wist not in their sports," she cried,
"What pleasure I have here:
They wist not, Plato, of the joy,
The rapture that I feel,
The 'Paradise of rare device'
Thy fantasies reveal."

The tranquil day has passed away,
Its sunny hours have sped,
And gathering clouds begin to lower
Around the fated head:
The guileless truth of early youth,
Its faith and trust remain,
But other cares and other friends
Surround the Lady Jane.

The heartless wiles of crafty men
Already hem her in,
The perils of the trusting heart
In sober sooth begin;
Before her feet adventurers lay
The glittering bauble down.
The haughtiest knee in England bends
To tender her—a crown!

"My lords," she said, "for one so young,
'Twere maidenly and meet
To take your counsels for a lamp
And guide unto my feet.
Albeit, I have never sighed
Nor sought for high degree;
The gauds and glitter of a court
Have little charm for me.

"I reverence your sage resolves,
Your subtlety admit,
And weak and worthless at the best
I know is woman's wit;
But God has fortified my soul
Against this trying hour,
And in His 'faith and fear' I shun
The path to regal power.

"How often in disastrous feuds
Hath English blood been shed!
What living man, my lords, could bear
Its curse upon his head?
Were it not better to unite,
And bid dissension cease,
That so we might advance the reign
Of righteousness and peace?

"May God protect our English homes,
And bless my cousin's reign—"

A sudden shout was raised without
"Long live the Lady Jane!"

Arise, ye loyal Londoners,
And shout for Jane the Queen!
The peerless choice of England's voice!
The monarch of sixteen!

The pageant gay has passed away;
The garish dream has flown.
In sad and silent prison-room
The captive sits alone.
The wasted form, and broken heart,—
The chamber in the Tower,—
Are these the sole memorials left
Of that brief day of power?

But ne'er was sufferer's brow, methinks,
So placid and serene;
Angelic grace had left its trace
In her submissive mien
"He cannot err whose hand," she cried,
"The universe sustains;
And welcome every change and chance
His Providence ordains."

And as the parting hour drew nigh,
Her faith the stronger grew:
So young, so good, so beautiful,
So constant and so true!
In vain the zealous priest of Rome
Essayed, with honied tongue,
To win her from the cherished creed
To which she fondly clung.

"Sir Abbot," with a smile she cried,
"Your subtle reasons spare;
My heart is fixed and resolute;—
In courtesy forbear:
To argue for my faith is not
For one so weak as I;
But *in* it, by the grace of God,
And *for* it I can die!

"And tell my cousin—since, you say,
She mourns my sinful state—
I have a ghostly counsellor
In this my mortal strait.
Tell her I freely own my fault,
And recognise her right;
She loves me not, and soon the grave
Will hide me from her sight.

"May all her subjects dutifully
Incline unto her will;
And God forgive me, if I e'er
Have wished or thought her ill:
Tell her, that though the flesh be frail,
The spirit feels its might,
And longs to burst its bonds, and soar
Rejoicing into light!

"Commend me to my father's prayers,
And to my loving lord
I charge you as a Christian man
To take my dying word:
It mitigates the stroke of death,
The pang of parting pain,
To think that we who loved so well
So soon shall meet again!"

'Tis said, that on the fatal morn,
From her secluded cell
She saw Lord Guildford pass to death,
And waved a last farewell:
Nay more, she saw, too plainly saw,
Beneath her window borne,
Oh sight of speechless agony!
His headless trunk return.

Her fortitude had well-nigh failed
Beneath the cruel shock;
But calmly, martyr-like, she laid
Her head upon the block.
And long shall fame enshrine her name
Among the great and good;
The image of heroic faith
And guileless womanhood.

And brightly her example still
Shines through the mist of years;
The gentle and the true embalm
Her memory with tears:
By winter fires her tale is told,
And never told in vain,
As children listen to the life
And Death of Lady Jane.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLADORE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SUFFER *love*, a good epithet, I do suffer love, indeed."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act. v. Sc. 2.

MRS. PERIGORD, having left her brother's apartment, went in quest of her husband. With a timid step she approached the door of the library: neither did it escape her that she felt as no wife ought to feel in approaching a husband's presence. She attributed it entirely, however, to the menacing attitude of affairs between her husband and brother, and did not attempt to check it. She stood for a few seconds irresolutely holding the handle of the door; and now that she was just on the point of learning the effect produced on her husband by the late interview, she felt completely hopeless of anything less than an irreconcilable breach between them. She had just brought herself into as calm and composed a state as she could, and was preparing to enter, when the door was opened from the inside by Mr. Perigord. An indefinable feeling of awkwardness, at being found in that position, took possession of her. She scarcely knew why, but so it was, the rising colour tinged her delicate complexion with a passing glow; her heaven-blue eyes lighted up with a deeper and a richer light; and in a hesitating manner she contrived to ask if her husband were alone? He either did not, or affected not to take any notice of this slight confusion in his wife's manner; but, addressing her

(1) Continued from page 132.

more cordially than usual, "Well met, my dear!" he said, "you are the very being of all others I wanted. I have something to say to you more or less important, or at least interesting."

Mrs. Perigord was somewhat reassured by her husband's manner; she felt she could welcome even bad news if he would but be as cordial in his manner as now.

"I suppose you will tantalize your impatient wife for a quarter of an hour," she replied, "before you will tell me this not important but interesting intelligence."

"Why, I don't imagine that anything that concerns mere private individuals can be called important, Mrs. Perigord," said her husband, withdrawing himself from his momentary cordiality to a more than usually distant stateliness of manner.

"Mrs. Perigord!" this was the first time she had ever heard her husband address her thus. Her heart sank within her, and a cold chill crept over her frame. A deed of separation could not have sounded more like a death-knell in her ears than did those two cold—cold, distant words.

"What is the matter, George dear?" she timidly inquired, "you are not angry, are you?"

"Angry! nonsense!" he ejaculated; "through the atmosphere of your own youthfulness I appear to you a child also. Mine might have been very bad news, Lucy."

"Well, then, do in pity make haste and tell me what it is. Is anything the matter?" she inquired.

Mr. Perigord remained silent for a few minutes, in order to give his wife time to recover herself. It did so happen that she employed the short pause in the very way her husband intended. She could have cried with vexation for having addressed him so impatiently.

"I therefore take the precaution, for your sake as well as mine, my dear," resumed Mr. Perigord, "of beseeching you not to give way to your irritabilities."

"I will not, I will not, my darling George," answered his wife; "what would I give to be able to mould myself according to your wishes! it is all my fault: I know it is; I do not wonder at your being annoyed."

Cold and in exact etiquette as was the salute with which her husband rewarded this unconditional submission, a thrill of an exactly contrary description to that she had but just experienced darted through her frame, when those loved lips touched her forehead: and she gazed up into his face with a look of deep passionate tenderness, as though she would say, "Oh! if you would but return what I give, what bliss could I sigh or wish for more!"

"My broker, Gribb, has been with me, Lucy, about half an hour ago," said her husband.

"What did he want with you, George?" asked Mrs. Perigord, in a gentle unimpassioned tone of voice.

"He wanted your mother more than me," was the reply.

"Is anything the matter?" she gently inquired.

"Much, as far as concerns the Bribeworth and

Huxtable Railway Company. The fact is, its fate is sealed."

Heroic as were the efforts poor Lucy Perigord was making to repress all expression of the emotions excited by the words she last heard, but too evident was the struggle that it cost her.

"The bill is *certain* to be thrown out," continued her husband, "after having spent all the subscribed capital, by madly beginning upon the line before the passing of the bill; the Company must become bankrupt. Those who have invested the whole of their capital in it are inevitably ruined."

Mr. Perigord surveyed his wife with a rapid glance, at this particular part of his agreeable narrative, and was about to hasten on to its somewhat less alarming conclusion when he was stopped by the expression of his wife's countenance, which appeared to him to be somewhat different from that it usually wore. Her tearless eyes were fixed upon him with a glassy stare; there was a perceptible movement in her neck, as of one gasping for breath; her ample forehead became suddenly streaked with blue and swollen veins, and her whole frame appeared fixed and rigid.

"Lucy!" said Mr. Perigord, in a slightly terrified manner. A gradual, gentle falling of the pale lids was her answer, and, drooping from the low chair on which she was seated, she fell lifeless on the floor.

Mr. Perigord hastened to the prostrate form of his wife, and gently raising her, "Lucy!" he said, with somewhat of earnestness in his tone and manner, "what is the matter, my dearest Lucy?" and then returning her gently to the position from which he had slightly raised her, he hurried to the bell, and having loudly sounded it, returned to his charge.

It would seem as though the words "my dearest Lucy," uttered tenderly by her husband's lips, had made themselves heard down to the uttermost depths to which her smitten soul had sunk, and had instantly bid it back to its fair tenement. For no sooner were they pronounced than those deep blue eyes began to dawn again through the withdrawing lids; and when Mr. Perigord returned to her, they were gazing into his with an expression of such touching melancholy and passionate tenderness, as might have made even a lost spirit weep.

"Desire Harding to attend to her mistress immediately," said Mr. Perigord to the domestic who answered his summons.

"No—no; please not!" interposed the poor sufferer, languidly. "I am better now, George. I beg your pardon. I could not help it; indeed I could not." And making an effort to rise, her husband vouchsafed his assistance; and she had already re-occupied the chair from which she had fallen when Harding made her appearance.

"Fetch your mistress a glass of my old Madeira, Harding, and be quick about it," said Mr. Perigord, to his wife's waiting-maid; and then addressing his wife, "Be perfectly quiet for a few minutes; do not speak, nor disturb, nor distress yourself. The fact is, it is not such bad news as you suppose. Thanks to Mr. Gribb, Mrs. Sumner is secured from loss. But

what fainting, crying creatures you ladies are, Lucy! The idea of terrifying one in that way! One almost wishes communications about excitable subjects to be carried on *by letter*."

Long and silently did Mrs. Perigord regard her husband. The light of those deep blue eyes played full upon his impassive features, not with the laughing sunlight which had been theirs from the youngest morning of her life, but with a heavy boding brilliance, as when masses of purple clouds hover over the setting sun on a threatening autumn evening. It was a fixed agonizing gaze of scrutiny. What would she have given to have plentifully availed herself of the relief nature provides for overcharged feelings! But she would not; she knew it would annoy her husband. And so, vainly endeavouring to check a deep sobbing sigh, she said, in as cheerful a tone of voice as she could command, "I am so rejoiced to hear it, George dear! May I ask what you have done?"

"There is really nothing now to cause those deplorable sighs. I thought we were to have no excitements—eh, Lucy?" said her husband.

It was well that at this conjuncture Harding made her appearance with the restorative she had been ordered to bring. The slight distraction it occasioned only just saved her mistress from an hysterical flood of tears which was swelling for a vent, and had already commenced making its appearance.

"Hare you better now, ma'am?" asked Harding, as she received the not quite empty glass, with an affectionateness of manner which was not feigned by that domestic; for, in common with the other servants, she loved her mistress.

"I am quite well now, thank you, Harding," replied Mrs. Perigord. "It was only a slight faintness."

"Now do finish it, ma'am—now do, that's a dear lady; I'm sure you want it, ma'am. You do look so pale. It makes me feel all over like, to look at you," said Harding.

"Thank you," said her mistress; and yielded to her domestic's solicitude.

"That will do, Harding," ejaculated her master, in a tone of polished dignity.

"La, now! don't she look too beautiful to live, sir?" she replied, appealing to her master.

That individual's mind was visited with visions of Cromwells, and puritans, and Wat Tylers, and chartists, and repealers, and every imaginable type of revolutionary principles, at the bare notion of a servant presuming to neglect his orders to withdraw. He regarded the refractory Harding for a second or two with a look conveying the utmost expression of astonishment he was able to muster, and then repeated his orders. "That will do, I believe I said, Harding!" and the word "Harding" was uttered with a sound and emphasis that sent the terrified individual who owned that epithet into a fit of palpitation which was all but occasioning the overthrow of the silver waiter, and the demolition of the wine-glass; for her master's look of bewilderment had been

utterly lost upon her, engrossed as she was in prescribing for her mistress.

"Red lavender on a lump of sugar is a good thing, ma'am," she had been tenderly suggesting; "blow-monge made of snails boiled in milk is considered very strengthening; and so is 'pigs' pettitocs con-gilled in Hiceland-moss; or I should think the very best thing for you, ma'am, is to get away from this dirty, close, London, and sit all day long by a sheep-fold in the country. Sheep's smell is considered wonderful strengthening. It almost cured my poor dear—(here Mrs. Harding wiped her eyes,)—my poor dear Harding before he died." And her copious suggestions had just arrived at this particular climax, when her master's stentorian voice recalled her to a sense of her duty and position, and sent her, in a great state of discomfiture, out of the room, muttering to herself, as she went, by way of consolation, "What a different man master is to missis, to be sure!"

As soon as Harding had retired, Mr. Perigord resumed. "You really should not discompose yourself so much, my dear. You may take my word for it, that nothing is so bad as it seems to be at first sight."

"Nor so good!" ejaculated Mrs. Perigord, half to herself, half aloud.

"How do you mean?" inquired her husband.

"I do not know what I meant," she replied—"I know not why I said it." Adding, impatiently, "Am I to hear what you have done—what is the end of this matter—what I am to do—or shall I come to you for an hour every day, and so manage to hear the whole of it in about a year?" And then, afraid of this fresh little petulance she had been guilty of, she concluded with a nervous sort of laugh.

Mr. Perigord looked at his poor abashed wife for a while with one of his dignified expressions, and remarked, "You are indisposed I fear, my dear Lucy! However, since you are so patient, I will tell you at once. All Mrs. Sumner's shares in this luckless 'line' are sold—sold at three pounds more a share than she gave for them. Gibe happened to be at the committee, saw how things were going, and sold them on the spot."

"But what will become of those who buy the shares, George?" inquired his wife.

"Oh! of course the fool who has bought them will run the risk of losing," replied Mr. Perigord.

"Well, I know nothing about these things," she said, "and I am sure, my husband, that whatever you do must be strictly fair and generous; but it does seem rather hard upon the poor people who buy."

"Nonsense, my dear, perfect nonsense!" replied Mr. Perigord, "commerce is nothing but a struggle of selfishness and quickness—the sharpest and most selfish wins. The very principle of commerce is the well-known maxim—a rough but true one, 'Each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.'"

"But you know, George dear," suggested his wife, timidly, "mamma is not in commerce: her's is only what is called, I believe, an investment. I do not

know, and it seems very presumptuous in me, perhaps, to venture an opinion on such matters—but, somehow or other, I do not fancy mamma will like it.”

“You should not talk on subjects about which you know nothing, my dear,” said her husband. “Your mother would not like depending upon an allowance from me.”

Mrs. Perigord felt the truth of this observation, although she could not convince herself why it should necessarily be the case; and accordingly she remained silent.

“Say nothing about it, my dear, to your mother,” continued Mr. Perigord, “until her signature is required; in fact, I think I shall contrive so that there shall be no necessity for mentioning it at all, in case of accidents. You must promise me, Lucy, before you go, that you will not name it to her, and especially not to your brother.”

“Your wish is enough, my dearest husband,” was the reply, “to know it, is as sacred a tie to me as any promise. But since you ask it, I promise you,” and so saying, she kissed her husband, and withdrew.

And could she have scanned her heart of hearts, she had discovered secreted there a hidden feeling of relief. As she left the library, she proceeded straight to the drawing room, and not finding any one there, she uncovered her harp, and sang with exquisite feeling, and with a voice of the most rich and thrilling sweetness, the song which had attracted her brother.

CHAPTER IX

“The world's a labyrinth, where *angels* / men

Walk up and down, to find their weariness.”

The Night's Other, Act IV. Sc. 6

HARRY SUMNER drank in with intense earnestness every word of the song his sister was so touchingly singing. He thought he had never before heard such eloquent harmonies. The mellow harp tones rippled along with a rich and murmuring melody by the side of her thrilling voice. He was fixed to the spot; fascinated. The air was familiar to him, the words were new and strange. It was only the day before that they had flowed from his sister's pen. Little as she knew or owned it, they were the voice of her own feelings—those feelings which her mind had clothed with an expression so beautiful. The sparkling and graceful play of the fountain was truly the work of her creative imagination, but the exhaustless jet came bubbling up from the deep well-spring of her heart. Nor were those feelings more her own than they were her brother's. The bright morning of life had begun to be overcast for both. The dew-drops sparkled not—the gay glitter of the stream had yielded to a leaden hue—the hope and buoyancy of a dawning east was checked—there was a gloom and a chill—and full life appeared to be becoming corpse-like and inanimate. As the music poured into his soul, it seemed to him as though it were issuing thence, and the inmost chords of his heart thrilled and vibrated to their utmost tension. It ended: and when he descended the wide spiral stone staircase, and sallied

forth on a visit of condolence to the relatives of his departed friend, he carried within him the echoes of the last line—

“Life is the bitterness of death!”

His thoughts as he rode onwards lingered with the solemn rites of poor Lamb's obsequies, and the affecting circumstances connected with them. The passionate grief of the sister of the departed. His mother's calmer, but unutterable sorrow, the sorrow of one to whom grief was no stranger. The small but significant actions in which it displayed itself—the sitting up night after night in the room of death, and taking all her short intervals of slumber by the coffin's side—the flowers with which she every day freshly decorated the sleeping body of her son, and that last, last, look before he was hid from her sight until the resurrection day—The abstraction and death-deep silence of his father, as though his son's icy hand had been laid upon his lips and sealed up the current of his words, or as though some hidden barrier had been rudely removed, and the escaping torrent of emotions had choked up the narrow utterance to which they had hitherto been accustomed; the frantic violence with which he had cast himself on the mound of soil which lay beside the yawning grave, ready to be heaped back again on him who was his no more, and beat his head against his hands clatched in one another, and sobbed aloud. “My son! my son!” he fancied that he still heard the old man cry, “would that God had taken thee by a lingering illness—that he had given thee to me but for one month, that I might have sat and knelt by thy bedside through the live-long days and through the live-long nights—have embraced thee in a penitent father's arms—implored thy pardon for his savage sternness, and have humbly craved that and that only for thy blessing and thy legacy!” And then Harry Sumner's thoughts as he threaded the crowded and panting streets reverted to the complete change that had come over the old man's whole disposition and demeanour—his exchange of reserve for communicativeness, of distant coldness for cordiality; of the domineering and selfish manner in which he had been accustomed to conduct himself towards his wife and daughter, for an extreme considerateness and gentleness.—And he was conjecturing how far the events, which were in seeming the most cruelly calamitous, might themselves be special interferences of the love and beneficence of Him who orders them, when he found himself entering Mr. Lamb's house, having dismounted from his horse, knocked at the door, and seen it opened in answer, almost unconsciously.

That gentleman's habits had undergone a corresponding change to that which his moral nature had experienced since his return from Oxford. Seven o'clock had been his family dinner hour, and rare indeed were the occasions on which he left his chambers earlier than would allow him time to reach his private residence by that hour. It was now altered to five o'clock, and although it was only a few minutes after half-past four, Mr. Lamb was at home when his son's friend arrived.

The state of calm and chastened sorrow in which he found the three mourners bewildered him with astonishment. When last he had seen them he could scarcely say whether the father's or the sister's grief were the most passionate and vehement. Nor was there a whit the less appearance of despairing anguish in the calmer bearing of the mother. But now, in the subdued melancholy of the three, and especially of Mrs. Lamb and her daughter, there was a resignation, even a hopefulness, which sorely puzzled him.

"Can this be the exhaustion of spent emotions?" he said to himself. "No—it cannot be. Their grief appears no less poignant in the resignation to which it has yielded. What can this mean?"

"If you had been a quarter of an hour earlier," said Mr. Lamb, "you would have met the Rev. Mr. Smith, one of our clergy."

"Mr. Smith!" exclaimed Harry Sumner, "I thought that you and he were not on speaking terms."

"So I thought too," replied Mr. Lamb; "and when his name was announced, actuated by that sort of fatality by which I seem to be urged to repel from me every one most worthy of esteem, I desired my servant to tell him, with my compliments, that I was particularly engaged, and did not wish to be disturbed. You know he is one of those gentlemen who want to empty our pockets, and enslave us all again to a parcel of priests; and I certainly have worried him out of his life ever since he has been in the parish."

Neither Mr. Lamb nor his wife could account for the appearance of deep and earnest interest with which Harry Sumner listened to this information, and then inquired, "if he came in notwithstanding?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lamb; "he sent back a message to the effect that he trusted he should not appear intrusive; that if so he offered the humblest apologies; but that he had heard of the sad bereavement with which it had pleased God to visit us, and trusting I would forget the little misunderstanding which had existed, he had hoped to be permitted to offer us the consolations of religion under our distress."

"Of course you admitted him?" inquired Sumner, in a tone of intense interest.

"I cannot make out how I came to do it," he replied; "but certain it is that, whether impatient of the trouble of hesitating, or by a sudden impulse, or from whatever cause, I ordered him to be shown up."

"Your enmity, then, is put an end to?" inquired Sumner, eagerly.

"Never—to what I believe to be the *principles* of those men!" replied Mr. Lamb. "You know I never bore any ill-will to the man himself."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Sumner, "but did you not say that you have worried him out of his life ever since he has been in your parish?"

"I have," replied Mr. Lamb; "but that was on account of his principles."

"Well, I must confess," said Harry Sumner, musingly, "I feel prejudiced in favour of principles backed by such a practice."

A short pause followed this observation, which was broken by Mrs. Lamb, who, as well as her daughter, had maintained a complete silence during this short dialogue between Harry Sumner and her husband.

"Oh, Mr. Sumner!" she exclaimed; "we have been so comforted. I can scarcely describe to you the defects that good man has left behind him. I feel quite another being: I can now almost bear to talk of my poor Arthur with exposure."

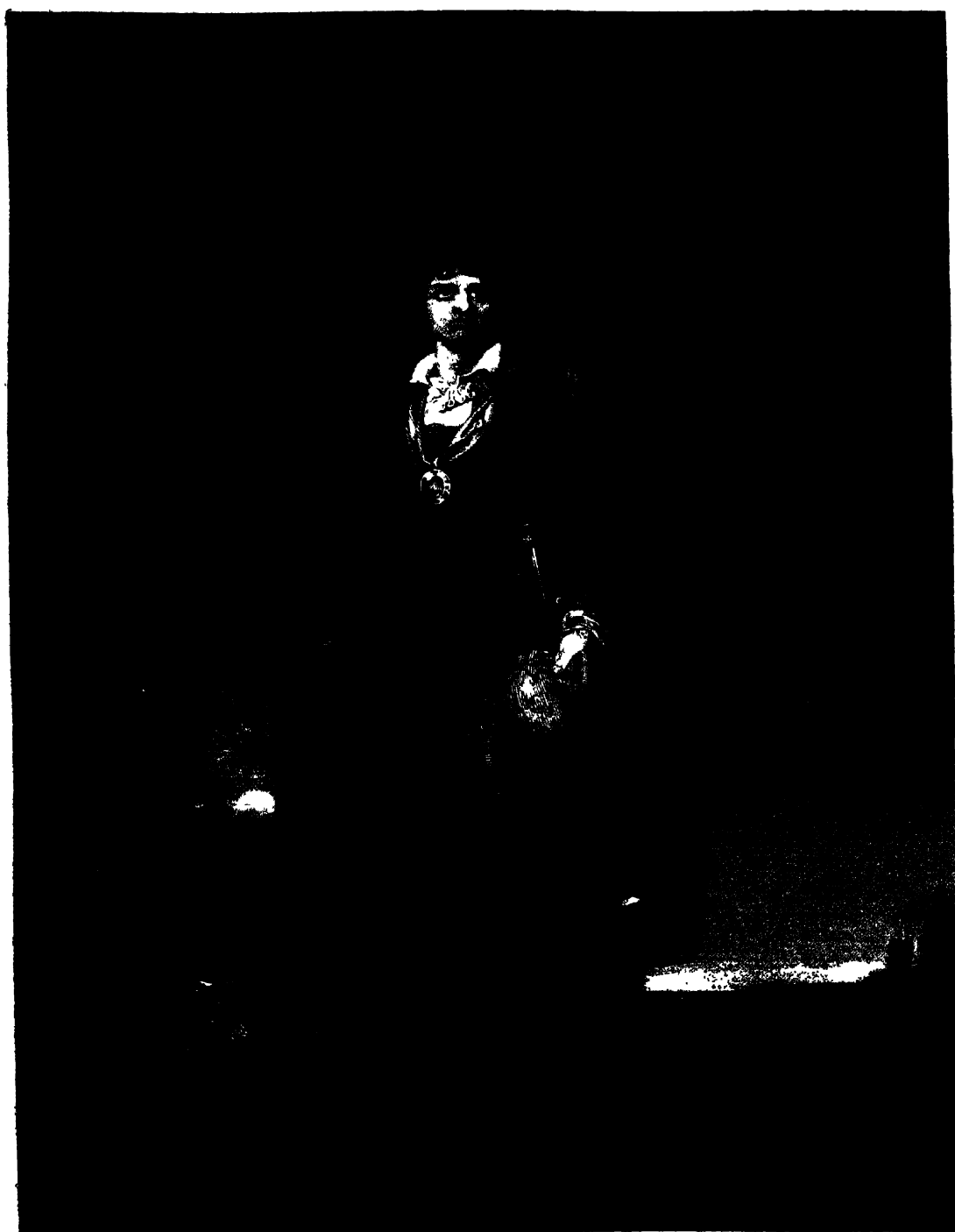
Here, however, a flow of tears belied the speaker's assertion.

"He is coming again to-morrow," she continued; "for my dear husband said he was very grateful to him, and told him he should be glad to welcome him to his house at any time."

"Why, his manner was so inoffensive, my dear, that I could not resist saying as much," interposed Mr. Lamb.

Harry Sumner's life, up to within the last few weeks, had been spent in the uninterrupted joyousness of youthful excitement. Immediately after he left Winchester he had proceeded on a three years' tour on the Continent, accompanied by a tutor—a clever and gentlemanlike man of about his own age. Well introduced, they found admission into the best circles of society in any neighbourhood they chanced to select for a temporary sojourn. They passed through ever-varying scenery as they moved from place to place, sometimes wide, flat, and uninteresting; at other times soul-enthraling, bold, luxurious, picturesque, grand, or romantic, as the case might chance to be. Each fresh town they came to differed from those they had already visited; there were new streets, and new-shaped buildings, and new objects, and a new arrangement of old objects, and new faces, and new peculiarities. He never remained long enough in one place to become identified with any of its conflicting interests and feuds; there was, therefore, nothing to check the cordiality with which his many advantages, both of person and position, caused him to be welcomed in all directions. If ever human existence glided smoothly and brightly by, like one prolonged, gay dream, it was those first six years of Harry Sumner's life after leaving school.

Accustomed, from his earliest infancy, to intimate association with two characters very far transcending the ordinary level, his new experience, though it did not exalt his view of human nature, though it even caused him disappointment, did not occasion an entire change. He saw but the smiling, treacherous tranquillity of the surface of society; the clouds had not yet begun to gather, which would quench the excessive light by which he had gazed upon it until then, and enable him to perceive the evil spirits battling in its noisome depths. His manly and generous disposition, joined as it was to genius, and to a vivacity under the complete control of exquisite refinement of feeling, caused him to be the idol of a university coterie, tolerably select considering its extent, and composed of individuals, all of whom were at that time of life at which such qualities as those possessed by Harry Sumner are so peculiarly popular.



Committing himself to the full enjoyment of a society so congenial, it never entered into his thoughts to attempt to stint himself in any of those material pleasures, of the peril of which, even although not indulged in to any gross excess, our youth of the present day are so wholly uninformed. Four or five hours, on most days, appropriated to his books, formed a graceful relief to the monotony of merely sensuous amusements, and added a zest and relish to their enjoyment.

The being did not exist whom he hated—he knew of no one who was his enemy. It is true he had felt that there existed in one or two of his college acquaintances, such as Lionel Roakes and his class, incongruities of taste, and sentiment, and habit, so marked as to preclude the possibility of his linking them to him in the bonds of friendship, but this feeling had not developed into anything like enmity. The only individual towards whom aught resembling such a feeling found a place in his breast was Mr. Petigord; towards whom he could not help recognising, and he scarcely knew why, a deep instinctive aversion—an aversion of which, as the object of it was his sister's husband, he was heartily ashamed. Thus, like the fresh and exulting brightness of spring-tide, had passed the morning of Harry Sumner's life, until the moment of his friend's fearful death, and all its miserable attendant circumstances. Now the bright and sparkling cup of life was dashed with one bitter ingredient: the clear blue above was hung with black: a snapped and riven chord sent forth sullen discords jarring with the first melody of perfectly attuned existence. And yet this rude shock to his whole system, intellectual and sensuous, was not without a sweet and inexplicable charm. Not many weeks ago, he would have escaped from such society and such converse as now detained him, at the very first moment good feeling or good manners, or whatever motive it might be that had led him into them, permitted. Now he felt himself singularly fascinated by them, and even reluctant to take his departure. Unconscious of the change in Mr. Lamb's dinner hour, he sat on and on; nor did a single sign of impatience intimate to him that that meal was being retarded. For Mr. Lamb, who a short time since would rather have offended those dearest to him in the world than have waited a quarter of an hour for his dinner, now even shrank from inviting him to partake of it, lest he should hasten the departure of his son's friend.

No sooner, however, did he arise to take leave, than he was pressed to remain and dine with them by Mr. Lamb, in a manner no less hearty and cordial than that in which the request was seconded by Mrs. Lamb and her daughter.

"I would gladly accept your friendly invitation," he said in reply, "but that I am prevented from doing so by an engagement, which I must own to be far less congenial to my present mood and feelings. My brother-in-law has rather a large dinner party to-day. By the bye, he dines an hour and a half earlier than usual, in order that I may accompany my sister to

Covent Garden to see Macready's representation of Hamlet. It now only wants five minutes of the time."

Thus saying, he took a hasty farewell of the mourners, and mounting his horse, was at No. 10, Hyde Park Gardens within a few minutes of the appointed time.

LAWRENCE AND KEMBLE'S HAMLET—SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET—THE WORLD'S HAMLET.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

THE point of time Lawrence has taken for his beautiful picture is selected with peculiar felicity. It represents the young prince in the Danish churchyard, moralizing upon humanity and death—upon man's career, his aims, his varied tendencies, vanities, follies, ambitions, hopes, and struggles, all here extinguished, and meeting in one common doom. The picture is beautiful in itself, as a work of art—it is well composed, well drawn, and well painted; and it is nobly conceived as an impersonation of Shakspeare's intellectual, reflective Hamlet prince of Denmark, no less than as a tasteful portrait of the dignified, elegant actor, John Philip Kemble.

Kemble's commanding figure, gentlemanly deportment, and scholarly accomplishments, eminently fitted him for personating the part of the Danish prince; though we can nevertheless readily conceive that his style of acting was too level, too unyielding, too strictly accordant with certain prescribed rules, too uniformly correct, to render him an entirely apt representative of the impressionable, moody, sensitive Hamlet. But who, indeed, should be thoroughly capable of embodying such a conception as the character of Hamlet? Who should be even physically equal to the task of enacting the varied emotion, terror, grief, disappointment, irresolution, reflection, sarcasm, distraction, and terrible struggle that contend in this wounded heart through the five long acts of grand sustained tragedy that Shakspeare has here set forth? It is an analysis of the human heart in all its myriad phases, combined into a single individual instance, as if the bosom-pulses of mankind generally were made to throb in one breast, bared for examination by the poet's master hand. The misgivings, the aspirations, and the sad experiences of a life-time are here crowded into a drama of two or three hours' duration; and can we hope to find any actor of sufficient power to sustain and develop such a condensation of human action and feeling, with every requisite qualification, personal, as well as mental?

But if Kemble's Hamlet was too monotonous, other assumers of the part have erred in an opposite direction. They appear to lose sight of the fact that Hamlet is, above all things, gentlemanly; that is, in the strict sense of the word—he is a gentle man. His essential characteristic is gentleness of soul; however the unhappy circumstances by which he is involuntarily surrounded lead him into occasional harshnesses of demeanour, and wayward petulance. The actors of Hamlet seem to forget that a splenetic rashness is the

accident of his character, and not an innate principle. His asperity is assumed, and forms no part of his nature; and yet we see the stage Hamlets twitch the wand from Polonius's hand with an irreverent discourtesy, to point out "the cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel," that makes us shrink from such rough behaviour, so little in keeping with the instinctive respect for age, which Hamlet has shortly before discovered in the charge he gives the player when he is conducted away by the old courtier—"Fellow that lord, and look you mock him not." In their manner to Ophelia also, the Hamlets of the scene usually accompany their sarcastic speeches with such haughty glances and such acrimonious tones as to point their invectives at her, instead of directing them at her sex in general. Whereas, in the very scene where Hamlet allows himself to assume most apparent harshness in the presence of Ophelia, there is precise indication that his first emotion on beholding her is one of gentleness and tender regard.

It is immediately after he has been steeped in that profound contemplation upon the subject of life, suffering, and finitude—upon the passive endurance, or the final relinquishment of existence and its burthens—upon the laconic, yet comprehensive alternative, "to be, or not to be." He is absorbed in this momentous question, when he sees her approach, and his exclamation is, "Soft you, now!—the fair Ophelia;" and addresses her with a mild petition that she will remember him in her prayers, well befitting the solemnity of the subject that has so lately occupied his thoughts. She makes a kindly inquiry touching his health, to which he replies, "I humbly thank you, well, well, well!" In some of the modern editions of the play, and probably in the acting copy, these two last repetitions of the word "well" are omitted, but they are in the folio editions, and finely convey (to my fancy, at least) Hamlet's endeavour to resume the iterative incoherent manner, proper to the malady he has assumed, and of which Ophelia's inquiry reminds him. It is not until she offers to return him his former "gifts" and "remembrances," that he is roused to a recollection of the cruel destiny which interferes with the property of their love, and commands its extinction; and then it is that he bursts into the wild exclamation, "Ha, ha! are you honest?" and proceeds in a strain of sarcasm which certainly admits of a general application, quite as much as an individual one. Hamlet need not be rude and personal, as well as bitter; such conduct is not in accordance with the main features of his character.

Do we not find him uniformly courteous with his inferiors? as witness his mode of receiving the two officers, Bernardo and Marcellus; his replies to the gentleman who brings him a message; his familiar kindness and condescension with the players; his easy colloquy with the grave-digger, who with blunt unconsciousness answers the prince's questions with, "Cannot you tell that?—Every fool can tell that!" his gentlemanly manner of playing off Osric's courtierly pliancy, and affected diction, after bidding him be covered in his presence; his forbearance towards

Laertes, whose violent malediction against him when they both leap into Ophelia's grave, he receives with the temperate words, "Thou pray'st not well;" as also the refined apology which he makes to him at the end of the play, when they are about to engage in fencing:—

"Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother."

All this, together with his affectionate attachment and confiding tenderness towards his beloved friend Horatio, prove Hamlet to be very different from the irascible, morose being which he is too frequently made to appear through the medium of stage representation.

Shakspeare, too, is very fond of conveying indications of the qualities possessed by his chief characters, through the mouths of other dramatis personæ in the play.

We discover how tolerantly Hamlet has behaved, in the first instance, to the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—severe henchings and treacherous spies though they be—by their own confession:—

"Did he receive you well?
Most like a gentleman."

Even the usurping king is compelled to bear tribute to one of his amiable traits. In contriving the scheme of the fencing-wager with Laertes, Hamlet's uncle says:—

"——— he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils."

Praise thus ingeniously placed in the mouth of an enemy produces the more impression from the reluctant and involuntary character of its testimony; as, for instance, upon another occasion, where Iago says, of Othello:—

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,"

and again:—

"The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving noble nature."

And we learn that Hamlet's mother is astonished at an unfilial and totally unaccustomed tone of remonstrance on his part, from her exclamation:—

"What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?"

Several times in the course of the play is this habit of submissive obedience in Hamlet, as a son, noted and confirmed. Not only does the main incident of the play depend upon his devoted love for his father's memory, but we hear that "his mother lives almost by his looks;" we find him schooling his heart to a befitting forbearance previous to his entering her presence, where he says:—

"O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;"

and we see how meekly he replies, "She well in-

structs me," in answer to her message desiring him to "use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before they fall to play."

There is, moreover, subtle indication of his habitually placid manner, conveyed in his own surprise at finding himself railing, when he rebukes himself that he should—

"unpack his heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!"

In short, Hamlet's nature is sensitive and sweet; but wrenched and warped from the calm of its original tenour, into wayward starts and fitful moods of sarcasm and scorn. He is the victim of an onerous and abhorrent task, imposed by inexorable destiny, and not a ranting, harsh, inveterate misanthrope.

What touching and passionate deprecation of the burthen unexpectedly devolving upon him is there in the words:—

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

And how affecting is the profound melancholy with which he abandons himself to the fulfilment of the stern behest from which his sensitive nature shrinks in conscious weakness and unfitness:—

"Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe—Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter—yes, by Heaven!"

Shakspeare has dwelt with such minute and elaborate touches upon Hamlet's peculiar characteristics, that we behold him palpably, in his bearing, manner, and personal habits, no less than in his moral and mental individuality. We see him first with downcast eyes and mourning garment, where his mother bids him cast his "nighted colour" off, and speaks of the "veiled lids" with which he "ever seeks his father in the dust;" of his negligent attire, his pale face, his trembling knees, his piteous looks and sighs, and heedless carriage, we hear from Ophelia, where she describes to her father the prince's sad visit to her chamber. But he himself tells us:—

"Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly."

And, therefore, in order that we may receive full conviction that Hamlet has "that within, which passeth show," Shakspeare has not failed to give us still surer indication of his peculiar temperament. How well is the constitution of the contemplative student, the sedentary inactive man, depicted in the several passages which describe him as "fat and scant of

breath;" (though it has been said that these words were introduced as a sort of apologetic reference to the obesity of the first actor of the part—Burbage; yet they are borne out elsewhere as relating to Hamlet himself,) as being of a "complexion" that makes him feel the weather "sultry and hot," and as daring not to drink while he is warm with the fencing-bout, when his mother offers to wipe the moisture from his face. All these circumstances are better suited to the ideal image we form in reading, than well adapted for stage representation. The very supineness, and passive despondency with which he submits to the mortal effects of his death-blow, are entirely consistent with his particular disposition:—

"Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O! I could tell you,—
But let it be—

* * *

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit."

Of the previous sufferings of this wounded spirit we have a moving witness in those words to his heart-friend, Horatio:—

"Ham. Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here
about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gain-
giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman."

And a terrible indication of his troubled repose, and disturbed restless nights, is given in the two passages:—

"O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and
count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I
have bad dreams."

And:—

"Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes."

An impression of his susceptible temperament is well conveyed by the circumstance of his shivering with cold as he comes upon the castle platform; the night air is not only chill in itself—but he feels it through his excited nerves, which are intensely and thrillingly conscious of the expected visitation from his father's spirit.

And then his abhorrence of the Danish intemperance is finely in keeping with his character as a refined scholar, accustomed to find delight in the recreations of imagination and study, rather than in sensual pursuits. Concerning his own tastes and habits, we are informed that he "sometimes walks four hours together in the lobby;" and he himself talks of its being "the breathing time of the day" with him, which gives the idea of a custom of taking set exercise, proper to a sedentary student; besides, we know that he is an adept in fencing, and says to Horatio, that he has "been in continual practice" during Laertes' absence.

It has been said, "it is in the scene with the Queen that Hamlet vindicates his own sanity." He does so, in distinct words; but surely he most effectually *proves* that he is not "essentially in madness, but mad in craft," by his own conduct in the scenes where he is

alone, or unwatched. In his soliloquies he is meditative, profoundly philosophical, and rationally argumentative. If he waver, it is the irresolution of a man more prone to reflection than to action;—of a mind that takes delight in the subtleties of speculation and thought, rather than in the bold deductions and resolves that should be the result of conscientious argument, and self-scrutiny. In the unacted scene with the captain of Fortinbras's forces, and in the one with the grave-digger, where there is no need to "put an antic disposition on," he is coherent, and calmly reasonable. Hamlet's feigning himself to be mad is of a piece with the Earl of Kent's determination in the play of *King Lear*. Kent, with his disguise of serving-man, assumes a blunt straightforward boldness of manner, as best suited to his former habits of command when a powerful nobleman; and Hamlet resolves upon sheltering himself beneath the cloak of avowed madness, as most appropriate to account for the "wild and whirling words," which he feels must occasionally burst from the promptings of his crushed and writhing spirit. The sense of relief with which his pent heart relaxes, in the utterance of those four simple words, "now I am alone," after the long scene of worrying, spying, besetting persecution he has just endured from Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, communicates itself sympathetically to the reader, and we echo the sigh with which he breathes them forth, as he feels that he is released from the irksome necessity of acting a part.

It is interesting to notice how emphatically Shakspeare has stated the age of this, the finest of all his characters. Polonius and Horatio both mention him as *young* Hamlet; but this may be partly from their being accustomed to speak of the late king, (whose name was the same as his son's,) and from their wish to distinguish the prince by this designation. His *youth*, also, is frequently adverted to in general terms, by several persons in the drama; but the author has, in one instance, precisely stated the exact age he wishes to be known as that of his hero.

It will be remembered that in the church-yard scene, Hamlet asks the grave-digger:—

"How long hast thou been a grave maker?"

Clown. Of all the days i'the year I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that! It was the very day that young Hamlet was born."

And very shortly after, he says:—

"I have been sexton here, man and boy, *thirty* years."

It is singular, and worthy of note, that Shakspeare has taken the pains to define the precise age of another of his characters, who is an argumentative, reflective man, like Hamlet; and he has given him almost a similar number of years; as if he believed that to be the age when a man's mind attains its highest point of maturity and perfection. Iago is eight-and-twenty; he says:—

"I have looked upon the world for four times seven years."

Iago and Hamlet are both pre-eminently men of intellect: they are both proud of this divine gift; and both fond of exercising its powers. They are even made to use a similar expression as to the supremacy of volition. Hamlet says:—

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

And Iago maintains that—

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus."

But then, how beautifully has our beloved Shakspeare taken the opportunity afforded him in the portrayal of these two characters—both so highly gifted in their mental faculty—of discriminating between the merely intellectual man, and the man who has heart as well as mind! Iago is selfish, wicked, and utterly sceptical in moral worth, either as existing in himself or in others. His total want of faith in 'goodness prevents his advancing any claim to our respect and esteem, and mars the impression of his otherwise commanding and undeniable genius. The very success of his schemes, and the influence obtained by his mental superiority over the objects of his hatred, are impaired by this moral defect in himself. The lesson is a profound one. Hamlet, on the contrary, not more firmly claims our admiration, than he attracts our regard. As the philosopher, the scholar, the princely student, the wise logician, the accomplished gentleman, he in turn wins our emulative respect; but not more securely than, as the affectionate son, the unhappily alienated lover, the tender confiding friend, the gentle-hearted man, he gains our fond attachment, our dearest consideration, our affection, our love.

Hazlitt says:—"We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces."

How simply true this is! And yet, reverential affection for the sublime drama that has furnished us with so many ardent aspirations and consoling reflections, leads us still to add our own poor thoughts upon the inexhaustible theme. It is this admiring love, joined with the tenderness of intimacy, which lends us courage to profess our creed (however imperfect the expression may be), with respect to a subject as well known, but better prized than a (haply) plain set of features. But, at the same time, it is this familiar feeling of loving regard, combining with high estimation of its infinite merits, that makes us prefer enjoying this sublime play in the tranquil retirement of our own room, to beholding it acted in a crowded theatre. Thus apart, we indulge a sense of exclusive and entire fruition, akin to the one with which we welcome a cherished friend to the sanctuary of our own home after meeting in a thronged society. Hamlet on the stage we see and hear; but Hamlet in Shakspeare's immortal book, we know and love!

FACTS ABOUT THE FUNGI.

THE Fungi are a despised family, principally because so much ignorance prevails about them; and they are a neglected family, because their real value is scarcely dreamt of. Both these popular estimates of fungi are unjust. Humble as their position in the world of vegetation appears, their importance is proportionate to their humility; and much as a nation of roast-beef-eating Englishmen may scoff at fungi as an article of diet, they form the delight of gourmands on the continent, the food of some nations in South America, and the intoxicating media of nations in the north-eastern parts of Asia. Creation's homily throughout is, "Despise not small things;" and the fungi are an instance in point. However, despised or cared for, it is all one to the fungi, as to all things else in this harmonious scheme. They have their allotted duties to fulfil in the universe, and in obedience to the Creator's laws they "act well their part." Will man take no heed of them, and trample under thoughtless foot their wonderful organization? It is his own loss, not their harm. Possibly our article may call some degree of attention to them, and add, at the same time, somewhat to fungal dignity, and to the esculent resources of our country. Such, at all events, is our intention in its composition.

Let us deal with them scientifically first, and we shall then have freedom to investigate the curiosities of their natural history. Fungi have been examined chemically by M. Payen. Their constituents are:—1, water; 2, cellulose; 3, three substances containing nitrogen; 4, fatty matter, analogous to wax; 5, other fatty substances of different fluidity; 6, sugar; 7, some peculiar substance which turns brown when exposed to air; 8, an aromatic substance; 9, traces of sulphur; and 10, minute traces of salts of silex and potash. Botany tells us that the fungi belong to the cellular flowerless plants; that is, that they consist entirely of a congeries of minute cells or filaments; they are without floral appendages, and have no structures analogous to the leaves, roots, or branches of the more highly organized forms of vegetation. It will be asked then, how are they nourished, and how propagated? The fungi derive their nutriment by simply imbibing the juices of the material from whence they are produced. If, for example, a choice fruit has been laid aside in a damp place, speedily a crop of fungi springs up on it, and live luxurious by drinking in the luscious juices destined probably for the regalement of very different creatures. Thus they are able to dispense with the cumbrous apparatus of roots and spongioles, and are thereby the more fitted for rapid development in every suitable position.

The fungi are propagated by two processes: either by means of "spores" attached to the cellular tissue within the cap which we are familiar with as rising above the ground; or by means of what is called "spawn," consisting of a number of filamentous processes often residing principally in the portion of the fungus on or under ground; the spawn is technically called *mycelium*.

One of the most familiar examples of a fungal is the common mouldiness which appears on decaying substances. When a minute portion of this delicate substance is placed on the field of the microscope, a curious spectacle presents itself. A vast array of little drumsticks seems paraded before the eye. These are the simply formed heads and filaments of the "mould." Looking at them more closely they are found to consist of little articulated filaments, placed end to end, surmounted by minute round spherules which contain the spores. The cellule which encloses these microscopic spores generally bursts, and the spores are scattered abroad to the winds to seek a suitable place of development. By this means mould extends with the utmost rapidity. The rupture of the cellule, and dispersion of the spores, forms a most interesting sight on the stage of a good microscope. These germs are exceedingly minute, and being very light they float with every passing air. Their number is amazing; it is not to be adequately expressed by figures, or conceived by the imagination. "The sporules," says Fries, "are so numerous, in a single individual I have reckoned above 10,000,000; so subtle they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke; so light, raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere, and are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, insects, wind, electricity, adhesion, &c., that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded." For aught we know, then, the vital air we breathe may carry on its wings such messengers of life with every breath; or they may be upborne in myriads on the mimic ocean of a tumbler of water. Whether this be so or not, it is truly wonderful to observe the ubiquity of the fungal principle. How often in dismay does the housekeeper carefully open her long bottled-up fruit, half suspecting the result, and find a forest of fungi pressing up against the cork! In short, no place is secure against their invasion. The larder and the cellar, the drawing-room and the kitchen, are free to them. Yes, and the loftiest attic and the deepest well are all one to them; they luxuriate upon our dainty food, or they revel upon our damp and dusty papers; or even swim in islands of the most delicate pale blue, upon the black seas of our ink-bottles. Wherever the wild wind penetrates, there are they.

In consequence of this fact, so hard to realize, and of some peculiarities in the development of the fungals, it has even been a serious question whether the fungi were rightly considered to be vegetable productions at all; and it has been proposed to constitute them as an independent kingdom, equally distinct from animals and vegetables. It has been doubted by others also, that spores were actually necessary to their production; and some singular arguments are adducible, which would almost seem to justify the opinion. By this theory fungi are conceived to be merely accidental developments of vegetable matter, called into existence by special conditions of light, heat, earth, and air. It is possible, for example, by a certain mixture of organic and inorganic ingredients, and by subsequently exposing it to proper conditions of temperature, &c. to produce invariably a particular species of fungal—the ordinary mushroom. Now, say they, if the mushroom sprang from seeds or sporules floating in the air, this invariable result could not happen, as in that case many different species would necessarily spring up. Again, fungi are often produced constantly upon the same kind of matter, and upon nothing else; apparently strong evidence in favour of the accidental production of these plants. Moreover, fungals often spring up after storms, or only in particular states of the atmosphere. We believe a consideration, which, to our knowledge at least, has not been before suggested, will explain the difficulty, and reassure the naturalist in his belief of the really plant-like habits and development of the fungals. It is well known that all plants require the presence of certain constituents in the soil for their development, and they will only grow where such constituents are to be found; hence, as has been well demonstrated by Liebig, some plants will invariably follow the steps of man whithersoever he wanders, because, in the excreta of human life, they find the peculiar conditions most favourable to their development. What, therefore, is the gardener accomplishing when he mingles certain ingredients together, and apparently *manufactures* mushrooms? Simply bringing together those constituents most favourable to the development of that particular tribe: the omnipresent sporules find the place suitable to their growth, while those of other species do not, and hence the invariable consequence is, that these die, while the others live, and become edible fungi. Upon similar principles the growth of fungi from particular tissues may be explained, since these tissues themselves contain different ingredients, some possibly more adapted to some species than they would be to others. Such a solution to the enigma has at all events all the force of analogy in higher forms of plants, and this is a weighty consideration.

While, however, it appears a matter of indifference to the fungals where they make their appearance, they have their choice spots of development, where they increase to the largest extent. Where are these? Not in the broad sun-light of the tropics, not in the pure sweet air of the wholesome fields, not in the carefully tended pastures of the amateur florist. No! they are lucifugous plants; they hate the sharp penetrating glitter of the open day, their paradise is in the dark and dismal regions of the long-darkened and forgotten cellar; or they rejoice in putrid numbers crowding the neglected mines; or deep in forest dells they squat beneath overshadowing trunks and boughs, nourished by yellow streams of decomposing vegetation. And, as a general rule, they are equally dainty about their food; they almost universally luxuriate upon decaying animal or vegetable substances; and while many substances appear to resist their attacks when sound, such as fruit, yet, let the smallest speck of decay commence, and the fungals crowd upon the spot, and in a little while they alone remain, the fruit itself having been consumed in their production. Several remarkable exceptions exist to this law.

Many fungi attack living vegetables: they produce vast destruction of property in so doing. Many of the so-called "blights," are simply parasitic fungi: they are found on the leaves, stems, grain, and even the chaff of plants. The red rust, and red-robin of wheat, the mildew, smut, ergot, which so frequently disappoint the hopes of the harvest, and threaten the very existence of thousands, are after all minute parasitic fungi. Not only do they attack the outer surface of the plants, but also they actually enter its structure, penetrate its tissues, and may even emerge and display themselves at the stomata, or breathing orifices, of the leaves. But the most singular fact connected with their place of growth is, that they are frequently found upon living animal tissues. It has been observed by Dr. Bennett, that a species of mould grows occasionally within the human lungs when in a diseased condition! Mouldiness has also been found on the internal surface of the air-cells of an cider-duck while alive, and by Professor Owen in the lungs of a flamingo. Curiously enough, the eruptions of some forms of cutaneous disease are accompanied by the appearance of moulds. It is also well known that gold-fish frequently perish by the spread of a minute parasitic fungus called the *Achlea prolifer*. Insects are particularly subject to their attacks. The "*vegetable wasps*" of the West Indies are insects which have been attacked, and are ultimately destroyed by a parasitic fungus. While the unhappy creature lives, it is a curious being—half vegetable, and half animal. But we need not go so far from

home ; our busy summer companions, the house flies, are subject as the chills of autumn draw on apace, to be infected by a little fungus, which soon destroys them; and they are often to be found enveloped in their vegetable winding-sheet, sticking to the neglected pane. In the caterpillar condition insects are often likewise the subjects of this disease. The silkworm is most extensively destroyed by a minute fungus called the Muscardine. A singular instance of a similar kind also occurs in the caterpillar of a New Zealand moth ; in these cases the fungus consumes the juices of the body, and the whole interior is rapidly replaced by a mass of vegetable filaments. Accustomed as we are to the opposite contemplation, it is something surprising thus to behold the powers of vegetable life overcoming those of animal vitality.

It need scarcely be said that the fungi present us with an infinite variety of form and colours. It is a great mistake to suppose that all are as sombre as the common mushroom. A day's excursion into the damp depths of our woods would dispel the illusion, and repay the collector with specimens as lively in colour as the most beautiful flower. Even the minute fungi are often beautifully tinted—some red, some blue, some yellow, or of the snowiest white. In the tropical forests, where the exuberant strength of the soil displays itself in the most marvellous forms, the most gorgeously painted fungi are to be occasionally found in the darker portions, whither daylight scarcely descends. The pity is, that they wither away almost as soon as they are born. The fungi differ in this remarkable particular from other plants, that they are never *green*; and this seems connected with another note-worthy fact, that, contrary to the general law, they absorb oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid.

Their variety of form is even more striking. While some are quite microscopic, others grow to a very large size; some of the mushrooms brought to our markets are examples; but what are these compared to some Australian fungi, which attain occasionally the weight of two pounds! Some of the *Agarics* are of the most graceful form—a delicate, slightly tumid, tapering stalk, supporting a lovely canopy, dotted with scarlet above, and fringed in delicate rays beneath. Some, as we have said, are like microscopic drumsticks; others, equally minute, are beautifully branched like trees, and some resemble architectural ornaments. Some, again, are tough and resisting in structure, others soft and gelatinous; and many are fleshy, while others are paper-like, or dry membranous cases full of powder.

It does not seem possible to assign any limits to the number of their species. The Rev. W. Berkeley states that Fries discovered

no fewer than two thousand species within the space of a square furlong in Sweden! Of the lower tribes the number appears infinite. The fungi are cosmopolitic. The teeming inhabitants of North America claim kin, and are, in fact, many of them identical with those of our own land, and this by hundreds of species.

Now for a few fungal curiosities. It has been already said, fungi love the dark, even the absence of the smallest twinkling of daylight. Cultivators are well aware of this, and select such spots for bringing up this light-hating family in. Some of the places they select are curious enough. Often it is at the bottom of some old pit where these funny vegetables thrive in the dark, visible to no eye but His that created them. In the ancient quarries which tunnel under the great French metropolis, are very large beds for the cultivation of fungi, and so pitch dark is their abode that accidents occasionally occur in the efforts of the cultivator to get at his plants. One that had nearly proved fatal took place a little while since, and was reported in the papers; the individual in question losing his way, and unable to return, was nearly starved to death when a party of friends providentially discovered him. As if their aversion to light arose from self-consciousness of a source thereof in themselves, it is an extraordinary fact that some fungi are beautifully luminous. Of these the genus *rhizomorpha* is the most singular. These fungi appear to be composed of fungous tissue, developed either imperfectly, or in some anomalous form; their name is derived from the supposed resemblance of masses of them to bundles of roots. A paper in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* contains an interesting account of these fungi, as they are found in the coal mines near Dresden. Those dayless regions have, by the means of these fungi, all the appearance of an enchanted castle; the roof, walls, and pillars, are entirely covered with them, their beautiful light almost dazzling the eye. It is curious that the brilliancy of the light increases with the temperature of the mines. How one could wish that this admirable substitute for the Davy lamp could gain admission into our explosive coal drifts. Some fungi found thriving in open daylight, even the daylight of Brazil, growing upon the leaves of a particular species of palm, are also luminous, and are described, by a recent traveller, as illuminating the forests like so many stars, in the still night of these regions—their light being plainly visible at the distance of several hundred yards. It is not accurately known, but the probability is, that this disengagement of light is due to a kind of phosphorescence.

Another curious circumstance is, that fungi appear to be in some manner connected with

the process of fermentation. We use the term "appear" advisedly, because the opinions of men of science are divided on the subject, some believing this to be the case, and others denying it. However, the celebrated physiologist, Schwann, states that the "yeast" is a vesicular fungus capable of reproducing itself in suitable fluids; and this process produces the phenomena of fermentation. The curious circumstance is stated by Mr. Berkeley, one of the most learned mycologists of our time, that in certain bakehouses all the bread becomes ropy, and though sometimes prevented from assuming this condition, by repeatedly washing the walls and floor with chloride of lime, the evil is occasionally so obstinate as to prove the ruin of the establishment, as being probably dependent on the same cause.

There are a number of interesting facts connected with the qualities and uses of this family. Before alluding to their more valuable properties, we may mention that some fungi are highly poisonous, and are often fatal in their consequences to the incautious consumer. Others possess the most remarkable property of intoxicating the eater, and one is used by the natives of Kamtschatka for the same purposes as wine, brandy, opium, &c. by other, and more civilized inebriates. One large or two small fungi, says Dr. Langsdorf, are a common dose to produce intoxication for a whole day, particularly if water be drunk after it, which seems either to augment the narcotic principle, or assist in its more ready absorption into the blood, which is most probable. Intoxication supervenes in an hour or two afterwards, and is accompanied by the usual symptoms. Sometimes the effects of this fungus, which is called the *amanita*, are especially ludicrous. If a person under its influence wishes to step over a straw or a stick, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree; a talkative person cannot keep either silence or secrets; and one fond of music is perpetually singing. These fungi are consequently carefully collected, dried, and preserved. Such is man's longing to escape from himself, that even these savage people keep up their fungus-debauches for many days, with as much ardour as if they were members of more enlightened (?) communities. What a testimony is this wide-spread vice to the really downfallen condition of man, indicating, as it does, how ardent is his thirst for the waters of forgetfulness in every phase of his social condition.

A few fungi are medicinal agents, one is of the utmost value to science in this respect, and it is probable, that as our acquaintance with the family improves we shall discover other remedies of equal potency. At present their importance as comestibles is little considered in England, but is more properly valued by our

continental neighbours. In England also, as an illustration of our famous *laissez faire* system, the law takes no notice of fungi until somebody is poisoned, and very soon forgets all about the daily risks of others even then. "They manage these things better in France" and Italy. Only three species are allowed to enter the Parisian markets, the truffle, morel, and mushroom. "In the markets at Rome," says a recent writer, "there is an 'inspector of funguses,' versed in botany, and whose duty it is to examine and report upon all such plants as are exposed for sale. The safety with which these vegetables may be eaten has led to a very large consumption in that city; where not less than 140,000 pounds weight, worth 4,000*l.* sterling, are annually consumed. This is in a population of 156,000 souls. We cannot estimate the value of funguses in our own country for an article of diet as less than in Italy;—nor believe that the supply would be in a less ratio. If this be correct, the value of funguses which are allowed to spring up and die wasted in Great Britain would be about half a million sterling in each year." Yet it is sufficiently curious, that the species of mushroom commonly used by ourselves, is regarded with the most violent suspicion by the aforesaid inspector, and is peremptorily cast into the Tiber as unfit for food. "Indeed," writes Professor Sanguinetti, "in such dread is this held in the Papal States, that no one would, knowingly, touch it; it is reckoned one of the fiercest imprecations amongst our lower orders, infamous for the horrible nature of their oaths, to pray that any one may die of a *pratiolo*."¹

The fungals stand in a more important relation than as the *additamenta* of a feast to the less civilized inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. A curious species which grows upon the living branches of the South American beeches, and which has been described by Mr. Berkeley, in the Transactions of the Linnean Society, under the name of *Cyttaria Darwinii*, forms a principal part of the food of these wretched people for many months of the year. In Australia, also, there is a species of immense truffle, largely consumed by the natives, under the name of native bread. The marsupial animals of this country are so fond of fungals that they greedily hunt for them, and devour them, before even they burst through the earth. To a similar predilection in other animals we are much indebted for our truffles. Were it not that pigs are uncommonly attached to this delicate species of food, and can be trained to hunt it out, it is possible, from the underground habits of the fungus, and from the feeble success of attempts at its artificial cultivation, the table would be less easily supplied even than at present. The period during

¹ Athenæum, No. 1037.

which truffles can be collected, is from about October to January. At a later time they become unfit for use. While the cultivation of the truffle at present remains unpromising, we believe that that of the common mushroom might be largely and productively extended, and, with proper management, it might be made to assume the important place in relation to our necessities of the table which now belongs to it in other countries; especially if it be correct, that the spawn of an Australian species is productive, according to Mr. Drummond, of a mushroom as far superior to the common species, as the improved peas to the old varieties. While also it is true that many of the species vilified under the title of "toad stools" would form safe and agreeable esculents, yet the experiment is always hazardous, and it is good to remember the rule of an eminent botanist, who was nevertheless well acquainted with the fungal family, but invariably refused to partake of any that had not been raised in gardens by the ordinary method of mushroom cultivation.

It appears probable that this family of plants, in spite of the injurious part they may be considered to perform in vitiating the atmosphere, have a really beneficial duty to discharge in the economy of creation. They are the gatherers up of the fragments. They have been frequently called the "Scavengers of Nature," and it is conceivable that some such office of depurification is entrusted to them. This function they perform by appropriating to their own use, and employing in the formation of their own tissues, elements which, if permitted to undergo the changes of putrefaction, might seriously affect the health of the whole system. How well adapted they are for such duties the previous considerations will assist to show.

Enough has probably now been written to redeem the pledge made at the commencement of this paper. We shall no longer look upon the fungi with contempt, either as articles of commercial importance, or still less as evidences of creative skill. It is a good remark, and as such we shall conclude our article with it, that what God has not considered beneath Him to create, man should not regard as beneath him to investigate.

THE ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase; but, if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

ALL looked towards the door. There stood a tall pale man, watching, with eyes that seemed somewhat tearful, the movements of the little child. When he saw that he was observed, the colour came into his face, and his brow contracted as with the effort to suppress some strong emotion; he did not advance immediately—he even appeared to hesitate for a moment whether he should advance at all; but he had not more than one moment allowed him for hesitation; the next, the arms of his sister Ellenor were clasped closely about his neck, and her lips were pressed to his, and her tears were falling fast over his cheeks, as she murmured, brokenly but joyfully—

"My own—own, darling Percy!"

The observant Mr. Conston paid great attention to this little scene, and it did not escape him that the first welcome which Percy Lee received to his long-left home, was also by many degrees the warmest. When he came forward into the room, with one arm still twined round Ellenor's waist, his brother John met him with a cordial, but rather embarrassed shake of the hand, accompanied by a doubtful side glance at Miss Melissa, who coldly offered her cheek for a salute, muttering at the same time that it was "a great deal too much for her, and she didn't think she should ever get over it." Alexander's politeness was as distant as though they had only been introduced the day before. The manner of Percy Lee himself was quiet, perhaps a little deprecatory, but perfectly self-possessed after the first moment; he did not betray agitation till he touched the extended hand of Mr. Becket, whom on his entrance he had not perceived. Then, indeed, he seemed much moved—his impulse was to kneel and ask a blessing—nay, yet further, to kiss that venerated hand, and weep upon it like a child; but nevertheless he only wrung it with a somewhat tremulous pressure, and walked hastily to the ottoman on which Ellenor had now seated herself, with the golden-haired Ida on her lap, contentedly submitting to her lavish caresses.

Whatever might have been the cause of so rigid and awkward a reception, there seemed to be an universal determination on all sides to assume an appearance of ease and friendliness as soon as possible; perhaps there was not one at whose heart the voices of childhood and of home were not silently pleading. For all possess in a measure (that is, all who are not utterly reprobate,) that inner light which was first kindled in the cradle-days; in some it has been confined, and stifled, and repressed, till it burns feebly, and scarce perceptibly, so that you can barely say, "it is there!"—in others it has been fostered and cherished till its rays have penetrated to the

(1) Continued from p. 93.

outermost layer of the heart, making the whole transparent, and glowing with the emanations of the central fire, which is love itself.

Nevertheless, it was a relief to all when they separated to dress for dinner, and to establish the children in the rooms prepared for them. Little Ida, who did not seem to have a particle of shyness in her composition, was soon perfectly at her ease with her young cousins, specially attaching herself, however, to Frederick, whose gentle voice and manner were very winning to a young child. She sat on his knee in the window of their parlour, and prattled to him of the long voyage, and the wide sea which made her giddy by its ceaseless movement, and the stars which had looked so bright in the darkness, like a multitude of calm kind eyes watching over her; and the restless rocking vessel, with its tall spars making a maze of ever-changing lines against the sky; and the rough sailors, who had been all gentleness to her; and the ladies who had petted her, and the gentlemen who had played with her, and the dear, dear papa who had been always there to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy.

"Godfrey," said Frederick, "do you remember the story of that king, Midas, who turned everything he touched into gold?"

"To be sure I do," returned Godfrey.

"Well, I think Ida is like King Midas."

A burst of laughter from Alexander greeted this remark, calling the quick blood into the cheek of poor Frederick, who instantly began to think that he had said something very ridiculous, and lost all power to explain, or even define to himself his real meaning. A great deal of elaborate quizzing followed; sundry small articles, such as penknives, balls of string, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. were brought to the puzzled Ida, that she might touch them by way of experiment; for as Alexander dictatorially announced, "it is only stupid people who believe what they can't prove;" and had it not been for the perfect good humour of the butt, it is more than probable that a civil war would have ensued in the nursery department.

When Mr. Coniston descended to the drawing-room he found Miss Melissa Lee alone. Like many weak persons, this lady was much addicted to a sort of promiscuous confidentialness, very troublesome to her friends. It was, in truth, a most inconvenient characteristic; trifles were invested with all the pomp of gratuitous secrecy, and matters of real moment revealed with a freedom, which was, to say the least of it, indiscreet, and in bad taste. In the same breath she would caution you not to repeat that *she* had said the weather was likely to change, and impart to you her suspicion that her nearest relative had been guilty of a fraud on the exchequer. Nor let such inconsistency be supposed unnatural—it is more than natural—it is nature itself. The sense of proportion, if I may so express it, seems, more than any other faculty of the soul, to depend upon discipline. The development of this sense in life and

action is consistency; but where it is wanting, a whole mass of contradictions appears to be the necessary result. Miss Melissa Lee was therefore consistently inconsistent, and naturally unnatural; and all this simply because she was undisciplined. She was, however, a very good subject to fall into the hands of a judicious experimentalist, and Mr. Coniston did not fail to make the most of her. By force of sympathizing with her nervous depression of the morning, and cordially agreeing in her wholesale condemnation of spoiled children, he soon elicited the very facts which he wanted to know.

"You see," said the lady, "it was very distressing to us all to meet my brother Percy again; you must have observed an awkwardness—indeed it cannot have escaped you—so perhaps it is better to be candid at once, and say that there are circumstances connected with the past which rendered it a very painful meeting. He has not been what he ought to have been—he has been a great affliction to us all—and then he married very unhappily, and in direct opposition to my poor father's commands."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Coniston, gently. "Mrs. Percy Lee was a foreigner, was she not?"

"Yes; a Greek girl whom he fell in love with on his travels. Nothing could be more distressing; she was, of course, wholly uneducated, and not a Christian, that is to say, not a Protestant. His travelling at all was against poor mamma's wishes, but he was always so restless and unsettled, and this is what it led to. Worse even than her worst fears."

"I can tell for you," said the lawyer. "Pray of what profession is your brother?"

"Percy? Oh! it was intended that he should have gone into orders, but he was, I am sorry to say, very wild at college; in fact—of course you will never repeat this—he was rusticated; and so then he came home, and was idle for a long while. He had a great talent for drawing, and he said he would spend his portion, that is, as much of it as was left, in a journey to Rome, that he might qualify himself to be an artist. Mamma opposed this, so in fact did we all; but Percy was always the sort of disposition to take up a notion violently, and carry everything before him. He was so enthusiastic and yet so unstable; and, I suppose, contradiction made him more determined, and he went. When once he was out of England, and away from control, we heard no more of his studying to be an artist; in fact, it was not in his nature to study; he could not keep to any one purpose long enough, or steadily enough, he was always so wandering and irregular."

"Ah, poor fellow! I think you are a little hard on him," interposed uncle John, who had entered the room during this speech; "he is a genius, you know, and all that sort of thing, and one mustn't quite expect him to act by common rules. You and I, Melissa, may go on at an easy comfortable jog-trot, but it's out of the question for Percy to do anything in a common way."

Miss Melissa Lee cast up her eyes and was silent, while her brother proceeded:—

"Besides, he had a right to take his pleasure in travelling, you know, because, when Ellenor married so well, she made him a present of her portion; he was always her favourite brother, and she could do just what she pleased with poor Aytoun."

"My dear John!" holding up her hands with a deprecatory gesture. "Even with *your* incaution I should hardly have expected you to go so far as this. To mention a little private family arrangement of this nature! I hope, Mr. Coniston, you will have the kindness to be very careful in not suffering Percy to suspect that you know it. I would not have him aware of it, for the world. It would seem so *very* strange to him."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said good-natured uncle John, looking rebuked, "I *am* a desperately careless fellow. I never think of these things till it is too late. But I fancied you had been telling all the faults in the matter so fully, that there could be no harm in my telling the excuses."

There is no satire so keen as perfect simplicity.

"Besides," continued he, much troubled by his sister's pertinacious and obtusive expression of mild distress, "I'm quite sure Percy wouldn't care a straw if all the world knew it, his is just the sort of disposition to proclaim an obligation, not to conceal it. Now Ellenor, on the contrary, *would* be very much annoyed. I think she would find it a little hard to forgive me for my indiscretion. She is not one of those who like to have their good deeds trumpeted. The only time she ever quarrelled with me was when I wrote her name at full length in a subscription list, which I thought there *could* be no harm in (telling to Mr. Coniston), because Melissa had just done the very same thing for herself."

"Oh!" cried the discomfited Melissa, with a short hysterical laugh, and quick flush of suppressed anger rising to her cheeks, "I'm sure I hate publicity as much as anybody, and rather more than poor dear Ellenor, I fancy, for *she* never was the least shy; but there are often circumstances which force one to go against one's nature, and you know, dear John, (looking at him as if she could have strangled him,) "I generally do as I am advised. But," she added, very hurriedly, seeing in her brother's face that he was about to express astonishment at that last assertion, and to explain with unmistakable clearness that she generally had her own way,—“but all this must be very uninteresting to Mr. Coniston. I am really sorry that he should be bored with these petty details. What was it that you were asking me, Mr. Coniston?"

"I was inquiring," replied the lawyer, blandly, "in what capacity Mr. Percy Lee went to India."

"General Aytoun got him the appointment," said the lady. "He married, as I told you, and a very sad affair it was; he was bringing his bride home when, at Marseilles, he met General Aytoun and Ellenor on their way out, and the general had the power of offering him this appointment, and most kindly did so. Percy had no choice, for he literally had not a penny in the world, and there was not a day to be lost; he had not even the time allowed him to come

on to England, but sailed for Malta by the same steamer which conveyed Ellenor and her husband."

"So you never saw your sister-in-law?" said Mr. Coniston.

"No, never, and perhaps it was as well; it would have been very painful *not* to welcome her into the family; and yet, how could one have done so without insincerity? She was of course not a person with whom one could have had any feelings in common, though I believe she was very amiable, poor thing."

Perhaps Mr. Coniston thought that might be reason enough for her sister-in-law's having no feelings in common with her; he did not, however, express any such idea, but was about to seek a little more information, when Percy Lee himself entered from the garden accompanied by Mrs. Aytoun.

Did you ever, when weary and fevered with a night's festivity, turn from the sultry ball-room, and the noise of instruments, and the sickly glare of lamps, open the window wide, and let in a flood of fresh, quiet moonlight? Somewhat like this was it to turn from the face of Melissa, and look on that of her sister. And yet it was strange that it should be so, for there was not much difference in point of beauty, and Ellenor was decidedly the less intellectual of the two; only there was Love in the one face and Self in the other, therein perchance lay the secret of the contrast.

And what was the true history of that marriage which Melissa had been chronicling for the lawyer's benefit? for the *true history* of an event consists no more in the record of its outward lineaments, than the true history of a woman in the description of her complexion. The multitude are content to look upon the outer garment of a deed, and even wise men are for the most part satisfied with discovering that it has a real body; few are those who recognise the soul in it, fewer still, perhaps not more than one in a generation, who penetrate to the soul, and make acquaintance with it. Let us look at a few extracts from Percy Lee's journal, in the beautiful days of his youth.

"June 7th, 18—.—I have seen perfect beauty. Why is it that all things perfectly beautiful, whether in nature or art, have an air of melancholy when in repose, as though that were the expression which belonged to them, and to which they inevitably recur when not excited or disturbed? Is it that Beauty is not of the earth, and that, whenever compelled to make her tabernacle here, she feels as a captive, and, in silence, sighs to be released? Oh, that I could paint what I have seen!—a profile, drawn as with a pencil of light against the violet sky, severe in feature, but soft as infancy in expression. She was kneeling to receive the blessing of a priest, who, with pale venerable face and flowing garments, approached and placed his hand upon her head. Then she rose, and they walked away together, her large, wistful dark eyes lifted to his face, as she related to him some history, apparently sorrowful; for the unshed tears glistened on her eyelashes, and her voice faltered, while from time to time he interposed, as though

giving consolation or advice. They paused, and he sat down: it was on the fragment of a prostrate column. She, half sitting, half kneeling at his feet, continued her narration, her slender fingers unconsciously busied, meanwhile, in pulling to pieces a red pomegranate flower which she held in her hand. To the west the sun was sinking behind Mount Pentelicus, steeping in purple light the groves of pine and olive, through which the road wound upwards to the marble grotto; a clear stream, fringed with oleander and myrtle, broke out of the shadow, and came sparkling down the hill-side like a shower of gold, with a gushing joyous sound like the laugh of a young child. What a picture! . . .

"25th.—She does not love me; I think she is incapable of it. She loves nothing upon earth but the sick mother about whose bed she steals softly and beneficently as a guardian angel, and the good father who comes from his monastery in the shadow of the mountain to teach and comfort her, and the picture of the saint before which she kindles a small lamp every evening, and every morning hangs a fresh chaplet of campanulas, or wild aloe-flowers. What a life is this; and yet how happy does the soul seem in this garden of its captivity!—it makes music to itself in the solitude and darkness, like a caged bird that has never known freedom. Yet there must be intellect under the sculpture of that brow; there must be passion asleep in the depth of those unfathomable eyes. What would they say to her in England? I will win her if I serve seven years for it. . . . The other day I asked her why all the Greek female saints were painted in profile, while the men had full faces? She answered, looking up into my eyes, and speaking gravely and quietly, as she ever does when the subject of her religion is approached, 'That is because a manly faith ought to face the world boldly, while a woman must be modest and retiring even in her creed.' What a pupil she would be! Yet, is she not rather a teacher? I feel abashed in her absence when I think of her, for then I become conscious of the aimless frivolity of my life; but when she is present I am transformed, and lose all perception of myself, except as it exists in the thought and contemplation of her.—Letters from England again—nothing but reproaches, and appeals, and admonitions. I am weary of it all; I could find it in my heart to build a cottage in the shadow of the plane-trees, and never again see that land of restraints, and conventionalities, and semblances, where the tyranny of custom and the slavery of mere etiquette flaunt in the very face of that shallow mockery which we have enthroned and called Freedom. Why must I fulfil the popular definition of industry? I am living most industriously the life of the heart, and the one sole duty which I omit is the duty of money-making; and why should I make what I do not want? But I am the *mauvais sujet* of the family—the black sheep in the fold; and my brothers sneer at me in their superior virtue, and my sisters make long faces and lament over me, and my mother—yes, even my mother—condemns me. And all this while, what have I

done? If I love to feed the eyes and the soul rather than the body, is that a sin? But I will write no more; I will go and visit Ida. . . .

"July 29th.—She is mine; but by what grief have I won her! I cannot write of it:—her mother is dead. I stood at the foot of the bed, in the early morning; the sun had just risen out of the waters of the Ægean, and, shaking the drops from his refulgent tresses, was sending a flood of glory into the room. The window was thrown open, for through it they believe that the soul of the dying passes to heaven. She knelt beside the pillow on which lay that quiet, untroubled face, and, with trembling hands, shut down the wan eyelids upon the pathetic vacancy of eyes once so eloquent with gentleness and affection. Then there was a low sound of suppressed weeping, and the voice of the aged monk faltered somewhat as he pronounced the simple words, 'Her soul is now before God who judges! May He pardon her!'

"They gave her to me with many cautions and entreaties; she was poor and unprotected, they said, but she had been used to kindness, and they charged me to be gentle with her. I loved them for their anxiety, though I could not but laugh at its needlessness.—Again letters from England—what a time to summon me back! They must wait awhile, and when I return I shall indeed bring them a treasure, to excuse my delay. How my mother will love her—and Ellenor too!—I fancy I see her, gliding into the little parlour at Woodholme with folded hands and head slightly drooping, and all looking upon her with doubt and wonder, as though on a visitant from some higher world. How sweetly will she learn domestic life among them! How happy will be my task in the training of her mind! . . .

"Sept. 2d.—Hateful, oppressive, prosaic reality; just imagine living only that one may procure the means of life! Wearing away one's time in the incessant learning of languages, without once being permitted a glimpse at the literature for which languages were only created as vehicles! Always on the road—never resting! Yet this is what man—free, rational man must needs be in these miserable days, if he would be at all. The mere permission to exercise my powers of enjoyment—that is all I want, and that, it seems, is not to be achieved. Immortal souls, angelic capacities, illimitable desires, omnipotent intellects, be satisfied! A sum in arithmetic, a recipe in cookery, a contrivance for bodily comfort—these are the triumphs of your science, to these servilities must your genius stoop. Or else—the alternative is a simple one—you must die ignobly, and no man weep for you. No *man*—nevertheless there shall be tears shed upon your unregarded grave, each one of which is worthy having died to obtain. O my Ida—for you I can endure it all! To come down to plain English, I have barely money enough left to pay for our journey home—and then—what is to become of us? She looks brightly into my face and says, like a child, 'I know you will take care of me.' What care have I taken? Have I, indeed, been guilty towards her? No—it is that traitor circumstance, not I . . .

Oct. 2d.—*Marseilles*.—It is all settled, I have no alternative; yet even now it does not seem like reality, and I pinch myself to discover whether I am dreaming or not. India—and without having even seen my home once more! Ah, I never knew what it was to have a home till now that I carry it about with me! How little of real sympathy is there in the ordinary “domestic happiness,” as it is called! For I do not call that sympathy which is only excited by feelings which it can understand, coincide with, and appreciate—this is an easy love truly, and may grow and flourish side by side with the worship of self. But that is a true sympathy which is warm, and constant, and delicate where it understands *not*, where it differs, where, perhaps, but for love, it would condemn. This is what the soul needs—tenderness for *its own peculiar* sufferings, pity for *its own peculiar* wants, care for *its own peculiar* tastes, satisfaction for *its own peculiar* appetites. Not a cool taking for granted that it is to have no sufferings, wants, tastes, or appetites, but such as have been foreseen for it, but such as its companions have, or are able to comprehend, and to agree in. This is true love—kindling not for the sake of the thing felt, but for the sake of the person who feels it; not vigilant of weakness, not greedy of proof, not argumentative, not jealous—but ever taking all that the beloved does, says, or thinks, *upon trust*, and believing that it is good till it shall be irrefragably proved to be bad; ever acquiescing in differences; ever accepting mysteries; ever ready if pain be given or dissatisfaction felt to suspect the cause to lie in itself; ever seeking to nourish the beloved on the aliment which he has chosen for himself, not on that which it esteems most palatable for him; whose impulse is to agree and approve, and who, if it refuse, or criticise, or censure, can only do so by doing violence to itself! How different is such a sympathy as this, from the chill and meagre *toleration* which is generally Love's highest practical achievement, in cases where tastes and tempers are unlike by nature!

My own gentle mother! Not one profane thought against your tenderness will I harbour—nor against yours, my sweet Ellenor! Why have you been taught to think ill of me? Nevertheless you love me still, and one day we shall meet again, and then perchance you will do me justice.—

(An interval of four years.)

Belgaum, March 10.—At length I am the father of a living child! I have held the little mystery in my arms, trembling lest I should breathe too strongly and scare away the new, feeble, fragile life. Born too on my father's birthday! Surely this is a pledge of forgiveness and reconciliation. I must write to him; I may now venture to do so. In the presence of this little angel, all bitterness must be forgotten. Her eyes are as blue as two forget-me-nots. The nurse says they are the same shape as Ida's—I must go and compare them. May they be alike in everything, and then truly my daughter will be perfect in beauty, gentleness, and goodness. Oh happy, happy life!

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[*Note*] No further entry was ever made in this book, but the Gazette of the ensuing week contained the following notice:

“Died at Belgaum, March 10th, Ida, wife of Percy Lee, aged 20.”

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR A —,

You will, perhaps, ere this, have expected some detail of the persons and dress of the New Zealanders; but I purposely delayed commenting upon these particulars until I had seen a sufficient number of them to warrant my assertions. I have just had that opportunity afforded me, by a muster of some 1,200 or 1,500, who have met together for the purpose of paying their respects to a chief of some note from the Bay of Islands. This is their ostensible object; but I have a shrewd guess that the gratification of a glorious feast, or “*tucker*,” as it is here vulgarly called, is their real motive. It would be impossible to estimate the quantity of food which is provided for this great occasion; fish of all kinds, pigs, potatoes, kumeras, *odoriferous* maize, pumpkins, calabashes, thousands of fathoms of dried cockles (*pipi*) strung on threads of flax, and a great variety of roots, whose name and quality I know not, are marshalled along the beach, in profusion sufficient, you would think, to feed the army of Xerxes. But the people themselves, in fashion and style of dress, surpass any description that could be condensed into less than a quarto volume.

Prior to my coming here, I was informed that the natives of New Zealand were remarkably tall; but I have no hesitation in saying that such is not the case. Amongst the number now congregated, there are certainly some above man's just proportion; but not more than you might see in a large assemblage of almost any other people in the world. The principal man himself, I should say, stands about six feet high, and is proportionably muscular, and of good symmetry—but he is truly one in a thousand; not another can I see at all to compare with him. There are a few others, I observed, who could look over a soldier's standard without overstretching, but they are few; the majority, I should consider, would stand from five feet two inches to five feet ten, but there is nothing remarkable in this; and I think we might confidently affirm that the height of the same promiscuous number of Europeans would average much more. Their dress favours the deceit in a great measure, for most of them, being enveloped in long blankets, appear much taller than they really are—a circumstance which may be observed in all people wearing cloaks, or long loose dresses of any kind.

Perhaps the most remarkable peculiarity of structure to be found amongst them, is in their general muscular development. They are usually well built, their muscles large and prominent, but not so hard and sinewy as in white men; nor are they apparently of that firm and fine contexture; but their appearance denotes a greater quantity of adipose matter, resembling rather the flesh of children. From their uniform development and rotundity, which doubtless is to be ascribed to the variety of employments which engage these people, so that all parts of the body are proportionably expanded,

they would make excellent studies for young artists in delineating the "human form divine;" but their faces should be left out, or the work might be mistaken for the personification of so many devils, so much are they disfigured by the custom of tattooing.

Whatever errors may have occurred as to the height of the men of New Zealand, no mistake can possibly be made in reference to the women. They are almost universally short, thick, and stunted. In comparison to the men, they might fairly be considered quite a distinct people. Their countenances have a stupid expression: short and flat noses, large mouths and lips, often high cheek-bones, the eyes being their only expressive feature. These are generally of the gazelle character, dark-brown or hazel, unusually large, and in every sense fine. Their hair, which is very thick, is usually suffered to fall over the forehead, close to the eye-brows, and, being invariably filled with dust and dirt, is anything but ornamental. Altogether, they rather resemble the baboon than the human race.

The teeth of both sexes are generally large and regular, white as ivory too, notwithstanding their habit of excessive smoking, a practice which woefully stains the teeth of Europeans. This may probably be caused by the peculiarly simple diet of the natives, and by their abstinence from wine and spirits and other stimulating and corrosive articles, to which white people are more accustomed. Not only are the men much superior in form to the women, but they are also remarkable for good and expressive features; and were it not for their barbarous practice of tattooing, many of them might be considered handsome, even according to European taste. Their noses in general are not so flat and stunted as those of the other sex, their eyes are equally clear, large, dark, and piercing; and the proportions of the whole countenance are in better "keeping," as your artists would say. They wear their hair, which is often dark, glossy and curly, in a fashion more conformable to our own custom than the women do; though I observe that some of these, who have seen more of the European mode of hair-dressing, endeavour to imitate it, though very unsuccessfully.

The majority of male natives would afford good studies for some of your phrenologists. They have generally very fine heads, presenting full development of the cerebral organs, so far as my little acquaintance with the science goes: indeed, so much so with some of them, that you might almost suppose the several organs would burst their osseous tenement, and, in spite of circumstances and want of culture, spontaneously manifest their noble powers. But it is no easy matter to obtain all the information you would wish on this subject, for the natives are so extremely tenacious touching that sacred part, the head, that accurate measurement is not to be thought of; I judge, therefore, only by the eye. I find in most of them the organs of alimentiveness, acquisitiveness, and self-esteem predominate: how far these coincide with their general character, as portrayed in these letters, I shall leave you to judge.

All these people, men, women, and children, lose greatly in personal appearance by their excessive filthiness; but the women are decidedly dirtiest in their persons, and most slovenly in their dress. The better sort of them, who are not engaged in common drudgery, wear a thick calico chemise, or coarse loose gown, next their skin, which is rarely annoyed by soap and water; over this they will sometimes wear a blanket, or one of

their own manufactured mats; and these constitute their whole dress, except in rainy weather, when they generally throw over their shoulders what they call a "*koka*,"—which is a sort of thick flaxen cape, quite impervious to wet, and which generally also serves as a main part of their bedding. The common people and *cookers*, as they are called, present the most disgusting pictures of nakedness, filth, and wretchedness. Seldom does their scanty habiliment cover their delicate proportions; a dirty chemise is often their only dress, which is tied round the neck, reaching barely below the knees, and without any zone round the waist. Oftentimes the bosom is wholly exposed, and, being frequently disfigured with dark scratches and cicatrices, the result of the lacerations which they inflict upon themselves in their moments of anguish, presents to the stranger's eye a frightful and disgusting appearance.

A dirty blanket or shirt is often the only covering of the men; sometimes they will add a mat, thrown carelessly over the shoulders, or tied round the body; and occasionally, in severe weather, one of the rough capes above mentioned. But they are apparently indifferent about what they wear, any old cast-off European dress they appear to prize, more for its novelty than its use, and strut and swagger in it with all the majesty of a nabob, and when tired, give it to one of their companions, who goes through the same exhibition.

It cannot but strike every stranger as exceedingly ludicrous to observe these men on all occasions lounging about with an air of self-importance, scarcely to be surpassed by a Bond street *swell*. The fact is, on the contrary, one and all, *waddle*, rather than walk, which we can scarcely wonder at as from their earliest years they are compelled to carry weights unsuited to their strength.

Neither sex employs caps or hats, stockings or shoes, as a part of native dress, but some of the men and boys, in imitation of their white brethren, have adopted the former, not from any notion of their utility or convenience, but from a pure desire of copying English customs.

Men, women, and children seem dotingly fond of ornaments, which they wear principally round their necks, or in their ears. To the latter are appended a great variety of insignificant baubles, such as a bunch of feathers, a key, seal, buckle, coin, medal, tobacco-pipe, or simply a piece of black ribbon, but they appear to prize above all a shark's tooth tipped with red sealing-wax, or a piece of a green stone, to which they attach a great value; this also they wear round their necks, cut in a variety of strange forms, but most generally in a rude resemblance of a human face. All these people also are fond of decorating their heads with white feathers; not one, proudly nodding to the breeze, but as many as their shaggy hair can accommodate. Owing to this fancy, it is not uncommon to see turkeys, fowls, &c. *minus* a tail. A black feather tipped with white, belonging to one of these birds, is eagerly sought after and prized, and they keep them in beautifully carved boxes of their own manufacture.

The physiognomy of these people, as I have before mentioned, is disgustingly marred by their practice of "*tattooing*," many an intelligent face is thus disfigured, and its fine bronzed skin totally spoiled. The men are most addicted to this vain and foolish custom, and many of them are so fully marked that you can scarcely discover a line of original skin; but dark, deep cicatrices indent

every feature so completely, that you might suppose they wore a mask. Others are only *half* tattooed, which gives them a very *odd* appearance; and some, I am happy to see, have altogether disregarded this notion of beauty and manliness, and present their bronzed skin in all its original purity, always excepting a shade of smoke and dirt, which betrays their national dread of water. The females are only tattooed on the chin and lips; but this is quite sufficient to add considerably to their natural ugliness. Many of the fighting men are also tattooed around their hips; for what purpose they have undergone this apparently unnecessary suffering, I cannot divine, since it is seldom seen, unless it be to prove their contempt of pain. They are particularly desirous of being considered by the other sex hardy and courageous; and this piece of vanity, I suspect, has kept up the odious fashion of tattooing more than anything else; for I have observed, that those who have shown their true sense by disregarding the custom, are very frequently jeered by the women, for their cowardice and want of manly appearance. It is a practice, however, which I think will soon be discontinued as they associate more with Europeans, and continue to be guided by their fashions. Thus, with many other absurdities, is greatly on the wane in and about the English settlements; and, probably, in the next generation, a tattooed native will be an object of curiosity. It is said, however, that the present natives are far superior artists in this line to their forefathers.

It does not appear that the New Zealanders have anything like a definite form of courtship or marriage. The former does not assume the serious and methodical form which it takes in more civilized nations. It is not here the anxious work of months and years, which often distinguishes English *love manufacture*, but is frequently sealed and ratified before the "young idea" is capable of directing the passions and affections. In fact, among these people betrothment is a matter oftentimes arranged at their birth, by the respective parents of the parties, so that the happy couple are saved from a vast deal of trouble in ogling, simpering, protesting, doubting, quarrelling, and making up quarrels, besides escaping other fatiguing gallantries, such as penning whole albums full of sonnets and love verses inseparable from a formal courtship. Sometimes, however, when there is a little rivalry in the case, these delicate native belles are exposed to very rough usage; for, as the lady's opinion is never consulted, the strongest party takes her by force. Even death has been the result of this resolute demonstration of affection in some cases.

Marriage is here also readily accomplished, without the ceremonies of church or chapel. It is first agreed upon by the parents, that such an union is expedient for the mutual welfare of the parties; and a son or daughter is thus disposed of in the same easy manner that any piece of merchandize would be sold or exchanged. Should the parties, however, have grown up to maturity before such an arrangement has been made for them, the matter is still easily arranged; the male has only to express his desire, and it is immediately gratified by the assistance of his or her friends, without appealing to the sanction or choice of the female. Perhaps he makes some paltry present to her nearest relations, by way of confirming the bargain; but in this case he is seldom a loser, as their interchange of presents, at one time or another, is pretty nearly equivalent. The Christian form of marriage has now been

introduced amongst them, and numbers who have cohabited together for years have been more strongly bound in hymeneal bonds by the appropriate ceremonies of the various resident sects. It is certainly a hazardous step on the part of the woman, whichever way she is disposed of; but all the world acknowledge matrimony to be a lottery, and she, no doubt, is satisfied to take her chance "for better or worse," as do many of her white sisters abroad. Once a wife, however, she is both mistress and servant, and according to their original law, subject to every menial drudgery; her life and property are at her husband's capricious will, and she, at one time, might be sold or killed at his savage pleasure. But this is no longer the case; though even yet, the wife is required to do a great deal of manual labour, and stoop to all servile employments, except she be connected with a chief, in which instance, she has generally at least some one or more subordinates under her, or she has slaves and common people at her call.

I believe that, in a general way, the married natives live very comfortably together, though family quarrels do sometimes take place here, as elsewhere. An occasional *fata pas* is now and then elicited, but it is not followed by the fatal spearing which was formerly its consequence, nor yet do I hear of frequent separations between man and wife.

Many Europeans, either for some fancied advantage, or from some unaccountable taste, have linked their destiny with these dark eyed beauties, in fair and legitimate marriage; but, with some few exceptions, the prudence of these connexions is very questionable; for, assuming a degree of superiority which ill accords with their position, these *delicate* creatures are of little assist-

I propose of introducing Christian marriage rites amongst these uncivilized gentry, we were lately told a good story. So good, indeed, that we cannot refrain from giving our readers the benefit of it. Amongst the earlier missionaries who visited New Zealand, one gentleman, a Mr. Y, was distinguished alike for his zeal in the good cause, and the success with which his efforts were attended. His most promising proselyte was one of the native chiefs; this man was constant in his attendance whenever Mr. Y performed divine service, listened to his sermons with the deepest interest, and was altogether considered a very satisfactory convert. All at once, his behaviour underwent a complete change. He absented himself from the prayer meetings, appeared morose and dejected, and gave a sudden answer to any questions as to his altered conduct. At length Mr. Y sent for him, and after some trouble elicited that he was very unhappy. "Unhappy?" exclaimed the good missionary, "and wherefore?" "Mr. Y, come to hear you preach, you make me Christian, you tell me six prayers—all very good." "Well, why should this make you unhappy?" "Wait bit,—you say Christian man only have *one* wife. Now, me got *two*! You say, that very wicked, what me to do with 'em, eh?"—This was what is commonly termed rather a poser, and the worthy missionary was at first somewhat at a loss what advice to bestow. After a few moments' consideration, he replied,—"It appears to me, that in the situation in which you are unfortunately placed, the only thing to be done is for you to determine to which of your wives you are most deeply attached, and then put the other away."—"Put her away?"—"Yes, put her away; of course taking care that she shall not want for anything—it is your duty to provide for her properly. Do you understand me?" The chief signified that he did so, and took his leave with many expressions of gratitude. A short time elapsed, when he again sought Mr. Y, and greeting him with a countenance beaming with contentment and intense self-approval, began, "Me very happy now."—"I am glad to hear it," was the reply; "have you acted upon my advice, then?"—"Yes, I only got *one* wife now."—"Quite right; and the other, how have you provided for her?" There was a pause ere the chief, with the air of a man who had done something decidedly clever, and felt sure of applause, replied, with a chuckle of self-approbation, "*Me cut her!*"—*Note by Editor.*

ance to the white man; but, on the contrary, are a tax upon his time and pocket, both by their own frequent importunities, and those of their numerous friends and relations.

The most common cause of family quarrels is scandal; they are all remarkably fond of inventing malicious stories, and forging reports of recrimination, if they feel themselves offended by another party; and even for mere purposes of exciting curiosity or vexation they will tell the most scandalous lies, backing them with apparently incontrovertible authority, and adhering to their false statements as if their life depended on your implicit belief. This mischievous habit I have known to be the cause of much jealousy, ill-feeling, and malice between parties who have lived together previously in the utmost cordiality; it has been the frequent means of separating the white people from their Maori connexions, and creating in the latter the most implacable resentment towards them, as well as towards their own friends. But, setting aside these mischievous indiscretions, the natives may be accounted, on the whole, very affectionate one to another.

There is no Maori custom which so much astonishes a European as that of their "*Tangi*." When two or more parties meet each other after being separated for some time, they do not run into each other's arms, as you might do, and exclaim, "My dear friend, how glad I am to meet you again!" but they approach each other with the most solemn and lachrymose visages you can imagine—much such a face as Laïton would have assumed in his most sorrowful burlesque. Their first movement is coolly to embrace each other, and squatting down in some awkward position, to rub their noses together; this is accompanied with a sorrowful moaning and crying, in a variety of tones that are perfectly indescribable. They seem to pay a prudent regard to their convenience in this exhibition of affection, for I have known a native to meet another accidentally when stepping into a canoe, but, by tacit consent, they deferred their "*tangi*" until comfortably landed at a settlement, where they went through their performance in a highly creditable manner, though appearing but a few minutes before as perfect strangers. But in these extraordinary meetings, should it have happened that one of the party has lost a relative or friend during the interval of their absence, they pour out a torrent of lamentations with a profuse discharge of tears. This they will sometimes continue for hours, first one, and then the other, reciting, with a sobbing and blubbing articulation, every transaction and circumstance that has happened to them since their last meeting, with their noses all this time in close collision. But would it be believed that all this is, oftentimes, merely a trial of skill,—that they are actually "criticising each other's mode of weeping, and after it is over will frequently indulge in a laugh at one another's deficiency of style."

In some instances, however, they manifest more real earnestness in their grief; the women especially will lacerate their faces and bodies in a frightful manner, with shells and other sharp instruments. My informant has seen one of them, after cutting herself on the face and limbs, and every part of the body she could reach, hand the shell to another to cut her back and shoulders, till she was literally covered with blood. The "*tangi*" is one of their customs which I think will abide by them as long as two Maories are left to greet or condole with each other. The natives salute a European in his

own fashion, by a shake of the hand, whether he be a stranger or not. They are uniformly friendly to the white people, as far as appearances go, but their inquisitive habits must cause them to appear excessively rude to civilized people, though they consider themselves to be paying you a very high compliment: for instance, when meeting you in travelling they will ask, "where you have been?" "where you are going?" what's your name, your business, and other impertinent questions; their ignorance and simplicity, however, will be readily excused, when you learn, from the free offer of the hand and their smiling countenance, that nothing is meant but friendship.

What we consider a most sorrowful occasion, that of taking leave of friends, these people appear to treat with the most perfect indifference. I have occasionally seen a short "*tangi*" at this time, but not expressive of much feeling. They have no shedding of tears, stifled sobbings, and affectionate farewells, but take their departure as if separating from strangers. They generally visit their friends in large parties, but when they depart they steal away silently, the nearest relative and *ariki* staying till the last. I find, on inquiry, that this is their plan of soothing the feelings of the friends they are leaving; they do not wish it to be thought that they hurry away abruptly, which, in their view, would be tantamount to cutting the acquaintance, and would be considered as a want of respect, if not an insult.

I shall conclude my present notice of their singular customs by a few remarks on the disposal of their dead. The first announcement of a death having taken place, is now made by firing several rounds from their muskets; however scarce or valuable powder may be, they never omit these honours, and the number of shots is regulated in some degree by the character and station of the deceased. Before their acquaintance with firearms their grief and respect was shown by yells, howls, and other demonstrations of sorrow. The New Zealanders have some whimsical notions respecting the departure and destination of their disembodied souls; they think that the spirits of all their dead proceed directly to the northern part of the island, where there are a number of hills, on the last of which (one composed of red ochre) they rest, and look back on their late friends and possessions, and have their final "*tangi*," in which they cut themselves, the red hue of the hill bearing testimony to the shedding of blood; and, as they believe that all this has really happened, they then dive or slide into the sea by means of two vines ("*te a kamoanunga*"), and finally reach the place of their destination—their heaven, or "*Piranga*." The natives in the northern parts report that they can see the spirit of any great warrior deceased, as he approaches his place of rest, in the attitude and action in which he received his death-wound; and so strong is their superstition, that none of them will have a door facing to the southward, for fear their houses should be filled with the numerous spirits travelling to their final home. Their original custom is not to bury their dead in our manner of laying them in their cold grave, but to place them in a sitting posture. If the person be of any superior consequence they divide a small canoe, and encase him in it, with its two parts placed perpendicularly. At other times they put the deceased into a large bowl or box, which they elevate some height on a pole or stage; sometimes, also, they make, according to their different fancies, a tomb, or *wari* (house), on the ground,

placing the dead person in the same position—and this tomb might contain a whole family. More recently, however, they have put their dead under ground, but still they retain the sitting position. After the lapse of some years the friends will collect all the bones, and perform a “tangi” over them, at the same time that they do not neglect a substantial feast, placing a portion of food aside for the presiding “Atua,” which accordingly is supposed to be eaten by him, as no remnants are ever discoverable; which may be easily accounted for amidst so many dogs and hungry maws of human kind. They then commit the bones to the flames, but generally some of them will reserve a *tooth*, and particularly the *athus* vertebrae, which they wear in remembrance of their departed friend, and which are sacredly transmitted from generation to generation as valuable relics and family heirlooms. In times of war, if a principal chief be killed, they have the cunning to erect a false tomb in some conspicuous place, but take care to bury the body in some pathway, or least suspected part, that their enemies may not have the gratification of finding and eating him, or, if even he should die a natural death, the same precaution would be used, for even if the body were found in a state of *unavoidable* decomposition, the enemy would collect the bones for the purpose of making fish hooks, and such is their superstition and revenge, that they would eat the fish thus caught with as much relish and malicious satisfaction as if they constituted a part of the chief's body. These *were* some of their burial customs, after the repetition of sundry incantations and prayers, but now they more generally adopt the European system of a coffin and grave, with the preliminary services of their respective missionaries.

Yours, &c. H. R.

POOR MARGUERITE.

Second Part to “The People's Recollections of Napoleon.”

BY L. L.

“SAY, Mother, who is yonder weeping,
Leaving the cottage door beside
That aged woman, feebly creeping,
With no kind hand her steps to guide.
Now say, good mother, why she weeps,
Whence'er of him you tell?”
“Children, old Marguerite's husband sleeps
Where many a brave man fell,
Beyond those distant mountain tops,
In Italy on battle day.”
“Poor Marguerite! ay, she always stops,
Good mother, hearing what you say,
And many a tear she drops.”
“He was the Hero of the war,
A leader young and bold,
And oft his victories afar
The people's praises told.
Great fame he won, but many bled—
Some wept like her, when others smil'd.
They turn'd away to mourn their dead—
The parent, wife, and child:
But she was not all lonely then,
She had a gallant son—
The hero lost his bravest men,
But yet what glorious battles won!”
“That brave youth, was he slain?”
“Ah! yes! her son was killed in fight,
His comrades told of his renown,
How well he fought, how, in their sight,
Dying, he struck his foe down.

Oh! it was brave! his poor young wife
Look'd up no more—her infant, too,
Soon pined away its little life:
It droop'd, poor babe, as if it knew
That it was fatherless—they died—
Yet still she had two boys.
Two bold stout youths, her hope and pride.
To love them both!—short are life's joys.”
“Say, mother, how they died.”
“When that great army through our village
March'd with such music and such state,
The eldest left his peaceful tillage,
And vow'd to share the hero's fate.
He, too, was kill'd— with his last breath
He shouted, ‘Glory to our Chief!’
Poor maiden! how she mourn'd his death—
Lisa, who loved him; and her grief,
And Marguerite's, too; and never more
Has Lisa smiled, nor has she spoken,
Save idiot words—her heart was broken.”
“She weeps at Marguerite's door.”
“The aged often live through sorrow
That younger hearts will break;
Marguerite will weep again to-morrow,
For her lost children's sake;
Lisa, who should have been his bride,
She lived not long, but smil'd away.
And Marguerite asks by her dear side
Her weary bones in earth to lay.
But let us tell the hero's fame,
And talk of him and of his glory.”
“Oh! mother, when we hear his name,
And think of her and her sad story,
His praise were sin and shame.”
“Ah! my good children, 'tis, I fear,
No more than others felt.
In every village, far and near,
Widows and orphans dwell—
In those proud days of victory,
Begging their bread they came,
From door to door, while joyful migh,
The people praised his name.
And his they called Heaven's brightest star—
Oh! e'er it set, what thousands more
Had perished in the snows afar!”
“Mother, why told you not before
The wickedness of war?”

Reviews.

ANGELA.

“AIM at a robe of gold, and you are sure to obtain a sleeve of it,” is a proverb as old as the hills, and as valuable as it is old. Of course we do not mean in its most obvious sense, though doubtless it may have excited to golden results the energies of many a plodding son of Cræsus; but as an axiom applied to the guidance of the higher inner life of man, mental or spiritual, its truth is questionless, its value inestimable. Never in life was there an elevated character who had not placed before his mental eyes a high, a brilliant, and most probably an unattainable exemplar.

Therefore was it that the romances of chivalry, “the glass of fashion” of the times of the Tudors, were of such high value. They were

(1) *Angela*, a Novel. By the Author of “*Emilia Wyndham*.” London: Newby.

the solace and recreation of the gentlefolks of those days, as modern novels are, too much, now: but they were the *study* also of the knights and ladies of the olden time, and, despite their innumerable faults, they well deserved to be so; for they depicted lofty, noble, high-minded characters. Stiff, starched, and out of nature, you say. Probably so; but all the world moved on stilts at that time, and we have a very strong suspicion that if the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney were to make their appearance in our world as they lived, breathed, and acted some few centuries ago, they would very likely be considered "stiff, starched, and out of nature" too. It was quite impossible that living men and women could be what many of the potent knights and peerless dames of the chivalric romance were portrayed to be; but it is the recorded opinion of some of the most deeply read and best informed men of the present time, that the study of those romances had a greatly elevating and purifying effect on the real life of that day; and that possibly even a Sidney or a Bayard might have shone with somewhat of a diminished lustre had he not been accustomed to contemplate these transcendental models.

But what has all this to do with Angela?

Much. We cannot unravel the chain of our argument link by link, because, unfortunately, we are not engaged to write "a number" for SHARPE, but only "an article" in one. We must skip to the present times.

Of these the leading principle is, as every body knows, utilitarian. A better taste is happily springing up: aspirations are felt and are beginning to be displayed by many after a higher, a loftier, an inward life, so to speak, all ideas of which appeared to be annihilated, certainly have been utterly torpid, for a century past. This deadness and this reaction have of course pervaded alike things of the highest moment and things of no moment at all; the same influences have been felt in the most momentous concerns of existence, and in the every-day pleasures of life. It is with the latter only we have to do.

Those who agree with us in dislike of the rationalizing matter-of-fact spirit of many popular writers, yecept *par excellence* utilitarian, who love to picture life, not as under higher influences it might be, but as it is—man in his coarseness, grossness, or crime—woman in her weakness and feebleness and folly; who call any thing not met with on the broad bustling crowded highway of life, romantic, highflown, out of nature—those who dislike this tendency as much as we do, will understand the eagerness with which, after glancing over the first few pages, we betook ourselves to the perusal of "Mount Sorel," by the author of "The

Two Old Men's Tales." These tales, strange to say, we had neither read nor heard of, we were therefore totally unprepared for the mental treat we enjoyed in "Mount Sorel."

For, with all its faults, a great treat it was. The clever and piquant but always lady-like and high-principled Miss Pickering had passed away; and with the vulgar caricatures of Mrs. Trollope, and the heartless chicaneries and minauderies of fashionable life, reiterated *usque ad nauseam*, however cleverly, by Mrs. Gore, we were sufficiently sated; and we longed for something, even though only in a novel, something above the common stamp of the thousand and one scribblers of the day. And in "Mount Sorel" we found it; for amid much that was weak and faulty, there were "pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts." There was a high strain of romance also, but there was an understratum of right principle and good sense.

In "Emilia Wyndham," the authoress took a bolder flight, and successfully. "Mount Sorel" was altogether imaginative, poetic,—we might almost say unreal. "Emilia Wyndham" treats of every-day existence, of actual life; it is practical, real, tangible, yet withal very imaginative—a difficult combination. "A spirit, yet a woman too," the heroine is represented. She does not descend from her pedestal and stoop to the homely and practical duties in which her fate involves her; but these become invested with grace and beauty, from the purity and elevation of her own truthful and rightly judging spirit.

It is this principle carried out through the details of practical life which has obtained for "Emilia Wyndham" high suffrages, notwithstanding some glaring improbabilities in the conduct of the story.

"Norman's Bridge" will probably never become so popular as "Emilia Wyndham": it wants much of the relieving grace and lighter details which embellish that work.

"Angela," like "Norman's Bridge" and "Mount Sorel," is rather in the form of a series of pictures than in that of a straightforward narrative. Not, however, that the story is *un*-continuous, (may we use the word?) but that the "old man"—like other old men, we suppose—is somewhat garrulous, and his numerous remarks and reflections, however true in the abstract, and however beautiful in the expression—as they often are—do too much interrupt the course of the tale, and give it a disconnected and disjointed appearance. It is very possible that it may be only or chiefly for the dissemination of these truths, reflections, and axioms that the authoress weaves her romances at all; but she must remember that young people, ay, and old ones too, are very apt to "skip and go on," if the wholesome but nauseous draught be not sufficiently disguised by the honey on the edge of the cup.

In "*Angela*" are described the trials, privations, and heroic self-sacrifice—daily immolation, it might well be called—of a young orphan girl, left with the somewhat unusual tax of three little half brothers and sisters, totally dependent on her exertions for their livelihood. It is meant to be a picture, not less absolute than that of Emilia Wyndham, or Mrs. Grant, of the power and influence of high and firmly-based principle in nerving and sustaining the mind and frame in the most adverse and trying circumstances possible. As a whole, perhaps, the work is a little too highflown; but this, as our opening remarks will show, we consider "a fault on the right side" in a novel.

It partakes largely, as might be expected, both of the beauties which illustrate and the faults which disfigure the other works of this authoress. A deep strain of tenderness, a touching pathos, pervades it; and the descriptions, many of them, are beautiful, and as truthful as beautiful. In the first volume they abound; in the subsequent ones they yield, as it is right they should to the more active progress of the piece.

Here and there the illustrations are sadly overstrained, and therefore highly injudicious, exciting an inclination to smile where it is least desirable that one should be felt. As, for instance, when the authoress likens a Gin Palace to that "heaving, boiling, surging sea of molten fire which some philosophers suppose we should see were the earth to yawn to its centre." And this exaggerated image is the more inappropriate, inasmuch as it is placed in the mouth of one peculiarly remarkable for cool and dispassionate reasoning, sound judgment, and solid argument.

Again, when the authoress, in her honest and earnest abhorrence of inebriety, causes a weary and worn under-housemaid (who, having been appointed to sit up by the sick bed of *Angela*, is awakened before dawn from an impromptu doze by a movement of the suffering girl,) to start suddenly into a dissertation on Mr. Dickens and his works, lamenting that he does not write energetically against drunkenness,—this, considering time, place, and circumstance, is certainly ridiculous, though the housemaid's father had died of "the tremens."

Another absurdity is the making *Augusta* and *Angela*, with their tame officer, paper, paint, and repair, &c. the cottage. Not if they had done it for a *whim*—that amongst fashionable people sanctifies every thing. But that *Augusta* should undertake this dirty, disagreeable, and, to delicate and unpractised fingers, really difficult and painful work, merely and seriously to save the few shillings it would have cost to employ a workman, is really too improbable, too ridiculous, and too generally inconsistent, even if it were not absolutely

contrasted almost in the same page by her purchase of a splendid grand piano for *Angela*, and, at the close of the same volume, by the expenditure of "some thousand pounds" in jewellery for her.

But these and other such improbabilities sink into insignificance beneath the earnest feeling, high tone, and lofty principle of the work generally; and very slight care and attention are requisite on the part of the authoress to avoid such blemishes in future.

We confess we are disappointed with the close of the work—disappointed on every ground of fancy, feeling, and the experience of the three volumes—at the utter separation of *Angela* from her charges. Was this absolutely necessary?

The story is deeply interesting.

From a host of clever sketches of character we select, for an extract, that of the old nurse,—

"A stiff, elderly woman, short and thin, and precise to stiffness in her attire, and with a somewhat forbidding countenance. She looked cross, but she looked sensible, and what we English call 'thoroughly respectable.' A peculiar characteristic, which our nation holds particularly in reverence.

"She was evidently a dependent, but she came up with all the authority of an old servant, who has the advantage, by some twenty or thirty years, of the other members of the family in point of age, and who has lived so long among them, that she considers herself quite a part and portion of its circle, makes its interests her own, and serves with a zeal and fidelity which are indefatigable, only requiring in her turn that all her fancies, whims, tempers, and wishes shall be implicitly respected, and that nobody in the household but herself shall have a whim of their own."—Vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

"Where is she? where is she? Left to herself, all alone, the blessed one! Oh Biddy! Biddy! If you'd only been tossed by the bull yourself! But there was the baby. Oh! those children! those children! they'll be the death of her, a generous angel! Oh, you're there, are you, Miss *Angela*? all safe and sound, I declare; and such a fright as you've given my poor heart! I vow I think I shall never get over it. And you *will* take those walks to please the children; you *will*, in spite of all I can say! You are the provokingest girl in the world! I'm sure you deserve to be tossed by the bull a hundred thousand times. Well, well, you're not hurt, I see; and don't tell Mrs. Nevil, pray; for the fright, though it's all over, will half kill her."—Vol. i. p. 112.

"I wonder at you, mistress—I really do—letting this young man, of whom we none of us know nothing at all, come dangling after Miss *Angela* in this fashion, teaching her drawing—on week-days well and good, as she must get her living by her parts, poor thing, one of these days, I am much afeard—but Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and,' (remark the emphasized conjunction, reader, pray).

'and Saturdays, is, in my opinion, more than enough; and when it comes to Sundays too, I say you ought to look to it.' "

We give another character (a contrast), in whom the readers of "Norman's Bridge" will be pleased to recognise an old acquaintance.

"While they were thus sitting together, the door of an inner room opened, and the minister appeared.

"He was now become a very old man. Ninety years he had seen. His frame of the extremest tenuity, his stooping gait, his pale, thin face, and scanty grey hair, told of his great age, and of the labour of a life not passed without the experience of much sorrow and care. But his fine expanded brow, his still clear and intelligent eye, his mouth, so grave yet sweet, his whole venerable appearance, gave evidence that life had been spent wisely and well.

"She whom he had followed, had venerated in life and supported in death, had long gone before him into those regions of ineffable and unsullied love and light into which he steadily, in the spirit, looked.

"He had tarried, content to remain and attend the earthly pilgrimage of her so inexpressibly dear to them both. He had stood by to strengthen and support her soul in its hours of darkness, and he had lived to exult in the rich harvest which had arisen under the ploughshare of sorrow. He had lived to witness the full fruition of all those expectations which he and Mary had placed upon Joan.

"With how much secret joy, with what calm seriousness of satisfaction, did he now see the child of those dearest hopes, the object of such intense interest, now playing that part which they had so fondly anticipated—a royalty of virtue and usefulness amid the daughters of women!

"How are you to-day, my dear Mr. M'Dougal? This is the first time we have met this morning," said Joan, rising from her chair as the door opened, taking him by both hands and drawing him gently towards the fire. "I went out so early; and I would not disturb you, for I was afraid you had not slept well, as you were not stirring."

"The old eye is wakeful," said Mr. M'Dougal; "but the silence of midnight is not solitary. It is peopled with many spirits—the spirit of the past, which is rather solemn than mournful; and the spirit of the present, which you make serene."

"Miss Nevil, pray let me introduce you to Mr. M'Dougal, the oldest friend I have in the world.—Miss Nevil, sir. You who love energy will love Miss Nevil, who toils unremittingly in the ungrateful task of educating most unmanageable children, in order to maintain not only her own independence, but three children, the offspring of her father by a second wife. Do not blush, dear Angela, as the colour overspread the fair young creature's cheek; 'it is to give Mr. M'Dougal pleasure that I tell him of these things.'

"Let me take your hand, my dear," said Mr. M'Dougal, with that authority which is given by great old age, 'and let me look into your fair young face. Yes, virtue is a noble thing when it is the final and

dear-bought result of a life of strong discipline; but when we see it in the opening of the day—when it is as the free gift of God to a sweet and generous nature—then it is precious indeed. Sweet young lady, I am not going to praise you, but to congratulate you.'

"He still kept holding her hand, and his dim blue eye scanned, with much attention, that sweet and interesting face.

"There are lines of suffering and sorrow in it, I see," said he; 'but there is the sure trust of faith, and the strength of a holy heart. The old man's blessing be upon thee, my child!' "—Vol. ii. pp. 217—220.

We offer no apology for the length of this, the last, extract with which we shall trouble the reader, as it affords so fair a specimen of the truly poetic feeling with which these volumes abound. A little more care in the arrangement of her plots, a strict avoidance of that besetting sin of modern novelists, the tendency to exaggeration and caricature, and a little closer attention to the useful recommendation to "keep probability in view," will ensure Mrs. Marsh a place in the very foremost rank of the tale-writers of the day.

DOMBEY AND SON¹

We have before us a new work from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens; and the promise which former excellence gave has been ably fulfilled. Scarcely any writer of the present day has so much power in his hands for good or evil as this gentleman: the extensive circulation of his works; their rapid succession; their peculiar appeal in language and subject to the middle classes—we had almost written, the masses of society, render him at all times an important and ever ready authority; whilst his high moral tone, and a certain internal evidence that he writes upon a conviction of the truths he is maintaining, place him in the first rank of the popular writers of the present day.

Perhaps few tastes have grown so rapidly of late years as the taste for works of fiction; and the increased demand has had a corresponding effect upon the supply; with this difference, that whilst education and other causes have combined to raise the standard of demand amongst the many, opportunities of profit and necessity for compliance of some sort have produced a proportionate deterioration of quality in the supply. It is of the greatest consequence in a country like this, where so many turn for relaxation from the stern realities of life (and the realities of our own times are very stern indeed,) to the perusal of popular fictions, that those popular fictions should be of the highest possible class. Now we are anxious to assert our admiration of Mr. Dickens; and we do so on the grounds above mentioned, viz. that he has always written, not only for the temporary amusement of his readers, but with a view to their general interests and improvement; and be his subject matter grave or gay, the broadest humour or the deepest pathos, he omits no opportunity of inculcating religious and philosophical truths in his homely characters, and

(1) *Dombey and Son*. By Charles Dickens.

surrounding the most ordinary objects with feelings and sentiments of virtuous interest. His faults—and he has them—are not those of every novelist, and his beauties are all his own.

We have for Mr. Charles Dickens so profound a respect, that in censuring his writings we approach the task with the utmost diffidence; still we must confess that although the work before us is as full of beauties as any thing he has yet written, we believe it to be quite as full of faults.

There is a good broad road of probability, broad enough for anybody not utterly intoxicated with popularity, which might have answered the author's purpose, without travelling down the bye-lanes of possibility, and even losing his way in them in search of catastrophes. If Mr. Dickens creates impossible characters, to be sure we have no right to quarrel with his pulling the strings his own way; but we protest as strongly against the falsities of fiction as we approve of its realities. Everybody likes to be able to sympathize with the characters portrayed: but when those characters are placed by the author in impossible or almost impossible positions, we lose that power: a virtuous interest is merged in an unhealthy curiosity or amazement; and the character ceases to be a beacon for our guidance, or a quicksand to avoid. Who ever dreamt of Edith Ganger, or rather Dombey, the proud, imperious, but generous Edith, running away with Carker, the managing clerk of her husband, known and despised by herself, only for the sake of humbling the self-satisfied Dombey? Florence, too, the very gem of the book, kind, gentle, constant in her affection to her father, childlike as she is, might have spared herself the pain of kissing old Captain Cuttle, or asking the advice of his friend Bunby on so delicate a subject as Walter's safety. When Mr. Dickens began writing, the *semi-pathetic* was admirable, because original—it has ceased to be so, and we are more inclined to laugh at than with it. The book is moreover full to overflowing of waves whispering and wandering, of dark rivers rolling to the sea, of winds, and golden ripples, and such like matters, which are sometimes very pretty, generally very untrue, and have become, at all events, excessively stale.

But these are minor considerations—spots in the sun—as little affecting the real beauty of the work, or its intrinsic value as a moral lesson, as if they had never existed. Its excellences are of a high cast. Religious sentiments expressed in language whose simplicity enhances their innate beauty, a feeling for women, and a development of their best and loveliest natures, as in the simple Polly Toodle, and the despised Miss Tox; the accidental interpolation of good apart from the main story, so common in Mr. Dickens's writings; and those admirably touching incidents, than which none are more exquisite or more exquisitely told than the reappearance of Susan Nipper before Florence in the old dress she used to serve her in; situations of the highest dramatic power as a whole, are rendered life-like by the wonderful talent for detail—a talent possessed by no writer of modern times in such perfection. We really feel inclined to doubt whether the scene between Mr. and Mrs. Dombey in the 10th chapter has, in its peculiar way, ever been surpassed; and though we think that Mr. Dickens might sometimes avoid a difficulty by a little premeditation of his plan, we cannot but admire his consummate tact in releasing his creations from the awkward positions in which he places them:

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

We fear Mr. Dickens may some day have to call in the aid of the immortals.

Dombey is a character new to fiction, and uncommon in real life—a counting-house aristocrat. Not so rare in the higher classes of society, but then more dignified, with less cravat and more manner. Cold, selfish (though probably not in trifles), proud of his order, and of himself as one of its heads. To us there is something, we admit, rather respectable in this pride—something honourable in his vanity as "a British merchant, and a devilish upright gentleman," as Cousin Feenix bath it. It is too much the fashion to turn up one's nose at the shop now-a-days. We are all West-end men: the son is all very well in the drawing-room near Portland Place, but we connect him not with our City greatness; we prefer St. James's to St. Olave's; and a cornetcy in the Blues, to a corner stool in the counting-house. Dombey was free from this vanity, at all events; and in his misfortunes proved it. He was selfish and proud, but he would be under dishonourable obligations to none; he expected, and he paid, the uttermost farthing. Mr. Morfin announces a great philosophical truth when he propounds to Miss Hamnett, "that it would do us no harm to remember oftener than we do, that vices are sometimes only virtues carried to excess!" We see but one contradiction throughout in the character of Dombey, and that is, his determination to make Carker his confidant in so private a matter as his wife's conduct to himself. We have read the work attentively, and though we think we see Mr. Dickens's intention, we confess ourselves unable to go with him; we cannot reconcile it with Dombey's character, even on the score of his unbending tyranny.

It would not be fair to leave this portion of Mr. Dickens's work without saying a few words on the excellent lesson to be learnt from his principal character. When a fashionable novelist introduces misfortune as attaching to his hero, it is usually in a manner *retributive*: the *corrective* has seldom any place in his mind. Misfortune, as the just penalty of folly or vice, is in his opinion a very handsome stretch of morality. Mr. Dickens does more, for he applies to misfortune that which makes it truly valuable, its scriptural quality of correction: he makes it the dark cloud, and heavy storm, which precede the setting sun's beams of humility and resignation.

The opening scenes of *Dombey and Son* at once arrest attention; the lonely situation of the almost orphan girl, with her steady attachment to her father, and her infantine regard for her protector, Walter Gay, are in the author's best style. Poor Florence! a sort of "bad boy" in Dombey's house; no use to the firm, or to swell the importance of her father; loving every one, beloved by every one, excepting by him whose love she most covets. She is a sort of nucleus round which the best affections of the rest of the *dramatis personæ* play. Even Toots and Susan seem to have no separate existence, as man and wife, apart from her. Edith can afford to forgive, and to ask forgiveness of her husband, when his love has taken the same direction as hers: we rather doubt whether Florence could have run away from home as she did; a wife would, for a blow is hard to bear; but a child, so constant in her love, and so gentle in her disposition, might have well borne it from a father at such a moment of distraction as at the loss of his wife. Nor do we quite fall in love again with Florence until she makes an offer to another person: she is sadly too fond of rambling about London for so particular a gentleman's daughter as Mr. Dombey; and

her easy accommodation, with Captain Cuttle and his hook, to circumstances which would have made most young ladies, to say the least of it, squeamish, is somewhat unnatural. But she is the woman, the fond, the devoted woman, when she meets with Walter Gay, returned from his voyage, but still a beggar, without a home to offer her, and too honourable, too feeling, too little selfish, to ask her to share his sorrows: and Mr. Dickens has shown a tact in this most difficult scene, a knowledge of the human heart in one of its most incomprehensible phases, which will place him higher than ever as a writer. We spoke of his semi-pathos just now—we will now speak of his real pathos; and if this, and some other scenes towards the end of the book, will not refute the philosophical notion that sympathy for unreal distress is hurtful in its tendencies, we know of nothing that will. We envy not the man who has arrived at so extraordinary a pitch of virtue, as to read without feeling these exquisitely pathetic scenes.

Edith is a strange but noble character; naturally of a fine disposition; warm, honest, independent, lovely, and to be loved; but twisted by the tortuous policy of a worldly mother into the scornful, the passionate, the mercenary; despising others, herself to be despised. We confess her marriage with Dombey surprised us—we were not prepared for so great a sacrifice of womanly dignity; nor do we like it: but it sinks, as an incident, into a matter of every-day life, when compared with her elopement with Carker. Carker the manager; (he must have been a manager indeed;) the man with the teeth; the great incomprehensible of the work: we know no Carker, we never saw one, nor do we believe in his existence. All that we can make out of Carker the manager is, by the three great features of his being—his teeth, his journey from Dijon—we know the road, and never was a sketch more graphic than the author's description of it—and his death, an easy and rather new method for getting rid of a troublesome situation. A duel was almost unavoidable—but duels are very vulgar in novels, and happily very much out of fashion in society—the railway was new, and handy; and Mr. Dickens made a very tolerable use of it, all things considered.

The book has contrasts too, which we should scarcely do our duty in omitting to notice. Edith and Alice, both sold to a stormy, wild, and fitful existence, we trace their relationship in mind and circumstance. The penitent death, and remorseful exile, of the one and the other, open a long vista for the reflective reader. Mrs. Skewton and Mrs. Brown—of the earth, earthy—seeking, with what constancy! temporal advantages for their children, at the expense of eternal happiness to themselves. In fact, there is scarcely a character or passage in the work, whatever its faults, which may not be so considered as to act beneficially on the mind.

It is somewhat worthy of remark, that whilst love for Florence seems to be the great influence uniting others, the same motive, in love for Paul, operates upon herself and Walter Gay. Under any other point of view there would be a haste, a want of modesty, on the part of Florence, irreconcilable with her character, childlike as it is. Her opportunities have been so few, and externals are so much against the likelihood of their marrying, that Mr. Dickens has done well to give a stronger impulse to their love than mere protection and gratitude. He has done so by calling in the aid of Paul—love for Paul and his memory—and we feel certain that the machinery

which the author thus uses, is not only very beautiful, but amongst the simplest and most natural of his materials.

Before summing up our account of this extraordinary work, we cannot omit the particular mention of our old acquaintances, J. B. and Miss Tox: Joey Bagstock, sir, is a man that we know we have seen; and Miss Tox is a lady of whom we believe there are hundreds. Of the former, we can only regret that his constant assurances of openness and liberality have left him such a selfish, close-fisted old vagabond: that his face and heart, artificially coloured, have never reached the healthy roseate hue of our friend Cuttle, but remained a frosty blue—the one tinted by intemperance and climate, the other blushing for the false asseverations of its warmth. Miss Tox we certainly regard with no common feelings. Mr. Dickens has not thought it necessary to surround her with fictitious distinction; he has deprived her of even ordinary qualifications of purse or person, and invested her solely with that pure and genuine affection, that truly feminine constancy in adversity, which should make every woman an object of protection and kindness to man. He deserves much at our hands for placing a too often slighted class of persons—we mean the old maids of our country—in their true position; demanding our gratitude for their usefulness, and our sympathy with their affections.

It was not our purpose to apply a telescope to the pages of Dombey and Son, for the sake of discovering faults or beauties too remote for the rest of mankind, and to remain blind to that which lies obviously before us. We shall therefore satisfy ourselves with adding, what we trust will have already become apparent, our great admiration of the work before us, which has been increased in no common degree by the perusal of the last two numbers. The story abounds in improbabilities, it is true; but they are more of situation than of character, and are generally cleared up with consummate tact. The writing is full of great truths, eloquent diction, true pathos, touching incidents, just feeling, and religious sentiment: we could point out passage after passage in confirmation of what we say; but trust we have induced our readers to look for themselves. We have mentioned two scenes, and there are others, of extraordinary dramatic power, and the truth of all detail, in the hands of Mr. Dickens, serves for a make-weight for the exaggerations with which he generalizes. Where could Dombey have lived but near Portland Place? the street must have been "dreadfully genteel," and the house "tall and dark and shady:" and Dombey must have been like a grove of trees, whose very richness shut out the light and warmth which had made them so. He knew none of the sunshine in which he had grown up. Prosperity had made him so cold that he enjoyed none of it. We think too that human nature never had a truer representative of some its peculiarities than Mrs. Chick. We grieve to write it, but we believe there are many Mrs. Chicks in these days.

In taking our leave of Dombey and Son, we have a grave complaint to make. Mr. Dickens has either had very imperfect glimpses of our aristocracy, or he is very partial in his delineation of them. He has never yet given us a lady or gentleman in the real acceptance of the term. They are all, in his view, fools or scoundrels; Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht; Cousin Feenix and Mrs. Skewton. Why—for we admit there is much of the man of breeding about Cousin Feenix,—why think it necessary to make

him next door to an idiot? Why was he of necessity a ruined gamester, with his vicious reminiscences of his "fast" days, when we see how generously and gallantly he could behave? There are Sir Mulberry Hawks, and Verisophts, and old dowagers like Mrs. Skewton, (no, by the way, we do not think there are any as bad as she,) and Cousin Feenixes, even taking that worthy in one of his most foolish moods; but they are the exceptions, not the rule. The English aristocracy is admitted on all hands to be as honourable, as talented, as generous, as alive to the wants of their fellow-creatures, as any other class of society; and it is as unfair to hold them up to ridicule or dislike through the Feenixes, Hawks, and Skewtons, as it would be to make out every poor man a pickpocket or a revolutionist. Mr. Dickens has too much sense to be flattered by indiscriminate praise; and his impartial readers have long discovered this injustice to the higher classes. Abstractedly, the English aristocracy is above ridicule, and should be rather held up as an example by the popular writers of the day; comparatively with other aristocracies, it is immeasurably beyond par, and may challenge the severest criticism. We trust that what we complain of has arisen from the imperfect knowledge which Mr. Dickens possesses of that class, and not from a partiality of which he is generally guiltless, but to which his popularity might give a very dangerous impulse. We believe that *Dombey and Son* will become as popular as any of the author's works, and that, like all things intrinsically valuable, it will improve under a thoroughly rigid investigation.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN BORNEO.¹

THIRTY years ago it would have been as useful to ask a question about the geological conformation of *Kut*, or the cloud mountains of *Jimmistan*, as to inquire concerning the interior of Borneo, for people knew as much of one as of the other. That magnificent island lay buried in almost mythical obscurity, unknown and neglected by all save a few money-making Dutchmen, and Chinese traders. From time immemorial it has been the practice to look upon the region of the Eastern seas as a shadowy and unreal existence, of which mention has sometimes been made in a few musty folios, but to read or write about which was a thing totally beyond the power of reasonable beings.

And what has been the cause of this? Has Borneo been neglected because of a deadly climate, or an unfruitful soil; because no valuable metals are to be found in its mines, because its forests produce no useful timber, and because its capabilities of supplying the materials of commerce are limited? Not so surely, for in the first place scarcely any one took the trouble to investigate the matter, and if now and then an individual attempted to direct attention to the undeveloped riches of the island, and indeed of the whole Archipelago, the voice of recommendation met with no responding echo from the public.

Before Sir Stamford Raffles founded the settlement of Singapore, which has since risen to such an extraordinary height of prosperity, the English possessed no proper *point d'appui* on which to concentrate their endeavours towards the extension of their trade in the

Eastern seas. The energy of our enterprising countryman, however, gave an impulse for the time to British progress, but for want of a steady succession of efforts, Borneo and its companion islands had sunk into almost complete oblivion, when Mr. Brooke went forth as pioneer of civilization and commerce, to clear the road on which neglect and disuse had suffered an accumulated mass of ignorance and scepticism to collect.

The work which has just made its appearance before the public contains, within the compass of two moderate volumes, a store of novel and interesting facts such as are seldom collected together. Most persons are aware of the circumstances connected with the first voyage of our adventurous countryman to the eastern Archipelago. Our limited space will not allow us to enter into a recapitulation of those interesting events, especially as they have been published under a variety of forms already; we shall therefore confine our observations to a cursory view of the progress of English enterprise in that portion of the globe since the publication of Captain Keppel's late work.

We must, however, at starting, give one extract from Mr. Brooke's Journal which has not hitherto appeared. It lays briefly before the mind's eye a clear view of the events in which that gentleman's extraordinary after career may be said to have derived its principal source. After a protracted and interesting visit to the Island of Celebes, Mr. Brooke on returning to Sarawak found that province in so lamentable a state of confusion and disorganisation, and altogether in a condition of affairs so adverse to every object which he had in view, as to make him decide on quitting the scene, and returning to Singapore:—

"But," he says, "on mentioning my intention to the rajah, he presented such a picture of distress, and was so earnest in his prayers to me to remain yet a little while, that, though twice on the eve of dropping down the river, I at last yielded to his entreaties, and finally consented to proceed myself to the seat of operations, and endeavour, by my presence and counsel, to induce the belligerents to come to terms of accommodation. I set out, about the middle of November, on my last expedition, previous to which the rajah, in order to ensure my zealous co-operation in the cause of the sultan, had offered to make over to me the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. This bait was a very tempting one, but with my private resources at the present moment (August, 1840), its termination would be very doubtful. It was agreed, however, that negotiations on the subject should be renewed when I returned in the following year. I believe that the Rajah was sincere, and, at any rate, it would have been ungenerous in me to have come to any decision in the affirmative, when I knew his distress, but was ignorant of his real feelings. For on any happy change in his position, contracts and documents would have been so much waste paper whereas, by appealing to his best feelings, and acting with generosity, he was more likely to take a personal interest in my nomination, and to procure the signature of the sultan.

"All is uncertainty: but when the proper time arrives, the game will be worth playing. It is, in fact, an offer which I will not absolutely refuse; but some reflection is necessary, and farther insight into Borneo politics indispensable. It was at the seat of war, and in front of the enemy's position, that I first

(1) Journal of Events in Borneo and Celebes, by James Brooke, Esq. with a Narrative of the Expedition of H. M. S. *Iris*, by Captain Rodney Mundy, R. N.

became acquainted with Pangeran Budrudeen, the Rajah Mudah Hassim's brother, whose overawing and stately demeanour seemed to have great effect on the mixed army under his command. To my recommendation of vigorous hostilities Budrudeen readily agreed; and from this moment the campaign assumed a new feature. The indolent chiefs showed signs of activity; guns were advanced, forts erected; and after a series of skirmishes with varied success, and small loss on either side, the enemy at length advanced beyond the protection of their stockade into the open field. A glance showed me the advantage their mistake had given us, and, profiting by it, I charged quickly across the paddy fields with my detachment of Englishmen, twelve in number, followed by one Illanun, named Si Tundo, and by the rest of the natives at a respectful distance. The manœuvre was completely successful. The rebels were routed, and victory complete. Several forts were captured. The remnant of the rebel army became dispirited; and in a few days a treaty was signed, and the rebellion at an end."

We have given this somewhat lengthy extract by way of a preliminary introduction to the details of subsequent events. A description of Borneo, with some interesting observations on Sarawak and its vicinity, and on the manners and customs of many of the principal Dyak tribes, fills up a chapter or two. We have an account of the vegetable productions of the island, such as camphor, sandal wood, clove bark, rice, sago, and black pepper; of its wealth in minerals, such as gold, diamonds, antimony ore, zinc, tin and iron; of its animal kingdom, consisting of the horse, the buffalo, the ox, the bear, the leopard, the hog, the goat, the dog, wild deer, cats, ducks, and other fowl; also apes, orang-outangs, and others of the monkey species. Next follows a brief sketch of the recent history of Borneo; after which we are introduced to a wild tribe of the inland Dyaks, the Bukar, whose chief dissimilarity from those inhabiting the sea-coasts and banks of rivers, consists in their being unskilful in the management of their canoes, which they seldom or never use except on very special occasions.

"They are not tattooed, and though the sumpitan is occasionally used, it is by no means a national weapon of offence. They have little regard for ornaments: a slight piece of bark cloth is girt round the loins, and on the arms are a few rings of plaited bamboo; the hair of moderate length, and a piece of the same cloth is negligently tied over the head. Their chief weapons are the spear and the sword. They inhabit large houses like the Sibuyows, and freely allow that they possess heads. They marry but one wife, and the marriage ceremony is performed by swinging towels round the heads seven times, and by feasting and getting drunk.

"I here detail the principal questions put to Sagama, a Bukar Dyak chief, a man of intelligence, who spoke Malay with moderate fluency:—

"Did he know anything of God?"

"No!"

"Did his tribe believe that any one lived in the clouds?"

"Yes; Tupa lived there."

"Who sent thunder, lightning, and rain?"

"Tupa."

"Do they ever pray, or offer sacrifice to Tupa?"

"No!"

"When a man dies, what do they do with his body?"

"They burn it."

"Where do the dead go after they are burned?"

"To Sabyan."

"Where is Sabyan?"

"Under the earth."

"Where is his father gone to?"

"To Sabyan. All the Dyak men and women who are dead, are under the ground in Sabyan."

"How long will they remain in Sabyan?"

"Don't know."

"When he dies, will he meet his father?"

"Yes; and his mother, and all the people."

"Are they happy in Sabyan?"

"Yes; very happy."

"If a man was wicked, would he go to Sabyan?"

"Yes; but to another place; and he would not be happy."

"When they do bury the dead, do they put anything in the grave?"

"Yes! clothes and food."

On being questioned about taking heads, he said, "They always take the heads of their enemies, never of their friends."

"If they met strangers in the jungle, would they take their heads?"

"Yes; if they were strange Dyaks; but not the heads of Malays and white men."

These Bukars were constant in the search after heads. Unlike some tribes, however, marriage could not be contracted among them before the cranium of an enemy had been taken by the lover, but if he had enjoyed that felicity it was considered honourable, and any young woman would marry the man who had been so fortunate.

Mr. Brooke, during various excursions into the interior, observed the customs of many other curious tribes, among which we may mention one of the Malays, which is almost, we should think, peculiar to them. When a man dies, his friends and relatives meet in the house and arrange themselves on seats round the apartment. The corpse is then carried in, seated on a mat, and dressed out in the finest clothes, with a cigar stuck in the mouth. Each of the visitors in turn addresses a long speech to the deceased, giving him advice as to his future proceedings. This ceremony over, the body is placed in a large coffin, and kept in the house during many months, at the expiration of which period it is perched at the top of a lofty tree in some particular spot. Here it is left, the popular belief being that the deceased will himself find his way to his final resting place. "Follow the road," they say, "till it branches in three directions; be careful in selecting the centre path, for this will lead you to the happy country, while that to the right leads to Borneo, and that to the left to the sea."

Mr. Brooke seems, from the first time he set his foot on Borneo, to have entertained a strong desire to assist in suppressing the piratical system of that splendid island. To effect this it was necessary to diffuse terror among the robber hordes, for which purpose an expedition was undertaken with the object of, if possible, seizing some of the more atrocious criminals. Amongst these was one Budrudeen, who, together with one Illanun Panglima, had long carried on a succession of the most villainous and cruel depredations, sacking and destroying peaceful villages, and

either murdering the inhabitants, or dragging them off into slavery which

"Left hope, the seraph, sighing at the door." 1

Information having been obtained that these two pirates, with a number of their companions, had taken up their quarters in a house on the sea-beach at a place named Siru, Mr. Brooke, in company with Patingi Ali and a strong force, proceeded thither in boats. After some consultation it was resolved to attempt the capture by stratagem, since the criminal was not considered entitled to the denomination of an enemy to be treated with honour and open dealing.

The Englishmen, therefore, kept close in their boats, while the Patingi, with a party of natives, standing on the beach, sent a message desiring the pirates to come out from their house. This had the desired effect: Budrudeen and the Panglima, armed to the teeth, and decked with a variety of charms, walked down, and were immediately surrounded, though without any hostile act being committed. However, the two freebooters instantly knew their time was come, and that, at all events, they must die. Budrudeen made no attempt to escape, but remained trembling and pale, and preserving the completest silence. The Illanun, however, in the desperation inspired by despair, lashed himself into fury, shook his spear in one hand, and whirling his formidable sword in the other, defied his enemies to the struggle. At the same time his face became deadly white, for he knew his time was come; he was ready to die, but not to die alone. Seeing that no chance was left of seizing him alive, Patingi Ali sprang forward, and striking with all his force, drove a heavy spear through the pirate's back, far between his shoulders, the point protruding nearly a foot out of his breast. For a moment, even this failed to deaden the Panglima's fury, for though nailed through by the weapon, he rushed like a wounded tiger, and was in the act of thrusting his spear at another man's breast, when life and strength failed, and he fell lifeless. Budrudeen was allowed for a time to effect his escape, but after burying the pirate's corpse, Mr. Brooke resolved to finish the work by securing the other criminals. Accordingly, Budrudeen and seven of his companions, his brother-in-law among the number, were brought heavily ironed to Sarawak, and there, after much deliberation, it was decided that the chief and his relative should die.

About one o'clock, on the 9th May, the criminals were rowed across the river to the house inhabited by their own friends and relatives, and there executed. Budrudeen was placed inside a heavy drapery of musquito curtains, and the cord twisted from behind. While awaiting his death, the prisoner continually cried for mercy, expressing his utter surprise that the murder of a few Chinese should be considered worthy of capital punishment. The other man was taken inside a chamber, and there crucified. His arms were held out, and the point of the weapon fixed in the hollow above the clavicle bone, and then pushed down to the heart. Death by this means is instantaneous, coming like a flash of lightning, almost before the criminal can perceive that the hand has been raised to strike the blow.

In the course of a short time, Mr. Brooke had the satisfaction to see the document, making over to him in perpetuity the territory of Sarawak, its revenues, &c., signed and sealed. Being thus invested with authority, if not with power, sufficient to warrant

him in undertaking any measures he might think proper towards putting down the piratical and hostile communities whose efforts were continually directed towards the injury and destroying the commerce and prosperity of his province, he resolved to undertake as soon as possible a war against the Singé Dyaks, whose chief men, Pa'imban and Pa Tummo, had long rendered themselves notorious by an incessant series of atrocities.

The enemy with a large force had entrenched himself in a strong village at the summit of a mountain, up whose precipitous sides there were only a few narrow paths in front, while in every other direction it was impregnable. Many huge stones had been piled at the top of the hill, which might be rolled down to crush an advancing force. Further to defend this naturally strong position, the Dyaks had raised a high embankment round their village, while the approaches all round the mountain were stuck full of strong sharp bamboo spikes, set deep in the ground.

It was resolved to attack and carry this position with eighty men, who were sent up under the command of some native chiefs. It was a dark, windy, and rainy night. Here and there on the hill-side large bodies of the enemy, with drawn swords and spears, covered the retreat of the Ranjar planters, who had been engaged up to the last moment in driving spikes into the ground. These warriors endeavoured, by flourishing their weapons and uttering tremendous yells, to frighten their assailants, who, however, no ways intimidated, rushed along the ascent, driving their enemies before them, without a blow being struck on either side; for no sooner did the Singés perceive that the advancing party was resolute, than they turned tail and fled in the greatest consternation.

Next day another detachment of eighty men went up and joined the first assaulting party in the village at the summit of the mountain; and twelve hours after, Mr. Brooke arrived at the bottom of the hill with a force two hundred strong, and not having been apprised of the success of his allies, charged up the steep ascent with the stern determination not to be beaten back.

The enemy had fled and concealed themselves in the jungle, whence they could not be dislodged; and on Mr. Brooke's taking possession of the mountain village, he found it occupied by his allies and plundered, "and what was worse, the destruction of the cocoa and betel trees. It grieved me to see the stately cocoa-nut totter and fall, and the graceful betel yield its slender trunk to the merciless axe; but this is the licence of war, and may not be resisted entirely."

The enemy did all he could, by humble promises and many presents, to persuade our countryman to evacuate the hill. This, however, he steadily refused, declaring that he would remain in possession of it, even for years, unless Pa'imban and Pa Tummo gave themselves up.

"In short, I said all I could to terrify, but without much effect, until the Dyaks of the left-hand river absolutely arrived at the landing place to the amount of 200 men. When this was certain—when some of their own people reported that they had seen the enemy, the rest got alarmed; and as their women and children had fled into the jungle to escape us, they now returned from a greater source of terror; and, by returning, they were safe and protected. The same fear gradually brought Pa'imban and Pa Tummo to terms; and they met us, clothed in white, which, as I have said before,

is a symbol of peace and submission. I told him I would not kill him, but take him to the rajah; and he would then know what were the rajah's orders. He agreed, and soon resumed his usual tone, declaring, before numbers, that he cared nothing about the losses he had suffered, for he would make the tribe repay him everything. I could plainly see that all the Dyaks dreaded the retaliation they knew he would inflict when the storm had blown over."

They were both put in irons, taken to Sarawak, and there executed at sunset on the 7th September, at the back of Mr. Brooke's house. Parimban died like a man, boldly awaiting the blow under which he perished; Pa Tunmo, however, shrunk from the knife, and expired a trembling and miserable wretch. Both were laid in one grave.

Mr. Brooke is a stern and unflinching judge, but not more stern and unflinching in this instance than circumstances compelled him to be. Had the two pirate chiefs, whose murders were so notorious in every province, been allowed to escape, it was known to a certainty that their intention was to bring heavy retribution on their peaceful neighbours for the injuries sustained by themselves in their bloodless war against the English rajah. Many lives would thus necessarily have been sacrificed. As to keeping them in confinement, it was an impossibility, considering the then existing state of the country. Death therefore was the only penalty which could be allotted to them. That they richly deserved it there is no room to doubt.

During a period of more than two years Mr. Brooke remained at Sarawak without ever moving across the boundary of his newly-adopted country, unless for the purpose of punishing the aggressions of neighbouring hostile tribes. This lengthened residence no doubt had its effect in strengthening the attachment of the people towards their English ruler, whose sway, at all times mild and kindly, yet vigorous, and guided by the principles of strict justice, so greatly tended to the amelioration of their condition.

While, however, attending to the security of his settlement against hostile inroads, and exerting himself to suppress the barbarous and heathenish practice of head hunting which had so long thinned the population, Mr. Brooke continually applied himself to the developing of the resources, agricultural and mineral, of the province. The working of the diamond mines particularly occupied his attention; and in this enterprise he is the more likely to succeed, because at first starting he entertained no extravagant hopes of quickly realising an immense fortune, but set about the work with other expectations, in which we dare say he will not be disappointed.

"*Santah Cottage. March 4th.*—I am here on my first visit to my farm at this place. The cottage is situated at the junction of the Santah stream with the left-hand river. The latter is highly picturesque the whole way from Ledah Tannah, with high banks, clear water, occasional rocks, and a varied and abundant vegetation; and at Santah are all these characters, and the landscapes are of sylvan beauty.

"The small stream of Santah, however, is yet more beautiful, in my eyes, rushing along a pebbly bed, and overarched with melancholy boughs, that admit the tropical sun only in flickering rays. The scene resembles the Dargle, in county Wicklow, but is far more luxuriant and rich in foliage. Santah cottage stands on

a slight eminence upon the river's edge; and the farm, as yet, presents only about three acres, covered with brushwood and huge trees felled; but numerous fruit trees have been spared, and still adorn the prospect. The cottage is about twenty-four feet square, with two stories, and the walls composed of split bamboo entwined, which, for the climate, is sufficient defence, and not liable, like the leaves, to accidents from fire. A small nursery of a thousand nutmegs, and some figs, are thriving very well; and I hope soon to add the coffee-tree, the areca-palm or betel-nut, and the cocoa-nut."

Near this cottage there is another where a diamond mine is to be worked, the Santah river being famous for its abundance of those precious stones. Fairy Knoll is the name bestowed on the second place, it being situated in the bosom of many groves and green glades; and at the foot of a small hill are dug the pits in which the earth is washed and the diamonds picked out. When Mr. Brooke, in company with one Hajji Ibrahim, first determined on commencing operations at this spot, the latter took a piece of paper and transcribed on it in Chinese characters, "James Brooke and Hajji Ibrahim present their compliments to the spirit, and request his permission to work at the mine."

The rajah, when weary of the fatiguing life he necessarily leads at his capital, retires for a season to recruit his energies at the above pleasant localities, attending to the cultivation of the soil, and superintending the operations of the Malay and Chinese diamond workers. His residence at Sarawak is altogether of a different character. It is built in a rectangular form, with a long frontage facing the stream, and a broad verandah encircling the four sides. Round it has been laid out a beautiful garden in the English style, with neatly gravelled walks, and hedge-rows formed of innumerable jessamine-trees, which, when Captain Mundy visited the town, were in full bloom, and cast a rich perfume round the spot. Tall palm-groves afford a welcome shade in the rear of the dwelling built of wood and raised upon ten-foot piles, which are ascended by means of a broad flight of rustic steps.

"The saloon or hall of reception is forty feet long, and adjoining this is the library, well stocked with literature, and with the latest publications on geographical subjects. Two bed-rooms complete the arrangements of the interior of the mansion, which is of one story only, and surmounted by a lofty and sloping roof, formed from the leaves of the Nibong-palm. The kitchen, and offices, and bath rooms, are detached buildings, at a few yards' distance, and here also has been erected a neat little cottage, in which beds are prepared for those visitors whom either duty or curiosity may bring within the range of the simple but cordial hospitality of the kind-hearted owner."

At Pinang, which he shortly afterwards visited, Mr. Brooke first fell in with Captain Keppel, to whom in the present work he pays a just and honourable tribute of praise. The account of the expeditions undertaken against the pirates by Captain Keppel in the *Dido* have been given in that officer's late work. A long break, therefore, occurs in the present journals, which are not again resumed until July 1843, when the British schooner had again left the shores of Borneo, and our countryman was alone once more. A powerful aid, however, had been given to his progress. The inhabitants of the archipelago now knew for certain that it was not only the English rajah and his five-and-

twenty Malay bayonets whom they had to dread. They had plainly seen that he was backed by a strong impulse from the west. And this feeling no doubt had its effect in influencing the subsequent career of our countryman, who now directed his energies to a minute inquiry concerning the various piratical hordes swarming in the rivers, bays, and creeks of Borneo. Much information on this subject is given. From the Samarahan river, a few miles from the eastern mouth of the Sarawak, to the Sangi stream far up the coast, we are presented with an account of every river tribe on that side of the island. The politics of Borneo now occupied the rajah's attention. Sultan Omar Ali had given unmistakable signs of his treacherous and imbecile character, which warranted suspicions as to his faith. The treaty concluded in November 1844, was naturally the more considered no guarantee for the continuance of peace and good understanding. Mr. Brooke consequently never was easy in mind while residing at Sarawak. Continual misgivings agitated his heart. Every trading vessel from Borneo was anxiously watched and boarded to know how affairs went on in that city. Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, Mr. Brooke's dearest friends in that quarter of the world, were there, and anxiety for their fate continually disturbed him. These feelings, however, did not interfere with his exertions for the improvement of Sarawak by encouraging industry, suppressing the piratical chiefs, and promoting intercourse with the natives of the interior, which last measure was one of the most important that could be carried out, as by drawing the produce of the inland provinces to his settlement, Mr. Brooke tended greatly to the prosperity of that place, besides assisting largely the progress of enlightenment and civilization of the wild tribes.

The urbanity and condescension which is one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Brooke's character, tended no doubt to his extraordinary success in Borneo. While using his utmost endeavours towards the diffusion of knowledge, he never missed an opportunity of ingratiating himself with his new subjects, by mingling in their amusements, and avoiding on every occasion shocking their harmless beliefs and superstitions.

"I have lately had much opportunity of noting down their various customs, most of which are harmless and inoffensive, though ridiculous and absurd. White cloth, I find, is a mark of cold weather or prosperity. The killing the fowl after waving it above the paddy (rice in husk) and the rice measures, the mixing the blood with a yellow root and water, and immersing the women's necklaces, and then waving them over their heads, touching the heads of the children with the charmed mixture, I have, I think, glanced at before. When I set myself on the mat, one by one they come forward, and tie little bells on my arm: a young cocoa-nut is brought, with a white fowl, which is presented. I rise and wave it, and say, "May good luck attend the Dyak; may their crops be plentiful; may their fruits ripen in due season, may male children be born; may rice be stored in their houses; may wild hogs be killed in the jungle; may they have *Sijok Dingun*, or cold weather."

Another instance of the good nature and humorous disposition of our countryman, is given in the following anecdote:—

"A male crocodile was caught this morning, measuring fifteen feet four inches in length; and it is astonishing how quiescent those animals are when taken, allowing their feet to be fastened over the back,

and a strong lashing put round the mouth without any resistance, and then brought down, floated between two small canoes. When dragged out of the water to be killed, the monster only moved his tail gently backwards and forwards. Yet when hungry, it is evident he would attack both men and boats, for the bones of a poor fellow were found in his stomach. It is probable that these cold-blooded reptiles digest their food very slowly, and that one meal, which is a gorge, lasts them for some time, as is the case with the larger serpents: otherwise, if, like the dragons of old, he required a man or maid for breakfast, the demand would be a heavy drain on a large population. The thigh and leg bones of the Malay were perfect, and the feet had some portion of the flesh adhering to them, and were crushed into a roundish form, whilst the head was found separated at the joinings or processes. The poor man's jacket and trousers were also found, which enabled the relatives to recognise his remains; and, from his having been a fisherman, it was probable that he was attacked whilst occupied with his lines. Rather an amusing discussion arose amongst the natives as to the proper course of dealing with our captive monster: and as the question appeared to create considerable interest, and much harmless fun, I encouraged them in the important debate.

"One party maintained that it was proper to bestow all praise and honour on the kingly brute, as he was himself a rajah among animals, and was now brought to meet the rajah. In short, that praise and flattery were agreeable to him, and would induce him to behave genteelly in my presence.

"The other party said, that it was very true that, on this occasion, rajah met rajah, but that the consequence of honouring and praising a captured crocodile would be, that the crocodile community at large would become vain and unmanageable, and after hearing of the triumphant progress of their friend and relative, would take to the same courses with double industry, and every one eat his man for the sake of obtaining the like fame.

"Having maturely weighed the arguments on both sides, taking also into deep consideration the injury which so unwieldy a captive might do in coming over my garden and grounds, followed by a host of admirers, I decided that he should be instantly killed without honours. He was dispatched, accordingly, at the common landing-place, on the opposite side of the river, his head severed from the trunk, and the body left exposed as a warning to all other crocodiles that may inhabit those waters."

We have passed over a large portion of the present series of journals. Our readers must not, however, imagine that we have done so for lack in them of curious incidents and adventures. The account of the island of Celebes, still more unknown than even Borneo itself, will be perused with attention by all those who take any interest in the exploration of new and untrodden regions. Much new light is also thrown on the whole geography, inhabitants, manners, customs, religious belief, and resources of insular Asia. We have but glanced at a few scattered portions of the first and a small part of the second volume. In another paper we shall give a brief outline of various expeditions undertaken up the rivers of Borneo, sometimes in the *Phlegethon* steamer, and sometimes in the boats of the British squadron. In the course

of these the explorers fell in with many wild tribes of Dyaks, chiefly pirate communities, whose experience had never before brought them into contact with white men, and among whom the appearance of the terrible "smoke-vessels" of England caused an extraordinary sensation, as well it might; for it may easily be conceived how astonished a barbarous and ignorant race of men must have been at beholding the sudden apparition of a steam-ship in their quiet and beautiful river, on the banks of which, perched on enormous piles, stood those curious dwellings of which we trust to afford our readers an accurate description in a future article. For the present we shall content ourselves with remarking, that though we may impart some idea of the extraordinary interest of the present work, it can be appreciated fully by none save those who read the book themselves.

You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor any one proud, who was not equally ungrateful. Ingratitude overlooks all kindnesses, and this is because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it much like the tops of mountains, barren, indeed, but yet lofty: they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. It was ingratitude which put the poniard into Brutus's hand, but it was want of compassion which thrust it into Caesar's heart. Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand, upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter finds no production.—*Dr. South.*

A FABLE.

S. M.

A LECTURER on Pneumatics filled a small paper globe with pure hydrogen gas, and suffered it to ascend into the air. It rose till the ceiling of the room arrested its progress, and then remained suspended at that elevation, moving occasionally to and fro.

"Do look at that absurd balloon!" said the gas-pipe, "why could it not stay quietly on the earth? It never could have been filled but for me, and yet it is too proud to be content as I am!"

"Why does it go to the left in that manner?" cried the air-pump. "How ridiculous! I stand quite still." "Now it is moving the other way!" exclaimed one of the retorts; "and now back again!"

"We don't think it knows which way it is going," said they, all together; "we believe it is either mad or intoxicated. Its motions are evidently without reason."

"Be satisfied, my children," said the lecturer. "If you had the power within you to rise to that high region, you would find currents there which, on the surface of the earth, you do not feel. You cannot know the causes of movement which there prevail. How, then, should you be able to judge of the results?"

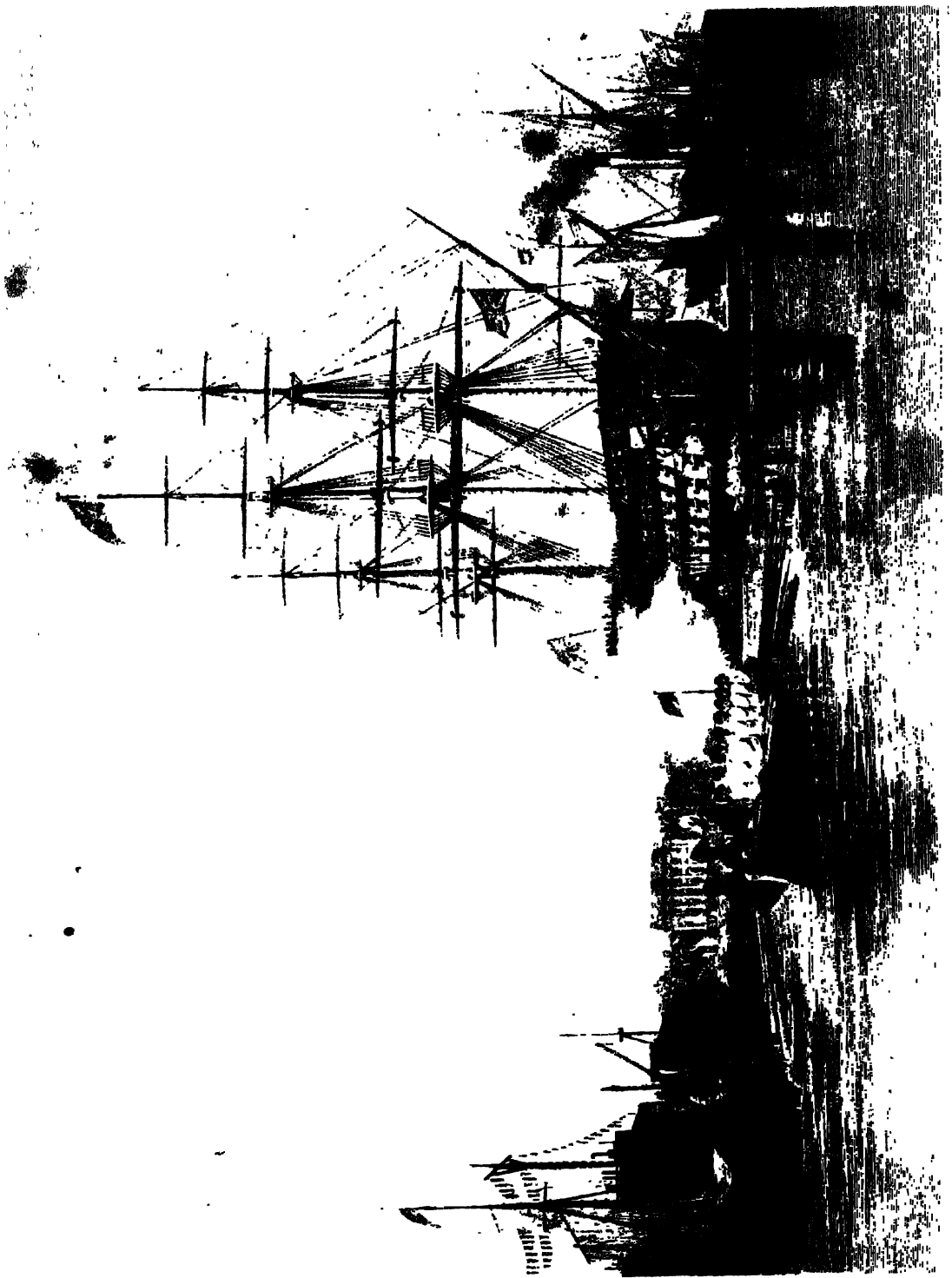
EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

MAY-DAY.—Ever since we were higher than the table we have had a romantic affection for May-day, an affection which, unlike most other childish predilections, has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our

strength, till it has become a deeply seated instinct of our nature, a characteristic idiosyncrasy, a fixture amongst the furniture of our brain. Were a phrenologist to investigate our bumps, we have no doubt he would discover, located in some soft portion of our pericranium, a gentle undulation composed of parallel strata of veneration and amativeness for the First of May. Our liking, doubtless, first arose from our admiration of the gaily bedizened chimney-sweeps, who, being the grubbiest of grubs during 364 days in the year, burst forth into more than butterfly splendour on the 365th, and, accompanied by that mysterious half-animal, half-vegetable anomaly, Jack-in-the-green, parade London streets, to the terror of all horses, and the intense delight of "little Britain." As we grew older, quaint descriptions of May-day festivities in some of the earlier English poets and prose writers, captivated our juvenile fancy, and delighting to picture to ourselves the jocund dance around the May-pole, with its wreaths and flower garlands, we learned to associate May-day with bright visions of the times of old, and loved it all the better on that account. When we had numbered some thirteen or fourteen years, we lost our boyish heart to one of the loveliest girls it has ever been our good fortune to meet with, and the First of May gained a firmer hold on our affection from the fact of its being her birthday. But our attachment to the day reached its climax when we first heard a syren voice warble with sprightly gaiety, gradually melting into the most exquisite pathos, Tennyson's "May Queen." We never fully appreciated the poetry of music till that moment.

But we must not allow our weakness for May day to seduce us into a longer rhapsody, or we shall irritate beyond all powers of endurance one of our plain spoken correspondents, who complains to us bitterly of the discursive nature of our Postscripts, which he assures us he "never saw provoke even a smile," and from which he recommends us "curbing our exuberant spirits," to leave out "all superfluous small-talk," merely "stating what we want to, as respects the Magazine," in which statement we presume he would wish us to adopt his own style as our model. We regret our Postscripts do not meet his approval, and we still more regret for his sake that his associates are men of such a sad complexion that our follies cannot provoke even a smile. 'Tis said, every man is the type of a class; but we must receive assurance that the class of which our correspondent is the type is a larger one than we imagine it to be, ere we can promise to restrain our discursive habits, and cut and dry our Postscripts as he would have us. Being desirous, however, to pleasure him as far as we may, we will proceed to "state what we want to, as respects the Magazine," without farther preamble. We must apologize for inserting only one chapter of the "Story of a Family" in this part, but the fact of that long-winded gentleman, Frank Fairleigh, having, in winding up his affairs, occupied more space than usual, must plead our excuse. We will endeavour to atone for our deficiency in the ensuing month. Our readers will not, however, feel disposed to be too hard upon us when they perceive the names of Miss Agnes Strickland, the historian of the "Queens of England," and Mrs. Cowden Clark, that zealous pilgrim in the footsteps of the Bard of Avon, enrolled amongst our contributors. And so leaving them to discuss the fare we have provided for them, we will part, to meet again, we trust, on the First of June.



THE DOCKYARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

At a time like the present, when a succession of events, equally unforeseen and unprecedented, have involved the future in more than its usual obscurity, and an undefined dread of war, invasion, and we know not what evils beside, has turned the attention of so many among-us to the state of our national defences, we think we can scarcely present to our readers a more acceptable illustration than the engraving which we have this month selected as our frontispiece. In this view a drawing is given of the *Victory*, Lord Nelson's ship at the battle of Trafalgar; and while this recalls the memory of our past triumphs on the ocean, the glimpse of Gosport in the distance will afford us an opportunity of giving some interesting details respecting the Portsmouth dock-yard, which has sent forth so many of the floating bulwarks of our "tight little island."

Though mention is made of "a great ship's dock" at Portsmouth in the reign of Henry VIII. yet this is supposed to have been only a wet-dock; for the first dry-dock at this place is said to have been formed during the protectorate of Cromwell. Charles II. and his brother James, both zealous patrons of the navy, made great additions to the dock-yard and the adjacent storehouses. In each succeeding reign they have been either improved or enlarged, until they have reached their present state of efficiency. The following brief description may give such of our readers as have not seen this important establishment, some idea of its arrangement. To the left, on entering the yard, is the mast-house, where the masts, yards, and bowsprits are made; and to the right, a little further on, is the mast-pond, in which the timber designed for this and other purposes is properly seasoned. After passing the mast-pond, we perceive a great number of anchors of various sizes arranged with great regularity, and painted to preserve them from rust. To the left, on each side of a "camber," or short canal, are the buildings called the rigging-house and the sea-store houses; and on the right, as we proceed northward, is the rope-house, a building three stories high, 51 feet wide, and 1,090 feet long. It is floored with cast-iron and tin to preserve it from accidents by fire, to which, however, it has been several times exposed. At midnight, on the 3d July, 1760, a fire, supposed to have been caused by lightning, broke out in the rope-house, and destroyed two of the principal storehouses, containing hemp, tar, &c. to the value of 40,000/. On the 27th July, 1770, another fire did damage to the amount of nearly 150,000/.; and on the 7th December, 1776, it was set on fire, and burnt to the ground, by a person named John Atkins, but generally known as Jack the Painter. This fire was at first supposed to have been, like the former ones, accidental, but in the following January a box of combustibles, with a tube and a match, were discovered under some hemp, and by their means the incendiary was found out. He was tried at Winchester, and being fully convicted was executed in front of the dock-gates on the 10th of March. His body was afterwards hung in chains on Block-House Beach.

The hemp is prepared and spun into what are technically called "yarns," in the upper stories of the rope-house; and they are manufactured into cables, and other thick ropes, on the ground-floor. The length of each yarn, for a cable of 120 fathoms, is 1,080 feet, of which it loses about a third in the subsequent operations of twisting the strands and uniting

them to form the cable. Some of the largest cables contain nearly seven tons of hemp, and the united strength of eighty men is required to join the strands and twist them closely together. In this operation dangerous accidents sometimes occur to the workmen, from their getting entangled in the strands. When the Archduke Maximilian visited the rope-house in 1819, a serious accident of this kind happened to Count Hardigg, one of his suite: the Count's curiosity being excited by the manner in which the workmen were twisting-in the "rogue's yarn,"¹ he laid his hand upon one of the strands of the cable; happening to look in another direction at the moment, his fingers and hand were drawn in between the strands as they were twisted round by the machinery; and although it was promptly stopped, his hand could not be released until it was much torn on the back, and the fingers were crushed. His shoulder, also, was strained considerably.

The principal object of curiosity, however, to most of those who visit the Dock-yard, is the beautiful machinery invented by Brunel for manufacturing blocks. He first took out a patent for this invention in 1802. The machinery was established at Portsmouth in 1801, and completed under his superintendence in 1808. During the last war, when not less than one thousand ships were in commission, this machinery was found fully capable of supplying the annual demand for blocks both for the naval and ordnance departments. Some idea of the magnitude of its operations may be formed when it is considered, that each line-of battle ship requires nearly 1,500 blocks of different sizes. By this invention four men can, in the same time, complete as many shells as required fifty by the old method; and six men can supply as many sheaves as before required sixty.

After the wood, generally elm, for the shell of the block is cut into proper sizes by circular saws, its complete formation, including the pin and the sheave, is effected by means of several different machines, all contrived with the greatest mechanical skill, and put in motion by a steam-engine. There are fourteen principal machines, five of which are employed in finishing the shell, and nine in making the pin and sheave. The first process is that of the boring machine, which, by means of a centre-bit, pierces a hole to receive the pin, and at the same time, according as the block is intended to be single or double, forms one or two similar holes, at right angles to the former, to receive the first stroke of the chisel which cuts out the space for the sheave. By the second, called the mortising machine, this space is cut out by a chisel acting vertically, and making about a hundred and twenty strokes a minute, and under which the block is caused to move gradually, so that at each stroke a thin piece of the wood is cut away. After this, the block is taken to a circular saw, which cuts off the corners and reduces it to the form of an octagon. The shaping machine, to which it is next taken, is perhaps one of the most ingeniously contrived of the whole number, and its peculiar action never fails to excite the admiration of visitors. It consists of two equal and parallel wheels moving on the same axis, to which one of them is permanently fixed, while the other is moveable in the line of the axis, so that, by sliding it nearer to the former, or more apart, as may be required, the shells of blocks of all sizes may be

(1) This name is given to a rope-yarn which, being twisted in a contrary manner to the rest, is inserted in the middle of each strand in all cordage made for the Queen's service, to distinguish it in case of being stolen.

fixed between their two parallel rims. Ten shells of the same size being firmly fixed at regular intervals between those rims the wheels are put into motion with extreme velocity, and the shells are rounded by striking against a cutting instrument, which at the same time moves in such a manner as to give to each block its proper shape and curvature. When one half of the side has thus been finished, the motion of the wheels is reversed, and the other half finished in the same manner. When one side has been rounded, the shells are reversed, and the other side completed as above. The last process which the shell undergoes, consists in scooping out the groove for the strap, or "strop," as the rope is called, which goes round the block. The shell is now completed, and the visitor is next shown the different processes in forming the sheave and the pin.

The sheaves are generally made of lignum vitæ; and the first operation is performed by a circular saw, which cuts the wood into pieces of a proper thickness. By a second machine the hole for the pin is bored, and they are formed into perfect circles by means of a crown-saw. The third, called the coaking machine, is an admirable specimen of mechanical ingenuity. By its operation, a small cutter drills out round the pin-hole, to a certain depth from the flat surface of the sheave, three semicircular grooves for the reception of the metal coak, or bush, which sustains the friction of the pin. So truly are those grooves formed, that the slight tap of a hammer is sufficient to fix the coak in its place. The fourth operation consists in casting the coaks. By a fifth, after being fitted in the grooves, holes are drilled in the coaks for the reception of the pins which fasten them to the sheave; and by a sixth the pins are riveted. By the seventh operation, the central hole in the coak for the pin, on which the sheave turns, is drilled out. By the eighth, the groove for the rope is turned round the circumference of the sheave, and its sides polished. In the ninth, the non pins, on which the sheaves revolve, are cast, turned, and polished; and on their being inserted, the block is complete and ready for use.

Within the dockyard are also many other workshops and magazines, besides those previously noticed, in which a variety of articles required for the equipment of a ship of war are prepared or stored away ready for use. In the anchor-smith's shop are formed the immense anchors required by ships of the line, the largest of which weigh from ninety to ninety-five hundredweight. A more picturesque scene cannot well be imagined than the interior of this vast forge. It is a large, low apartment, lighted chiefly by several enormous furnaces, in each of which are parts of anchors in different stages of preparation. In some of these furnaces the process has been completed, and a band of swarthy looking workmen, their brawny arms bared to the shoulder, are wielding immense hammers, with which they are battering the huge red-hot anchor just taken from the fire. The lurid glare which falls upon them, gives an appropriate light to the picture, while the heated atmosphere adds to the effect which this scene cannot fail to produce on the spectator, who feels he has been suddenly transported to the realms of Vulcan, and longs to breathe again a cool, pure air, that he may be convinced he is still an inhabitant of earth.

At the copper foundry and metal mills, all the old copper from ships of war is re-cast, and either rolled into sheets, or manufactured into bolts, gudgeons, and various other articles used in the navy. It requires

about 4,000 sheets of copper to cover the bottom of a ship of the line, and about a ton weight of nails to fasten them on. The number of sheets rolled in one year, in the time of the last war, amounted to 300,000, weighing 1,200 tons; and the saving thus effected by re-manufacturing the old copper, instead of selling it and purchasing new, amounted to upwards of 20,000*l*.

About the middle of the wharf, facing the harbour, is the entrance to the great basin, which is 380 feet long by 260 feet wide, and rather more than two acres in area. Four large dry docks open into this basin; and there are also two others, one on each side of it, which open directly to the harbour. They are covered over with immense roofs of wood and slate, in which are numerous windows to admit the light; and, from the shelter thus afforded, the workmen can pursue their labours in all states of the weather. They are without cross-beams, and are built on the principle of diagonal trussing, introduced by Sir Robert Seppings. The building-ships, which are situated near the water's edge, a little beyond the docks, are also covered over in the same manner; and though each roof costs between six and seven thousand pounds, the advantage that a ship derives, in being protected from the weather while building, more than counterbalances the expense. The docks are in general about twenty-two feet deep, and the communication between them and the external water, is formed by means of large swinging gates, on the top of which are foot-bridges of communication, for the convenience of the workmen and other persons connected with the yard. The upper part of one of those dock-gates—the dock at the time being empty—gave way on 14th September, 1825, in consequence of the immense pressure of the water outside. The accident happened at the time of high water, a few minutes before the launch of the Princess Charlotte, a first-rate of 110 guns. Several persons were on the foot-bridge, at the top of the gates, when they broke, and in a moment they were all, with the exception of a few at the sides, precipitated into the dock below. The water rushed in with the violence of a cataract; and, after striking against the opposite extremity of the dock, it recoiled like an immense wave, dashing the unfortunate sufferers against the broken parts of the gates, and other pieces of timber, and, for a few minutes, the commotion of the water in the dock was like that of a whirlpool. Sixteen persons lost their lives in consequence of this accident, and most of them had evidently been killed by the bruises which they had received from the floating timber, or from being dashed against the bottom and sides of the dock. The tide, on the day of this melancholy occurrence, rose very rapidly, and was more than usually high; and, on examination, it was discovered that the structure of the gates had been weakened in consequence of the number and size of the tree-nails used to fasten the planks to the upright pieces of timber.

Besides the workshops and storehouses, there are also several large buildings within the boundary of the dockyard, for the accommodation of officers and others connected with the establishment.

To return to our engraving. The Victory was for several years the flag-ship at this station, and is represented as such in our view. Being very much out of repair, she was replaced in 1836 by the Britannia. She has since, however, been repaired, and was in April, 1837, "Commodore of the Ordinary." All those who feel a patriotic interest in the naval glory of their country ought, if possible, to pay a visit to this

venerable and venerated ship, which was honoured by the presence of Queen Victoria when she first visited Portsmouth. The place on the quarter-deck where Nelson fell, is marked by a brass plate, and on the poop is painted the well-known signal which he displayed when bearing down upon the enemy in the last and most glorious of his battles—"England expects every man to do his duty." Memorable words! sublime in their simplicity, which are engraved on the hearts of all British seamen, and will not fail to be nobly responded to by them, whenever they are called into action, as long as the immortal fame of Nelson shall survive.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER X.

"To know we do not know is knowledge"
HAJI BABA.

THE guests were all assembled when Sumner arrived; and he had scarcely changed his dress and entered the room in which the party had been received, when dinner was announced. The privilege of conducting Mrs. Pengord into the dining apartment fell to Mr. D'Aaroni; Mr. Banbury's arm was at the service of a succulent lady with an entire wig and a diamond tiara, whom he was taught to regard as the widow of the late Major General Sir Thwaites Fotheringay; and the remaining guests, two and two, defiled through an avenue of liveried lacqueys; Harry Sumner, with Lady Emma Plantaganet, and Mr. Pengord, with her mother, the Duchess of Haroldweir, bringing up the rear.

Noiselessly, and with stiff precision, did the kitchen regiment, glittering in their domestic uniform, fall in behind the guests, and marching in double file, mount guard at their respective posts. A Very Rev. Dr. muttered some cabalistic sounds, faintly responded to by one or two murmurs from different parts of the table, which were meant to stand for "Amen." In an instant, a whole company of gloved hands were upon the several dish-covers, and without the slightest confusion, and with a sound so gentle as to be wholly drowned by the clamour of voices, each individual was served with exactly what was desired, instantaneously, as if by enchantment.

"You have lately returned from Rome, I think," observed Mr. Banbury to the lady who was rapidly evaporating at his side, without any perceptible diminution of bulk.

"Only last week," was the reply; "pray may I ask if you are familiar with the darling place?"

"Quite so," he answered; and then rubbing the palms of his hands together, his eyes, which were somewhat prominent, radiant at the same time with an expression of refreshing and triumphant hilarity,

"can you conjecture," he continued, "how I came to know that you had been there?"

Upon his companion professing herself profoundly incapable of discovering the manner in which he arrived at his knowledge on the subject,

"I perfectly remember," he said, "that beautiful diamond ornament. I saw it in a shop on the Longara, at Baltello's!"

The unfeigned glee at his unexpected recognition experienced by Mr. Banbury, prevented his observing the evident annoyance of the lady to whom he had announced it. A carmine, deepening almost to purple, spread over a countenance decidedly expansive, like an expiring stormy evening sunset; her very eye-balls caught the hue, and just where the hair parted, the fundamental fabric of her wig was unable entirely to conceal the inflammation which was very evidently going on below. She looked nervously at several of the company, and went off in a desperate observation to a gentleman on the opposite side of the table.

"I congratulate you on your success at Cantingbury, Mr. Browne!"

"Am I not right?" inquired Mr. Banbury, in a pleading tone of voice, "I remember the exact number of brilliants!" Lady Fotheringay affected not to hear—"Was it a very large majority?" she continued.

"I beg your pardon, did you address me?" inquired Mr. Browne, with a malicious twinkle observable in his handsome eyes.

"Now, my dear madam, do tell me if I am right?" inquired Mr. Banbury desparingly of the poor discomfited lady; but this time gracefully leaning forward his spare form, as if he would intercept any diversion of the conversation.

If the uncomfortable victim of Mr. Banbury's excellent memory had but possessed the brains to reflect, that no one could possibly be aware that a sudden shortness of funds had led her to deposit her diamond head-ornament with Signior Baltello, for a temporary supply of some hundred piastres, she had spared herself the uneasiness she was betraying. And if the simple Mr. Banbury had but been a whit less innocent in the ways of the world, he had not been the inadvertent cause of so much pain to a lady.

"Did you say you got in at the head of the poll, Mr. Browne?" inquired the Lady Fotheringay, nervously picking a roll of bread into crumbs innumerable, and looking red, even to apoplexy.

"I believe, Lady Fotheringay," replied the Honourable Mr. Browne, "that the tipsy electors did place me in that enviable position."

"You must be quite used to that position," observed Mr. Banbury, "I observed that you took a 'first' at Oxford the other day."

"By your leave," said Mr. Browne in reply, "I was in a first class at Oxford. They only brought me in at the head of the 'poll' at Cantingbury."

Lady Fotheringay drew a deep inspiration, expressive of a very decided sense of relief, as though this diversion of the conversation had relieved her from all apprehension of any further persecution. Mr.

Banbury gave utterance to his relish for the jocose view of things taken by Mr. Browne, in a hearty laugh, and then turning his beaming countenance towards the widow of the departed Major-General :

"Am I not correct about that beautiful diamond ornament?" he relentlessly persevered in inquiring.

The regiment, at the head of which the Major-General's plumes had been wont to nod and bob in times never to return, looked not more brightly scarlet, than the face, neck, and head, of his corpulent relit. Never did a volley of musketry from the whole line flash more vividly than the indignation from her ladyship's eyes, as she replied in an angry tone of voice,

"And if I observe one of my brilliants to be loose, is there any thing so wonderful in my leaving it at a jeweller's shop to be adjusted, sir, pray?"

Mr. Banbury was unprepared for such an evident expression of annoyance at his questioning; the glee in which he had intended to indulge on his receiving the confirmation of what he expected, was checked; he directed a grave and scrutinizing look at the offended widow; the palms of his hands, which were touching one another, preparatory to indulging in one of those exuberant frictions in which he was wont to symbolise any considerable emotion of glee or self-gratulation, parted fruitlessly, and he was hesitating whether to apologize, or turn the conversation, when an appeal from Mr. D'Aaroni came most opportunely to his rescue.

"Banbury!" said that gentleman, "can you help Mrs. Perigord's memory, and mine, to the name of the painter of an exquisite Madonna——?"

"Which?—whereabouts?—in what town?" interrupted Banbury; "Rome, Paris, Parma, Ferrara, Siena, Perugia, Florence, Bologna?"

"Do you happen to remember the name of the town it is in?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni of Mrs. Perigord.

"I do not," she replied, "but I shall be able to tell you by referring to a little book in which I made a few notes during my tour on the continent."

"Is it Guido's, or Simone di Memmo's at Siena, or Duccio's in the Duomo, or Giotto's, or is it one of Fra Angelico's? there is one at Perugia, and one in the gallery of the Academy at Florence, one in the gallery of the Uffizi, one in the church of the Dominicans at Fiesole, one——"

"My dear Banbury, pray have mercy on our weak brains," interrupted Mr. D'Aaroni, "I am out of breath already: and if I mistake not, the lady to my right is fairly distanced. Your memory is a vast Encyclopædia: but do give us frail mortals just time enough to turn over the leaves."

"In what century?" inquired Mr. Banbury eagerly.

"In the fourteenth century," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, "and I think the one I speak of is at Bologna."

"Is Jacobus the name, or Lippo Dalmasio——?"

"Lippo!—Lippo!—That is the painter!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni.

"Oh, you mean the Madonna del Monte, in S. S. Annunziata."

"Exactly," said Mr. D'Aaroni.

Mrs. Perigord, giving utterance to a devout wish that she were gifted with such a memory as Mr. Banbury's, rose with the other ladies to leave the dining table; observing to Mr. D'Aaroni in passing, "that he would now have an opportunity of making a Caucasian of Harry!"

Harry Sumner's manner had been observably grave, thoughtful, and abstracted, throughout the whole time occupied by dinner. Whenever he detected himself in a protracted silence, he instantly made the best effort in his power to engage Lady Emma in conversation. But there was too evident an effort in his remarks; do what he would, he could not speak as though he were really interested. The thoughts and feelings which engrossed his head and heart, were too strong for him. And Lady Emma pronounced him to be the least agreeable, gentleman-like man she had ever met.

As soon as the ladies had retired, Mr. D'Aaroni removed from the seat he had been occupying, to the vacant one next to Harry Sumner.

"My dear fellow," he said to him, in a low tone of voice, as he seated himself, "how *did* you contrive to have such ill luck the other day?"

"The English Essay," replied Sumner.

"The English Essay!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, with unaffected astonishment. "The very last paper I should have expected! Are you still going to stand for Bribeworth?"

The concluding question Mr. D'Aaroni asked aloud, and Mr. Perigord, who had been particularly gracious and cordial to his wife's brother throughout the evening, answered for him in the affirmative, without allowing him time to reply for himself.

"When is the dissolution to be? In October, is it not?" inquired Sumner.

Mr. Perigord said he understood that to be the time fixed; and could not conceal an expression of astonishment and chagrin, when his brother-in-law replied that it would consequently be out of his power to stand for Bribeworth, as he should be going into the schools about that time.

"Oh, never mind your class, Sumner!" said Mr. Perigord; "a seat in parliament is of more consequence. Give those cantankerous Dons the go-by."

Harry Sumner felt at this moment as little relish for the mental labour necessary to secure his class as for the noise and tumult of electioneering. A seat in parliament, and a first, had suddenly sunk down, in his estimation, into complete insignificance and worthlessness, as objects of laborious pursuit.

"My dear Perigord," said he, "I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in offering to bring me in for Bribeworth; but, truth to say, I am not ambitious of the distinction; and if I were, I am the very worst person you could select for a nominee; for I frankly tell you, if brought into parliament, I will be the representative of no man's opinion but my own."

"Of course not," said Mr. Perigord; "but I flatter

myself that our views of politics agree tolerably well in the main."

"I have none as yet," was his brother's reply; "and therefore cannot assent or deny. But I might arrive at opinions as different from yours as the grave from the dining-room; and so I do hope you will meet with some gentleman who is more trustworthy than I should be."

"I love to hear that from your lips, Sumner," interposed Mr. D'Aaroni; "I abhor the sickly conventionalities of parliamentary legislation—the narrow, stiff formula of party tactics. Are the healthy, enterprising energies of such a nation as this, to be restrained by such wretched gyves and fetters? Class principles! Bah! The spirit of a stirring age has already distanced them."

"That spirit must be beaten back," observed Mr. Perigord, drily.

"Who shall do it?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni. "The champion of the Conservatives? He is the very antitype of everything that retires before that advancing spirit! The Whig leader? He is a straw, blown hither and thither by the atmospheric eddies it would cause in passing. Tories, Conservatives, Whigs—there are no such things. A destiny of dissolution has overtaken them all. The artificial fabric is crumbling about our ears. The past is too small for the headlong spirit of progress: unguided, unstructured, undisciplined, unknowing even itself, it stands panting on the edge of time, vaguely and madly peering over into eternity. Men scarcely know whether the next moment it will plunge there. The past is destroyed, and no future is in preparation. Expedients for the hour are all that is attempted. The greatest institution that was ever reared on earth, the Church, is in bits and ruins; the throne of Charlemagne is overthrown, and France only lives from hand to mouth; in Spain and Portugal, even a form of government can scarcely be said to exist. Look where you may over the inhabited globe—to Austria, Prussia, Turkey, Egypt, America, Mexico, Italy, Switzerland—you see nought but constitutions threatened or destroyed!"

"A very untidy state of things!" interrupted Mr. Browne.

"What then is the remedy you propose, Mr. D'Aaroni, for this state of universal anarchy?" inquired Mr. Perigord.

"Is not the progress of life a process of dissolution?" Harry Sumner modestly suggested.

"What did you say, my dear sir?" inquired Mr. Banbury. "Will you say it again? I did not quite catch your observation. Oh yes—I know—I see—to be sure!"

"That accounts for the House of Commons being dissolved every seven years," interposed Mr. Browne; "but the life of the House of Commons is my purse's death."

"I grant you," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, addressing

(1) It may be as well to state, that the views here ascribed to Mr. D'Aaroni are not those of the writer of the tale, and are merely introduced to develop the fictitious character, and work out the general design of the story. [Note by the Editor.]

Sumner. "And although a constant energy of dissolution, so to speak, is at work, keeping up a succession of life and corruption, yet, on the whole, the contemporary aggregate of life appears to have increased hitherto, rather than diminished; except at one or two epochs, when a universal dissolution seemed to be required for the advent of a new idea. When then we observe, as now, a universal earthquake, a shaking of the nations, a wreck of creeds and constitutions, of dynasties and peoples, what conclusion can we form, but that either 'the end' is at hand; or that another yet sublimer idea is about to be born into the world amid these throes and pangs? I adopt the latter belief; and as all direct divine revelations have been made to man through the Caucasian family, who knows but that some individual of that race now treads the earth, commissioned with this greater than all preceding messages?"

"Mr. D'Aaroni," said Banbury, "what you have just said sounds to me exceedingly unchristian, and not a little wicked. Pardon my frankness, but I hope you will not continue in that strain. An original scheme for making money is the only new idea we are likely to get from the Jews in these days."

"My dear sir, you should remember, with your exact memory, that all the great revelations of truth have met with opposition from the simpler folk of the time," replied Mr. D'Aaroni.

"Well, I must profess my entire assent to Banbury's view of the thing," said Mr. Perigord. "But I presume you are joking."

"I am not astonished," said Mr. D'Aaroni, rather nettled at his earnest being supposed to be jest. "It is not easy to get out of the routine way of thinking. There are *certain intellects* which could not apprehend another tie of a cravat, after having been accustomed to one for many years. But when one reflects that the greatest minds that have ever energized in human bodies have been of the Syrian race—that in its lands alone, in all the earth, has God spoken face to face with His creature—that thence, and thence only, the voice of inspiration has ever issued—that in its language only has it ever spoken; if the universal want is to be supplied—if a new prophet be already on his way, charged with the mission of reinvigorating a decaying world—whence should we expect him to arise but from those favoured climes? The world is used up. There is a universal desertion from those ideas that have hitherto ruled mankind. If you would not have one vast eruption of the demonism of the human heart, and the lava torrent of human passions rush forth to scorch and wither up all that has hitherto decked this fair earth, a new revelation must be at hand; and if so, we must, according to all analogy and precedent, look for it to be heralded by some member of the Caucasian family."

"The whole scheme is wicked and shocking," said Mr. Banbury. "It is just a Jewish aspect of the philosophy of Strauss and the German Neologists!"

Mr. D'Aaroni had addressed himself, whilst delivering himself of these opinions, chiefly to Harry Sumner. With that peculiar expression of design

and self-reliance for which the proscribed race he was descended from is remarkable, he keenly watched the effect his observations produced upon Mr. Perigord and his brother-in-law. The former, sufficiently engaged within his narrow circle of political scheming, whose centre was self, and unconscious of any conceivable beyond, smiled complacently at his clever guest's rhapsody. The latter listened with interest, and deeply thought. His vigorous intellect saw in a moment that Mr. D'Aaroni was dressing up the flimsiest fallacies in portentous rhetoric, of which the main strength lay in the self-evident truth and vast moment of some of his premises. He observed that the view he took of the existing state of things was, in many respects, undeniable. He himself could not give an intelligible account of his faith, if Mr. D'Aaroni were to ask him to do so. Within the last few weeks only had he ever experienced the smallest sense of *want* in that particular; only lately had his thoughts known a stray bias that way: and beyond a general idea of the truth (as he imagined it to be) that a conscientious acting up to whatever any one conscientiously believes, is the summit of human excellence, and a vague reliance on the great doctrine of a Divine atonement having been made for all sin, he felt that he had little to give as his account of the faith to which he imagined he had acquiesced.

"I am no divine," he said, in reply to Mr. D'Aaroni, "and I have lately been very much ashamed by the discovery of how little I know of the faith of my fathers—"

"It would be odd if you did," interrupted D'Aaroni. "Was it not your Church's duty to take care that you should not arrive at your time of life without a positive, clear, and dogmatic faith, on which to repose your belief?"

"That is another and a most difficult question," he replied; "and one that I am equally incompetent to answer. Undoubtedly I ought to know more of the Church's doctrines, but my ignorance must not prejudice the cause I so weakly defend. The whole of what you have said—and I have listened attentively to every word—has rather shocked than convinced me. I fancied you were drawing wild unwarrantable conclusions throughout. May I ask you a question without offence?"

"You may."

"Do you receive the New Testament Scriptures as a part of the inspired word of God?"

"I do—as a *part*!"

"Then certainly my impression of their meaning on this subject is, that Christianity is a final revelation on this side of Eternity."

"I tell you what, Mr. D'Aaroni," suddenly interrupted Mr. Banbury, looking steadily into the face of the person addressed, with a curious expression of mingled intelligence, simplicity, and earnestness; "I tell you what, it's my belief that you are a little crazy, and fancy that you are yourself appointed to introduce the new idea, as you call it—to be a sort of Mahomet the Second, or some such thing."

This sally, of the whole bearing and significance of

which Mr. Banbury did not appear to be himself fully sensible, disturbed Mr. Perigord's gravity; and both he and his brother-in-law indulged in a hearty laugh at Mr. D'Aaroni's expense; the former gentleman joining so heartily in the merriment, as to fill his glass with claret and drink it to the health of Mahomet the Second. Mr. Banbury, observing that something or other he had said had aroused a storm of laughter against Mr. D'Aaroni, rubbed the palms of his hands together with a pardonable, nay praiseworthy glee, and joined in the laughter with a heartiness which made Mr. Perigord's and Harry Sumner's appear feeble by comparison.

This was the signal for the termination of the conversation. Harry Sumner, on referring to his watch, discovered that it was time for the Covent Garden party to proceed thither forthwith.

CHAPTER XI.

"Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."
WORDSWORTH.

"Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"
As You Like It, Act i. Sc. 2.

"Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

THE second box from the stage, in the first tier of Covent Garden theatre, was the one occupied by the party from Hyde Park Gardens. It consisted of Mrs. Perigord, the Duchess of Haroldweir, her daughter Lady Emma Plantagenet, Mr. Perigord, the Honourable Mr. Browne, and Harry Sumner. Mr. Browne had exhibited a great congeniality of sentiment with a favourite author, and agreeing with him

"Sicis omnia quod dura Deus proposuit, neque
Mordaces alter delugant sollicitudines,"

he had contrived to merit the poet's epithet of

"avidus,
Non autem modici transiens munera labori."

So that his state of feeling on the whole was one of exuberant hilarity. Several admirable attempts did he make to engage Sumner in his merriment; but finding them all unsuccessful, and Sumner hopelessly contemplative, he declared that he was acting Hamlet much better than Macready—that he never knew a man so much altered for the worse lately—that he could not be more disagreeable if he were himself endeavouring to solve the momentous problem, "to be or not to be,"—and that if he persevered in such courses, he only hoped he would decide on the negative view of things; he then turned in despair to the duchess, who was seated next to him, and, with a very grave countenance, asked her with reference to what the actor had just spoken, "if she did not think it

showed a very wicked and unbelieving spirit in Shakspeare, to make Hamlet wish that his flesh might mould and resolve itself into a Jew?"

"Very shocking!" replied the duchess. "But I really did not know that he had put such a sentiment in Hamlet's mouth. But I've only read the family edition; and I suppose it must be expunged from that."

"Very true," said Mr. Browne, without a smile on his countenance, and finding the apprehension of the duchess as much behind his humour as the tragedy which was being acted, he levelled his double-barrelled opera-glass at the audience, and surveyed the various tiers of boxes, with a quizzical minuteness.

Lady Emma Plantagenet likewise attempted several times to engage Mrs. Perigord in a guerilla kind of conversation. She found her, however, even more impracticable and abstracted than her brother; and wearying at length of only *listening* to Shakspeare, she requested Harry Sumner to occupy her place, and withdrew herself to the seat vacated by Sumner next to her mother. Mr. Browne, attracted by the slight noise occasioned by the moving from seat to seat, leaving his double-barrelled glass levelled at the same spot at which it happened to be then pointing, withdrew his eyes from it in order to discover what was going on; and he saw no reason to be dissatisfied with this new arrangement.

"What is your glass looking at so intently, Mr. Browne?" asked Lady Emma.

"I never saw such an affecting play in my life. I cannot think what has come to the boxes," replied that gentleman.

"What an odd man you are!" replied Lady Emma; "what can you mean?"

"If a noble lady of my acquaintance would almost close those laughing hazel eyes of hers——"

"I will not suffer you to make those rude observations, Mr. Browne;" interrupted Lady Emma.

"A thousand pardons!" ejaculated Mr. Browne; "my mouth is too near my heart."

"I will ask Mr. Sumner to change places with me again, if you do not desist," said Lady Emma.

"I cannot of course imagine, Lady Emma," persevered Mr. Browne with a tone and manner of the profoundest deference, but throwing into his eyes and mouth a mingled expression of fun and impertinence, "what can be the possible effect produced by drawing over eyes so bright, a veil so richly soft."

Lady Emma could contain her amusement no longer; and accordingly relaxing the compressed look with which she was regarding the audience, she laughed outright; and her amusement was undiminished when her companion added, in a tone of mock gravity,

"I really consider it very unfeeling of you, Lady Emma, to laugh so, when the boxes are all in tiers."

The conversation was here interrupted by loud shouts proceeding from all parts of the theatre of "Turn him out, turn him out!" The cry had been justly excited by a noisy conversation, which had commenced at the beginning of the third act, and had been protracted throughout the grand soliloquy of

Hamlet in the first scene of that act; without occasioning any decided expression of indignation on the part of the audience, until a loud laugh, proceeding from the same quarter, provoked it beyond the bounds of further endurance. Mr. Browne quietly pointed his glass at the box towards which all the heads in the theatre appeared by a simultaneous movement to be directed. "Sumner!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had brought his eye-helpers to bear upon the personages in the obnoxious box, "who do you think is in that box? That cad Roakes. Up to some folly, I suppose. There's an imposing looking Amazon next to him, of an ambiguous age, nervously dangling a kerchief-bag, as crimson as her face."

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd!" was Sumner's reply, as he turned his head round towards Mr. Browne, and regarded him with a gaze of complete abstraction. "Purgatory! with all my imperfections on my head. Poor Arthur! Purgatory!"

Up to the moment of this slight disturbance in the theatre, Harry Sumner and his sister, seated opposite one another, in the front of the box, had been so absorbed in the representation they were witnessing, and the question it opened up, that not even the intervals of the acts had reclaimed them to a consciousness of aught else. What emotion was it in the loving guileless bosom of Lucy Perigord, that thrilled wildly and vaguely at the touch of those words of Hamlet,

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

Scarcely could she help detecting the feeling in herself, that it was she whom the king was addressing when he asked,

"How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"

Why did she turn her blue eyes, soft with melancholy, on her brother, why sigh so bitterly, when Laertes says,

"Farewell,
Do not sleep. —
But let me hear from you"

And again,

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward not permanent, sweet not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more."

Is it herself that answers timorously,

"No more but so?"

Why starts she, why do the tear-drops sparkle for a moment in those sources, and thence stream from her cheeks like the last drops of an April shower from the morning rose; when the world-frozen Polonius exclaims,

"Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl?"

Why is it as though her whole heart escapes in Ophelia's reply,

"I do not know, my lord, what I should think."

Nor less, but even more, was the whole mind and soul of Harry Sumner absorbed in the contemplation of that original and powerful projection of human infirmity and greatness, Ophelia's lover, Hamlet the Dane. Unlike in character, unlike in position and external circumstances, yet every word uttered, vividly depicted portions of that new world of thought which had so lately opened upon him. It was a higher and nobler intellect even than Hamlet's, however, that was in motion. Hamlet, if he had succeeded peaceably to his father's throne, if his father had died a natural death, and his mother had not so deeply fallen, had remained

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

Never, probably, had the great question pressed upon him,

"To be, or not to be?"

never had he been haunted with the terror of

"What dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,"

nor ever had his will been puzzled by

"The dread of something after death;
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

The murder of his father, his mother's crime, the loss of his throne, and the tarnish of his name, prompted him to a bloody revenge, against which his better nature revolted; and the struggle between the two pressed those fearful considerations upon him, with resistless importunity. Never man had more fearful promptings to revenge than Hamlet. He had been dispossessed of his throne by a wicked uncle; a father whom he loved with all the ardour of a loving and generous heart had been foully murdered. His mother, faultless hitherto, had been enticed by that crafty villain's arts to join in the murderous conspiracy against her own husband's life, and then cast herself into the arms of his murderer. That murderer stands towards him in the relation of a parent, and a sovereign. Worse than all,—his father's unquiet spirit comes from its invisible abodes; and to the account of his murder—

"Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched."—

adds the terrific revelation,

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head."

and that he was now—

"Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
Were burnt and purg'd away."

Leaving behind a revelation so thrice horrible, a tale of horrors unrevealed,

"whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Against all these tremendous motives for revenge he has only the far forecasting of a powerful and thoughtful mind, and the instinctive remonstrance of a healthful but undisciplined conscience. And so his intense apprehension of a boundless and unknown future carries him beyond the exigencies of the evanescent present—checks a headlong courage, which would have trodden down every sublunary obstacle—daunts a vicious resolution—strikes the weapon of revenge from hands never formed for guilty deeds of blood—leaves him guiltless of deliberate crime, and amenable only to the infirmity of sudden and resistless impulses, for which he suffers himself the violent death he inflicts on others.

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Murder, incest, usurpation, treachery, in the nearest circle of his being—the violent rending asunder of the tenderest ties of nature—had rudely alienated his whole heart from this world, urged from him the bitter complaint—

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely;"

and set him yearning to deliver himself from so foul a being.

The instigation to avenge his father, his mother, and himself, to imbue his hand in the blood of a fellow-creature and of himself, set him thinking,

"To be, or not to be, that is the question.

* * * *

To die, to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream,—Ay, there's the rub,"

and moralizing over skulls and dry bones in a churchyard. But twenty Horatios might have died without plunging him into that chaos of solemn thought. Such, at least, is the character presented to us. The poet powerfully depicts those motives, and the working of them on Hamlet's mind; and we are therefore to conclude that they were necessary for the effect they are described as producing.

In Harry Sumner's mind the results were similar, the motives different. The latter were intrinsically weaker and smaller; the mind, therefore, which delved as deep, must have possessed an innate vital power and energy proportionately stronger and nobler. As he intently looked at and listened to the accomplished impersonator of that noble creation of the greatest of all poets ancient or modern, he heard distinctly, set to sublime music, the echoes of his own intellect. Two noble minds, Hamlet's and his own, with sight shut upon the visible, were looking in upon

themselves, and facing the stupendous questions, "Why am I here?" "What is to come?" But no temptation to man-murder pressed the vast query home on Sumner's mind. It was not, in his case, despair proposing suicide; nor revenge, blood for blood. Neither was it a noble nature turning sickening from a sudden revelation of unexpected and foulest crime in beings of whose very nature he had a part. It was the heaven-inspired contemplation of a mind which had received its *first intimation*—rude, sharp, and sudden—of the vanity of things of sense. By a defect of education, itself the result of the times and the system under which he was brought up, he had abandoned himself to a bright, gay, graceful present, which he had never once been taught to distrust. He was thoroughly grounded in a whole alphabet of elemental moralities which it liked him to obey; he had been told, together with the few universally received Christian doctrines, of a distant future; but how close that future was to him—how it ought to be his *real present*, he had never heard. And now he was suddenly confronted with the end of the visible and the present. The colour faded from the smiling face of nature; the bright blue that arched over him became overcast; a chill as of the grave assuaged the warm rays of the sun of youth. He had seen the light of life extinguished in an instant before his eyes, the stream suddenly frozen up, in its channel, the eyes sealed for ever to the present, the colour fade, the limbs stiffen, of one who when the sun rose in the morning was his living friend, whose heart belonged to his, and whose eager pursuit of objects that were now nothing to him, had seemed as though their attainment were a self-sufficient object in itself. He saw the vessel of life suddenly go down at his side, whether to the infinite uprising or unfathomable sinking of what it contained he knew not; and he found himself on the boundless sea of being, awaiting surely at one time or another the same fate, and that great question unresolved. Words cannot convey the vastness of that consideration, when a gifted intellect first looks upon it. An infinite unsatisfied yearning is all that it results in—a consciousness—a hope—as it were, a sensation, of eternity. A finite medium cannot describe it. It is impossible to be spoken as it is felt. Even Hamlet's speeches are weak in comparison to their subject matter. Still they do what language can. Harry Sumner felt their force, and experienced all they suggested. The Present shrivelled up into vanity and nothingness at the bare thought of the endless Future. All the pursuits of busy life appeared to him as beneath contempt, save as they referred to that Future. And for the moment it seemed a wonder to him how he could ever have experienced such a relish for pleasures that now appeared the veriest toys, such an interest in the pursuit of objects which he now felt to have no importance whatever belonging to them.

The reigning monarch, and the unquiet spirit, fasting on fires and unrevealing horrors—a first class at Oxford—a member for Bribeworth and a cofined corpse—wealth, rank, and fame—Eternity—these

amongst other contrasts flitted like phantoms through his mind, without any particular order or arrangement. At one time he felt as if he would have asked the ghost if he had seen anything of his murdered fiend; and it was thereabouts his thoughts were wandering when he answered the Hon. Mr. Browne so unconnectedly. The shouting of voices loud and prolonged recalled him to himself. He withdrew his eyes from the stage, and having taken a hasty survey of the audience was already back again in the play, when he experienced another distraction from Browne, who, when the slight tumult had subsided, proceeded to notice Sumner's unconnected reply;—for it had not escaped his observation.

"My firm conviction, Sumner, (as firm as any I have, that is,) is," said that gentleman, "that you are meditating appearing in the character of Hamlet yourself."

"Why?" inquired Sumner.

"Why? why, when I asked you a minute or two ago if you saw Roakes in the box there.

'T'hou'st'd, disappointed, unaneal'd!
With all my imperfections on my head!"

says you."

"Did I?"

"Did you? yes, you did! I tell you what, I shall retire farther into the back part of the box. I'm afraid you're going to act Hamlet's madness to the life. If you do," continued Mr. Browne, directing his glass towards the second tier box on the proscenium, "there's an Ophelia for you. What a lovely girl! Is she not, Lady Emma? Pray give me your opinion," and he handed his glass to Lady Plantagenet as he spoke.

"Pretty, for a black beauty!" said the lady appealed to. "I cannot confess to an admiration of either eyes or hair of the colour of coal."

"You don't like beauty in deep mourning, Lady Emma?" replied Mr. Browne.

"Why, Sumner, that is Lord Clifton!" continued the speaker, on perceiving the door of the box open towards which his glass was directed, and a gentleman enter whose face he recognised. "Are you acquainted with him? I wonder if that sweet girl is his sister?"

"I was at Winchester with him," replied Sumner, at the same time regarding the box to which his attention had been directed. "It is he, I have not once met him since I left Winchester. We were great friends there."

Now for the first time did Sumner observe the lady, who, seated in front of the box, was watching with intense interest the effect of Hamlet's feigned madness upon the loving Ophelia. Something struck him either in that face or form, for it was several moments before his gaze had reverted to the representation. He saw a girl who appeared to be about twenty years of age, simply but tastefully attired, reclining in an attitude whose grace was the more conspicuous from its simplicity and absence of affectation; her pale cheek was pillowed pensively on the back of her hand; her dimpled elbow rested on

the velvet cushion which lined the front edge of the box; her large black eyes of speaking brightness were fixed intently with an expression of deep and tender softness on the grief-stricken Ophelia; her hair of raven blackness was soft and glossy, and, parted in the middle, was drawn up and fastened behind her ears. Her forehead was white and oval, and her mouth wore an expression of innocence and repose.

Sumner thought within himself that he had never seen a beautiful woman before this moment, and, satisfied with that reflection, he once more directed his regards to the stage. But he saw no longer Hamlet nor Ophelia. His memory had taken away an impression so vivid and exact, that he could not divest himself of it. Whether he gazed at Hamlet, or Ophelia, or the King, or the Queen, or the attendants, he saw only the raven hair and the soft black eyes, the coral lips, and the face of radiant whiteness. The exact position in which she sat, nay, the very box she occupied, steadily kept its place in distinct outline before him. Whither had his musings and his solemn speculations flown? Words, which a minute or two before went echoing over every chord of his inmost being, now he heard, and that was all. Not many seconds had elapsed before he found himself gazing at this beautiful object in a reverie of admiration, wholly unconscious of the silent pantomime of "nods, and winks, and wreathed smiles," which Lady Emma, her mother the duchess, who had been awakened on purpose, and Mr. Browne, were performing at his expense. Several such stolen glances had he taken, and he was now just at the end of one which he had prolonged beyond all bounds, accusing himself of the grossest breach of manners, and yet gazing on, when, just as he had summoned resolution to "look away," she glanced from the stage towards the box occupied by his party, and their eyes met. Was this the first time that she, too, had looked in that direction? or was it an old offence, that she so quickly averted her gaze, with almost a perceptible confusion in her manner and glow on her cheeks? Be that as it may, there was in that exchange of glances a meaning conveyed to each, which one would have indignantly disclaimed, and the other dared not own. From that moment each felt known to the other. Some heart-deep sympathy had welled up from the inmost soul of each, and the united glance was a presage of a completer union. Not one word more of the play did Sumner hear. His demeanour was suddenly so completely changed, that his sister's attention was distracted, and, looking to the box opposite, and observing its bright occupant, one of her archest smiles played over her pensive countenance. At length, rising from his seat, and apologising to the ladies in the box, Sumner begged to be permitted a few minutes absence, for the purpose, as he would have himself and his party believe, of renewing an old school friendship. He had scarcely tapped at the door of the box before it was opened, and his hand was warmly grasped by Lord Clifton, who exclaimed at the same time:—

"I thought I could not be mistaken. What has

become of you, my dear Sumner, these last six years? I knew you the moment I caught sight of you. Let me introduce you to my sister." (Why does he start? why does the colour mantle over his face and brow?) "My dear Agnes, you have often heard me speak of Mr. Sumner. Can you come home with us as soon as Hamlet has done his murder, and talk over old times?—that dear old town with its glorious cross, and the peerless old warden!"

Lord Clifton's sister acknowledged the introduction in her own peculiar, artless, and graceful manner.

"May I so far presume upon a school-boy friendship," said Sumner, looking first at Lord Clifton and then at his sister, and extending his hand, "as to solicit a less formal commencement of an acquaintance I already so highly prize?"

Lady Agnes blushed deeply, as she gracefully responded to his request, and every pulse in Harry Sumner's body throbbed vehemently as her white hand touched his own.

"Does there not seem to you something remarkable, Lady Agnes," he said, "in an acquaintance commenced whilst witnessing the representation of this drama?"

"Why? what do you mean?" she inquired.

An answer to these questions it was wholly out of Harry Sumner's power to discover. Why he had made the observation he was now called upon to explain, he himself knew not. *There was a cause, but he could not find it.* The train of thought which led to it, he was unable to detect. It had suddenly appeared through the region of feeling, and all trace of it had again vanished. He was slightly confused for a second or two, and hesitated, but very quickly recovering himself:

"I really do not exactly know what I meant," he replied, smiling; "it appears that the pleasure I experience in this introduction has lost me my self-possession."

The long black silken eye-lashes which had been drooping over a nosegay, were gently raised, and one rapid glance of those bright orbs spoke volumes to one able to detect its meaning. It was as though she had said, "This is not compliment. How different from the phrases my ear is accustomed to! The words, the tone, are genuine." One look confirmed her conjectures, and a gleam of admiration flashed from eyes bright as the moon at her full, and deep as the midnight that surrounds her. It was with a slight hesitation that she replied,

"It is strange that Alfred should have met you here. It is so seldom we visit the theatre—Alfred persuaded me to come. He says it is impossible to gaze on a grander picture of ruin in a noble, creedless soul."

"I have scarcely removed my eyes from Macready since the first moment of his appearance," replied Sumner.

"I observed," said the Lady Agnes, "how intent you were upon the representation."

Harry Sumner's countenance and manner betrayed the sudden sensation of delight which this obser-

vation of Lady Agnes had excited within him; and the artless girl instantly detected her mistake.

"I noticed that you did not exchange a word with that lovely girl in the front of your box," she continued, with admirable self-possession.

"That is my sister," said Sumner.

"Oh! is it?" exclaimed Lady Agnes. "Perhaps I may have the pleasure of meeting her some day."

A short silence following this remark, Lord Clifton took advantage of it to introduce Mr. Browne, who had entered the box during the preceding conversation.

That gentleman was fairly overcome by the excessive beauty of Lady Agnes; and being a gentleman of excitable temperament, he broke out into a violent fit of compliment. "I would have made the circuit of the world, for this one introduction," he said.

How different was the expression of those dark eyes when they regarded the speaker, to that with which she had looked upon his friend! It was not contempt, it was too gentle for that. It might have been pity. Mr. Browne mistook the glance.

"I have scarcely seen the *play*," he continued, after a moment's pause; "I have not been able, with the most violent efforts (I pray your pardon), to remove my eyes from this box."

"You have my pardon; for, not observing it, I was not incommoded," she replied, with a laugh, that seemed to deprecate any unnecessary severity. "But you have, I think, confessed to very bad taste."

"To an admiration of beauty amounting to weakness," he replied.

"You prefer feeding your eyes to your mind," she answered gaily, and then, addressing herself to Harry Sumner, "I think I know the other ladies," she continued; "the Duchess of Haroldweir and her daughter, are they not?"

"The same," he answered: adding, with an earnestness of tone and manner which left no room for doubt about its genuineness, "May I, Lady Agnes, petition for permission to introduce my sister to you? It may be fraternal partiality, but I anticipate you will like her much."

The drawing up of the curtain, and the commencement of the next act, put a stop to any further conversation; and Harry Sumner and Mr. Browne having done their respective homages to Lady Agnes, left the box to rejoin their party. As they wended their way round the semi-circular corridor, Mr. Browne remarked:

"Well, that is a remarkably pretty girl, I must say, but monstrous pert and flippant." Sumner was silent, and bit his lip. "Don't you think so, old fellow?"

"If you must know," he at length replied, "I never remember to have heard two epithets more falsely applied."

"Sumner!" exclaimed Mr. Browne, "FALSELY applied!—recollect yourself—what do you mean?"

"I do not mean the word 'falsely' in an offensive sense," replied Sumner.

"But *it is* offensive, and I beg you will be more select in your terms," rejoined Mr. Browne. "In

fact, unless you retract your words, sir, I shall consider it an insult," he continued angrily.

A flush of indignation in one instant mantled over Sumner's face and brow.

"I meant what I said, as is my custom, sir," was his somewhat haughty reply.

"Then you shall retract, or answer for it," said Mr. Browne, vehemently.

"The former I certainly shall not do; if any one was pert and flippant," continued Harry Sumner, who was now thoroughly roused, "it was yourself. I presume I am at liberty to apply the same epithets to your observations, which you chose to apply to a lady's?"

The collected, although perhaps testy and haughty manner in which he spoke, added fuel to Mr. Browne's irritation.

"Yes, sir!" he exclaimed with a vehemently excited tone and manner, "you are! you may take any liberty you please. And I suppose you are prepared to abide the consequences?"

"Quite!" replied Sumner quietly, as Mr. Browne rushed out of the first door in the corridor he came to, and rapidly articulating,—

"You will explain, sir, to the ladies the cause of my absence!"

Sumner had no time to reply to this request, had it been necessary; and so with a feeling of depression of spirits, which he invariably experienced when he was in any way implicated in quarrels, or other matter causing ill blood, and with a consoling expectation that the air would prove beneficial to his friend, he proceeded to rejoin his party.

Of course, the inquiries after Mr. Browne, as soon as it was observed that he was not forthcoming, were eager and urgent, especially on the part of "her Somnolency" and the Lady Emma. Sumner informed them that something had occurred as they were on the road to their box, which had obliged him to leave immediately; and that he had desired him to convey his apologies and regrets to the ladies.

Nothing of any moment happened after this to the end of the tragedy. The tears and sobs of Mrs. Pengord, as the play progressed, especially when the loving Ophelia falls a victim to the same awful fate she had so touchingly bewailed in Hamlet, excited the wonder of the duchess and the merriment of her daughter. As far as Harry Sumner was concerned, the representation had ended long ago; in every scene he saw only the opposite box—in every character the dark eyed and dark haired girl who occupied it. Scarcely, as it seemed to him, had he resumed his seat, before the play was over. The curtain fell, a tumult of applause broke forth from the audience, certain vague sensations of a terrestrial paradise floated dreamily about him; very different to the weight which, in her own despite, oppressed the naturally buoyant spirits of his sister. One wistful gaze lingered upon the curtain behind which the stricken mind of Ophelia had been overthrown: the duchess gave a parting snore, and began to arise out of her slumbers, a sigh of deep relief

escaped from Lady Emma, Mr. Perigord was obliged to be almost shaken out of his musings; which having no connexion with the play, were as profound now, as whilst it was proceeding; and the whole party having adjusted shawls, tippets, cloaks, hoods, scarfs, and hats, made the best of their way to the hall of the theatre. Harry Sumner's sense of the ridiculous was sorely tried by a *tableau vivant*, which caught his eye in rude outline just after having taken a rapid farewell glance at the box from which Lord Clifton and his party had now disappeared.

Lionel Roakes was making a desperate succession of nods and bows, with a view to obtain his recognition; a labour to perseverance in which he appeared to be severely prompted (judging from his writhes and winces) by certain nudges which the lady with a vermilion face and crimson reticule seemed to be plentifully administering. That lady herself seemed in a high state of nervousness, her whole body and every feature of her face, particularly her nose, was on the work; and still, motionless and mute, sat a young lady at her side.

Lord Clifton and his sister, with great politeness, waited for a few moments in the lobby of the theatre on purpose to afford Sumner an opportunity of introducing his sister. That ceremony was performed by Harry Sumner in the genuine, unaffected, and yet courtly manner peculiar to him; and it having been arranged that Mrs. Perigord and her brother should lunch at Clifton House the following morning, the two parties separated to their respective destinations.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

In the contemplation of the objects of Nature, we generally feel most inclination to study those that are universally obvious and easy of examination; while those that must be sought for, in order to be seen, are often the last to which we direct our attention. Thus it happens, that while Botany boasts of myriads of admirers, her sister science, Entomology, though not her inferior either in beauty, symmetry, or grace, has received the homage of very few comparatively. In connexion with the former study, the very mass of mankind, even the *profanum vulgus*, however ignorant of the technical details, have many early-formed, and therefore pleasing, associations. Every country-house has its blooming parterres, and numerous cottages their glowing borders; botanic gardens have been formed in the vicinity of most of the larger cities, while nursery-grounds are frequent in the neighbourhood even of provincial towns. The charming productions of Flora everywhere meet and allure us, enchanting us by their beauty, regaling us by their fragrance, and interesting us as much by their subservience to our luxuries and comfort as to the necessary support and well-being of our life. Beasts, birds, and fishes, also, in some one or other of these respects, attract our notice: but insects, unfortunate

insects, are so far from attracting us, that we are accustomed to abhor them from our childhood. The first knowledge we get of them is as tormentors; they are usually pointed out to us by those about us as ugly, filthy, and noxious creatures; and the whole insect world, with the exception, perhaps, of butterflies and some few others, are devoted by one universal ban to proscription and execration, as fit only to be trodden under foot and crushed. It will be our object, in the present series of papers, to present to our readers some interesting particulars respecting this much-injured class of the animal kingdom, with the hope that they will be stimulated thereby to pursue their researches in this most interesting department of study.

In the first place, let us hastily glance at the Classification of Insects. The subdivision into Orders is chiefly founded on the character of the wings; since it is found that the structure of these organs affords a good general index to that of the body. The Orders are eleven in number; eight of winged, and three of wingless insects; viz.—

1. COLEOPTERA, or BEETLES. These are the most numerous and best known of the whole class. It is probable that from 30,000 to 10,000 of this species alone now exist in the cabinets of collectors; and we may safely affirm, that at least as many more yet remain to be discovered.

2. ORTHOPTERA. This Order comprises numerous well-known insects, such as grasshoppers, locusts, cockroaches, and earwigs. Some of the largest of known insects belong to it: a few species attaining a length of eight or nine inches, and an equal expansion of wings.

3. NEUROPTERA; containing Dragon flies, May-flies, Ant-lions, White Ants or Termites, and some others. They are of intermediate size.

4. HYMENOPTERA: comprehending Bees, Wasps, Ants, Ichneumons, Saw-flies, Gall-flies, and many others.

5. LEPIDOPTERA. The insects of this Order are commonly ranked as Butterflies, Moths, and Sphinxes or Hawk-moths. They are among the most beautiful, and the largest, of the whole class; and in numbers are equal to any other order, except the Coleoptera.

6. HOMOPTERA; including Cicadas, Lantern-flies, Plant-lice, and so on.

7. HETEROPTERA; comprising Bugs, Boat-flies, and Water-scorpions.

8. DIPTERA. An important class, containing Gnats, Flies, Gad-flies, &c.

9. APHANIPTERA; including Fleas, and their allies

10. PARASITA, or Louse tribe.

11. THYSANOURA, a small order, containing the families of Sugar-lice and Spring-tails.

Having thus briefly stated the names of the principal members of this great family, we shall proceed to enumerate the various inducements which offer themselves for the study of Entomology, and to show that many important lessons, in morals and religion, may be derived from a contemplation of the habits and manners of insects.

If it be granted, that making discoveries is one of the most satisfactory of human pleasures, then we may, without hesitation, affirm that the study of Entomology will open a wider field for this than either Botany, Mineralogy, or the higher branches of Zoology. However limited the manor upon which you can pursue your game, you will find that your efforts are often rewarded by the capture of some non-descript or rarity at present not possessed by other Entomologists. The "gilded summer-flies" are numerous as "leaves in Vallumbrosa." No recess of the forest is so obscure but there the "winged messengers" are seen to sport and play. Every pool of water is pregnant with life, and each lonely moor and secluded dell is the chosen abode of thousands of these little creatures.

The various beauties of insects—their glittering colours, their graceful forms,—supply an inexhaustible source of attraction. To use the expressive but somewhat exaggerated language of Messrs. Kirby and Spence, "They appear to have been nature's favourite productions, in which, to manifest her power and skill, she has combined and concentrated almost all that is either beautiful or graceful, interesting or alluring, curious or singular, in every other class and order of her children. To these, her valued miniatures, she has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil. What numbers vie with the charming offspring of Flora in various beauties! Some in the delicacy and variety of their colours,—colours not like those of flowers, evanescent and fugitive, but fixed and durable, surviving their subject, and adorning it as much after death as they did when it was alive; others, again, in the veining and texture of their wings; and others in the rich cottony down that clothes them. The velvet tints of the plumage of birds are not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of Lepidoptera; and those many-coloured eyes which deck so gloriously the peacock's tail, are imitated with success by one of our most common butterflies. In variegation, insects certainly exceed every other class of animated beings. Nature, in her sportive mood, when painting them, sometimes imitates the clouds of heaven, at others, the meandering course of the rivers of the earth, or the undulations of then waters; many are veined like beautiful marbles; others have the semblance of a robe of the finest net-work thrown over them; and others are blazoned with heraldic insignia." We might enlarge upon this subject, but we think that we have said enough to show that great pleasure may be derived from an examination of the exterior form and decorations of insects.

Again, the injuries which they inflict upon us are extensive and complicated; but a knowledge of their general habits may lead, as it often has led, to the means of guarding against these injuries. A small ant, according to Humboldt, opposes almost invincible obstacles to the progress of civilization in many parts of the torrid zone. These animals devour paper and parchment; they destroy every book and manuscript. Many provinces of Spanish America cannot, in con-

sequence, show a written document of a hundred years' existence. Again, there are beetles which deposit their larvæ in trees in such formidable numbers, that whole forests perish beyond the power of remedy. The pines of the Hartz have thus been destroyed to an enormous extent; and in North America, at one place in South Carolina, at least ninety trees in every hundred, upon a tract of two thousand acres, were swept away by a small, black, winged bug. Surely the study which teaches us how to avert such calamities as these cannot be deemed insignificant!

Lastly, if we attend to the history and manners of insects, they will furnish us with many useful lessons in ethics, and from them we may learn to improve ourselves in various virtues. If we value diligence and indefatigable industry; judgment, prudence, and foresight; economy and frugality,—if we look upon modesty and diffidence as female ornaments,—if we revere parental affection,—of all these and many more virtues, insects, in their various instincts, exhibit several striking examples.

With respect to religious instruction, also, insects are far from unprofitable; indeed, in this view, entomology seems to possess peculiar advantages above every other branch of natural history. "In the larger animals, though we admire the consummate art and wisdom manifested in them, and adore that Almighty power and goodness which, by a wonderful machinery, kept in motion by the constant action and reaction of the great positive and negative powers of nature, maintains in full force the circulations necessary to life, perception, and enjoyment; yet as there seems no disproportion between the object and the different operations that are going on in them, and we see that they afford sufficient space for the play of their systems, we are not immediately struck with wonder and astonishment."¹ But when we find that creatures which in the scale of being are next to nonentities, are elaborated with so much art and contrivance, have such a number of parts, both external and internal, all so highly finished, and each so admirably adapted to its purpose, and that, moreover, these minims of nature are endowed with such a variety of organs of perception and instruments of motion,—truly no one who contemplates these wonders and miracles can fail to admit that "the hand that made us is divine;" that we are the work of a Being, infinite in power, in wisdom, and in goodness.

Q. Q.

MISSIONS.

HAVE you a *mission*, dear reader? — or, rather, have you discovered what your mission is? If you have, why — "*tant mieux pour vous*," but it will not be so well for me; as I must inevitably incur your contempt by the plain declaration, that I do not know what my mission is. Every body seems to have a mission

(1) Kirby and Spence. *Intro. to Entom.*

in these days ; so it is probable that I, too, have one, though, to my shame be it spoken, I have given myself very little trouble about it. The fact is, that I have been much too busy all my life, with work which could by no possibility be avoided, to have any time for considering whether or not such work were my own proper mission. Like Miss Monflathers' young ladies, I have been employed

" In work, work, work,
In work alway."

Such people are drudges and not missionaries. As yet my mission has not been revealed to me; *en attendant* such a revelation, I am willing to assist other people in the fulfilment of theirs. If, my respected reader, you have an important mission and can make any use of me, be so good as to look upon me as your willing slave, and tax my energies in the cause, forthwith.

It is a pleasant thing to talk to people about their missions. One man's mission is to raise the working classes ;—another man's is to lower the taxes :—this person believes that to ventilate mankind thoroughly is his " being's end and aim ;" and that one considers the promotion of Ragged Schools as his peculiar mission. Yes, it is pleasant to talk with such people !—Ought we not, perhaps, to say, it is pleasant to let them talk to you ? for it is seldom that a man with a mission does not get all the talk to himself. A further qualification, too, may be thought necessary. It is pleasant for a time—say, two hours, at the utmost ; after that period it is not so pleasant ; as the listener begins to have a horrid suspicion that the talker, like the man with the cork leg, will never stop, but will go on to all eternity. I appeal to your own experience, most candid reader—have you never been talked dead by a man with a mission ?—or, (confess now, and be pardoned,) have you not prosecuted your mission till the listening faculty of your hearer broke down ? Of course you have. And now let me tell you my private opinion on this matter. It is better, far better to be seized by the button by a man with a mission similar to those indicated above,—which are unselfish and take his thoughts out of himself,—than to be carefully and courteously talked over by some men whose missions are more difficult to ascertain and to approve.

Of two evils, it is perhaps the lesser to know what a man is going to say before he begins to speak, than not to know what he is driving at, after he has spoken. You are in the former condition when in conversation with a man whose mission is plain, straightforward and benevolent ; you are in the latter condition with one whose mission is mysterious, doubtful, or selfish. The former you have a respect for, and sympathy with, ay, even though he bore you ;—for enthusiasm and forgetfulness of self

always command our best feelings ;—the latter excites dislike and suspicion, which are among our lowest feelings.

For instance, when a man whose whole and sole object—whose self-elected mission, in fact, is to get on in the world, becomes a *philanthropy-monger*, as a means of fulfilling that mission, he can never pass for a true philanthropist to the discerning observer. His love for this or that particular class of sufferers, is always *bien calculé* ; so well calculated as never to stop short of the paying point. His hatred of unpopular parties, and measures, and men, is intense :—he may be quite aware that these very men, measures, or parties, are friendly to the best interests of humanity,—they are unpopular, and therefore are contrary to his interests, and he hates them. His mission is to get on in this world, and it will not do to recognise the good of unpopular things. Loudly he proclaims his belief in the axiom, "*Vox populi, vox Dei* ;" softly he whispers to himself, (so softly that he scarcely hears it, perhaps,) "*Vox auri, vox Dei*." In general a clever philanthropy-monger speculates successfully, and makes a figure and a fortune in the world, and fulfils his mission.—" Verily he shall have his reward"—the reward of the self-seeker.

Again, some people seem to believe it to be their mission to reform others, while they forget that reformation, like charity, ought to begin at home. In these, vanity, that haughty element in our nature, shows itself in its most disagreeable form. They are admirers and lovers of themselves, but with La Fontaine's qualification, "*sans avoir de rivaux*." It is well to warn those who are born with a love of fault-finding, that it is by no means a necessary consequence that their mission is to reform their fellow-creatures.

One thing concerning missions has been generally admitted by all parties :—that mistakes are often made about them. A man will go on covering an acre or two of canvass with soulless, tasteless daubs, and never discover that he is mistaking his mission,—that Nature never intended him for a painter, but for a merchant, or a chemist, or a comic actor. An excellent prose writer will firmly believe that he was born a poet, and will persist in writing verses, to the regret of all his friends and the exasperation of the reviewers. A successful novelist will take it into his head that he is born to regenerate the drama—and he writes detestable plays to prove his mission. An able king, whose mission was, as every one thought but himself, to rule his kingdom and head his armies, firmly believed that he was born to be a great author, and spoiled reams and reams of paper in furtherance of that notion. History affords us numerous examples of people who have mistaken their missions.

Perhaps you will ask me to define exactly what is meant by the word. I was once requested by a little girl of six years old to tell her, what her papa and I meant by the word "mission," which had struck on her ear frequently in the course of our conversation. I told her that "it meant, doing that which we considered best; that which gave us the greatest satisfaction, and made us thoroughly contented." "And has every body a mission?" asked the child; "little girls and all?" "Yes; if they can find out what it is." "Then I have got a mission, for I know what it is that I consider best, and what gives me the greatest satisfaction." "Well, my dear, what is it?" "Why, it is to eat plum-cake, and dabble my feet in the pond!" Since that time I have avoided defining the word "Mission."

Those who have not yet learned to know their mission, are apt to prefigure it to themselves as something great and noble; vanity says, something worthy the missionary. But we must not indulge in such vague prophecies, lest pride have a fall; and I who have once or twice perhaps indulged a wild hope of being some day a great poet, or philosopher, or a true artist, may discover that I have no such mission, and that I am beginning to bore the amiable reader, who is curious on the subject of Missions.

J. M. W.

EARLY DAYS OF JEAN GUEMBERG.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUTH, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, was ascending, with the lightness of a roe, the steep sides of a hill, from the top of which might still be distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness which was fast closing around, the embattled towers of an old castle. A piercing cry, which rang through the air, suddenly arrested the steps of the nocturnal wanderer. He looked around, listened for a repetition of the sound, and was just about to recommence his almost aerial ascent, when a second cry, followed by a groan, again struck upon his ear.

"Who calls?" said he, listening with breathless attention.

A voice, which seemed to proceed from the bottom of a ravine, formed by the waters which had formerly lodged at the foot of the mountain, but which the heat of several summers had gradually dried up, replied:—

"Whoever you may be, come to the help of an unfortunate traveller, who, with his horse, has fallen into a bottomless abyss!"

"Methinks it must have a bottom, since you have found it;" replied the young pedestrian, now descending the mountain as quickly as he had at first been ascending it; then, with a thorough knowledge of the place, which proved him to be an inhabitant of that country, he advanced towards the ravine, and, leaning over the entrance of it, exclaimed,

"Where are you?"

"Here!" replied a most piteous voice.

"I am just at the foot of the stairs," replied the youth. "Have a moment's patience."

And in two or three bounds he was by the side of a man, whose features he was prevented from distinguishing by the darkness, but who caught his hand, as he exclaimed,

"Every bone in my body is broken; I am bruised all over!—Help me, I implore you, to extricate my leg from the stirrup!—Above all, do not let the horse stir, or I am lost!"

Seeing the animal standing by uninjured, the young man immediately concluded that the horse had not fallen, but descended so rapidly, that the shock, as he reached the bottom, had thrown his rider. He soon extricated the latter from the stirrup, and assisting him to rise, begged of him to lean on him; and taking hold of the horse's bridle, he easily regained the steps, cut rather by the feet than by the hands of men, and having placed horse and man once more on terra-firma, he inquired of the rider where he intended to go.

"To Yum Gudemburg;" replied he; "I have a message from my mistress, the Baroness Von Praet, to Mademoiselle de Sulgeloch."

"To my sister!" exclaimed the youth, in astonishment.

"Are you, then, Jean Gensfleisch, son of the late Lord of Sulgeloch?" inquired the servant.

"Yes," answered Jean, examining, by the light of the moon, the speaker, whose features had suddenly assumed an expression of constraint and reserve.

"I am not acquainted with this Countess, and cannot guess what she wants with my sister!" said Jean.

The servant's lips moved as if going to reply, but, changing his mind, he drew a parchment from his gipsire,¹ saying simply, "This will explain all." Then, as if finding his strength sufficiently restored to permit of his walking alone, he dropped the arm which had served him as a support, and began to ascend the mountain, on the summit of which the castle was situated.

From feelings too vague to define, Jean now became absent; his heart began to beat; and it was not mere curiosity that made him quicken his steps; for, trifling and unimportant as this incident seemed, yet to any one acquainted with the mode of life of the inhabitants of Yum Gudemburg, it would not be matter of surprise that it excited uneasiness and apprehension.

Jean Gensfleisch de Sulgeloch had lost his father a short time after his birth, and his mother, left a widow with two children, himself and a daughter ten years older, having gradually beheld the immense fortune bequeathed by her husband swallowed up by the demands of a swarm of creditors, died of grief, leaving her two children alone in the world.

Méline was then eighteen, and Jean eight. Since this event six years had flowed on, and from the time the coffin of the widowed lady of Sulgeloch had passed through the gates of Yum Gudemburg, they had never

(1) A kind of pouch, then worn at the girdle.

opened to admit a friend, a neighbour, or even a casual visitor. The young girl and the boy were everything to each other; he protected her—she cheered him. Méline had grown up in the shade of the lonely woods which adorned the property transmitted from descendant to descendant of the Sulgelochs: she had never passed the gate of the park; her days were spent in walking, reading, and tending her birds and flowers. Jean rambled about like a wild deer until evening beheld the brother and sister together in the large hall of the castle, where, being joined by their two old servants, Gobert and Gertrude, husband and wife, Méline prayed aloud, and then, summer as well as winter, one hour after daylight had fled from the horizon, the four inmates of this old manor-house retired to rest.

We may now understand why the arrival of a stranger, bearing a message from a person wholly unknown to him, should have appeared an event of some importance to the young Sulgeloch.

On reaching the entrance to the first court of the castle, Jean knocked pretty loudly, which brought old Gobert quickly to the steps. A shade of displeasure clouded his features on seeing the stranger accompanying his young master.

"Some other learned man, I suppose, that you have picked up in some hole," said he, in a cross tone, "whom you have forced into accepting your hospitality."

"Picked up out of a hole, sure enough; but, as to learning, I cannot pretend to know as much as a comma," replied the strange servant.

"And, far from pressing him to accept hospitality, he has himself craved it of me," said Jean. "But, Gobert, take this man to the kitchen, and put up his horse, and I will let my sister know of the arrival of a messenger from the Countess Von Praet."

At the mention of this name, Gobert drew off the woollen cap which covered his old bald head; and, bowing respectfully, repeated—"The Countess Von Praet?"

"You know her?" demanded Jean.

"She is the noblest, richest, and most haughty lady in all Mentz," said Gobert; "and gladly would I hasten to offer to her servant a repast worthy of the house he represents, but we have had so many people at dinner to-day, in the parlour, and so many servants in the kitchens, to say nothing of the peasants of the neighbourhood, who have cleared the rest, that it is a chance if anything can be found in our spacious larders, save a bit of bread and some chestnuts."

At those words, wholly incomprehensible to him, Jean looked in astonishment at his old servant, who, passing near him as if to take the horse's bridle, said, quickly,—

"Hush!—you are too young to know what I am about; so say nothing."

Jean went off, laughing to himself, and, advancing to his sister, who, having heard his voice, was coming to meet him, he related to her his adventure, and the absurd boast of Gobert. Méline smiled, but a cloud appeared on her brow.

"What can the Countess want with me?" said she, entering the large reception-room with her brother, and sinking, in much agitation, into one of those wooden high-backed chairs, pretended by antiquarians to belong to the time of Dagobert.

"The surest way of finding out is to ask," said Jean, as he left the room.

Notwithstanding her emotion, Méline raised the wick of the lamp, which lighted up but a very small part of the immense hall, leaving the rest in darkness which the eye could scarcely penetrate; then, uneasy and anxious, she awaited the appearance of the strange servant. He soon approached, preceded by the young Sulgeloch, and followed by Gobert and Gertrude.

"Believe, mademoiselle," said the valet, bowing almost to the ground, "that I am grieved to the heart at the commission I am about to fulfil, especially after the service rendered me by your brother; for, had it not been for him, I should have been devoured by the wild boars, which, it is said, infest this country." Then, making a second obeisance, during the silence caused by the singularity of these words, he drew a parchment from his gipsire, and respectfully laid it on the table, at the corner of which Méline, leaning on her elbow, was listening to the messenger.

The young girl took it up, broke the seal with feverish haste, opened it, and, approaching the lamp, began to read; but hardly had she glanced at the first few lines, than she became quite pale, uttered a cry, and fainted.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE Méline had recovered from her swoon the inhabitants of the castle had been made aware of the contents of the letter by its bearer. The manor-house of Yum Gudenberg, put up for sale by the creditors of the late Lord of Sulgeloch, had been purchased by the Countess Von Praet. The letter was to apprise the poor descendant of this ancient family of this fact, at the same time warning her that the new proprietor was coming to take possession of the demesne.

"Say to your mistress that possession shall be given," said Méline, regaining her composure; and gathering, from the very extent of her misfortune, strength to repress unavailing tears, she added: "I ask eight days for removal; it is not a very long time," said she, in a tone so sad, that the listeners melted into tears. "It is not too long to bid adieu to the place where I was born, where my ancestors have died!" Then, dismissing the bearer with a dignified gesture, she turned, as the door closed upon him, to embrace her brother.

"Courage, Jean!—Courage!" said she.

No tear dimmed the boy's eye as he gazed upon her, and simply said, "My poor sister!"

Méline turned quickly towards the two old servants, who were weeping bitterly. "Let us pray to God, my friends!" said she, kneeling down.

Her example was followed by Gobert and Gertrude; as to Jean, he remained for a moment standing, gazing thoughtfully, yet tenderly, on his sister.

"So," said he, in a tone of gentle reproach, "you have concealed everything from me!"

"Why should I have saddened your happy life, my child?" replied she, as, still kneeling, she bent towards him, and gave him her hand.

"Child!" replied young Gudemburg, bitterly. "Child! This moment, Méline, has made me a man!" And none could look upon the boy's kindling brow, or gaze upon his flashing eye, without feeling that it was indeed so.

He took the hand held out by his sister, and, pressing it to his lips, he added: "Méline, it is I who ought to protect you; and from this moment I pledge myself to do so." He then knelt down beside her; and Méline, with an effort to steady her voice, which the scene with her brother had made to falter, was just about to commence the prayer, when a quick step sounded upon the passage which led to the apartment, and old Gertrude, suddenly and angrily starting up, exclaimed,—

"See!—we are not left in peace this evening, even to say our prayers. Here is the sorcerer!"

At this moment the small green velvet door of the room opened, and a man of lofty stature, with venerable white hair, and a white beard flowing down upon his breast, appeared, pausing a moment before he entered.

"Come, mingle your prayers with ours, Master Lawrence Coster," said Méline.

"His prayers!" said Gertrude, crossing herself; "do sorcerers pray to God?"

"Gertrude," said the descendant of the Sulgeloch, in a stern tone, "this gentleman is our guest, and as such, has a right to your respect as well as to our protection."

"Yes, my children," said the old man, who seemed not to have heard what had passed between the mistress and servant. "Yes, I come to mingle my prayers and tears with yours."

"You know —?" said Méline to him.

"All!" replied the old man, kneeling beside Méline, who now offered up the evening prayer with more than her usual fervency. Each time her lips pronounced the Sacred Name, peace seemed imparted, and she arose from her knees without having betrayed any emotion, but her face of marble paleness was sad to look upon in its calmness.

"Gobert, and you also, my faithful Gertrude," said she, addressing her two old servants, who in deep dejection were awaiting the orders of their young mistress, "the time has now arrived when we must part."

"You are not going to dismiss us, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Gobert, taking advantage of the pause occasioned by the emotion of Mademoiselle Sulgeloch.

"I have no longer the power of retaining you in my service, my good old friends!" said she, extending a hand to each, which they eagerly seized and respectfully kissed. "Our family possessed but two manors; one, the most beautiful, that of Yum Gensfleisch (House of the Goose's Flesh) was sold some time before the death of my dear mother; and two

hours since, we ceased to be the owners of this house, Yum Gudemburg (or, the House of the Good Mountain). There is no remedy, dear friends. We once had both parents and wealth: 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

"Be that as it may," said Gobert, concealing, under an appearance of roughness, the tears which trembled in his eyes, "the Lord gave you, in my wife and myself, two servants—he has not taken them away from you, and therefore you must not put them away."

"I have already told you, Gobert," replied Méline, gently, "that I am left a beggar, without a roof even to shelter my brother,—without bread."

"Once for all," said Gobert, energetically, "where you and our young master go, we will go. We are as much a part of you as the eyes in your head. We cannot be separated. Under a thatched roof as well as in a palace, Gobert and his wife must still be there to serve you, to obey you, and, if need be, to labour for your support."

Gertrude said nothing, but the hot tears fell from her eyes. Jean stood lost in thought, while Laurence Coster, who had hitherto listened in silence, when Gobert ceased to speak, advanced to him, and grasping his hand, "You are a worthy fellow, Gobert," said he. "In my estimation you rank amongst the noblest of the land.—Lady," added he, turning to Méline, whose face was buried in her hands, but whose heaving bosom betrayed the emotion she felt, "it is now a year since your brother found me dying on the road; he took pity on me, he brought me here, where I was received as a father, as a cherished guest; and I met here, what during a long life I had vainly sought, an angel of beauty and of goodness, with such total unselfish devotedness, such angelic piety,—with, in truth, every Christian virtue! I would have left in a few days, but I could not. My heart was bound up with you. Each day I intended my adieu should be on the morrow, and still next day I put it off till the next. I was able to read all the manuscripts contained in the chapel of the house, and knew how to trace letters on paper with the pen. Your people—but I forgive them—took me for a sorcerer. You, lady, regarded me simply as I am, a man desirous of knowledge, and knowing how to read and write. You and your young brother wished to be initiated in this great art, which transmits thoughts from country to country, from generation to generation. I was happy to be able thus to requite your hospitality, in some little measure. I was happy at not being obliged to leave Jean Gudemburg, whom I love as a son. Lady, though I am not a sorcerer, I have that in my head which might not merely make the fortune of a man, but transmit his name to posterity as one whose triumphs were not the blood-stained glories of the conqueror, but such as he might humbly ask a blessing upon as permanently useful to his fellow-creatures. It is true that it is still but an imperfect idea—but a problem; and I have, as yet, but a glimpse of the solution. It may remain with Jean Gudemburg to solve

it fully, and by it to immortalize his name. And now, lady, permit me to offer to you, and your brother, and your good old servants, what I have accepted from you—an asylum. Surely you will receive with the same free spirit you have given. I possess, at the environs of Strasburgh, a little dwelling, in the midst of a garden enclosed by a quickset hedge; the house is large enough for us five, there is abundance of fruit and vegetables in the garden, and a spring which will suffice to slake our thirst. Will you not come there?"

Before Méline had time to reply, Jean Gudemberg darted towards the old man, took his hand, and with glowing cheek, crimsoned brow, and sparkling eyes, he exclaimed, "I accept your kindness, for my sister, for myself, for all; for I feel that within me, my friend, which may well repay your hospitality, even were it such as men give to princes."

A few moments after they separated.

CHAPTER III.

Knowing she could not sleep, Méline did not even endeavour to seek repose by retiring to her couch. As she thought of leaving the abode of her infancy, the spot where she had received the last kiss of her mother, it seemed to become more dear to her. Every object, every stone, appeared suddenly invested with a sacred character in her eyes. She opened her chamber door, and there lay the long gallery before her, dimly lighted by the moon. The silver rays, shining through the windows, casting fantastic shadows on the ground, filled her soul with a vague and mystic terror. Before her tearful eyes seemed to stand the graceful and elegant form of her brother, and she burst into tears. At this moment the bell of a neighbouring convent tolled the death-knell—the silence of night giving awful solemnity to the mournful sound which marked the departure from this scene of time and sense of the immaterial and immortal spirit. She raised her eyes to the dark blue heavens, now gemmed with glittering stars—"I ask nothing for myself, heavenly Father; let me live and die, like those flowers of the wilderness which bloom unseen, disregarded, ungathered—whose perfume is lost and unknown. What matters it! But I supplicate for my brother—the tender, the youthful one. Add my days to his, increase twofold his happiness, by bestowing on him all that thou mayest deny to me, and blessed be Thy holy name for ever."

Having concluded her prayer, she was pacing up and down the gallery, when suddenly she fancied she heard steps in the distance; but remembering that she alone was awake in the castle, she continued her way. Though she had for an instant given way to superstitious feelings, yet, brought up by a prudent and sensible mother, she did not suffer them to rest long upon her mind. She was too pious and too enlightened to indulge in them; neither did she for a moment suppose that any ill disposed persons would introduce themselves by night into an old castle open by day to every comer, and destitute of everything that could be a temptation to cupidity; so she continued to walk on without fear or distrust, when at

a turn in the gallery she found herself face to face with some one, whom she instantly recognised as her brother.

"I cannot sleep," said he.

"From grief at leaving this spot?" said Méline, embracing him.

"No," said Jean; "on the contrary, from my desire of seeing other places, and discovering the secret of Laurence Coster."

"Oh, my brother!" said Méline, sighing. "Very different thoughts haunt and disturb me."

"Because you are a woman, Méline," replied Jean, "and woman's existence is her home. But our life, sister, our existence, is abroad. Now, come in; the night is chill, you will be ill to-morrow. Come in, I beg of you—I insist on it."

"You insist on it!" repeated Méline, astonished at the tone in which he pronounced words, which she heard for the first time from the lips of her brother.

Jean led Méline to a balcony, from which might be seen the most magnificent view; the castle, which was built upon a rock, overlooking an immense extent of country. On one side rose the tower of Mentz, with its buildings reaching to the skies; on the other, vast forests gave a dark shade to the picture, while the moon lent its soft and magic light to this scene of nature's beauty.

With one hand clasped in his sister's, and raising the other towards heaven, he said,—

"It is ten o'clock, sister; the height of the moon in the horizon tells it to me; so it is fourteen years to-day since the first of May, 1400, when at this very hour I came into the world, and to-day only, nay, this evening, for the first time, have I felt, that it was no longer the heart of a child, but the heart of a man, that beats within this bosom. From this moment, the fostering anxious care with which thou guardedst my infancy must cease—from this moment, mine for thee begins. From this moment I am really thy brother, that is to say thy protector, thy guardian. Retire then, my sister," added Jean, upon whose brow Méline seemed to behold the lofty pride of the lords of Sulgeloeh. "Retire,—If either is to watch over the repose of the other, I must be that one,—that office must be mine."

Saying these words, Jean gently twined his arm round the graceful form of his sister, and led her slowly and silently to the door of her chamber. Then pressing his lips to her brow, he added gaily—"You see, my little sister, my head is higher than yours. God has put me above you."

"How can you laugh, Jean," said Méline sorrowfully, "when this day sees us destitute, cast forth from the home of our fathers!"

"The world is before him who knows how to conquer it, Méline," replied he, with the enthusiasm of a brave heart, to which hope and the future is one word. "I shall soon find as lofty towers as these, for a wedding present for my sister."

How various is the effect of circumstances upon different minds! That which had almost crushed the heart of the young girl, seemed to give a new

impulse to the boy. In that hour had Jean Gudemberg become a man.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT a week after these events had occurred, early in the morning, Méline, her brother, Lawrence Coster, and the two old servants mounted their horses, and left Yum Gudemberg, taking the road to Alsatia. Just as the castle was hidden from their view by a sharp turn in the road, Méline raised her streaming eyes, and a cry escaped from her when she could no longer catch a glimpse of it.

"No more backward looks, sister," said Jean, pointing to the smiling country sparkling under the first rays of the rising sun. "Forward! Forward!"

"Oh, memories of the past!" murmured the sorrowful young girl.

"The past belongs to no one, Méline," said Jean. "The present and future alone are ours. Forward, then! Forward!"

The travellers proceeded but slowly. They took three days going from Mentz to Strasburg. At length, on the third day, as the sun was setting, Laurence Coster, pointing to a small white house on the slope of a verdant hill, said to Méline—"Behold your new home, my dear young lady."

Méline sighed involuntarily, then tried to smile on the old man.

The abode of Laurence Coster was enchanting. Nature seemed to have been prodigal of her treasures in this little corner. The way to the house was through a grove of acacias, a cluster of which shaded the entrance, a beautiful green sward intermixed with fragrant flowers carpeted the avenue, the garden was situated on the slope of the hill, watered by a limpid brook, which after many windings emptied itself into the Rhine, whose blue and rapid waters with their lovely banks were visible in the distance. The fair promises of spring, the full fruitions of autumn, seemed at once united in this delightful retreat.

Our travellers alighted and entered the house, where, to the great surprise of Gobert, no servant came to receive them. A glance sufficed to show Méline the straitened circumstances which must render the addition of four persons to the old man's family indeed a burden.

"Brother," said she to Jean, "there must be here no useless hands. Strasburg is but an hour's walk from this; to-morrow you must go there, and seek for some employment for me. I know how to write; so you can go to some notaries and ask if they can give me some copying-work."

At the time of our narrative, but few knew how to write, so the art of copying was very profitable. All was soon arranged in the house. Gertrude took charge of the house-keeping and in-door work, Gobert of the garden and outside labour; as to Lawrence and Jean, they were both engaged in the study of the sciences; for the young and poor descendant of the Sulgelochs had an ardent thirst for knowledge, which was only surpassed by the delighted readiness

of the teacher to impart it. Two years passed in this manner. About this time Méline, hitherto unaccustomed to such constant labour, lost her brilliant colour, her health gave way; the continued stooping position injured her chest, and Lawrence Coster, whose studies had led to some knowledge of medicine, perceived with alarm the first attacks of consumption.

He did not conceal from Jean the danger of his sister. The poor boy now for the first time understood all the evils which wait upon poverty. For some days plunged in deep and constant abstraction, he that was wont to be so affectionate now avoided the caresses of his sister to wander in the depths of the woods; he that was wont to be so cheerful and communicative shut himself up every evening in his own room, where, through the slight partition which separated it from that of his sister, the latter heard him now knocking and scraping, now uttering exclamations of despair, and then suddenly breaking out into a cry of joy; but vainly did they question him, vainly endeavour to discover the cause of his altered demeanour. At length one morning, for the first time since he had heard of the state of his sister, he made his appearance at breakfast with his brow cleared and his eye sparkling; but he seemed in a state of feverish impatience during the meal, and when it was over, drawing Lawrence Coster out of the room, he exclaimed, in the overflowing of a heart privileged to pour out its happiness into the bosom of a friend, "I have found it! I have found it!—the object of your labours, your researches for twenty years. Anxiety for my sister has inspired me. Was not that object the means of transmitting to posterity the productions of mind, and transmitting them in sufficient numbers to ensure their being found in one place, should they happen to be lost or destroyed in another."

"Well, child!" interrupted the philosopher, with that smile of incredulity with which an old man so often shows that he estimates knowledge but by age.

Jean continued, without appearing to remark the smile: "Did you not mourn over the dearth and scarceness of books? Have you not so often told me of the difficulty experienced by students in procuring those necessary for their improvement, and that you had yourself, when studying in the University of the Quatre-Nations at Paris, to steal out by day books which you copied at night, and brought back before the hours of lecture? What, I say, has long been the darling object of your desires? Is it not some unwearying machine which would replace the weak and too-easily fatigued hand of man?—Behold!"

Pronouncing this last word, Jean drew from his pocket a number of little bits of wood, which he threw on the ground, then kneeling down he began to arrange them one by one, in juxtaposition; then Lawrence Coster perceived that each one had the form, in relief, of a letter of the alphabet, and when all these little bits of wood were arranged in lines the old man read: "Jean Gensfleisch des Sulgeloch, surnamed Gudemberg."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Lawrence Coster, but this time without a smile.

"Well," said Jean, "do you not see that, by fixing these letters in a frame, so as to make them immovable, and covering them over with ink, thicker and blacker than that used in writing, and then by laying on them, when thus prepared, a sheet of blank paper, it will be written over when you draw it away? Do you understand?"

"Oh, my son!" cried the old man, weeping with joy. "My son, you are right, you have solved the problem—you have discovered the art of printing!"

And now, abandoning every other pursuit, these two men, one just entering upon life, the other bordering on the tomb, gave themselves wholly up to the new invention. A small bequest which was left at this time to the Sulgeclochs enabled Jean to begin his experiments, and gave Meline the rest so essential to her recovery.

As may be supposed, the first essays in the art were but clumsy. The wooden characters, unsteady and unequal, and fastened by a thread, yielding under the press, formed only unconnected words and imperfect sentences, sometimes quite illegible. The first printing press was established at Mentz, by Jean Gensfleisch, now always called Gutenberg, and by Lawrence Coster. On the death of the latter, Gutenberg associated himself with Faust, or Fust, a goldsmith. From the presses of this firm was issued the *Biblia Latina*, known as the "Bible in the forty-two lines;" then a *Psalter*, which took eighteen months to print, so much was the art yet in its infancy.

In 1466 Gutenberg was appointed Gentleman of the Household to the Elector of Nassau. His sister, who, not wishing to part from her brother, had never married, died about this time. Jean Gensfleisch de Sulgecloch survived her but three years. He died the 24th of February, 1468, leaving behind him a name which, connected as it is with the progress of immortal mind, will never die,—that of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing!

CHEAP BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

SOME persons may read the title of this article with feelings very different from those intended to be produced by the ensuing sentences. "No monopoly in education!" such readers will cry; "let education be brought to the threshold of the cottage, and become accessible to the plough-boy with his penny, as to the lordling with his thousands." These may feel wofully disappointed by our refusal to discuss the question, whether Timothy Twitter, the team boy, should have the same education as the squire's son, or to ascertain how much of Buckland's Geology, or Faraday's Chemistry, may be taught in our national schools. But our object is, nevertheless, highly important, bearing upon the interests of thousands who, in a few years, will hold important positions in the middle classes of English society.

Let a reader, when tired of more heavy work, look over the advertisements of the "Times" about the middle of July, and digest, with curious study, the

contents of some headed "To Guardians," "To Parents," "Paradise House," or "Domestic Hall," how his heart will exult, if he be ignorant of the ways of this evil world, at the gushing tide of charity, which rushes through each line, and oozes out from the labouring sentences! What promises of a golden age for little masters and misses in those "four meals a-day, without limitation!" and what a field for all youthful geniuses in those lists of subjects to be taught in Alpha House or Orrery Hall! How nicely Mathematics, Mensuration, Algebra, Trigonometry, and Astronomy sound, when mingled with such deep terms as Conchology, Acoustics, and Pneumatics! In some of these elysiums, the anxious mother hears that "a cow is kept for the use of the pupils," and in others a pony is solemnly dedicated to the same high office. Then follows the gentle sweetener, the solace of papa's heart, in the clearly comprehended words, "sixteen guineas a-year and no vacations. All extras included." It would be pleasant to read a list of *such* extras! As for the "attention to morals," and the "cultivation of the intellect upon the most approved principles," we humble people can but stand afar off, and, trembling, contemplate the constellations of talent which shed an intellectual glory round the heads of the learned principals of these establishments. We do but wonder at the stupidity and blindness of our time, which refrain from decreeing medals and triumphs to such benefactors of the human race.

But the subject is too serious, too much connected with injurious results, to allow of irony, where indignation is demanded. "Why indignation?" it may be asked. "Is not cheap education a great good? why then heap upon the heads of its patrons reproach and scorn?" To the *cheapness* of learning we have no more objection than to the cheapness of bread, but as we should dissuade people from buying adulterated or unwholesome food, so must we warn them against a spurious education. It is because the cheap-school system is, in general, a sham and a snare, that we deprecate it.

Let us place the following picture before the reader who may have been smitten with the eloquent appeals addressed to his heart and purse, in advertisements which leave the auctioneering eloquence of a Robins far behind. We will peep into "Omega House," where rough pupils are forced into manly Young Englanders, at "eighteen guineas a-year inclusive, and no vacations." Mr. Furzy, the head of the establishment, is a desirable man to look upon,—bland, *very* bland, to all parents, guardians, &c., who call for a card of the terms. No slow disciple of the old school is Mr. Furzy, but a bustling man who enters upon the *business* of school-keeping with the energy so characteristic of Moses and Son in their department. To be sure, he does not deluge the omnibuses at the railway stations with verses, which Wakley would be delighted to match with those of Wordsworth; but does he not suspend his "nice little prospectuses," framed and glazed, in the waiting-rooms of railway stations, where fidgety old gentlemen, who have lost the train by being just two minutes too late, may refresh their imaginations by pondering on the bliss to be found within the walls of Omega House?

But look at Mr. Furzy within the school-room, where seventy-two young sprouts of humanity are performing the mysterious process called "learning," under the

superintendence of the principal and his two ushers, being just twenty-four boys to each. As the "young gentlemen" are occupied four hours every day, except Saturday, in *repeating* lessons, this will give each youth ten minutes per diem with his instructors. From such close attention the "young ideas" must naturally shoot as rapidly as hops in spring, and present a singular phenomenon for the study of the College of Preceptors. Some boys are taught Latin by ushers who themselves boggle at the conjugation of a verb, and a few daring geniuses rush upon Greek under the tuition of *scholars* who are unable to render a pronoun when they see it.¹ The mysteries of the Rule of Three, and the profundities of "Vulgar Fractions" give little trouble to men who respectfully follow their "keys" to the "tutor's assistant."

Such is the mental training pursued in many of these hot-beds of imbecility, which are so showily trucked out in their fluttering array to catch the simple or cheat the avaricious. But who is to blame for all this miserable pretence and imposture, which injures a large class of her Majesty's subjects, and perpetuates the most delusive notions respecting education? are the principals of such establishments to be alone condemned? Certainly not, though we cannot help laughing till we almost cry, at their romantic advertisement, and more than Miltonic splendour of diction. These unhappy people are in many cases the victims of the public ignorance or avarice, for how could they be tempted to push their gaudy pretensions in our faces, did not so large a portion of our countrymen evince a total neglect of all genuine interest in education?

All may seem fair to the eye in the schools we are describing, but the *mind* of the skilful and learned teacher will not be there, all will be done on the mechanical principle of teaching boys and girls as bird-fanciers instruct parrots.

Half-yearly examinations may raise a deceptive glare around the school, when every forward boy, having primed himself with some speech to the strain of "My name is Norval," electrifies the audience with touches at which Keats would have stood aghast; but with all this show, there is little solid education; and hundreds of interesting little Julius and Arthurs might just as well occupy their heads with Jack and the Bean-stalk, as with the subject propounded to their loving consideration by incompetent teachers. Perhaps, in such cases, the love of display is sufficient to blind the judgment of papa or mamma to the mischievous results of such playing with education. But Mrs. Barclymow is so delighted with "dear Tom's" delivery of "To be, or not to be," that visions of his future honours fill her sensitive brain, and eloquent praises of Mr. Furzy pour from her active tongue. After some years "dear Tom" leaves school with two unsafe companions, Conceit and Ignorance, which plague him for life, and astonish "papa" very much. The vice of the present age is a wretched tendency to make an *appearance* at any cost, to cultivate contemptible shams, and trust to show and tinsel, until society has assumed the air of the bedizened harlequins at Bartholomew Fair.

Why are the generality of cheap schools so fearfully defective in the means of education? We might as well ask why Covent-garden market does not answer the

purposes of a college; the reason being, that the body and not the mind, is its object. In fact, such places are but cheap infant lodging-houses, and parents should really cease to expect anything further. What can remain for the unfortunate principal, after paying butcher, baker, rent, and other matters pertaining to the business of house-keeping, for the remuneration of teachers and his own services? It is evident that the very lowest salaries only can be given, and thus the assistants must necessarily be of the most inferior class, since the thoroughly educated cannot be expected in such establishments; consequently, the instruction given, and the manner in which it is conveyed, must have all the characteristics of the most complete mediocrity. Is this the appropriate machinery for forming the *character* of the young, and creating habits of reflection, and hard, persevering attention? Let the parent remember that *such* qualities are the fundamentals of education, and are necessary for comprehending and retaining even the simplest elements of knowledge. To give a few isolated facts to the pupil, and teach loose rules to the jaded memory, can no doubt be performed in these "establishments," as timber can be cut at a saw-mill, simply by routine. It matters little whether the material be deal, oak, or mahogany, the saw cuts all alike. So in these grinding-houses of the mind it is of little importance, in the teacher's view, whether some children are gifted with a sensitive and delicate nature, or endowed with a rude and knotty character; all must go through the same process, as if they were so many pieces of clay to be moulded as the mechanist pleases.

Of course the remarks contained in this article apply to those schools which educate a large portion of the young from the poorer sections of the middle classes; but we wish that we could impress on the minds of these persons that the *worst* saving is that made in the education of their children; let them retrench their expenditure in dress, furniture, or even some of the luxuries of life, rather than sacrifice the moral and mental training of their offspring, by entrusting them to the care of those who are utterly incompetent for the work; for never can they hope to rise in the social scale till a more solid education prepares them for the use of their numerous privileges. And not until the instructors of the children of the middle classes are so remunerated, that they can afford to employ masters and assistants whose abilities and acquirements entitle them to undertake the training of our youth, may we hope to see a better state of things than is at present exhibited. Then, instead of a smattering of French, unintelligible alike to speaker and hearer, or a jingling on the worn-out keys of a miserable pianoforte, may we expect rational and intelligent conversations on the various subjects of nature and art, and a modest, unaffected demeanour, from our youth of both sexes.

W. D.

I NEVER loved those Salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one; I will suffer an hundred rather than return one; I will suffer many ere I will complain of one, and endeavour to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious—with my equal, doubtful—with my inferior, sordid and base—with any, full of unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

(1) A fact, however sceptical the reader may be

GAZUL AND LINDARAXA.

ANNABEL (—).

THE following ballads are translated from an old book, now very scarce, written by Mendoza, and published by him in the 16th century. By its title ("Las guerras civiles de Granada"), it professes to be an account of the wars between Muleyhazi, the old king of Granada, and his son Boabdil el Chico, or the Less, at the time that Ferdinand and Isabella were invading their kingdom, and, having possessed themselves of many of their cities and places of strength, were advancing to the conquest of Granada, the earthly paradise of the Moors. But the reader who expects to find long detailed accounts of battles and sieges, plots and counterplots, will be woefully disappointed; it is far more the history of the court of Boabdil, the combats of his knights among themselves, and with the Christian warriors, who met them in all fair courtesy in single fight without the walls of their cities; their love for the ladies, their bull fights, tournaments, and pageants. It abounds in picturesque description and imagery; is full of chivalrous incident, told with all the quaint simplicity of our own old chroniclers, and interspersed with ballads as old as the story itself, and marking their Arabic origin by their many curious words, and the orientalism of their character. In these old ballads they are very fond of introducing the personages of the Greek and Roman mythology, and their classic turn is certainly not what would seem at first sight the natural language of the age and nation; however, there seems nothing extraordinary in it, when we remember that the Greek poets were well known and read among the Moors of Spain when they were sealed books to the rest of Europe. Where the ballads are introduced, the author also gives the story in his own words; but those that are here translated tell their own story so well, that it will need but a few words between each to connect them. They contain the history of Gazul and Lindaraxa, a knight and lady of the court of Boabdil and his beautiful queen. Gazul had first loved Zaida of Xeres, had for six years served her, as the fashion was, wearing her colours and devices at tilt and tourney, and electing her the lady under whose blessing he fought, and to whose glory all his bravery redounded. She, however, looked coldly on him, being poor, though of noble family, well knowing her relations would never suffer a marriage between them; so, loving him in her heart, she was at last forced into a match with a Moor of great riches, but who Mendoza states at considerable length was not the Alcayde of Seville, as stated in the ballad, but his grand-nephew. "To forget the love of six years, to me appears to be an evil

thing," is the observation of the chronicler upon Zaida's conduct. Here may follow the ballad. Zaida is to be married on the evening of the day on which Gazul sets out from Sionia. The metre of the original is preserved throughout.

The bright star of Venus glittered
As the summer sun was sinking,
And the enemy of daylight
Spread abroad her sable mantle,
When a gallant Moorish chieftain,
Like the warlike Rodamonte,
Sallied, armed, from fair Sydonia,
Crossing o'er the plain of Xeres;
Whence he entered Guadalete,
On the Spanish sea, whose harbour
From the holy Virgin Mary
Its illustrious name hath taken.
Desperate he journeyed onwards;
For although of noble lineage,
His ungrateful lady left him,
As they said he had no riches,
And that night she would be married
To a base Moor, darkly visaged,
For that he was Lord of Seville,
Of Alcazar and its high tower.
Grievously was he complaining,
With so heavy trouble on him:
To his words the fair broad Vega
And the echo, gave back answer.
"Zaida," said he, "is more cruel
Than the sea that drowns the vessels—
Harder, more immovable,
Than the stones within a mountain.
How canst thou permit it, cruel,
After favours all so many,
That a stranger should adorn him
With mine own most cherished pledges?
Can it be that thou embracest
The mere bark of an old oak tree,
While thine own green tree thou leavest
Stripped of its fruit and flowers?
For a poor man, but rich truly,
Thou a rich, but poor man, choosest;
And the riches of the body
Set'st before those of the spirit.
Thou hast left the noble Gazul,
Who six years of love has served thee,
Given thy hand to Albenzayde,
Who to thee is but a stranger,
And my foe; may Alha grant me
That he hate thee, thou adoring,
That for jealousy thou sighest,
For his absence that thou weapest—
That both bed and board he shunneth,
While at night no sleep descendeth,
No rest in the weary daytime—
That in festival or dances
Thou may'st never see thy colours,
Nor the veil thou workest for him,
Nor the sleeve that thou embroiderest,
While he bears, with his own cipher
Woven some fair friend's devices—
And to see him in the jousting
He will not permit thy presence,
Either at the door or window,
For so much doth he abhor thee.
If it happens thou should'st hate him,
Long be then the years he liveth;
But if he is much beloved,
Early may his death affright thee.
Greater curse than this can never
Unto wretched man be given.
Alha grant that this may happen
When in his thy hand he taketh!"



Thus replied the fair old lady
While her voice was low and trembling
Told well it that Moorish Christian
When he saw the weapon gleaming

With that came he unto Xeres,
 As the midnight hour was sounding.
 Gay he found the wedding palace;
 All around with torch and trumpet,
 And the warriors of the frontier,
 From all quarters, have assembled,
 With a thousand torches lighted,
 Each and all in the same colours.
 And before the knight betrothed
 They have mounted in the stirrup;
 Thus, they went along on horseback,
 To the knight to do more honour.
 Gazul has a sharp lance taken,
 Through and through the bridegroom passed it;
 All the square was in commotion;
 But the Moor unsheathed his weapon,
 And through midst of those around him
 Unto Mendia he wended.

It would seem now a matter of course that Gazul, having got rid of his rival in this cool and rather sanguinary fashion, should return to his lady and again endeavour to win the love he had so long striven for; but her falsehood, as it seemed to him, had taken away all the love he had felt for Zaida, and he devoted himself henceforward to the service of Lindaraxa. "To forget the love of six years, seemeth to me an evil thing," the chronicler had better have said here also; but Gazul is manifestly a favourite, and may do as he pleases. In the next ballad he is starting for a tournament at Gelves, but wishes first for his lady's smile, to bless him in the fight; but Lindaraxa, knowing the history of his former love, will not so readily trust him.

Through the square San Lucar
 Comes gayly passing onwards
 Gazul, the brave and gallant,
 In white and green, and purple.
 Thus early is he starting
 For the tourney held at Gelves,
 Where revel high the Alcaide,
 For the peace between the monarchs,
 Adored be an Abencerage,
 One of the warriors
 Whom the Zegrís and Gomelas
 Falsely slew in San Granada.
 One farewell to give his lady,
 To and fro he wandered often,
 Striving with his eyes to fathom
 The thrice happy walls that held her.
 When an hour like years had ended
 Of impatient hopes and wishes,
 On the balcony he saw her,
 Making all the years as nothing.
 Then he spurred his gallant war-horse
 When he saw that sun rise on him,
 And he made him kneel right humbly
 On the ground, and kiss it for him.
 Then spake he, in troubled accents,
 "Seeing thus thy smiling presence,
 Evil none can now befall me;
 In the absence I must suffer
 On my friends and duty urge me:
 But my soul remains behind me,
 Back my love will make me hasten,
 To see if thine remaineth also.
 Give me one thing as memorial,
 Though I need nought to remind me,
 Only give it to adorn me,
 Guard, accompany, and strengthen."
 Lindaraxa she was jealous,
 Of her jealousy was dying,

Of fair Zaida of Xeres,
 Fearing that her Gazul loved her.
 For she had been told by others
 That he loved her unto dying.
 So to Gazul she made answer,
 "If in strife the fate befalls thee
 That my heart desires most truly,
 And that thy false heart doth merit,
 To San Lucar thou returnest
 Not so glorious as thy wont is,
 Unto eyes that should adore thee,
 But to eyes that do abhor thee.
 Alha grant that 'mid the lances
 Those who bear thee deadly hatred
 May in secret point their weapons,
 That thou diest for thy falsehood;
 And may they a steel breastplate
 Bear beneath their upper mantles,
 That if seeking to avenge thee
 Thou mayst die and have no vengeance;
 May thy friends not come to aid thee,
 But thy foemen tread thee under,
 And upon their shoulders bear thee,
 When, the tourney being over,
 Thou shouldst come to serve the ladies,
 And in place of wail and weeping
 Over thee, the false deceiver,
 May they then with curses aid thee,
 And rejoice them in thy dying."
 Gazul, like all true in spirit,
 Deemed that these were words of mocking;
 So he raised him in his stirrups,
 And to take her hand he seeketh:
 "The Moor lies," he said, "my lady,
 Who would turn thy favour from me.
 Upon his head be these curses—
 Let them reach him to avenge me—
 My soul hates the traitress Zaida!
 Cursed be the years I served her,
 That it was my lot to serve her,
 Who for a base Moor could leave me,
 Rich in this world's worthless treasure."
 When she heard this, Lindaraxa
 Lost all patience, and departed—
 At that moment, with his palfrey,
 Past a page before the window,
 Decked were they in gallant fashion,
 Floating plumes, and shining trappings,
 The lance he had to enter Gelves
 Took he, and he spurred his charger,
 And against the walls that held her,
 Broke it to a thousand pieces;
 And he ordered that his palfrey
 Should take off his plumes and trappings,
 Change the hopeful green for murrey,
 So to enter into Gelves.

Murrey-colour, among the Moors, was the sign of mourning, not merely as black is with us, to be worn on the death of a friend or relation, but when the mind was suffering under any trouble. Every colour with them was significant, and on a knight's entrance into the lists, it might instantly be seen whether he was sad or happy, jealous or trusting. Gazul had passed under the window of Lindaraxa with plume and mantle of green, *hoping* for her favour; she looked scornfully on him, and the bright colour was changed for the sombre mourning murrey. In an account that Mendoza gives of one of the knights, his whole courtship is shadowed out by the different colours he wears, according to the varying moods of his lady. One while in yellow, to signify

his jealousy; another time in green, another in blue, to show his love and satisfaction; and another, in the fatal murrey. The Moors were a highly imaginative race, and in symbol and device lay their great delight. Living in a spot one of the most beautiful on earth, no wonder their minds took some of the bright and romantic colouring of the scene around them. It was a common belief, from the charm that rested upon Granada from its beauty and its climate, that the paradise of Mahomet was situated in the heaven just above their beloved city. But to return to the story. Lindaraxa, seeing how deeply her lover feels her unkindness, repents her hard words and hasty departure, and sends to him, by the hand of a page, many jewels, colours, and devices, to show her favour, and proclaim him her knight. So the murrey is cast off, and Gazul, in the sunshine of his heart, sets out for the tournament, strong in his lady's love, though a host should oppose him: for where the mind is strong, the arm will be also.

Adorned with gifts and jewels,
From his peerless Lindaraxa,
The brave Gazul departed
For the tourney held at Gelves.
Four light chargers bore him,
Gay with many trappings,
With a thousand golden ciphers,
Which spoke the Abencerraga.
The valiant Gazul's colours
Were blue, and white, and purple;
The same were in his helmet,
His plume was rosy-coloured,
His garment glittered gaily,
With finest gold and silver;
The gold was on the purple,
And on the red the silver;
For his device, a savage
A lion's fierce mouth rending
Upon his shield he carried;
Device long used and honoured
By the Abencerrages,
The flower of all Granada,
Well known of all the people,
Of many high esteemed;
The valiant Gazul bore it,
From love of his fair lady,
A bright Abencerraga,
Whom he loved devoutly.
The Moor bore as motto,
"There is no one like her."
The good Gazul, through Gelves,
Thus entered in the plaza.
With thirty of his squadron,
Together with him banded;
All in the self-same colours,
That all beholding marvelled.
And one device they carried,
From which no one differed,
Save brave Gazul only,
With his chosen ciphers.
To merry sound of clarions
Began the stirring contest.
So troubled was the mêlée,
In truth, it seemed a battle.
But the brave band of Gazul
Bore everything before them.
The Moor, he threw no weapon
But struck a foeman's Luckler;

The Moorish dames were gazing
From balcony and window,
Among them was beholding
The lovely Moorsess, Zaida—
She, whom they named of Xeres,
Had come to see the jousting;
Her robe was murrey colour,
For heavy sorrow on her,
Because her lord beloved
Had sunk 'neath Gazul's weapon.
Right well fair Zaida knew him,
As flew the rapid lances;
Then on her memory darkened
Many a thing departed,
When Gazul loved her truly,
And coldly she looked on him,
Ungrateful for his service,
And for his depth of loving:
Now she felt such sorrow for it,
That she grieved till nearly fainting.
Near the ending of the tourney,
Spoke to her a servant maiden—
"Tell me, lady mine, the reason
Why thou art so sorely troubled"
Thus replied the fair sad Zaida,
While her voice was low and trembling,—
"Look well at that Moorish chieftain
Who is now the weapon throwing.
Gazul is that chieftain named,
Far and wide his fame resoundeth.
Six years was I served by him,
Without winning favour from me,
He it was who slew my husband,
And, alas! I was the reason"
With all this, I love him fondly,
In my soul I hold him shrined!
I should gladden, did he seek me
But as nothing now he holds me
Loves he an Abencerraga,
For whose sake I live despoiled.
With that ended all the jousting,
Dance and festival were over,
Gazul parted for San Lucar,
Glorious with his added honour."

Lindaraxa was a daughter of a family glorious alike from its high birth and exalted qualities, and famous for the injustice committed against them. Six-and-thirty of them fell at once by the command of the king, Boabdil, who had been worked upon by the representation of some other families, who were jealous of their high reputation and the love that all the people bore them, and had accused them of crimes, which the king believing, signed their death-warrant. Their enemies must have sadly wanted accusations, when they made the humanity and kindness of the Abencerrages towards the Christian captives who were in Granada, one of them. The loss of Albama, which was so bitter a grief to Boabdil afterwards, he was told by the old Alfagui, was a retribution for the unjust doom he had passed upon his best and truest servants. In the ballad, "Ay de mi Albama," which Lord Byron has translated, Alfagui reproaches the king for his wickedness and cruelty in such bold terms, that Boabdil tells him—

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings;"

and orders his head to be struck off, and set "on high Alhambra's loftiest stone," for his temerity. Lindaraxa was one of those few remaining from this most noble but ill-fated family, and to whom the bravest and proudest in Granada would be honoured to ally themselves. The bravery and devotion of Gazul won the heart of this fair and noble lady, and, with her heart, she resolved to bestow her hand; and the truly characteristic manner in which this was done, is given in the following ballad:—

Full of honour and of glory,
More than even Mars the mighty,
Gazul, brave and gallant warrior,
Has returned home from Gelves.
His way took he to San Lucar,
Where he was full well received
Of his lady, Lindaraxa,
Who in very truth adores him.
They were standing both together
In a garden full of flowers,
Where the lover's words and glances
Each on other was bestowing.
Lovingly hath Lindaraxa
Woven for him a fair garland
Of bright flowers, pinks and roses,
Violets of deep blue colour,—
Violets were round about it,
Flower, the favourite of lovers,—
And upon the head she placed it
Of Gazul, while she addressed him:—
"The fair Ganymedes never
Had a face so fair as thine is;
If great Jupiter beheld thee,
He would take thee to his dwelling."
The brave Gazul, he embraced her;
With a smile to her he whispered,
"That fair dame was not so lovely,
Who was by the Trojan taken,
Through whom fell the Dardan city,
In the rushing flames consuming,
As thou art, my gentle lady,
Vanquisher of royal cupid."
"If I seem so passing lovely
To thee, Gazul, with me marry,
Since thy word to me thou'st given,
Thou wilt be a husband to me."
"Much I like it," answered Gazul,
"Since I there shall be the gainer."

So end the ballads on the story of Gazul and Lindaraxa; but these are only a few, among a great number. And the Spanish scholar who could contrive to get possession of the book, would find a rich treat in the quaint simplicity of the picture given of Moorish manners, the beauty of the ballads, and the bright chivalrous spirit of the whole.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

COLD IN HUDSON'S BAY.

MR. R. M. BALLANTYNE, in a lively journal of six years' residence in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, tells us, that for part of October there is sometimes a little warm, or, rather, thawy weather; but after that, until the following April, the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point. In the

depth of winter, the thermometer falls from 30 to 40, 45, and even 49 degrees *below zero* of Fahrenheit. This intense cold is not, however, so much felt as one might suppose, for during its continuance the air is perfectly calm. Were the slightest breath of wind to rise when the thermometer stands so low, no man could show his face to it for a moment. Forty degrees below zero, and quite calm, is infinitely preferable to fifteen below, or thereabout, with a strong breeze of wind. Spirit of wine is, of course, the only thing that can be used in the thermometer; as mercury, were it exposed to such cold, would remain frozen nearly half the winter. Spirit never froze in any cold ever experienced at York Factory, unless when very much adulterated with water; and even then, the spirit would remain liquid in the centre of the mass. Quick-silver easily freezes in this climate, and it has frequently been run into a bullet mould, exposed to the cold air till frozen, and in this state rammed down a gun barrel, and fired through a thick plank. The average cold may be set down at about 15 or 16 degrees below zero, or 48 degrees of frost. The houses at the Bay are built of wood, with double windows and doors. They are heated by large iron stoves, fed with wood; yet, so intense is the cold, that when a stove has been in places red-hot, a basin of water in the room has been frozen solid!

ELECTRIC GIRDLE FOR THE EARTH.

One of our most profound electricians is reported to have exclaimed, "Give me but an unlimited length of wire, with a small battery, and I will girdle the universe with a sentence in forty minutes." Yet this is no vain boast; for, so rapid is the transition of the electric current along the line of the telegraph wire, that supposing it were possible to carry the wires eight times round the earth, the transit would occupy but *one second of time*!

EFFECTS OF PRESSURE OF THE SEA ON FISHES.

Dr. Williams has shown that a gold fish, when the water in which it was placed was subjected to a pressure of four atmospheres, became paralyzed. Dr. Williams also states the following conclusions as deduced from his own experiments:—1. That round fishes, having an air-bladder, cannot, without injury, be exposed to a pressure of more than three atmospheres. 2. That the use of the air-bladder is not so much to regulate the specific gravity of the animal, as to resist the varying force of the fluid column, and thus to protect the viscera and abdominal blood-vessels against excess of pressure. 3. (Though in this case the results are less striking,) flat fish exhibit a limited capacity only for sustaining pressure. From these observations, Dr. Williams infers that the condition of pressure regulates the distribution of fishes in depth.

NEW GALVANIC APPARATUS.

Professor Callam, of Maynooth College, has invented a new kind of galvanic battery, in which the pile consists of alternate plates of zinc and cast-iron, superseding the use of platina and copper, which is very expensive. This Maynooth battery is three times

as powerful as any other now in existence. A full grown turkey has been killed by it in half a second, on being touched with the wires; and discs of iron, thick pieces of copper, and pieces of the hardest tempered steel, have been ignited with the greatest ease.

COLOSSAL BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

In 1839, Professor Owen, from examination of part of a thigh bone found in New Zealand, decided that it belonged to a bird of the ostrich family, but of far more colossal dimensions. In certain mounds, said by the natives to contain the remains of their feasts, Mr. W. Mantell has since found bones of these Moas, or gigantic birds, of dogs, and men, all mixed together, and all evidently subjected to the effects of fire. Hence these birds must have lived at the same period with men who, like the present natives, were cannibals. Since the bones were imbedded in the alluvial beds the land seems to have been elevated; several terraces, at different heights above the sea, being seen round the coast. New Zealand has thus from a very ancient period been inhabited by a peculiar race of birds, to the almost entire exclusion of mammalia and reptiles; thus forming a counterpart to certain geological periods during which reptiles, either alone or chiefly, prevailed, as in the case of the Gallipagos Islands at the present day.—*Proceedings of the Geological Society.*

GREATEST ASCERTAINED DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

On the 2d of June, when in latitude $15^{\circ} 3'$ south, and longitude $26^{\circ} 14'$ west, being nearly calm, and the water quite smooth (says Sir James C. Ross), we tried for, but did not obtain, soundings with 4,600 fathoms of line, or 27,600 feet. This is the greatest depth of the ocean that has yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but we have reason to believe that there are many parts of it where it is still deeper. Its determination is a desideratum in terrestrial physics of great interest and importance.—*Voyage to the Southern Seas.*

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

Dr. Poeppig, in his voyage to Chili, sailed through about 168 English square miles of this phenomenon; and if we add that the infusoria causing it may have been equally distributed in the upper stratum of water to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpass the conception of the human understanding.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.

The immense velocity of electricity makes it impossible to calculate it by direct observation; it would require to be many thousands of leagues long before the result could be expressed in the fractions of a second. Yet, Professor Wheatstone has devised apparatus for this purpose, among which is a double metallic mirror, to which he has given a velocity of 800 revolutions in a second of time. The Professor calculates from his experiments with this apparatus, that the velocity of electricity through a copper wire one fifteenth of an inch thick, exceeds the velocity of light across the planetary spaces, and that it

is at least 288,000 miles per second. The Professor adds, that the light of electricity, in a state of great intensity, does not last the millionth part of a second; but that the eye is capable of distinctly perceiving objects which present themselves for this short space of time.

HEAT AND EVAPORATION.

In a communication made to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, M. Daubrée calculates that the evaporation of the water on the surface of the globe employs a quantity of heat about equal to one-third of what is received from the sun; or, in other words, equal to the melting of a bed of ice nearly thirty-five feet in thickness if spread over the globe.

POWER OF THE ROSSE TELESCOPE.

Such is the capacity of this instrument, that if a star of the first magnitude were removed to such a distance that its light would be 3,000,000 of years in reaching us, this telescope would, nevertheless, show it to the human eye. The constitution of the nebula in the constellation of Orion has also been resolved by this instrument; and by its aid, the stars of which it is composed burst upon the sight of man for the first time.

LEYDOYEN'S DISINFECTING FLUID.

This fluid is the invention of M. Leydoyen, a French chemist. Its efficiency has been tested by Parliamentary Commissioners appointed for the purpose. They tried its effects on substances in a state of decomposition; on substances about to undergo decomposition; on night-soil; on the impure air of hospitals, and of ill-ventilated places. In some of the experiments the fluid was poured over the substances; in others it was mixed up intimately with them, in others, a cloth, or towel, soaked in the liquid, was waved to and fro in the room containing the vitiated air. It was ascertained that the fluid is a solution of a metallic nitrate, and that its action depends on the decomposition of sulphuretted hydrogen, which is the most offensive of all products of animal decomposition. The Commissioners reported generally that for removing the miasmata of sick rooms, the offensive odour of drainage, &c. the fluid was likely to be very valuable; and that so far as sewage refuse is used as agricultural manure, it is improved rather than deteriorated by admixture with the fluid, in consequence of sulphuretted hydrogen being removed, and nitrate of ammonia formed. The fluid has been clearly shown to be *anti-bromic*, that is, capable of removing smell, but it is not yet known whether it is really *disinfecting*, that is, capable of removing infection.

ACCURACY OF TIME-KEEPERS.

The Astronomer Royal proposes to check and test the great clock for the new Houses of Parliament, by the astronomical clock at Greenwich Observatory, through the medium of the electric telegraph. Once in every hour, accurate to less than a second of time, the parliament clock would indicate its time to the Greenwich clock; and besides this, all the other clocks

throughout the immense building are proposed to be placed in electrical connexion with the great clock, and to receive correction from it once in every minute!

LONGITUDE BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The electric telegraph has been made available for the determination of longitudes. So long ago as 1839, Professor Morse suggested some experiments for this purpose; and, in June 1844, the difference of longitude between Washington and Baltimore was determined by electric means, under his direction. Two persons were stationed at these two towns, with clocks carefully adjusted to the respective spots, and a telegraphic signal gave the means of comparing the two clocks at a given instant. In 1847, the relative longitudes of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, were determined by means of the electric telegraph, by Messrs. Keith, Walker, and Loomis.

Two important facts, before theoretically known, were here practically shown: that a clock in New York can be compared with another at a distance of two hundred miles, quite as accurately as two clocks can be compared in adjoining rooms; and that the time required for the electric fluid to travel from New York to Washington, and back again, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, is so small a fraction of a second, that it is inappreciable by a practised observer.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

Sir James C. Ross, in his *Voyage to the Southern Seas*, states the result of several experiments to have given only twenty-two feet for the entire height of the waves, or eleven feet above and below the general level of the ocean; the velocity of the undulations, eighty-nine miles per hour; and the interval between each wave, 1,910 feet.

WARMING WITH ICE.

In common language, anything is understood to be cooled or warmed, when the temperature thereof is made higher or lower, whatever may have been the temperature when the change was commenced. Thus, it is said that melted iron is *cooled* down to a sub-red heat, or mercury is cooled from the freezing point to zero, or far below. By the same rule, solid mercury, say 50 degrees below zero, may, in any climate or temperature of the atmosphere, be immediately warmed and melted by being imbedded in a cake of ice.—*Scientific American*.

THE CUMING COLLECTION OF SHELLS.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that one of the most splendid collections of shells in the world is, at this moment, in the possession of a private individual in London—Mr. Hugh Cuming. It consists of upwards of 19,000 species or well-marked varieties, from all parts of the world. Of many of the species and varieties there are several specimens; making in all about 60,000 shells, perfect in form, colour, texture, &c. Professor Owen states that no public collection in Europe possesses one-half the number of

species of shells that are now in the Cumingian collection; and that, probably, one-third the number would be the correct statement as regards the national museums in Paris and Vienna.

This collection has been made by Mr. Cuming in almost every part of the known world. "Not restricting," says Professor Owen, "his pursuits to the stores and shops of the curiosity-mongers of our sea-ports, or depending on casual opportunities of obtaining rarities by purchase, he has devoted more than thirty of the best years of his life in arduous and hazardous personal exertions—dredging, diving, wading, wandering—under the equator, and through the temperate zones, both north and south, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean, and the islands of the rich Archipelago—in the labour of collecting from their native seas, shores, lakes, rivers, and forests, the marine, fluviatile, and terrestrial mollusks;—60,000 of whose shelly skeletons, external and internal, are accumulated in orderly series in the cabinets with which the floors of his house now groan."

ELECTRICITY OF EXCITED PAPER.

If an electrical apparatus be constructed with a stout sheet of pasteboard (about 30 inches in diameter) covered with grey paper, instead of the glass plate of Ingenhousz's machine, and it be excited by four pairs of cushions, covered with woollen cloth, its power will be much superior to that of a glass plate of the same size.

EFFECT OF LIGHTNING UPON THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

In the storm of Sunday, April 2, 1848, the lightning had a very considerable effect on the wires of the electric telegraph, particularly on the line of railway eastward from Manchester to Normanton. Not only were the needles greatly deflected, and their power of answering to the handles considerably weakened, but those at the Normanton station were found to have had their poles reversed by some action of the electric fluid in the atmosphere. The mischief, however, was soon repaired, and the needles again put in good working order. It is found that those wires which pass through hilly districts, and are consequently conveyed through railway tunnels, are more deranged by electric or other causes, and the needles more deflected, than those of more level tracts of country.

EXTRAORDINARY VEGETATION.

On April 3, 1848, a thermometer in the shade at the Horticultural Society's garden at Chiswick, stood at 78 degrees; and the heat of the soil, at 2 feet from the surface, was 19½ degrees, and at 1 foot, 51 degrees. This extraordinary fact accounted for the rapid progress vegetation was then everywhere making, and continued to make; for, though the temperature of the air fell, it was some time before the soil lost the heat it had acquired.

FORCE OF STREAMS.

The motive force of the streams in Europe is, according to M. Daubr e, equal to between 273,508,974,

and 364,678,620 horses working incessantly during the whole period of the year.

Professor Kane considers the unappropriated water-power in Ireland to be more than equal in amount to the whole mill-power of England.

“NEVER BE POSITIVE.”

“VERY well, Morley, if that's all, *I'll* swear to the fellow's identity; I've not a shadow of doubt upon the subject,—none.”

“Eh! What's that, Tom?—Do what?—swear to some man's identity?”

“Yes, sir, the poacher we seized yesterday crossing the park. Morley has some qualmish doubts whether he is the man who escaped from us in the scuffle the other night in the woods; and as we took him without arms or game, merely in the path of the lower coppice, he does not like to detain him unless he is quite certain of having the right man. After the mistake at Stanford it might be awkward, you know!”

“Ay, indeed! Sir John does well to pause; and if he is not as sure as that yonder bright sun now shines over us, he would do better to let the man go free.”

“Go free! My dear uncle, only consider the game!—besides, I have no doubt *at all*, and I was present at the affray.”

“Well, if you have *none*,—no fraction of misgiving, —no suspicion, the very faintest, that you *may* be wrong, —then let justice take her course; but if you *have*, stop while you can, and in God's great name. Tom, let the man go.”

The speaker, a fine old man, one of a race now well nigh extinct, the English country Squire, rose as he spoke from the seat he had taken upon a fallen tree in his nephew's park, and laid a hand upon the shoulder of each young man who stood by him:—

“You wonder, boys, to hear a veteran sportsman plead thus for a suspected poacher, and I dare say think me either superannuated or mad, but I have a warning memory ever present when I hear the question of identity discussed; and when I tell you what it is, you will, I think, agree with me, that nothing less than a certainty so positive that is impossible to hesitate, should make one man take that terrible oath which fastens upon another the perpetration of crime.

“Forty years ago I was in the commission of the peace for this county, and, a healthy active fellow of thirty, I was considered a somewhat useful addition, even to a Bench then boasting some of the cleverest men in the division as its magistrates. About ten miles from my place was the family seat of the Whartons, occupied by the head of the race, a stern old man, who, with the possessions of a prince, lived the life of a miser. He had one child, a daughter. A most beautiful creature was Minnie Wharton; gentle and generous, graceful as a fairy, and blithe as a bird, no one ever looked upon without loving her; how she came to be the child of that miserable old man, Dame Nature has it among her many whims to answer for.

I said every one loved Minnie,—but I am wrong,—her father did not!—courteous, as a high bred soldier of the ancient school, he was always, even in his austere parsimony, but he never forgave his daughter the crime of not being a son, and so letting the broad lands of Wharton pass away to a nephew he detested. Bitterly did Colonel Wharton and his heir abhor each other:—some unusual clause in the deed of entail gave young Wharton a power of inquiry and supervision over the estates,—a very hateful right in a successor, and one needing to be most tenderly exercised; but exerted as Charles Wharton did, stretching such an obnoxious authority to its utmost limit, even a milder man than his uncle must have detested him. At last, when this hate was at its fullest, Minnie, who had been for a few years in Scotland under the care of her mother's family, came back to the Abbey; from being the pet and darling of her aunts, to the cheerless home of a penurious father, who scarcely exchanged a dozen words with her at a time. In her wanderings about the grounds she met her cousin, who, struck by her beauty, and guessing who she was, accosted her. They walked on, talking of pleasant things, and the first hour of peace and happiness Minnie had spent for months now passed. When she returned to the Abbey, she would have named her companion to her father, but he was in one of his coldest moods, so her heart failed her, and she was silent. In this way on glided the summer; and no wonder that, before autumn leaves began to change, Charles and Minnie Wharton were pledged lovers, while now, for the first time, when she confessed her innocent love, she learned the enmity subsisting between her father and her lover.

“‘He hates me, Minnie, because all these wide acres must pass from you to me; but, oh, dearest and best! when I give them back to you, as their sweet mistress, burthened only with myself, he will learn to look kindly even upon me!’ said Charles, as Minnie clung shivering to him, when he described the Colonel's aversion, and the stormy scenes he had roused and revelled in.

“I have often wondered how so gentle a being as Minnie could give her heart to such a man as her cousin; but women are strange inconsistencies, and I suppose his handsome face and figure first won her girlish fancy. He always seemed to me a poet's idea of a fallen angel embodied,—daring, haughty, bold, and brave. Fearless in danger, reckless of peril, but gentle as a child to her, tuning his deep and commanding voice into low and musical words for her ear, perhaps there is little marvel that she was fascinated. It was agreed that he should see her father, confess their love, and ask her from him.

“‘Oh, I fear! I fear!’ said Minnie, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the image of her terrible parent.

“‘Why—why, my own love?—do you but say, Yes, and you shall be mine, in despite of father or fate! Minnie, be you but true, and you shall be my wife, though death stand in my path.’ And he drew the trembling girl nearer and closer to him, while she

shuddered in his embrace as if some horrible foreboding crept over her.

"The next day, at a wild gallop, the pace he always rode, young Wharton crossed his uncle's park, and throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, to wander where he listed, entered the old Abbey Hall, and in a few minutes stood before the Colonel. What was spoken at that stormy interview none can tell; but that it was such, the loud tones of the speakers, and their faces ghastly with passion, too plainly revealed. At last, with a violence threatening destruction, the library door was thrown open, and Charles Wharton passed out, saying, as he did so—

" 'I have sworn it;—and, by the sky above me, Minnie is mine, though I win her with my blood!'

"When he was gone, Colonel Wharton sent for his daughter, and, trembling so piteously that she had no power to stand, she came before him. In the calm tones of concentrated rage, he spoke the horrible words of a father's curse; and though she fell senseless at his feet with a wild cry for mercy, he no otherwise noticed it than to bid her maid take her from his sight. A brain fever, no unlikely consequence of such a shock, ensued, and Minnie's life was despaired of, yet no symptom of softening did her father show, nor did he ever once, though her plaintive wailing rang sadly through the corridor, enter her room, or speak a single inquiry; that she lived, he only knew by the low moaning he could not help hearing as he passed her room.

"Minnie had been ill a fortnight, when one morning a gentle tap upon the window of her chamber called the nurse to it,—and, his hair dank with the night dew, his face pale with watching, and his powerful frame trembling with anxiety, Charles Wharton stood before her. She had never till then seen him; and the impression made upon her by his appearance at that hour, clad in the dress of one of his own keepers, was ever after firmly stamped upon her mind.

" 'Let me see her, nurse—oh, for the love of Heaven, let me see her! do not refuse me,' he exclaimed, seeing her hesitate, "for it will be useless. I will see her, even if her father and all the fiends stood in my way. Call him now, if you will; but in his face I will still see her.'

"He entered as he spoke, and went to the bed. There lay Minnie; her long, fair hair, which ought to have been cut off, but which had been spared in pity to its beauty, hung tossing on the pillow; her lips black with fever, her eyes wild, but unconscious, rambling hither and thither without recognition, and her arms bared of their covering by her constant restlessness, formed a sad contrast to his last interview.

"For a moment, all unused to such a scene, and perceiving that her eyes fell upon him, he fancied she knew him, and he exclaimed, in ecstasy,— 'It is me, Minnie; my darling Minnie, speak to me!' But almost before the words were uttered, her brief notice had passed away, and she was gazing upon the window. For nearly an hour he stayed in that melancholy room, listening to her wordless moaning.

At first, the agony of her sufferings seemed to overpower him, but gradually his brow began to darken, his hands to clasp each other; and when the poor girl uttered another painful cry, he started, and the lips which had been silent dared to speak, as if unconsciously; then he rose from his knees, and turning to the nurse, he said,

" 'She does not know me—I see it now. I do not ask you if she will die; but do you say to that most unnatural old man, that if she does, from that hour vengeance will be my sole end in life, and I will take such a reckoning that men's breath shall stop for fear when they hear it—I swear it—here, by the bed of her he has killed.'

"He bent over, and fixed his lips upon her pale brow. 'Farewell, my own, my angel Minnie; fear nothing, for I will watch over you; if you could be moved with safety, I would take you now, in his very teeth.—If I lose you—rest, rest, Minnie, for tears of blood shall be wept to give your spirit peace. Take care of her, nurse; for every hour of ease your attention gives her, the minutes shall be paid in gold; it will not be for long—not very long shall she be at his mercy.' And as he passed out, he shook his clenched hand in the air.

Three hours after this, before the frightened nurse had well recovered from her panic, the whole house echoed with the terrible news that Colonel Wharton had been found murdered, in a coppice about a mile from the Abbey. One of the keepers, in going his rounds, had discovered the body; and in a few minutes from the first intelligence reaching the house, the murdered man was brought in. Medical aid was quickly procured, for people fled here and there, winged by terror and wonder, as if the angry spirit of the dead still ruled them; but it needed not the experienced eye of a surgeon to see that all skill was fruitless—the soul was gone. On the temple was the only mark of violence, yet that was enough to account for death; a heavy blow, dealt by some blunt instrument had shattered the skull, and the brains were mingled with the grey hair. There appeared to have been but a slight struggle, if any, though the clothes of the deceased were wet with the blood oozing from a severed vein.

" 'I can do no good,' said the surgeon, after carefully examining the body. 'Who can have done this?'

" 'His nephew, Mr. Charles Wharton; who else so likely?'

" 'Hush, woman!' exclaimed the startled doctor, as the nurse, who had entered the room, replied to his question, 'Do you know what you say?'

" 'Yes, sir—'tis a horrid deed, bad as the old man used them; and it will have horrid payment; 'twasn't for nothing he swore to-day to have blood.'

"The vulgar are always lovers of the marvellous; and to her eager listeners the woman recounted Charles's visit of a few hours before, with her comments; till all, even the cool-headed surgeon, unable to separate the true from the false, decided that he had done the ruthless deed they looked upon. Before

night, Charles was arrested; and the whole county, far and wide, had heard the hideous tale, that Colonel Wharton had been murdered, and that his nephew was in custody for the crime. At a gamekeeper's cottage, where he had been at first denied to the officers, Charles was found; and upon the breast of the velveteen jacket he had worn in his visit to Minnie's sick room, were clots of blood, scarcely yet dry; the right wristband of his shirt, too, was stained and torn. When first told of the murder, he seemed paralysed and horror-stricken, and at once accounted for the blood upon his clothes, by saying, that on his way from the Abbey to the cottage where he then was, he had been attacked by a dog, which he had stunned, if not killed, by a blow from the butt end of a gun he had with him; and this explained the fact of his fowling-piece being discovered in the brewhouse of the cottage, sticky, and red with gore. Upon going to the place he described, the dog was found, and so much of suspicion was removed; still the magistrates did not think themselves justified in setting him at liberty until the inquest had sat, and he was detained a prisoner at the Abbey.

"Angrily, almost defiantly, he repulsed the accusation of being the murderer; but when he saw the suspicions of his hitherto friends, and their constrained manners, he wrapped himself in the armour of his own pride and confidence, and neither answered nor asked a question.

"The jury met, saw the body, the place where it had been found, and then heard the evidence. I was in the room, and closely watched the proceedings and the prisoner. His arms were folded, and his teeth set; not a nerve moved; and it was only by the starting muscles of his hand, caused by the grasp he held upon a book, we knew how intensely he was feeling; outwardly all was cold, moveless as marble. Once only he visibly showed symptoms of suffering, it was when the nurse repeated, with exaggeration, his visit to Minnie's chamber; then the pale lips quivered, and the eyelids fell lower over the eyes, but that was all. His solicitor was in attendance; and when all the evidence had been apparently given, he submitted that no case had been made out against his client; at any rate, nothing to justify his detention in custody. Just then a loud sobbing was heard in the hall, and the door opening, admitted a constable, bringing in a young girl, about twenty, and a man not much older. On seeing them, Charles started, and his lip slightly curled.

"Oh, Mr. Wharton, do not look so; indeed, I couldn't help coming; indeed, indeed, I could not," and her tears fell faster. After much vain questioning, she sobbed out, 'that she was Miss Wharton's maid, and that she was engaged in marriage to the young man beside her, one of the Colonel's foresters; that early in the previous morning she had gone out to meet her lover in the park, and that they had walked together for some time, when at a distance they observed their master coming towards the spring coppice, where the body was afterwards found; that they concealed themselves until he should have passed through,

when just as they thought themselves out of sight, he turned and walked beside the coppice, instead of entering it, and trees and brushwood intercepted their view; the next time they saw him he had been joined by the prisoner.' And here the witness sobbed so piteously that it was with great difficulty the coroner could induce her to proceed. 'They were very frightened,' she said, 'when they saw Mr. Charles, for they knew the scene likely to follow, as it was she who had taken Miss Minnie from the floor on which she had fallen, when her father cursed her so sadly. They were too far off to hear what was said, and too frightened of being found listening to do so attentively; but they saw Colonel Wharton turn back to the coppice, and the prisoner, after standing a moment or two, as if thinking, follow him. They then seized the opportunity to escape, and parted on leaving the wood; but after she had gone some way, she looked back and saw Charles rush from it across the park, and did not see him again until now, nor the Colonel till she saw him dead in the other room.' Every word of this was confirmed by her lover, and the strictest cross-examination failed to shake their evidence. Charles looked surprised, but said nothing, merely raising his eyes when his attorney said—

"Look at Mr. Wharton, young woman. Are you sure he is the man you saw? Be careful. Remember how strong likenesses are."

"Every eye turned upon him; and none of us but felt that a very cursory glance indeed would be sufficient to fix such features and figure in our memories, with little fear of mistaking them for others. So thought the witness, for, with a yet louder burst of sorrow, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, no! I could never mistake him. I have watched him and dear Miss Minnie too often. God help her! God help her! She will now surely die."

"The prisoner started to his feet, his face flushed for a moment; but in another all was calm, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Yet, from that instant, I felt assured, as though I had seen the deed done, that Charles, overcome by anger and love, was the murderer. With whom else was the old man at such open war? Where had he been from the time he left the Abbey? and if not prepared for some such deed, why and what were the strange threats he had used? Nor did I, till long afterwards, lose the conviction, though, as one of the visiting justices at the county gaol, I saw him frequently. Once, as I was leaving his cell, after seeing, with the silent bow, which was all that ever passed between us, that everything was in due order, he called me back, and, after apologizing for doing so, he said,—

"I have a request to make, that I can place in none but the hands of a gentleman. You are aware that I have no means of learning exactly the state of my plighted wife. I hear, indeed, daily reports from the surgeon, but he deals only with the body, and I pine to know truly how her mind bears up under this calamity. You know her, and she values and trusts you. Will you do me so much kindness as to see her, and cheer her, if she needs it? Tell her to trust me

even now; and if she has a doubt—for sickness engenders distrust and fancies, otherwise I would not so insult her—tell her that I am innocent of the foul charge they make against me. As God lives in heaven—as I love her—as I believe this book’—and his hand rested on a Bible, ‘I am utterly, wholly innocent. I never saw the murdered man from the hour I parted with him in his library, to that I looked upon him dead. You do not believe me. It matters not: *she will.*—Tush! sir, do you think I love her? Should I add the bar of a slaughtered father to those already between us? Men devour the marvellous, or they would laugh at such a charge.’

“For an instant his fine proud tone and bearing shook my belief in his guilt; but only that it might return the stronger. I saw Minnie, as he requested, but, fortunately, she was still too ill to be made aware of the truth.

“Very soon after, the assizes came on; a true bill was found; and, charged with his uncle’s murder, Charles Wharton stood at the felon’s bar. The trial was but a repetition of many another such; and although the first man on the circuit, with a leader retained and brought specially from town, exerted every nerve, I do believe the jury, long before the closing speech was over, had decided upon their verdict. It was as strong a case of circumstantial evidence as I ever heard, and after the unwavering testimony of the girl, who swore most positively to the identity of the prisoner with the man she had seen in the park, there seemed no shadow of a doubt. Yet all our preconceived ideas of the appearances of guilt were at fault. Defiance, boldness, might have been the veil a strongly nerved man would choose to mask his consciousness of crime; but there was no such manner in the prisoner. Dauntless—as if, be the result what it would, he was fearless—scornful, with his haughty lip curling in a strange disdain, he looked upon the court. It was most puzzling. All we *heard*, loudly proclaimed his guilt; all we *saw*, as loudly spoke of innocence. He was asked the usual question, to which he answered, in tones clear and unflinching as they had ever been on the cover’s side,—

“I am innocent, my lord. I shall say nothing more, for I cannot prove it, while nothing less can satisfy justice. Only that this is a public record, I would not say so much; but that, with the chronicle of my death, may go forth the protest of my innocence.”

“The judge looked keenly at the glorious figure he was about to sentence to a frightful death; and, as if he read something in that dauntless brow he could not comprehend, turned over his notes again and again. The barristers leaned across the table to gaze upon the man who spoke so calmly of his fate, and the ladies wept loudly as the judge put on the fatal cap. The sentence was passed; and, doomed to die a felon’s death, Charles Wharton left the dock. The next day, I was dining at the house of the under-sheriff, when a note, every word of which I remember, was brought to me. It ran thus:—

“‘Come with the bearer instantly to me, and bring

with you any other magistrate you can soonest find. Come instantly.’

“It was signed by the surgeon who had been attending Minnie. Referring this note at once to the case of Mr. Wharton, which we were even then discussing, Sir John Mostyn, (your father, my boy,) our host, and myself, started up, and in five minutes were in the carriage Mr. Roberts had *sept*. We drove rapidly on, and, to our great surprise, turned out of the town into a lane of no good repute, where stood the cottages of some suspected poachers. We had fancied we were going to the gaol. When we stopped, our conductor sprang from the box, and rushed into the house. We followed, and were met by Mr. Roberts. He was pale with anxiety and astonishment.

“‘There lies in that room,’ he said, pointing to an inner door, ‘a man so like Charles Wharton, that if I had not seen him in his cell two hours since, I should swear it was him. Not a feature, not a gesture differs. He is dying from a wound occasioned by a fall from a horse. Something is on his mind. God knows whether that poor fellow’s words may not be true, and he is innocent of his uncle’s murder. The very man may be here. At any rate, something is wrong; and I have sent for you to take any depositions he may be induced to make, for, as surely as the day dawns, he will never live to see it. Come with me.’

“We did so, and entered a small low room, where, on a bed, in a dress just such as young Wharton had worn, his head bandaged, and his face drawn aside with agony, a man was laid, so frightfully like him we had heard sentenced to death but the day before, that we started as if his spirit had met our gaze. Bending over the bed, her face hidden in the pillow, was a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age. She never raised her head on our entrance, but as Mr. Roberts passed round to the side of the dying man, she looked fearfully up into his face, revealing, as she did so, her own, of such great beauty that I have seldom seen its equal.

“‘Will he die?’ she asked, in a voice of agony.

“‘In less than four hours, I fear—probably before morning.’

“Oh, no, no no!—Oh, sweet Mother, no!—unconfessed, without a priest, and this horrible weight upon his soul! Oh, sir, save him! for his soul’s sake arouse him!—Philip, Philip!’ and she tossed her long ringlets back, and placed her fair hands, upon which we now saw the marriage ring glittering, on each side her husband’s head, and kissed him. He stirred faintly. ‘Philip, do you hear me? Annie—it is Annie: shall I speak? do you know what I say? may I tell?’—He moved his lips. ‘Bless you! God absolve and bless you!’ she exclaimed; then turned to us, with the grace of a princess.

“I do not understand the forms of law well,’ she said, ‘but you will instruct me. This man is my husband; he has been guilty of a great crime, known only to myself and one other; for this deed another man is condemned to die. He came here to-day to make the prisoner’s innocence known; but the horse that brought us reduced him to the state you see. He

is perfectly sensible, I believe; is he not, sir?" (to Mr. Roberts); "and God and our Blessed Lady will give him strength to sign the confession I shall make for him. His name is Murray—Philip Murray; illegitimate son of the late Colonel Wharton, by a most cruelly deceived mother, who, though her marriage had been a secret one, till within a week of her death believed herself his wedded wife, and Philip his heir. Knowledge of the truth killed her; fierce hatred sprang up between the father and his ill-used son, and they rarely met. There is no need to tell you the evil habits the deserted one fell into—the dead, whom God absolve! has these to answer for; but six months since we were married—I am a Catholic)—and from that day he has striven to reform. An opportunity of settling well abroad opened to us, and Philip wrote to his father, requesting the means of doing so. No answer came; and he resolved to come here and see him. Borrowing a keeper's dress, that he might be unnoticed if seen in the park, he went there to meet the Colonel—he did so—and angry words passed between them, all which Philip bore till the cruel old man spoke vile words of his dead mother, swearing no child of hers should have help from him; and raising his arm furiously to strike his son, that son, in the impulse of ungovernable passion, swung round the gun he held, and his father fell dead at his feet. He fled; and in our first terror (for he told me all) we left the country, and knew nothing of subsequent events; but when he heard that Mr. Wharton was accused, and likely to die, he returned at once, and would have confessed all to save him, had it not been for this accident. Now, gentlemen, put this into what language you will, only make the truth evident; let my husband be spared the guilt of another man's blood, and God will strengthen his hand to sign it."

"We did so quickly; for by the grey shade gathering over the tortured face, we saw death was coming; and after a reviving draught given by the surgeon, he rallied sufficiently to hear the depositions read, and sign them."

"A Roman-Catholic priest, who had been sent for, now arrived, and we left the room, stationing, as a mere form, a person in the ante-room as custodian of the dying man; but, with a lowly reverence, we bent to the brave and loving young wife, who had acted so heroically; for we saw to whose exertions in the right the sufferer had yielded."

"Now for London and the Home Secretary!" I said, as the carriage drove furiously back. And in half an hour, as fast as six of my best horses could get over the road, Sir John Mostyn and I were on our way to Town, with Philip Murray's confession. Those were no railroad days, but never had I travelled at such a pace before; and but for such another need, never will I again. That night's speed cost the lives of four horses. I shot them with my own hand, to relieve them from the agony that killing pace had caused. But though my heart reproached me, as I watched their reeling, tottering frames, as they were led out from the traces, the horrible apparition of an innocent man dangling on the scaffold extinguished

the rising pity, and on, on—faster, faster, we went, in incessant struggle at that speed only, and barely could save young Wharton's life. Rousing the Secretary from his bed, we hurried him off to St. James's, where, happily, the King then was; who, after a brief consultation with his minister, signed with gladness the pardon we sought.

"A week after that, Charles (happy in the prospect of a speedy union with Minnie, now rapidly recovering) and I followed the body of Philip to the grave; and as the solemn service was read, and I looked from the coffin to the living man beside me, who, but for God's mighty interposition as by a miracle, would have occupied as narrow a bed, I vowed a solemn vow, never again to be sure of the identity of any human being, unless there was no possible room for even a reasonable doubt. Ever since then, the thought of what might have been has come upon my memory, saving many a mischief—and 'NEVER BE POSITIVE' is engraven on my heart."

T. J. B.

HOPE.

S. M.

Art, thou deceiver! Wherefore hauntest thou
With the so traitorous brightness of thy smiles,
Thy beckoning hands, and thy resplendent brow,
Hearts that would fain be callous to thy wiles?
The blank of desolation man may bear,—
But he has Hope, and therefore comes Despair.

Away! we will not hear thee! Thou wert given
To torture peace, and to embitter strife
To mock the lost with images of Heaven,
And tell the dying of the joys of life.
Thou promise-breaking painter of false bliss!—
Thou Judas, that betrayest with a kiss!

THE following correspondence is extracted from Nicholls' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century:" the quaintness of the men of business and the waggery of their customer are both rich in their kind.

"GEO. HARDINGE, Esq. if living, if dead, to his Executors, Grocers, Seven Oaks, Kent.

"SIR, OR GENTLEMEN,—Having written to Mr. Hardinge, the late or present gentleman of that name, (we hope the latter,) for payment of a little bill due to us, £1 3s. 4d., we are much afraid that he is no more. If that melancholy event has taken place, we request that you, gentlemen, will have the goodness to pay the demand. We are, Sir, or Gentlemen,

"T— and Co."

Answer in treble letter unfranked, the writer being an M.P.

"GENTLEMEN,—The melancholy circumstance which you have deplored hypothetically has taken place in fact. I am dead,—and am sorry to add, upon account of your bill, am dead insolvent. It is only for that reason that my executors decline to pay your bill. I am sorry that you will pay the postage of this letter, but my death will convince you that I can *frank* no more.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"For self and executors,

"Your most humble Servant,

"The late G. HARDINGE."

(1) After all, was this intended by way of *quizz* on the part of T— and Co.? I hardly think so—yet it may be fair to give them "the benefit of the doubt."

FACTS IN THE EAST, ILLUSTRATIVE OF
SACRED HISTORY.—No. VIII.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

At the fifteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Joshua we read, "And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy. And Joshua did so."

The loosening the shoe from off the foot is a peculiar mark of respect in the East, both religiously and socially, among Moslems and Hindoos. The Parsee, only, wears his shoes in the presence of a superior, in his temples, or in his house. The Moslem even leaves his slippers at the door of the mosque; the Mohammedan moonshee comes barefooted into the presence of his superior. The governor of a town, in making a visit of ceremony to the tent of the European stranger, leaves his slippers at the entrance of the tent, in respect to his supposed superiority.

The Hindoo leaves his slippers at the door of his temple, and constrains the curious visitor to do the same ere he steps into the verandah, because leather is held by him as an unclean thing, and its impurity would, he believes, contaminate the sacred spot, and offend beyond all hope of pardon the insulted idol of his worship. On the summit of the sacred mount of Gernar, one of the five sacred Buddhistical mounts in western India, is a point called the "Bhiru Jhup," or Leap of Death, a chosen spot from which zealous devotees cast themselves, in the assured hope that, by the doctrine of transmigration, they will by virtue of this suicide enter a new state of being, as princes and chieftains. On this spot I was required by the Gosaen living near it to loose my shoes from off my feet, for to the worshippers on the Holy Mount this spot was sacred: and had this Gosaen spoken to a Banian worshipper of the Jain Temples, he would sharply have commanded, as the Captain of the Host did to Joshua, and would have been obeyed with deep humility, even as "Joshua did so;" for, although commanded by an angel to hold the place whereon he stood as holy ground, this mode of showing reverence to sacred places was one to which he was probably accustomed, even as we see the Hindoos and Moslems of our day where respect constrains observance, and where to the stranger of another faith visiting their revered shrines, invariably would they say, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy."

In the seventh chapter of Joshua, and the twenty-first verse, in the confession of Achan, we read, that he coveted the Babylonish spoils, and confessed to Joshua, "Behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it."

The practice of burying treasure under the sleeping-mat laid on the floor of a house, or, if in the camp, concealing it in the ground under a tent, is very common in the East. I recollect an instance that came under my own observation but a short time since, where a young lad, the son of a man called Bappoo Mullah, under the guardianship of a

native princess, died very suddenly, as it was said, of cholera. His family were supposed to have large possessions, and the Baiza Bhaie, as executor of the boy, sent her people to his native village to seize them; but, beyond the house and a few changes of dress, no property could be found. The mother and relatives denied the existence of any such. They were imprisoned in their house, guards set round it, and food refused them: but in vain. The garden was dug about, turbans and slippers burned, in hopes of the ashes discovering the jewels known to have been possessed: but all in vain, and report was accordingly made to the princess. She commanded that a necklace of the bones of dead animals should be hung round the neck of the old Hindoo mother, and that in her condition of starvation the flesh of unclean animals should be given her for food. Thus outraged, and treated with refinement of cruelty, the woman, to escape the loss of that distinction of caste, dearer to her than life, confessed. The floor of the lower apartment of the house was broken up, and earthen vessels found containing gold and silver ornaments, jewels and money to an immense amount, and one vessel, in which, rolled in a turban cloth, were 200,000 rupees, saved by the mother for a journey to Benares, in which holy city she desired to die. All was seized by the people of the Bhaie, and the old woman in three days died of a broken heart. The poor commonly bury all their little savings in an earthen pot below the mat on which they sleep; and before the police magistrate of Bombay I remember the trial of a cause where a Persian traveller arrived in a caravanserai in the bazaar, wearing a jewelled kiczee of great value. When alone, he buried this weapon for security under his sleeping-carpet, and went out, and returned and slept; about to go on his way, in the morning he sought for his kiczee, but its place was empty. Suspicion expressed, a quarrel ensued, and the Persian was so violently wounded that death ensued, and some ten persons were tried for murder; three of them, I think, executed. The Mahratta villagers in the Peishwa's time, when alarmed by the excitement that prevailed, often exhumed the vessels of their treasure from the floor of their huts, and buried them by the roots of large trees in the neighbourhood; and, if a sacred tree, they invoked protection to their property from the particular deity to which it was sacred. We see that Achan, with the shekels of silver and the wedge of gold, hid also a "Babylonish garment;" and it is worthy of remark, that the flower order of Hindoos very generally place all their festival attire, their turban cloths, the embroidered caps of their children, and the boddices of the women, in earthen vessels, sealed with clay, and so bury them, or carry them about in their grain bags, for security, when constrained to move from place to place. And the method, therefore, chosen by Achan for securing his spoils, is precisely that which a soldier of a native army in the present day would select for their security; he, also, would have them "hid in his tent."

At the eighth chapter of Joshua and the thirty-

first verse we read of the altar that Joshua built in Mount Ebal; "an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron." In Cutch, particularly, a province of Western India, to which I have had frequent occasion to draw the attention of the reader of these little papers, all the old temples, with their altars of sacrifice, are of piled stones of enormous weight and size, unsecured by cement, nor has any man "lift up any iron upon them," the sockets and ball-hinges of the heavy doors having been ground with stone in the blocks. These temples and altars were piled in India long anterior to the improved rules of architecture, and knowledge of the power of the arch introduced by the Mohammedans, after their landing at, and destruction of the Temple of Somnath, A.D. 1022.; and the secret by which support was given to these piled temples, the porches of many of which remain, with their side walls and altars, is now unknown.

In the thirty-second verse we read a direction to write "upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses." It deserves remark that this species of record is of the remotest antiquity in India, and from the granite rocks of Girnar I have assisted in copying religious edicts ordered to be so engraven by King Asoka, who became converted by Buddhistical missionaries, and was so impressed by the value of the truths so taught that in several parts of India, as well as on the great pathway to the Girnar Mount, King Asoka caused to be written on the stones "a copy of the law," and calling on all men to disseminate them by assisting missionaries. These characters, though engraven 319 years before the Christian era, are yet fresh as from the chisel of the graver, and are in a character that has undergone no less than nine variations before it resolved itself into that of the present Sanscrit, a fact which, perhaps, conveys the best idea of the antiquity of the edicts. At the present day, no tool known in India has sufficient power to cut the Girnar granite, and sandstone is at much expense carried there to form steps to the Jain temples of the mount, but the cunning graver of old, who "wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law," wrote it with the ease with which the Egyptians wrote on the papyrus, for the characters are as regular and beautiful as the graving of a signet.

In the ninth chapter of Joshua and at the fourth and fifth verses we read of the *ruse* of the people of Gibeon. "They did work wily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old, and rent, and bound up, and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upon them; and all the bread of their provision was dry and mouldy.

The deposed Ameers of Sindh when they urgently required money for any purpose were accustomed to send a man of authority to their principal mercantile city of Shikarpoor, to express, by any means, the amount required from the coffers of the wealthy merchants. These traders, Soucars and Banians, were Hindoo settlers, and the Ameer's servants armed with authority committed much cruelty in the fulfil-

ment of their orders, making their religious prejudices the means of outrage and insult. The result was, of course, great terror among the Hindoo population, and every ingenious practice was resorted to in hopes of escaping the requisition.

I recollect passing through the room of the agency in which the Persian moonshee usually transacted business, when I was startled by a familiar voice kindly inquiring for me, but proceeding from a figure clothed in rags, and smeared with dirt, and looking like one of the lowest Sindhian cultivators.

Sowkaram, the moonshee, laughed. "This is the Seit," he said, adding significantly, "the Ameer's vakeel arrived this morning."

So indeed it was. This man was the richest Hindoo merchant in the city of Shikarpoor, a man who generally called on me laden with rich brocade and Cashmere shawls, his small fingers stiff with jewels of enormous price. But the Seit was constrained to seek refuge in masquerade, and, although required to be present at the agency, negotiating the price of camels for the reserve of the Caubool force, the people of the city believed him to have set out for Candahar, for he "did work wilyly."

Other merchants disguised themselves as potters, and drove asses before them, and escaped from the city with "old sacks upon their asses," and "old garments upon them," and those who failed in such means sent from a garden without the town praying for protection, being guarded there by the vakeel's people without food, with cows' bones hanging round their necks, and leathern slippers on their feet,—an abomination to the Hindoos, the cow being sacred to them, and the hides of all animals unclean.

Of their "wine bottles, old, and rent, and bound up," it will be remembered that the "bottles" of the East are formed of the skins of animals, and either tied at the mouth with a leathern thong, by which, when empty, they are "bound up," or having a wooden plug to prevent the escape of the liquor. These bottles are made of all sizes, sown at the sides, and of oval form; a camel rider has usually several of them swung from his saddle, and filled with water, as a provision against the chance of meeting with dry wells upon a journey. The water-bags are commonly formed of the entire skins of sheep, and through the circular openings of the part that covered the four legs of the animal the water is poured as from spouts, these being secured by thongs, when not in requisition. The ordinary shoe worn by poor people and workmen in the East resembles the Roman sandal, and when the straps break or become worn, the wearers tie them with cord, or sometimes use a wooden peg to replace a button, and probably, as the object of the Gibeon ambassadors was to appear poor, the "old shoes and clouted upon their feet," which they wore as they drove their asses before them, were sandals similar to those a travelling grain seller would be seen with, entering an Indian village, repairs having been made with morsels of stick and cord until of the original shoe nothing remained but the thick, ill-shapen sole.

At the twenty-sixth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Joshua we read, "And Joshua wrote these words in the Book of the Law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak."

The principal trees of India are all sacred to one or other of the persons of the Hindoo triad; as the *Butea frondosa* to Brahma, the Creator; the *Ficus religiosa* to Vishnu, the Preserver; and the *Ficus Indica* to Siva, the Destroyer. In addition to these great powers the supposed attributes of the Deity, as the universal Spirit, are worshipped in the form of idols, and the goddess Bowani, the Indian Ceres, becomes an object of reverence to the cultivator, as the personification of fertility. Under all these sacred trees, therefore, about a village, or it may be beside a well, or near a general halting-place on the highway, in a mangoe grove where abundant fruit is desired, or in a field where rich crops are hoped for,—“a great stone” may be seen set up, rudely cut, and dedicated to a Hindoo deity. This stone is smeared with cinnabar ground with oil, until it forms a pigment, and over the stone are cast garlands of Indian jasmine buds, occasionally mingled with pomegranate and chumpa blossoms, strung on a cotton thread. In front of this great stone, resting against the sacred trees, is a second, carved like a small temple, having a niche in it, where oil is left burning during the night. At the dawn of every day a priest washes the sacred stone, anoints it with fresh oil, and adorns it with newly-ground pigment and blooming garlands. It is not uncommon to see native women, attired in all their bravery, hand joined to hand, walking round and round these trees with measured tread, chaunting chorus-prayers for the health and safety of their offspring. And should a child be weak or ill, smitten with the evil eye, as the poor Hindoo mother fancies, she brings a lock of the child's hair, and tying it in a morsel of yellow or crimson cloth, fastens it among the leaves of the tree, an act which she feels satisfied disarms the powers of evil. A sacred tree, so studded, from a distance looks as if covered with blossoms, and it is only on very close examination that the character of the votive offerings is remarked. The traveller, however weary he may be, and however near his place of rest, ever steps aside to place his finger on the great stone so set up, and to raise it in deep reverence to his forehead, murmuring a prayer ere he goes on his way; and the villager who, bringing out his brazen vessels, bakes his cakes of unleavened bread on the little hearth of stones he has reared in the pleasant shade, never fails to pour a libation of milk, or ghee, over the “great stone” and put a few morsels of rice or grain upon it as a peace-offering. The cultivator brings to it the first handfuls of his newly-reaped wheat, or jowaree crop; the mangoe merchant, his earliest gathered fruit. Protection and good is sought in every form, and gratitude expressed, so that they “who took the great stone, and set it up there under” a sacred tree, are thought to have performed a good work, and it becomes the supposed guardian power of the place.

In the ninth chapter of Samuel, and at the

twenty-fifth verse, it is written, “And when they were come down from the high place into the city, Samuel communed with Saul upon the top of the house.”

I recollect being a guest in the hareem of his Highness the Nuwaub of Junagarh, in Western India, the Serai of the town not being considered a safe residence, despite its Arab guards. At sunset carpets and cushions were thickly laid on the palace roof; and the Nuwaub's chief wives, the Rahit Buckté and the Dosie Beebe, with myself, adjourned there. The ladies smoked their kaliuns, chatted merrily from time to time, listened to the tales told and songs sung by their slave girls, until the night was far advanced; and having slept in the cool fresh air until “the spring of the day,” they arose early, and retired to the apartments of the hareem. It will be seen, therefore, that the custom of communing “upon the top of the house” is as generally usual now among the people of the East, as it probably was in the time of Saul.

“The right Ancient Ballad of the Combat of King Cidrich with the Dragon.”¹

BY THE EDITOR.

Here for the march of intellect,
The schoolmaster's abroad,
And still the cry is raised on high,
Obey his mighty word;
Where'er we go, both high and low
Bow down before his nod;
And the sceptre may hide its jewelled pride,
For our sceptre's the birchen rod.

And all “enlightened citizens” and “learned brothers” say,

That the world was never
One-half so clever
As it is in the present day.
Now I deny
This general cry,
And will proceed to tell you why
I've long since come to the conclusion,
’Tis all a popular delusion.

Oh, I have seen many a wild-beast show,
From the day when Messrs. Pidcock and Co.
Were what vulgar people call all-the-go,
To the time when society mourned for the loss
(All felt it, but no one like poor Mr. Cross)
Of “Chuney,” who went raving mad, as ’tis said,
With the pressure and pain
He felt in his brain
From constantly bearing a *trunk* on his head.

And I have set eye on
That magnanimous lion,
Brave Wallace—oh, fye on
The brutes who could hie on
Fierce bull-dogs to fly on
His monarchical mane! I declare I could cry on
The bare thought, as one weeps when one goes to see
“Ion.”

But of all the beasts I ever did see,
Whether of low or of high degree,
Despite the “schoolmaster,”
And “going a-head faster,”

(1) From Burns' German Ballads.

The arts and the sciences,
And all their appliances,
Never an animal, chained or loose,
As yet have I heard
Utter one single word,
Or so much as attempt to say "Bo!" to a goose.

But you'll see, if you read the next two or three pages,
That in what people now-a-days term the dark ages,
When the world was some thousand years younger or so,
Beasts could talk very well; and it wasn't thought low
For a real live monarch his prowess to brag on,
And bandy high words with an insolent dragon.

The good King Tidrich rode from Bern¹
(And a funny name had he),
His charger was bay, and he took his way
Under the greenwood tree;
And ever he sang, as he rode along,
"It's a very fine thing
To be a crowned king,
And to feel one's right arm strong."

King Tidrich was clad in armour of proof
(Whatever that may be),
And his helmet shone with many a stone.
Inserted cunningly;
While on his shield one might behold
A lion trying
To set off flying,
Emblazoned in burnished gold.

King Tidrich was counting his money o'er,
As he rode the greenwood through,
When he was aware of a "shocking affair,"
And a terrible "to-do:"
Then loudly he shouted, with pure delight,
"A glorious row,
I make mine avow:
I'll on, and view the fight."

And a fearful sight it was, I ween,
As ever king did see,
For a dragon old, and a lion bold,
Were striving wrathfully;
But the monarch perceived from the very first
And it made him sad,
For "a reason he had"—
That the lion would get the worst.

When the lion saw the royal knight,
These were the words he said:
"O mighty king, assistance bring,
Or I am fairly sped;
For the battle has been both fierce and long;
Two days and a night
Have I urged the fight,
But the dragon's so very strong."

In a kind of low Dutch did the lion speak,
Nor his stops did he neglect,
But e'en in his hurry, for Lindley Murray
Preserved a marked respect;
And he managed his H's according to rule.
Full well I ween
Must the beast have been
Taught at some famous school.

Long paused the royal hero then,
Grave thoughts passed through his brain;
Of his queen thought he, and his fair country?
He never might see again;

He thought of his warriors, that princely band,
Of Eckhart true,
And Helmschrot too,
And Wolfort's red right hand.²

But he thought of the lion he bore on his shield,
And he manned his noble breast,—
"Twixt the lion and me there is sympathy,
And a dragon I detest;
I must not see the lion slain;
Both kings are we,
In our degree,
I of the city and he of the plain."

The first stroke that the monarch made,
His weapon tasted blood:
From many a scale of the dragon's mail
Poured forth the crimson flood.
But when the hero struck again,
The treacherous sword
Forsook its lord,
And brake in pieces twain.

The dragon laid him on her back
With a triumphant air,
And flung the horse her jaws across,
As a greyhound flings a hare.
At a fearful pace to her rocky den,
To serve as food
For her young brood
Away she bore him then.

They were a charming family,
Eleven little frights,
With deep surprise in their light-green eyes,
And fearful appetites.
And they wagged their tails with extreme delight,
For to dine on king
Is a dainty thing
When one usually dines on knight.

Before them then the steed she threw,
Saddle, and bridle, and crupper,
And bade them crunch its bones for lunch,
While they saved the king for supper;
Saying, she must sleep ere she could sup,
For after the fight
With the lion and knight,
She was thoroughly used up.

A lucky chance for Tidrich:
He sought the dark cave over,
And soon the king did Adelring,
That famous sword, discover.
"And was it here that Siegfried died?"
That champion brave,
Was this his grave?"
In grief the monarch cried.

"I have ridden with him in princely hosts,
I have feasted with him in hall;
Sword, you and I will do or die,
But we'll avenge his fall."

he espoused Herraud, daughter of King Drusiad, a relation of Attila.

(3) These three champions were among the eleven heroes who accompanied Tidrich in his expedition to contend against the twelve guardians of the Garden of Roses at Worms.

(4) Sigurd, or Siegfried, son of Sigmond, King of Netherland, is the chief hero of the Nibelungen Lay. There are various accounts of his death, one of which supposes him to have been destroyed by a dragon.

Should any reader wish to learn more of the various personages here mentioned, we refer him to the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances," to which we are indebted for our information on the subject.

(1) King Tidrich, Dietrich, or Theoderic, the son of Thietmar, king of Bern, and the fair Odilia, daughter of Essung Jarl, was, as it were, the central hero of the "Book of Heroes," which relates the deeds of the champions who attached themselves to him, and the manner in which they joined his fellowship.

(2) Tidrich of Bern was also king of Aumlungaland (Italy);

Against the cavern's rocky side
 The king essayed
 The trusty blade,
 Till the flames gleamed far and wide.

Up rose a youthful dragon then,
 Right pallid was his hue;
 For with fear and ire he viewed the fire
 From out the rock that flew.
 These words he to the king did say:
 "If the noise thou dost make
 Should our mother awake,
 It is thou wilt rue the day."

"Be silent, thou young viper,"
 'Twas thus the king replied,
 "Thy mother slew Siegfried the true,
 A hero brave and tried,
 And vengeance have I vowed to take
 Upon ye all,
 Both great and small,
 For that dear warrior's sake."

Then he aroused the dragon old,
 Attacked her with his sword,
 And a fearful fight, with strength and might,
 Fought he, that noble lord.
 The dragon's fiery breath, I ween,
 Made his cuirass stout
 Red hot throughout:
 Such a sight was never seen.

Despair lent strength to the monarch then;
 A mighty stroke he made,
 Through the dragon's neck, without a check,
 He passed his trenchant blade
 At their mother's fall, each little fright
 Began to yell
 Like an imp of hell,
 And nearly stunned the knight.

He struck right and left with Adeling,
 That trusty sword and good,
 And in pieces small he cut each and all
 Of the dragon's hateful brood.
 King Tidrich thus at honour's call,
 On German land,
 With his strong right hand,
 Avenged bold Siegfried's fall.

Now ye whose spirits thrill to hear
 The trumpet-voice of fame,
 Or love to read of warrior deed,
 Remember Tidrich's name.
 And mourn that the days of chivalry
 Are past and o'er,
 And live no more,
 Save in their glorious memory.

A DAY AT A LEAD MINE.

THE traveller who enters North Wales by proceeding from the ancient city of Chester to Mold, and who thence takes coach to Ruthin, a small town in the far-famed Vale of Clwyd, cannot fail to notice the commanding and picturesque position of certain works with a sky-fathoming chimney, which crown a rocky eminence on his left hand. The route up to the point where these objects become perceptible, though presenting few particulars of interest, by the bluff hills in the distance, the rugged rocks hard by, and the deep ravine with its boisterous mountain torrent below, forcibly reminds us that the tame, flat, spiritless green landscapes of England are far behind, and that the wild and romantic features of North Wales are before us. Entering a pretty valley,

the boundaries of which are tall and desolate rocks of carboniferous limestone on the one side, and blue heather-clothed mountains of considerable altitude on the other, the road crosses the river Alyn, and winds along on the mountain skirts, separated by a few fields and the stream just mentioned from the rugged cliffs which wall in the valley on the other side. Probably, before having proceeded thus far, the traveller will have noticed wayside indications of having entered a country which, barren and sterile on the surface, contains untold wealth in its deep bosom. Here and there, heaps of broken stones, the *debris* of former mining operations, with rotting wooden drums, broken shafts, dilapidated engine-houses, all proclaim the truth that man has been piercing the earth's surface in every direction in quest of her mineral treasures; but with so small an amount of success as to have discontinued the painful labour, leaving behind him the monuments of his fruitless industry. Some of these old works have yielded vast quantities of lead ore for a time, and suddenly become totally unproductive, reducing their owners to beggary. Others are but the hopeless pokings of a few speculative labourers, where toil has been great and long continued, and its fruit poverty and stones. Here once played the stupendous iron beam of a hundred-horse steam engine, emptying deep cavities below of hundreds of tons of water, and dragging forth waggons full of ore. The deep mine remains; but water springs have long since flooded its galleries. The massive structure, too, remains, which upheld that labouring giant in its work; and the tall chimney, which once carried his hot breath into the clouds; but the unwearied workman has been carried away to a more promising field, and the scene of his sturdy efforts exhibits only ruins and desolation. On these the half-starved pony walked its daily rounds, winding up bushels of broken rock, in which the eye looked in vain for a trace of the coveted metal. Here, too, hope died, and there only remains a sermon in stones, upon the folly which would cast away the certainty of fruit from the surface, for the uncertainty of success below it.

The mine to which our visit was lately paid is most romantically situated, and, as we have said, forms a very picturesque feature in a landscape of much beauty. Looking at it from the road, it is seen to be placed on a high rock, belonging to a chain of similar composition, which runs away far into the distance before us. This rock is a carboniferous limestone of recent formation. At its foot the glistening line of the river Alyn runs, and curiously enough, divides it from a district of a totally different geological character. It is a current maxim in the mining district, "No lead the other side of the river." Why is this? The geologist soon discovers the reason. The lovely mountains on the hither side of the stream are composed of vast layers of a blue shale; and the mineralogical student will immediately see that lead ore is not to be looked for here, since it is principally in the limestone that the mineral ore is found. Whether our conjecture be probable or not, we had not time satisfactorily to ascertain; but discovering limestone rock on the other side of the mountains, corresponding in some respects, to that on which the mine rests, and from circumstances connected with the inclination of the strata in the mountains in question, we are disposed to believe that the mountain chain which forms the chief ornament of the Vale of Clwyd, has been thrust up from below, disrupting the limestone on each side,

and towering above them in haughty majesty. The river Alyn certainly forms the boundary line between the limestone and the shale, be the explanation of the geological events what it may. The lofty chimney and engine-house are placed in the midst of a clustering and luxuriant forest of firs, and are close by the side of a deep ravine, which has reft in sunder a portion of the lime rock, a fact to which, beyond all doubt, the mine owes its origin, for on one side of the rock thus rent asunder, the first discoverer of the mine spied out indications of lead in a vein of spar, which filled up a cleft in the rock. Setting to work, some brilliant masses of galena were soon extracted. The property was hastily purchased, and the mine begun. On our way up to the engine we were shown this very spot, the true, and in this instance faithful, index to greater wealth below. Every portion of spar and ore had long since been removed, and only rubbish occupied its place. It is difficult to fix the period at which this discovery took place. In the history of the mine, kept by its owners, and kindly placed at our disposal, it is vaguely stated that it has been worked for "ages unknown," the history of its first discovery being all that can be accurately ascertained. Its subsequent history has been one of oscillations, though probably the yield has been less variable than that of most mines. Yet it has known some remarkable fluctuations. In 1762, a level was driven at the depth of one hundred and twenty yards, and the mine was drained by a water-wheel of twenty-two feet diameter, actuating a series of lift-pumps. In 1777, the lowest level was given up, for the water overpowered the machinery. Soon after, from several causes, the mine was altogether abandoned until the year 1790. It was then again worked, and proved a paying undertaking. Shortly, however, before coming into the hands of its present owners, the amount of ore raised was so small, and the difficulties of working, in consequence of the powerful springs of water, so great, that the proprietors sold their shares, in despair, to the present owners. These enterprising gentlemen worked on patiently, but with vigour; and, strange to say, in about a month after it had come into their hands, the largest bed of ore was broken in upon that has ever been known in the history of the mine, containing, as was conjectured, a mass sufficient to supply work for at least five years. Since that time its produce has been steady, and the mine now yields a very large revenue to its owners. Although we may reasonably despair of a Saxon reader giving it 'the proper accentuation, yet we may mention that the Welsh title of the mine is *Maes-y-Safn*, which may be rendered, the "Field's-mouth," the term having probably originated from the country people, beholding a deep hole in the field, giving it the above fantastic title. It is a noteworthy fact, that the vein which yields the ore in this mine lies in a due east and west direction.

As we toil up through the ravine of which we have spoken, the deep concussions which move the air, and the rill of boiling water which runs steaming down the hill by our side, tell us that we are nearing the abode of the iron monster whose duty is to suck this great hill dry—if he can. Gaining the summit of the rock, behold his dusky frame, bending with never-ceasing efforts to his daily and nightly task! See, how that colossal beam stoops and rises, again and again, its one extremity hid in the castle-like structure where the cylinder is placed, while to the other is attached an

immense oak beam, which shivers like a willow branch beneath its impulse, and goes trembling down to the heart of the earth to do its business there. The kind of steam-engine necessary for this work is simple. As there is no rotatory, but simply a perpendicular motion necessary, there is no fly-wheel, crank, &c. At the one end is the cylinder, with its piston; at the other end of the beam, the immense pump-rod it has to put in motion. The power of this engine is reckoned at about one hundred and fifty horses. Some idea may be formed of the duty it has to do, when it is mentioned, that the weight of the pump-rods alone is considerably more than twenty tons, and, although this is balanced so as to diminish its influence upon the engine, still the mere amount of force necessary to set in motion this great machinery, would more than suffice to do the ordinary work of a small factory. Of course, the whole amount of power after overcoming this difficulty is spent upon the twelve pumps which are situated at the bottom of this shaft, and draw water from all parts of the mine. Four immense boilers supply this engine with steam, and must be kept in full work to meet the demands of the enormous cylinder of the machine. Difficulties of no ordinary kind attended the erection of such heavy mechanism on the top of an almost inaccessible rock, and materially added to its cost, it having been stated that the probable entire expense of its erection fell little short of ten thousand pounds. Proceeding from the engine house to the roof, we enjoyed one of those prospects which only Wales can afford. Distant mountains rose in blue undulations against the sky, while at their feet the fertile fields spread their smiling garments of green, and ran down to the river's bank. Just below, were waving forest-tops, and on either side precipitous hills showed their rugged profile in stern contrast with the scenery beyond and beneath.

On descending, the mouth of the pit was uncovered, and we looked down the yawning hole in which the ponderous pump-rod was for ever playing up and down. The descent was by means of ladders. We had looked forward with some pleasure to an exploration of this mine in person, but the sight of the shaft, dark, reeking wet, and only to be descended by ladders, with the disagreeable certainty of alighting into a foot or so of water at the bottom—for the mine was flooded—daunted us; and when we learnt, in addition, that we should probably come up drenched to the skin; that the roof of the levels dripped water "like a shower-bath," and the floor was everywhere covered with water; and that, after all, little could really be seen that was worth the trouble,—all these things considered, we deemed it most prudent to give up the attempt. Nor are we ashamed to confess that bronchitis and an underground soaking, linked together as they were in our estimation, stifled every desire we might have felt for the visit. Although, therefore, a miner's suit was kindly proffered for use, we declined accepting of it; and, unless matters are more promising another time, we feel much disposed to recommend a similar course to every visitor.

We have thus seen one of the pre-requisites to obtaining the lead ore—the machinery for draining the mine. Descending the hill in the track of the steaming rivulet of water discharged from the condenser of the engine, we come a little way below to the middle shaft. There is a twelve-horse engine on a sort of plateau here. Heaps of spar are scattered around, and every indication

exists to show that it is at this spot where the deep hidden riches of the rock are dragged to light. Numbers of men are bustling around: some are busy with the trucks for conveying the ore; a few are breaking and puddling ore, and others are superintending its transport to the washing-place. On approaching nearer, we found the shaft opened in the side of the rock, and was a sort of low tunnel, on the floor of which were a couple of tram-lines. This shaft was not perpendicular, but inclined at an acute angle; and we learned that it terminated in a level, to which the ore to be raised to the surface is conveyed. Low trucks of a peculiar shape are used for this purpose. The one is the "up-line," the other the "down-line." Trucks laden with ore are dragged up by a long rope wound round a great wooden drum moved by the steam-engine, on the one line, while the empty ones descend by the other to be reladen by the industrious miners below. The engine moves, the drum revolves, the long rope tightens; applying the ear to the rock, there is a muffled sound of wheels in the distance. It approaches nearer, and a long line of trucks rushes up the steep declivity. The engine stops, and the trucks are impelled along a short tram-road to the debouching place. At this spot there is a large wooden trunk, which opens by three branches or funnels, discharging their contents into other trucks, which then carry the ore down to the washing-place. By a simple contrivance—a moveable inside partition, the ore can be discharged at pleasure by any one of these three funnels; and this is necessary, because there are three sets of miners employed, and the ore they procure is kept separate the one from the others, in consequence of the system of pay depending upon the value and amount of the work done. The tram-road runs to the mouth of this three-branched trunk, and as each truck, full of ore, runs along it, on reaching the extremity, there is a little contrivance, by which it is made to tilt itself over, and empty its contents into one or other of the three branches. When in full work this spot is a peculiarly interesting one, and at all times the continued motion of the toiling engine, the roar of the ascending and descending carriages, the rushing to and fro, and the thundering rattle of the ore clattering down the wooden tubes, make it perhaps one of the most lively scenes about the mine.

Fortunately, to follow the ore in its further progress it is not necessary to take the same course as it, down the wooden tube. A narrow path winds down the back part of the office of the works. As we descend, booming sounds, like those of a couple of ponderous hammers directly succeeding each other, meet our ear, and resound quite across the valley. We come, also, in sight of two long beams, which run up the hill, and move majestically to and fro incessantly. One of these beams was said to be several hundred yards in length; the other is not so long. They are composed of massive pieces of timber, solidly joined and clamped together, and they rest upon iron-friction-wheels, which bear their weight and assist in their motion. In consequence of the steep ascent of the hill, they are necessarily inclined at a considerable angle; and to obviate their consequent gravitating tendency, a heavy balance-weight is placed at the end of each. On our way down, we pass the termination of the shortest of these roddings; at this spot it is seen that their office is to pump water from levels not drained by the steam-engine above. In leaning over the shaft, a very curious circumstance pre-

sents itself. A powerful current of warm, moist air, possessing a peculiarly earthy odour, rushes up it, with sufficient force to be felt by the hand, and very sensibly by the face. The miners, also, declare that they never experience cold in their occupations, although they are so constantly drenched with water. While there is this strong ascending current up one shaft, there is also a descending current of air down another to supply its place. The explanation is, undoubtedly, that this warmth is due to that mysterious source of heat which all philosophers admit to exist in the crust of the earth, while none are able satisfactorily to explain it. At this spot it was a natural impulse to listen if aught could be discerned by the ear of the ceaseless sounds we well knew to be occurring in the mine below. Although blasting, hammering, shouting, picking, and all such noises are continually taking place in those depths, to the ear on the surface all was silent as the grave—not so much as a distant echo could we hear at this spot to tell us that a gang of toiling sons of men were hard at work beneath our feet.

Following the direction of the rodding, we came in sight of the source of those deep-toned, sharp sounds we had heard, and we could wish that we could illustrate with the pencil a scene we must attempt to describe by the pen. We had entered a narrow, densely wooded ravine, at the bottom of which ran the impetuous river we have before mentioned; on this side were sharp rocks of no great height, on the other, the graceful foliage of larch, elm, and oak trees; and overtopping the tops of the trees, we beheld the broad iron rim of a stupendous water-wheel, fifty feet in diameter, rolling its deep-celled edge in a magnificent circle, and showering down sheets of glistening water, which sparkled and flashed in the sun in a manner beautiful to behold. This immense machine was entirely constructed of wrought iron, its appearance is, consequently, light and elegant in the extreme, and the picture presented to the eye by the union of the great and graceful in art with the wild and lovely in nature, is one we have seldom seen equalled. The wheel is an undershot, and is fed by a sluice drawing its supply from the river at a higher portion of its course. Each rim is provided with an armature of powerful iron cogs, which set in motion a pair of smaller wheels, furnished with powerful cranks connected with the rodding. The great wheel revolves twice in a minute, the smaller ones ten times; consequently, the pumps which are lifted by the rodding make ten strokes a minute. The cause of the sounds is the jumping movement of the cranks which impel the rodding; as it is found altogether impossible to prevent a certain heavy jerk at each revolution, which shakes the very earth in the vicinity of the machine. The power of the wheel is calculated at eighty horses. Thus, the drainage power of this mine is equivalent to that of two hundred and thirty horses; yet, with all this, the water occasionally overpowers the machinery. The spectacle presented by this picturesquely placed colossal engine made us linger long in its vicinity, and when we departed left an impression of mingled pleasure and awe of some duration. It was a beautiful, spirit-stirring sight!

A team of trucks proceeding leisurely along the mimic railroad at a little distance, reminds us that our visit is but yet half completed. The ore, having been received from the discharge pipes before seen, is conveyed by horse power along the tram-road, across a field to another portion of the works, where it is to be washed and

prepared for the market. By the side of the tram-road runs a small rivulet of water, taken off from the sluice which supplies the water-wheel. Insignificant as this may appear, we shall presently find that even this tiny streamlet has a most important duty to fulfil before it is lost once more in the parent stream. The trucks arrive at length at their destination, and here there are also three funnels, corresponding in function in some respects to those through which the ore has already passed, being each appropriated to the reception of the different "lots" dug up by each of the three gangs of miners. The rivulet now becomes confined in several wooden tubes, and as the ore is discharged from the trucks down each of the funnels, a stream of mountain water, clear as crystal, falls upon it, and washes away at once much of the dirt and extraneous matters, in some measure purifying it, and preparing it for future operations. These are carried on in a convenient area below, where a large number of men and boys may be seen busily engaged upon different portions of the work.

It is very possible that the appearance of lead ore in the rough, just as it is extracted from the mine, may cause some surprise that such apparently valueless rubbish should be so carefully dealt with and anxiously sought after. We were ourselves surprised on being told that a little heap of yellowish dirt and spar contained any lead-ore; but our surprise vanished when we saw a stream of pure water sent rushing through and through it, and lumps of grey ore alone remained behind. It was experience teaching us the value of what ignorance calls refuse. It is associated in this case with calcareous and fluor-spar, and with a yellowish clay and rubble. The ore is occasionally met with in large lumps, and in those cases is of fine quality, and bears a proportionate value in the market. This is called "round ore;" in consequence of its greater purity, it yields a considerably larger portion of metal per cent. than the "small ore" does. Although a lump of lead-ore taken in the hand has all the density of a mass of lead, and to the eye much resembles a portion of the metal in brilliant crystals, it must not be mistaken (as is commonly done) for pure lead. Technically, it is called galena, and its chemical composition indicates it to be a compound of sulphur and lead, a sulphuret of lead in fact. One hundred parts of galena contain about eighty-seven parts of lead, combined with thirteen of sulphur. In order, therefore, to obtain the metal in a fit state for economical purposes, it is not sufficient simply to melt the ore and run it into moulds, as one is disposed to imagine. The sulphur in combination with it must be discharged; and this is effected by the operation of smelting, a process we shall shortly describe further on.

After the first washing, we found the ore was conveyed to one side of the area on which these operations are going forwards, and here we were amused at the simple method which is at the beginning of the extractive process. There is a long, cast-iron bench, a little raised from the ground, on which the spar and lead-ore are placed to be bruised and prepared for the washers. This iron bench is called the "knock-stone." Six or seven young men were busy bruising a heap of ore, which lay before each, by means of a heavy kind of mallet, having a broad, flat head of iron, technically, the "beating-bucker." Wielding their instruments with a peculiar sweep, the ore is crushed, and pushed off the bench to make room for more; and the six or seven

mallets make a somewhat agreeable sound as they all fall together upon the knock-stone. The foreign matters with which the lead-ore is found united, in this mine, being soft and friable, cause this inartificial method to be perfectly adequate to the trituration of the mass; but in other mining districts the more perfect machinery of crushing and stamping mills is requisite to prepare the hard ore for the washers. A coarse sort of powder, or rather gravel, is thus obtained, and we are conducted to the wash-pools, a little beyond.

Here, the sparkling rill we were tempted to despise, as it gambolled through the field by our side, enters upon the serious duties of its existence. It is conducted by a number of pipes, which ramify in every direction, to a series of shallow beds. The ore to be washed is spread out, and a current of swirling water rushes through it; it is raked to and fro across the current until the operation is completed. The water thus carries away all the lighter particles of clay, mud, and spar, but is unable to carry to any distance the heavier portions of the lead, which are therefore easily separated. The lead-ore is then collected, re-washed, and sifted, and after undergoing several processes of a similar description, it is conveyed to a certain heap in the weighing place. The water, however, carries away a considerable quantity of ore in the form of a fine powder, called "sludge;" this is, of course, too valuable to be allowed to run to waste. The water is consequently conducted, all black and slimy now with particles of the ore, into a number of deep pits. In these it deposits its lead, and after it has escaped from the last and is once more free, it retains but little mineral impurity. When the pits are filled to a certain depth with the ore in this condition, it is dug out, dried, and sold separately at an inferior rate to that in larger crystals.

The last spot to which we were conducted about the mine is the paved area, on which a number of heaps of ore of different qualities, and belonging to different gangs of miners, rest. We might call this the shop of the mine, for here the goods are exposed to view, and here the bargains for their purchase are made. This, therefore, is the proper place for the discussion of matters of business connected therewith. The sales of ore are effected once a month, and its price is, of course, regulated by two circumstances, the market price of the metal, and the purity of the parcel for sale. The market price of lead has varied extremely, and is always more or less uncertain. The price of ore at the mine in 1823 was as high as 14*l.* 10*s.* a ton, whereas at the present time it is only 9*l.* 10*s.* Every ton of ore has to pay a certain royalty to the lord of the manor; at present, the royalty paid at this mine is 1*l.* per ton. A productive mine is therefore a source of considerable revenue to the lord of the manor, originating without anxiety, and collected without trouble of any kind on his part. The average amount of ore raised at this mine in a month, has varied from 150 to 200 tons. As the yield is always dependent upon the character of the vein worked, and as the latter is well known to be most uncertain, it follows that the amount of ore obtained is sometimes in excess of this sum, and oftener in diminution. A large heap of ore by our side had just been sold to an eminent patent-shot manufacturer. This heap was perhaps twelve feet square, and about three in height: our conjecture as to its probable value made the gentleman who was kind enough to accompany us smile; but it is probable our readers will wonder with

us to learn that this mass represented the value of upwards of five hundred pounds, a sum of which our conjecture fell wofully short.

Before following the lead into the hands of the retail dealers, we believe it will interest to give a short statement of the manner in which the work of this mine is conducted. The total number of men employed is one hundred and forty; the miners forming, of course, the majority. The day is subdivided into three parts of eight hours each; for day and night are all one here. At the end of each period of eight hours, one gang of men comes up, while another gang descends. The men are said to enjoy tolerable health; but there can be no doubt that the nature of their occupation—so much wet, such continued toil, and such privation of air and light—has a serious influence upon their constitutions, and but few are in the enjoyment of that robust health which is the above-ground labourer's portion. There is a captain set over them, who descends into the mine every other day, reports its condition, and the conduct of the miners, and also sets them their work. Bargains for work are made every month. The system of pay has already been hinted at; it is by piece-work; either so much a yard is paid for excavating the vein, or so much a ton upon the amount raised. This system has this advantage, that it keeps the men to their work, and holds out to the industrious gangs the certainty of remuneration for their efforts, while the less diligent receive their silent reproof in the smallness of the sums they obtain. The men, on the whole, are a better and more contented class than the colliers, and we had evidence that their welfare is not a subject of slight consideration in the eyes of the benevolent proprietors of the mine.

We may tag on to this a desultory fact or two which we find in the notes of our excursion. There are eight or nine drifts, or levels, in the mine, of varying length and depth. The extreme depth is three hundred yards; the levels are generally passages six feet high, by four and a half feet in width. One of them, which is called the "adit level," is one mile and a quarter in length, driven through solid rock! From some peculiarity in the arrangement of the super-incumbent rock, the mine is much incommoded with water. Although the water-wheel and steam-engine eject an enormous volume of water, a mimic cataract in itself, the galleries are often flooded, and the water rises with a rapidity sometimes almost alarming. Even the effects of a shower are often sensible in the depths of this mine. It is curious that another mine in its immediate neighbourhood is so free from water as to require no draining machinery; and the very natural conjecture is, that the ponderous mechanism of these works fulfils that office for both.

Heavy laden teams are winding down the road, each with its load of lead-ore, on the way to the smelting works. That we may present a complete view of the history of this metal, let us follow one of these carts, with its blue, but weighty load. When galena is heated before the blow-pipe, with caution, its sulphur flies off, and the lead remains behind in a melted form. It was by means of a simple process analogous to this that the ancients obtained their lead. The ore was put into furnaces, which were generally placed on some elevated site, and the fire was urged by the natural current of air in such positions. This was, however, a very wasteful process, as much of the lead became oxidized, and it is therefore no longer employed. The furnace now

most extensively employed is the reverberatory or cupola furnace. A few words will suffice to make its construction readily understood. At one end of a long furnace, having an arched roof, the fire is placed: between it and the place where the ore is deposited is a block of masonry, called the fire-bridge; beyond this is a basin-shaped cavity, into which the ore is placed; and the flue leading into the chimney is at the end of the furnace. The fire, in consequence of the curve of the roof, is thus made to strike down upon the ore as it passes over it in its way to the flue; hence the term reverberatory. In the centre of the basin-like cavity is a hole leading to a tap by which the liquid metal is drawn off: and in the roof and sides of the furnace are holes and doors for putting in more ore, or for stirring it backwards and forwards. A ton of lead ore is put in,—this is the ordinary charge; it is spread over the hearth or basin of the furnace, and a gentle fire is kept up for about the space of two hours. The heat is then raised, and it is common to throw a small quantity of small coal upon the ore, and to rake all thoroughly together. The ore now begins to melt, and in a little time becomes a liquid mass of *slags* and metallic lead. The furnace is again opened, and, in order to make the fused slags separate more readily from the metal, some quicklime is then thrown in, and the heat is lowered for a time. The slags thus become more solid, and are pushed up the side of the basin, so as to be clear of the melted metal. The heat is again increased, and more lime is added. In about five or six hours the smelting process is completed. The lead is then allowed to run through the tap into a cast-iron cistern, placed in the wall outside the furnace. From this reservoir it is ladled out, and poured into cast-iron moulds; it is then called pig-lead.

Some lead ores contain a very large admixture of silver, so large as to render it worth while separating it from the baser metal. This is ingeniously effected by allowing the lead to crystallize repeatedly, and lading out the crystals, and it is found that at last only a small portion remains, which will not crystallize, and this contains all the silver that might have been originally dispersed through a ton or more of the liquid metal. It is separated by causing the lead to oxidize, and the silver is at last left in a glittering mass at the bottom. The actual amount of silver thus obtained is considerable,—many thousand ounces in a year.

The lead is now ready for the manufacturer. It is principally made into three articles, sheet-lead, lead-pipe, and shot; of course we do not here take into consideration its decomposition for the purposes of paint, &c. Sheet-lead is made by pouring a quantity of the liquid metal upon a cast-iron table of large size, evenly covered with a layer of fine wet sand, and surrounded by a raised edge to prevent the metal flowing over. It is then spread evenly by an appropriate instrument, and rolled by steam-power to the requisite thickness. Lead-pipe is first cast as a thick, hollow cylinder, and is then drawn repeatedly through a steel plate, until it is reduced to the proper length and diameter.

The simple but ingenious method of manufacturing shot has a curious history. It is said that one Watts, a workman, at Bristol, in the year 1782, conceived it *in a dream*! Full of his project he ascended the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in that city. Melting some lead there he poured it down, and, hastily descending, to his great joy he found a multitude of round

metallic drops at the bottom. A patent was obtained, and the process continues to be adopted to this day, only that the lead is poured through a colander, and is allowed to fall into a vessel of water. The shot are afterwards sifted, sorted, and polished by being made to rub against one another in a sort of tub rotated by machinery.

We might fill pages with anecdotes of the lead-lotteries: for such, mining speculations upon this ore have often proved. We shall content ourselves with an authentic one, related to us by a friend in the mining locality:—

A drunken, but clever miner, who was supplied with funds by the unfortunate inhabitants of a village not far from the mine, had for several years been boring, without raising a pound of ore. Buoyed up by hope, the company long continued, with invincible patience, to furnish him with the money necessary for the undertaking, and he and his men, on their parts, were full of promises of an abundant return the moment the vein was reached. Thus matters went on, the mine swallowing up money by heaps, but disgorging nothing beyond a few faint symptoms of lead ore. Late one evening, this miner entered the town, and applied to several of the shareholders only for a deposit of a few more pounds, and then, he declared, the vein would at last be reached. Every one turned a deaf ear to him; all said they were weary of giving so much, and receiving nothing in return; and it was generally determined to throw the mine up. They forfeited their shares in consequence; and the man, in de-pair, went to a gentleman hitherto unconnected with the undertaking. This person believed the solemn assurances of the miner, and for a few pounds bought the greater number of the shares himself. The miner went home, elated with his success, and in less than a week afterwards the *vein was opened*. Out of it flowed an amount of ore so vast, that in a few years the fortunate person who had advanced the money had made an immense fortune, and the miner himself became rich enough to buy a considerable estate. No one can paint the disappointment which appeared on the faces of the quondam shareholders on learning the event. This is one of many; but probably a greater number might be related on the opposite side of the case, and forcibly impress the general truth, that it is always hazardous to grope in the dark. Men may fall upon untold treasures, but the probability is that they will oftener fall into poverty in the search.

Bidding adieu to the gentlemen who had so courteously entreated us, and so readily supplied us with the requisite information, we set off on foot for home—home, deep buried in the charming vale on the other side of those blue and beautiful, but ore-less mountains. Our road lay across the little valley of which we have spoken, and clomb the broad bosom of a swelling hill. In spite of the occasionally fertile aspect of a few scattered fields, the impression left upon the mind after a visit to these mining districts is, that the region is barren and desolate; and the white heaps of refuse, which show conspicuously on the distant hills, add much to the feeling. Climbing the mountain's side, at length we reached its summit; and here what a contrast lay before us!—a fair valley, rich in alluvial soil, studded with beautiful country seats, with here and there a snug town sending its warm blue breath up into the sky, fields dressed in living green, sheep "upon a thousand hills" and knolls, and a quiet river winding its lazy

length along, guarded by mountains round about, and opening in a graceful curve toward the blue sea in the distance. Surely here, thought we, is a whole book upon the folly of mining speculations. The iron never enters this soil in vain; the seed committed to its care does not die and rot, and waste away like the gold and silver sown on the other side of the mountain. No disappointed hopes are created here, no gaudy bubbles blown and burst, nor are men either suddenly thrust up to the giddy heights of luxury, or dragged down to the depths of poverty and distress. God's blessing appears to rest upon these pursuits; the earth yields her increase at His command. "He watereth the hills from his chambers. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man," and the beautiful landscape seems to join in creation's harmonies to sing His praise. Such, at least, is the aspect of things: on the one side desolation and ruin, on the other, peace and plenty. And with these thoughts, after a long and pleasant walk, we concluded our Day at a Lead Mine.

N. C.

LOVE IN SORROW.

BY S. M.

WHAT shall I do for thee? Thou hast my prayers,
Ceaseless as stars around the great white throne;
No passing angel but to heaven bears
Thy name, wreath'd round with some sweet orison;
Yet evil on thy path may come and go,
Taking deliberate aim to lay thee low,
While I stand still, a looker-on, to prove
The penury and silence of my love!

How can I comfort thee? my tears are thine;
Full duteously upon thy griefs they wait;
If thou art wrong'd, the bitterness is mine,
If thou art lonely, I am desolate;
Yet still upon thy brow the darkness lies,
Still the drops gather in thy plaintive eyes,
The nails are sharp, the cross weighs heavily—
I cannot weep away one pang for thee!

The midnight deepens,—and I cannot guide;
The tempest threatens,—and I cannot shield;
I must behold thee wounded, tempted, tried,
Oh, agony—I *may* behold thee yield!
What boots that altar in my heart, whereon
Thy royal image stands, unbreathed upon,
And pure, and guarded from irreverent glance,
With a so vainly jealous vigilance!

Oh, were this all! But no—I *have* the power
To grieve thee by unwary tone or deed,} . .
Or, niggard in my fear, to miss the hour
For comforting with hope thy time of need,
To hide, too shily, half the love I feel,
Too roughly touch the wound I seek to heal,
Or even, (oh, pardon!) wayward and unjust,
To wrong thee by some moment of mistrust.

Yet I would die for thee, and thou for me;
We know this of each other, and forgive
These tremblings of our frail mortality,
So prompt to die, yet so afraid to live.
Lift we our eyes to heav'n! Love greets us thence
Disrobed of its earthly impotence,
Ev'n human love—below, still doom'd to be
Stronger than death, feebler than infancy!

RECENT SCENES IN NEW MEXICO.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

THESE words of Cowper seem written almost expressly to describe the events which have occurred in the country indefinitely named New Mexico, since the United States government chose to imagine that it could rule the inhabitants of the western plains better than they could rule themselves. The war was a game played for the acquisition of territory, whether "to have and to hold" remains to be proved, and it appears to have been played with a wantonness of purpose, and a recklessness of suffering, which, to us old islanders, who witnessed the tremendous continental struggles of years gone by, and have recently mourned over the destruction of human life among our *kindred* the Sikhs, mingles something of absurdity with the tragedy of war. We believe this Mexican business is as unpopular among the sober and thoughtful portion of the American nation as it is reprobated by us; but a thirst for aggrandizement by increase of territory is one of the features common to recently constituted empires. The day is fast coming when a war of aggression shall be acknowledged a sign of internal weakness.

The tract of country which has been the seat of this war is very little known to us; the Spaniards know it better; it lies along the eastern base of the rocky mountains, and is watered by the Rio Grande del Norte one of the few rivers of that region which flow almost due south and fall into the Gulf of Mexico. The face of the country seems to alternate between sandy deserts and monotonous prairies, interspersed with narrow river-bound strips of fertile land, which it requires little industry to render highly productive. The Mexican inhabitants are hemmed in by the Apache and other Indians, many of whom have acquired the vices only of their more civilized neighbours, but who are extremely interesting on account of their primitive religious customs. The following extracts are taken from an unpretending but entertaining little volume¹ published at Philadelphia, and written by a young volunteer, who "happening to be at St. Louis, with time hanging heavily on his hands from unusual inactivity," enrolled himself in the battalion of light artillery under General Kearney, and subsequently under Colonel Doniphan. The book is written in a free and lively style, the author having evidently as much taste for scenery, manners, and character, as for the glorious pomp and circumstance of war; of which, by the way, he met with but little. But we happen to *know* that his cool and determined courage had a considerable share in deciding the Battle of Bracito in favour of the Americans. The following was the equipment of the volunteers at starting.

"Each soldier was to furnish himself with a good horse, a saddle, clothing—in short, every thing except arms. Although we were not absolutely required to uniform ourselves, it was recommended that a suitable

uniform would be desirable, so we provided a neat dress, somewhat similar to the fatigue dress of the regulars. We also got our Spanish saddles all made of one pattern. The common but good article we procured could hardly, strictly, be called a saddle, as it consisted of nothing but the skeleton or tree of one, with the girth and stirrups attached. The object of this simplicity was to render it as light and cool as possible to the horse; and by putting a good Mackinaw blanket above as well as beneath, it made a comfortable seat—the blankets forming our beds at night. Our horses were good, being principally Illinois grass-fed animals, just suited to the service for which they were now wanted. Mine carried me more than two thousand miles in the Mexican country, and he was at last stolen from me at Sencillo, about eighty miles below Chihuahua, and I almost felt I could have cried when, after long search, "Old Tom" could not be found. An important part of our equipment was a stout leather waist belt, supporting a good butcher-knife, to which many of us added a revolving pistol, a weapon we found very useful. And knowing that we should be obliged to go over long distances without finding water, we all provided ourselves with tin canteens holding half a gallon;—these, covered with a piece of blanket, kept wet to cool the water, are a very necessary article."

Thus provided and arrayed, the band started from St. Louis along the Military road, as it is called, and entered the Santa Fé road, on the 4th of July, 1846. Their hardships began with a violent rain-shower, which our young volunteer says he and his comrades of the city, who had previously led what might be called a delicate life, endured better than the young farmers, whose lives had been spent in the open air. Of the Arkansas our volunteer says:—

"Although the northern bank of the Arkansas is well covered with grass, and scattering groves of trees are not unfrequent, yet the southern bank consists of nothing but huge sand-hills, entirely destitute of vegetation. We had been travelling within sight of these hills for several days before we came to the river, and could hardly believe that we did not see large cities on the banks—indeed we could plainly distinguish gilded domes of churches and roofs of houses,—the deception was caused by the rays of the sun upon the pointed sand-hills."

The army saw but few Indians in this part of the country; all the prairie tribes have a great dread of cannon, and they as carefully avoided strangers. Buffaloes and large gray wolves were numerous. On the night of 17th of August they halted at Pecos, a small Mexican village so called from the ruins of an Indian town at the same spot. "All that is left of what was one of the most celebrated of the Aztec towns is the church, which is of immense size, and supposed to be over 500 years old. This is the church which contained the sacred fire, said to have been kindled by Montezuma, with orders to keep it burning till his return. The fire was kept alive for more than 300 years, when having by some accident been allowed to go out, and most

(1) A Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan. By Frank S. Edwards, a Volunteer.

of the town having been depopulated by disease, the remainder of the inhabitants abandoned the place and joined a neighbouring village. There are many traditions connected with this old church, one of which is, that it was built by a race of giants fifteen feet in height, but these dying off, they were succeeded by dwarfs with red heads, who, being in their turn exterminated, were followed by the Aztecs. But a singular part of the story is, that both the large and the small men were white. The bones which have been dug from the floor of the church are certainly of gigantic size. A thigh-bone that I saw could never have belonged to a man less than ten feet high."

Here are traditions and relics of that race whose name even has passed away from the earth; it is observable that the red heads do not at all agree with Lord Kingsborough's theory, and cannot have been imaginary. After passing through a dangerous defile, where they were told to expect opposition, the army reached Santa Fé, which "although much larger than any place we had seen yet, had the same mud walls and roofs, and the accompaniments of dirt, pigs, and naked children. The city was in a measure deserted, the inhabitants having been persuaded that we should rob and ill-treat every body and destroy every thing; sobbing and crying were heard from the houses; and it was only after a long speech from our general that they were at all pacified."

The description of this place is interesting, it being the great *dépôt* for traders and pedlers who traffic with the Indians. There is an old church—old for America—containing some good carving and paintings, but now in ruins. Valentia, in the valley of the Rio Grande, is a large and handsome town, surrounded by vineyards, melon grounds, and orchards. The vines grow to the height of four feet without any support, and then spread into bushy heads bearing fine fruit of the Meuscatel kind. Here our volunteer met with some Indians; the men were well made, but seldom over five feet in height; the women not so tall, but good-humoured, and having a picturesque appearance. The author was chosen provider for his troop, and he gives some curious anecdotes of his dealings with the Mexicans.

Of the fighting part of the book we shall say but little; but what will European officers think of the following description of Colonel Doniphan at the battle of Sacramento?

"Further to our right sits Colonel Doniphan on his beautiful chesnut charger, with his leg crossed over the saddle, steadily whittling a piece of wood, but with his eye glancing proudly over the ranks of his little band. As the cannonading becomes hotter, he quietly says: 'Well, they're giving it us, now, boys!' and passes coolly to the left of our position, untouched by the copper hail that pours around him."

This battle gained Chihuahua; and amidst all the triumph of the conquerors we are glad to find they remembered the claims of the wounded, both friend and foe. Thinking that enough had now been done, Colonel Doniphan called a council as to the expedi-

ency of returning home by Monterey, or retreating to Santa Fé; but most of the officers were for remaining in quarters, on which the colonel "gave the board to understand that they might possibly have found *fair* reasons for staying, 'but, gentlemen,' he added, '*I'm for going home to Sarah and the children.*' The reader may be assured that we caught up these words, and often afterwards spoke of going home to Sarah and the children."

Orders came to join General Taylor, and the army proceeded to Monterey, and thence to Reinosá, on the Rio Grande, where, their year of service having expired, the volunteers embarked on board the first steam-boats they had seen since leaving Missouri, and passed down the river to the Gulf of Mexico, thence to New Orleans, and eventually to their separate homes. Our author had found health in his year of hardship, and four thousand miles of rough travel, amid strange scenes, had no doubt benefited mind as well as body.

THE STORY OF A FAMILY.

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HAPPY FAMILY.

At dinner there was a decided diminution of the restraint under which all the members of this singular family party had previously laboured. Somewhat of the old Eastern sanctity of the bread and the salt yet lingers in the spirit, however utterly it may have departed from the forms, of English hospitality. You do not willingly keep a man at a distance after you have eaten with him. In the present instance there was more than ordinary difficulty to be contended with, inasmuch as the cure of disease is a harder task than the maintenance of health. These all *had once* loved each other, or rather, I should say, there had once been among them that habit of familiar kindness, which is all that some natures know of love. There were therefore memories to be stifled, allusions to be avoided, wounds scarcely closed to be touched cautiously and tenderly; there was anxious tact, conscious and elaborate delicacy, fear, effort, silence. How unlike that service which, human as well as divine, is truly "perfect freedom!"

Even this difficulty, however, gradually wore away, and by the time that the cloth was removed, and the table, spread with wine and fruit, drawn to the open window, through which the children could be seen at play on the sunny terrace, they were all conversing together *quite* as freely and easily as if they were acquaintances of three months' standing!

"Clever boy of yours, that!" said uncle John, addressing his elder brother; "what do mean to do with him, Alexander? make a lawyer of him, eh?"

Mr. Lee looked forth upon the gambols of his son and heir with a smile at once significant and benign, and replied, "I have scarcely yet determined; if he *has* talent, I should be very sorry not to give it full

development; but he is very young as yet, and we can scarcely tell what he will be. Certainly his reasoning powers *do* surprise me a little now and then—they are beyond his age—and he is so ready and fearless with them. His mother can do nothing with him, literally nothing; he is never without an argument, and I do assure you his logic is so plausible that he constantly puts her to silence, and she is obliged to call me in to carry the point."

"Which you do, I conclude, with the strong hand of authority?" interposed Mr. Becket.

"To that I have never yet been obliged to have recourse," replied Mr. Lee, complacently. "He is always amenable to reason; explain your order, and he obeys you directly; but he won't stir a finger unless he knows why he does it. A strong will, a calm temper, and a clear head—I think I may venture to pronounce that he possesses those three gifts in no inconsiderable measure."

"Half a very fine character, I should say," observed Mr. Becket.

"And pray how would you define the other half?" inquired the father, a little sharply.

"A reverent spirit, a warm heart, and a powerful imagination."

"Scarcely very necessary qualifications for a Lord Chancellor," remarked Mr. Lee.

"Very good things in their way, though," chimed in uncle John, "all except the last. I never in my life before heard it said that a powerful imagination was *necessary* to anybody. I should think Alexander would be a vast deal safer without it."

"If *safety* were the principal question," rejoined Mr. Becket, smiling, "he might perhaps be safer without remarkable abilities of any kind; but where the reasoning faculty is unusually strong, imaginative power would seem, I think, to be indispensable in order to preserve the balance."

"Imagination preserving the balance!" murmured the puzzled uncle John. "Well, that's a new view of things, certainly. Why, it's common sense that preserves the balance. I should think imagination would be rather puzzled to know how to set about it. Quite out of his line—of imagination's, that is—I should say, anything so sublunary and practical as that. He—that is, imagination, you know—is busy in making poems, and allegories, and castles in the air, and all that sort of thing. I wouldn't trust *my* balance to imagination, I promise you. Queer work he'd make of it; odd sort of accounts he'd keep, I fancy; to be sure, if one could pay one's bills by imagination, that might be pleasant enough, but there's no other mode that I can conceive for imagination to keep the balance. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Except in the case of a tipsy man," replied Mr. Becket, joining the laugh, "who imagines he keeps his balance, while in reality he is falling into the gutter. However, don't suppose I give up my principle; there are two scales to a balance, you know, and as long as either is in the ascendant, you can't say that the balance is even."

This was far too abstruse for uncle John, and while

he was trying to discover the application of it, the fair Melissa interposed.

"I entirely agree with Mr. Becket," said she. "Want of imagination is the great defect in our English character; we are so matter of fact; and we cling to forms, and laws, and creeds, instead of letting the imagination have free scope to wander and luxuriate without a fetter or a restraint. I express myself very badly, I know, but that is what you mean, is it not?" turning to Mr. Becket.

He looked a little confounded. "Why, not exactly," he replied with much courtesy of manner; "I think obedience comes before imagination in importance, but then I think the imaginative temper the most likely to be obedient. Moreover, I do not think that an over-submissiveness to forms and creeds, except, perhaps, to such as are self-imposed, has been generally found to be the weak side of the English character."

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Lee, "it is our privilege to think for ourselves, to walk by the light of our own reason, and to govern ourselves, both as individuals and as a nation."

"God forbid!" hastily exclaimed Percy Lee, who had hitherto taken no part in the discussion; then colouring and looking as though he would fain have withdrawn the ejaculation, he added, playfully, "Don't look frightened at me, good friends; I was only speaking as an individual who feels most particularly incompetent to the task of self-government."

"But, Alexander," remonstrated Mrs. Aytoun, "is poor dear Alic really to be brought up without any indulgence in a little romance? Is it to be all work and no play for him?"

"Yes, indeed," said Melissa, seconding her sister; "life without romance would be but a withered twig; it would be like a wounded bird, or a pianoforte out of tune. I don't know how to express my meaning, but I think I make myself understood. A little judicious cultivation now—a little care and watchfulness—might do a great deal. You should make him learn poetry by heart; make it one of his regular lessons to learn so many lines a-day, and I dare say he would soon acquire a taste for it."

"I am happy to deserve your approbation in this, my dear ladies," answered Mr. Lee, with a slightly satirical bow of deference to his sisters. "Alic is in the habit of learning stated portions of the standard poets by heart among his other studies, and I have never found him at all backward in this. The very last task of the kind which he achieved was learning the whole of the second Canto of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'—no trifle, I can assure you. And, to show you how much interest he took in the matter, I found, to my surprise, that he had amused himself by *parsing* it from beginning to end, and had detected no less than eight grammatical inaccuracies!"

"Poor Sir Walter Scott!" said Percy Lee, with much fervour.

"That is what I call turning the study of poetry to some profit!" said the contented father of this intellectual prodigy.

"Ah!" cried Melissa, "poetry is profit enough in itself; we want *nothing* else. It is, if I may so express it, the very acme—the keystone, of itself;—it speaks to the *heart*. There is nothing like it."

"I can't tell you how it surprises me to hear *you* standing up for poetry in this way, Melissa!" observed uncle John; "I always thought you were so excessively unpoetical."

"I!" exclaimed the indignant lady; "what can you possibly mean?" For it is very observable that this is an accusation which the most matter-of-fact person in the world does not hear with equanimity. A mathematician might possibly say it of himself; but we doubt whether even a stockbroker, or a railroad speculator, could patiently endure to hear it said of him. This is perhaps that unconscious testimony of the multitude, which is worth a thousand arguments.

"Well," said uncle John, "I don't know; it is my mistake, I suppose; but I think anybody would have thought the same. You don't give one the least idea of being a romantic person: you don't care for fine scenery; you never walk out by moonlight; you haven't any taste for music; you never read poetry; in short, you do none of the things which I always fancy a romantic person doing."

Melissa's colour rose higher and higher, but she forced a laugh: "My dear John, you are so simple!" said she; "it is really quite amusing; you never see an inch below the surface. One is naturally very reserved in the expression of one's tastes and feelings, and you fancy directly that one has neither tastes nor feelings to express. My health is too delicate to allow of my indulging myself in many of my natural predilections; but I only wish I *were* what you fancy me; I only wish I had *not* that tendency to romance and love of poetry which were born with me, and which make me feel such privations so *very* keenly! As to your saying that I don't admire scenery, and never read poetry, I really can't imagine what you mean,—it is so very strange of you."

"Upon my word, my dear," responded uncle John, in a tone of the kindest sympathy, "I only say what I think!—I don't think you *have* that tendency at all by nature. When we were travelling in the north, you know, you always had your newspaper or your carpet-work, while the rest of the party were looking at the lakes and mountains; and to my certain knowledge you have had Shakespeare and Scott in your own private bookcase for two years and a half without ever cutting the leaves—except of Hamlet, which, you know, you had down when Mr. Wharton was lecturing on the subject, because you wanted to prove him wrong in his view of the character. And then —"

"Oh, pray, let us talk of something else!" interrupted Melissa. "It is very unpleasant to be discussed in this manner; do, please, choose some more profitable subject! You never did understand me, and never will, if we were to live together for a century." And she wound up by an appealing and victimised look at Mr. Coniston, which she trusted might neutralize the effect of these untoward revelations.

Uncle John looked rebuked, but evidently did not quite understand the nature of his offence. Poor uncle John! This was often the case with him. Children were the only creatures with whom he "got on," as the phrase is, perfectly well. He was like a great caricature of themselves; wanting, perhaps, in delicacy and tenderness of detail, but very like in rough outline and general features.

There was now a great commotion among the children on the lawn. The "Midas" joke had been revived, and Alexander had insisted upon ascertaining whether the ass's ears were concealed under Ida's profuse curls. As she stood there, a little frightened, with all her golden ringlets ruffled and disordered, Godfrey undertook her defence, and an argument ensued, terminating in a burst of anger on the part of the little knight-errant, so tremendous, that interference was unavoidable. Mrs. Aytoun and her brother Percy hurried to the field of battle; perhaps they were not sorry for any cause which enabled them to escape from the party within doors. Percy laid a strong hand upon the struggling Godfrey, and effectually prevented him from making a second onslaught upon his cousin, who, with torn collar, and flushed cheeks, but undiminished dignity, marched away to report his wrongs to his father.

"He said—he said," cried the unsubdued rebel, as, quivering from head to foot with passion, he tried to extricate himself from his uncle's hands, "he said that mamma was more likely to have the ass's ears than anybody; he said it of you, mamma! He meant that you were stupid!—Let me go!—let me go!"

Mrs. Aytoun could not help laughing, though she coloured a good deal as she whispered to her brother, "Alic's good breeding was a little at fault there! A little piece of home teaching slipped out by mistake, I suspect."

Peace was with difficulty established; Godfrey, having been soothed, coaxed, and kissed into good-humour by his mother, was sent off to amuse himself with his brother; and little Ida, who had withdrawn from the tumult, and was very happily gathering flowers in the distance, was summoned to bed. She came the instant she heard her father's voice, though the chain of daisies and blue-bells which she was busily manufacturing hung half-finished over her arm; she stood at his feet, lifting up her fair innocent face for a kiss, and putting back the curls from her forehead with one tiny white hand. He raised her in his arms, and dismissed her with a fervent embrace and blessing.

"Do you trust that little creature to go by herself?" asked Ellenor, in a tone of wonder.

Her brother smiled, but did not immediately reply. After a moment's pause he said, with great earnestness, "My dear Ellenor,—forgive me for saying it,—but I fear that boy will cost you many and bitter tears!"

"Oh! Percy, how can you say so?" she replied, with flushing cheeks and glistening eyes. "Is it possible that *you* can be so severe a judge of a little childish impetuosity? He has the most noble dispo-

sition, the most affectionate heart; when once his anger is over, a word or a look can melt him. It is only that he has such quick enthusiastic feelings; faults of temper always go with excessive warmth or keenness of feeling, and as he grows older he will learn self-command. It is useless to appeal to the reason of a mere child."

"Quite useless," returned Percy; "but quite possible to subdue the will. I do not question the truth of a word you say, but these are the very reasons why discipline is so necessary for him. God knows it is not for me to teach; but I should grieve to think," he added in a quick and slightly tremulous voice, "that he would ever feel what I feel now."

His sister passed her arm through his, and laid her cheek upon his shoulder. "Dearest Percy," said she, "why should you think of anything painful in the past? There are so many happy things to remember—so much love and peace—all the offences given were mere misunderstandings—and you know, you *must* know, what perfect forgiveness there *would* be if—" she hesitated and paused.

He bowed his face upon his hands for a moment, and then spoke, very quietly and gently. "No, my beloved one, do not tell me to put away painful thoughts. By God's mercy I trust they may be ever present with me. And do not suffer love to teach you gentle names for sin. I did what, if possible, I would at any cost prevent your Godfrey from doing. I made self my idol, and worshipped it, dethroning thereby both duty and love."

"Self!" repeated she wonderingly; "how angry should I be with any one else who dared to say that of my generous brother!"

"There is another idolatry of self," he replied, "besides that which is deliberate and conscious. To spurn away the circumstances which God has assigned to you, and violently shape a new environment according to your own will, what is this but rebellion? To burst the meshes of that golden network which love has woven for your soul, and insist upon developing untrammelled according to the measure and manner of your own choice, what is this but selfishness? Oh, for my lost fetters! Oh, that I were a very prisoner and slave in the home I left!"

The voice of Ellenor's sobs broke gently upon the silence, like the pulsations of a quiet and sorrowful heart. It is strange how the mere presence of sympathy causes the shyest feelings to come forth and show themselves, like sensitive children who will run to the veriest stranger that smiles on them lovingly, yet who shrink even from a mother if her face be stern and her voice cold. No word of his penitence had Percy Lee ever spoken till now, except when seeking the consolations of religion; and now it seemed as though he could have poured out the whole of it. There is no sign of love so true, so unmistakeable, so blessed to him who receives it, as confidence in sorrow. Smooth and cheerful of aspect are the familiarities of daily life, but who can mistake their roving glances for the steadfast, tearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship? That laughing spring-

ing infant, with noble limbs, and cheeks ruddy with health, you may exhibit in the face of the world, and there are few who will not welcome and admire him; but it is only a true brother or sister whom you would lead into the shadows of the still chamber, and place beside the bed where lies the deformed or sickly child, perhaps far dearer to your aching heart than the other. There was everlasting truth in the words of that woman, who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unceasingly, around one whom the world neglected, and who perchance deserved its neglect, said, for all answer, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails, which pierce while they unite, but which cannot be extracted without shivering the wood which they have penetrated.

"Ellenor," continued Percy after a pause, in a low terrible voice, "I do not believe that I am forgiven."

She looked up anxiously into his face; he could not meet her eye, but went on hurriedly. "On that night—you know when I mean—the night when she died"—he stopped; he perceived that she was thinking of his wife; after a short silence he said, trembling with the effort which it cost him, and in a tone of the profoundest reverence, "my mother." Ellenor clasped his hand in hers to let him know that he was understood, and again he proceeded:

"I knew it—long before I heard it. on the very night—at the very hour, I *saw* her, Ellenor. She stood at the foot of my bed, and her face was hidden in her hands. I could not speak or move, but I clasped my hands together, and my whole being was one supplication for pardon. For the space of some five minutes she stood so, as I have said, with her face hidden. She would not look at me—not one look—not *one*, Ellenor,—that face, that lovely, venerable face upon which I had brought the shadow of so many griefs that I feared to see what I knew was my own work, she hid it from me. Oh! *could* she do so? And so—she went away—" his voice dropped to a murmur, "and I have never seen her since."

His sister was weeping on his bosom; she knew not how to comfort him. In an instant, however, he had resumed his usual self-command. "My love," said he, kissing her tenderly, "forgive me for giving you all this unnecessary pain. Even now you see how selfish I am—and look, they are coming to summon us to tea."

Oh, that perpetual recurrence of the needs and requirements of common life in the midst of mighty emotions, how unnatural it is! It is as though a man should beat time with an unmeaning and discordant stamp, all through the subduing harmonies of some glorious choir, to which one would hold one's breath to listen!

Ellenor fled to her room; she could not encounter that tea-party. Will it be thought strange that Percy talked more, and more vivaciously, that evening than he had done yet? He began to Mr. Becket, speaking of his darling Ida; and forgetting—as the most

reserved will sometimes forget—the presence of uncongenial hearers, he suffered himself to be betrayed into an expression of unwonted vehemence. “So help me, God!” he cried, “as she shall never see the face of evil!”

Mr. Becket smiled gravely, and shook his head, though scarcely in discouragement. “If it were possible——” said he, gently.

“It is—it *must* be possible!” exclaimed the other, dropping his voice. “Surely, by the energy of the will, by the devotion of a whole life in thought and action, by the omnipotence of prayer—Am I wrong?” he added, suddenly checking himself.

“Not wrong, perhaps,” rejoined Mr. Becket, “but certainly not wise.”

Percy felt the double meaning contained in this hint, and was silent, colouring deeply. If the truth of the suggestion required proof, it was supplied the next moment, when Mr. Alexander Lee struck into the conversation, with a certain bland authority of demeanour highly irritating.

“Not wise, indeed,” said he; “I perfectly agree with Mr. Becket. My dear Percy, how is it possible that a man of the world, like yourself, should entertain such a *very* romantic idea? One would fancy you had been living in a cloister all your life.”

“Just the reverse, brother,” replied Percy, with resolute humility; “it is the knowing so much of evil which makes one—which makes *me*—so anxious to shield my child from it.”

“And how would you put this fair-sounding theory into practice?” inquired Alexander. “My little niece will be singularly educated. History, of course, she must not read, for by that she would make acquaintance with a host of unknown sins; society she must renounce, and the feminine recreation of innocent gossip; she may learn languages, but not study their literature; all poetry and fiction must be forbidden to her, for the struggle betwixt good and evil is eminently their subject; physical science would, perhaps, be allowed her, though I could fancy dangers even in that; painting may be studied under severe restrictions; and music, I suppose, would be quite admissible, only that it would be advisable to gag the music-master, lest some inadvertent expression of his when she plays a false note should let her into the secret that there is such a sin in the world as anger!”

“Eh, Percy?” interposed uncle John, with great cheerfulness; “I should like to hear what you have got to say to that.”

“Why, you see, it does not exactly touch me,” rejoined Percy; “I never proceeded upon the supposition that *all* causes of evil were external. I have blundered as much in my endeavour to explain my meaning, as I am afraid I am likely to blunder in putting it into practice.”

“Then pray do explain it a little more clearly, will you,” said Melissa, fretfully; “I really should not fancy you were likely to know much about the proper sort of education for a woman, and I should quite like to hear your system.”

It is a pleasant thing for a sensitive man to be called upon to explain “his system” to an audience disposed to be captious, sure not to sympathize, and so intimate with him that there is not the slightest restraint either of manner or measure on the expression of their opinions. The agreeableness is increased if this “system,” as it is called, be no neatly constructed piece of carpentry, partitioned off into cells of uniform shape and dimensions, but an idea which dwells in his heart as in a temple, and which he is in the habit of contemplating with love, and handling with reverence. Percy Lee was an enthusiast of rather a peculiar stamp, and in some respects he had failed to learn wisdom from experience; he was still somewhat addicted to trying rash experiments, and suffering acutely from their ill success.

“I will tell you a fable,” said he, smiling, to his sister, “and leave you to discover the application. Two children were bidden to scale a high and dangerous mountain, by a path beset with thorns, and infested by serpents. Two angels, with bright faces and sober eyes, and tall folded wings, stood before them and offered them guidance. The one child was self-willed; he meant to do the task appointed him, but to do it in his own way; so he put away the hands that were outstretched to lead him, and struggled up the path by himself, wounded by the brambles, stung ever and anon by the snakes, and in much peril of losing his way. The other child laid fast hold of the angel’s hands; and as the angel slowly retreated up the path, the child passed, with upturned eyes and face, that never wandered from the benign and radiant countenance which bent towards them. Therefore this child could not even see the dangers by which it was surrounded; but planting its foot it knew not where, only ever in advance, the briars as it trod upon them changed to flowers, whose crushed blossoms sent up the sweetest fragrance, and the serpents drew back abashed from the presence of the angel, and glided away among the brushwood. And so, when the summit was attained, the face of the child was as joyful, and his garments as white and smooth, as when he first started on his pilgrimage.”

“And the other child, uncle Percy?” inquired Frederic, eagerly, and drawing closer to his uncle’s side; “did he get to the top, too, or did he lose his way, after all?”

A sudden emotion came into Percy’s face, and he could scarcely command his voice, as he replied, “Perhaps; I do not know. He might do so, after wandering long, and suffering many wounds.” Then, quickly changing his manner, he turned to the rest of the company, and inquired, “Well, do you see my drift?”

“Your drift?” repeated uncle John; “why, no, you haven’t come to it yet, have you? I thought the question was about *female* education, and both the children in your fable are little boys, aren’t they?”

“I see what you mean,” observed Melissa, “but I really do not think that it applies.”

“Well,” said Alexander, “I confess I am rather

in the same predicament as John; I don't exactly see the drift of the story; suppose we examine it a little.—And first, what are the angels intended to represent?"

"I hope Melissa will be so kind as to answer for me," suggested Percy; "she says she understood my meaning, and I am sure she will explain it a great deal better than I could."

"Come, Melissa," said uncle John, "what are the angels?"

Melissa felt decidedly uneasy, not having in the least anticipated that her assertion of having comprehended the mystery would be brought to so speedy a proof. However, she summoned courage from the very extremity of the case, and answered, with a kind of intellectual plunge, "Education, I suppose."

"Education!" cried uncle John, "oh, that's all very well. And it is uphill work with most boys, that I can avouch. But if you mean, Percy, that my pretty little niece ought to be educated by an angel, I really don't exactly see how——"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Percy, driven from the cautious silence in which he had taken refuge, "I did not mean that; I meant to symbolize the two tempers of obedience and disobedience."

"Yes," said Melissa, acquiescingly, by the two angels."

"No," reiterated Percy in a tone of despondency, "by the two children, Melissa."

"By the two children," said Alexander; "a most approved moral for the nursery. Not exactly new, Percy, but perfectly indisputable. All children are taught that they must mind what is said to them. And by the top of the mountain I conclude you mean the end of childhood?"

"Entrance into the world," suggested Melissa.

"Into the next world," said Percy quickly.

"Death?" exclaimed uncle John, "entrance into the next world? Why, Percy, do you mean to make everybody die in childhood?"

"My dear Percy," said Melissa, in a tone of remonstrance, "you could not really mean death?"

"These impromptu allegories are apt to bewilder even their composer a little, when one comes to apply them," remarked Alexander. "We must not be too hard upon him; we must let him speak for himself. The top of the mountain signifies death. The ascent must therefore be life. But you see, Percy, you should have indicated the point at which childhood ceases, or your allegory would imply that the 'temper of obedience,' as you call it, ought to continue throughout life."

This was spoken with mild triumph, as being evidently a pleasant exposition of a result so undeniably absurd, that the mere enunciation of it disproved the correctness of the steps by which it had been attained. This is a woful species of argument not uncommonly adopted in society, and few, thus assailed, have the courage to avow at the moment, that they believe in the truth of the very idea so unhesitatingly proffered to their ridicule. Indeed, unless you have a great deal of presence of mind, it is ten to one that you are

surprised into joining the laugh against your own principles, and then left to the unpleasant contemplation of your own spiritual minuteness. Percy would fain have held his tongue, but they were all looking at him interrogatively, so he began with some hesitation.

"There is a childhood of the heart——" said he.

"And of the mind too, I think," interposed Alexander. "My dear fellow, you must excuse me, but I am a practical man, and I must tell you, that all these theories and allegories of yours are very pretty things upon paper, but utterly unreal,—in fact, mere fancies wherewith to amuse a lively imagination. You must have seen, I think, how, even in itself, your system is not coherent; far less is it reducible to practice. I should really be sorry to think that you were likely to make that sweet little girl of yours the subject of any romantic educational experiments. But I know enough of the world to be aware how such notions end. Nothing can be more amiable or poetical than your views, but trust my word for it, when Ida is, as I dare say she will be, a fine, lively, light-hearted girl of fifteen, she will be hiding French novels under her pillow, and flitting with her partners behind your back, just like other young ladies, and I, for one, shall not think the worse of her."

"Young ladies in general," replied Percy, with the first approach to sarcasm in which he had allowed himself, "ought to be grateful for being thus made acquainted with a practical man's theories about them. Your system differs from mine, Alexander, for it is not 'a pretty thing,' even upon paper."

"Truth, my dear Percy, truth," rejoined his brother, betraying a shade of irritation, as a vague doubt of his intellectual supremacy flitted for one instant across his mind; "but I see you are determined not to confess yourself conquered,—no unusual case in an argument, as Mr. Coniston can tell us."

"Uncle Percy," cried little Godfrey, who with fixed eyes and earnest face had been trying to realize to himself the circumstances of the allegory, while his elders were discussing it, "will you tell me one thing? Was it not very awkward for the angels to walk up that hill backwards?"

The question was received with shouts of laughter, in which Percy heartily joined. Godfrey was patted on the head, and pronounced to be a most ingenious commentator; indeed, as his uncle Alexander observed, "he was the only person who had discovered the true purport of the fable, which, if reduced to practice, would most undoubtedly be, at this time of day, a *going backwards*. Mr. Coniston ventured to express his cordial concurrence in this opinion, and Percy, after a moment's silence, said that he agreed in it likewise, which was taken as a sign of complete submission. Mr. Alexander Lee always considered, that he had this evening enjoyed a thorough intellectual triumph.

"Why did you desert me?" said Percy to Mr. Becket as they moved up stairs, "I thought myself sure of your support."

"You might have been sure of my inaction," re-

plied his friend. "Since you are fond of illustrations, what would you think of the loyalty of a man, who should proclaim the presence of his queen in the midst of an assembly of rebels prepared to insult her? Don't you think that a faithful servant would be very sedulous, in such a case, to maintain her disguise?"

"You are right," said Percy, "and yet there is a difficulty——"

"Surely not," observed Mr. Becket, "it is very easy to trust to the holy instinct of silence. However," he added smiling, "if you think you have done any good by your little allegorical sermon——"

"No, no!" cried the other in the same tone. "have mercy! I have suffered enough for one offence."

And so they parted for the night.

CHAPTER V.—THE WILL.

THE will was read by Mr. Coniston, with due solemnity, in presence of the assembled family, on the following morning. It was a very singular document, but as we do not possess the legal qualifications necessary in order to enable us to lay it before our readers with due technical accuracy, we shall endeavour to make them acquainted with its purport as briefly as possible. If any lynx-eyed special pleader should profess himself able to drive a coach-and-four through it (a feat which we have often heard alluded to, but were never so lucky as to see performed, and which we suppose to be somewhat analogous to the fairy exploit of drawing a hundred ells of muslin through a ring), we beg to disembarass ourselves at once of his inconvenient logic by assuring him, that whatever errors he may detect have their origin only in our report of the transaction, and that if he will please to correct them in the manner which his judgment shall most approve, that, and no other, was the manner in which the objectionable phrases were really expressed. We claim for ourselves that fabulous power which the captains of ships tax the credulity of landmen by assuming, and can *make* it what o'clock we please at any given hour of the day.

Mr. Clayton Lee's principal characteristic had been the love of power, which, existing in a nature of no large proportions or noble stamp, was fain to develop itself in all that minute and harassing supervision of detail to which unintellectual despotism is prone. Had he been Emperor of all the Russias, he would probably have spent much of his time in regulating the curl of judicial wigs, and apportioning the precise quantity of starch for the stiffening of regimental neck-ties. Another spiritual pettiness was eminently his, namely, jealousy of the exertions of others, even when in strict accordance with his wishes, unless they were openly and unequivocally subordinated to his will. He would rather have been thrown by a runaway horse than have the animal stopped by some officious friend, lest the bystanders should think he could not manage it himself; and if he *had* been thrown, no injury, short of insensibility, would have prevented him from asserting that he had done it on

purpose. No man was so sure to be considered his enemy, as one who had substantially befriended him in some way *not* prescribed by himself. These peculiarities may perhaps account for his very elaborate and unusual provisions for the arrangement of his property after his death, many of which would seem to have been suggested solely by the desire of making his authority felt, and compelling his descendants to do by his order what they never would have thought of doing by their own judgment.

The preamble commenced by a short review of the past misfortunes of the Lee family, in which the fact was specially noticed, that each successive inheritor of the property had come into full exercise of his rights at an early age, and that under each, debts had increased, and resources diminished. The object of the testator was then stated; namely, to enable a considerable sum to accumulate before the lands and lordships should again pass to a new possessor. Next followed the actual arrangement, namely, that the estates and entire income, with the exception of certain specified legacies, should all descend to the youngest member of the Lee family existing at the time of the testator's death. As this "youngest member" was a girl of very tender years, certain elaborate regulations were superadded. The manor-house, and a moderate but sufficient allowance for its support, were to be committed to the single brother and sister, John and Melissa, till Ida should attain her majority; the rents, meanwhile, being suffered to accumulate without any further expenditure than was absolutely necessary for the proper care of the land. Ida was to be under the sole personal guardianship of her father. The marriage and "establishment," as it is called, of the lovely little prattler were, however, contemplated and carefully provided for. Mr. Clayton Lee gave her the option of remaining single, or marrying one of her cousins; and in order to avoid all suspicion of partiality, he decided that she should be kept wholly without intercourse with the aforesaid cousins till she should have attained the age of eighteen, at which period he determined that all the surviving members of the Lee family should assemble once more at the manor-house, in order that Ida might make her free and uncontrolled choice among her cousins. Should she then insist upon rejecting all, she was to receive as her sole inheritance the manor-house and grounds, together with the sum allotted for their maintenance, while the rest of the property was to be sold, and the proceeds equally divided among the surviving members of the family, without reference to age or sex. Should she, however, marry another, not of the family, she was to forfeit all claim whatsoever, and the whole property was to be sold and divided in the manner before indicated. On her marriage, supposing it to take place as desired, with one of her cousins, she was to be considered of age, and to come immediately into full exercise of all her rights as heiress of the Lee estates.

The countenances and demeanour of Mr. Coniston's auditors would have been interesting subjects of spe-

ulation to a philosopher, during the reading of the will. Mr. Alexander Lee threw himself back in his arm-chair with an expression of pompous nonchalance; he had a new political pamphlet on his knee, and he amused himself with cutting the leaves, as if the whole matter were one in which he took no possible interest. At the same time, his manner expressed so studied a deference—there was in him so conscious an assumption of insignificance, that no one could doubt as to his actual expectations. Melissa exhibited an indifferent copy of him; she was playing with a bouquet, and occasionally whispering, with an affected smile, to her sister Ellenor, whose evident nervousness was irrepressible. She was thinking of her boys; her own means, since her husband's death, were small, and she had learned to be ambitious for their sakes. She longed to provide them with every conceivable happiness—to protect them from every possible deprivation. All her visions of the future were comprised in the one idea of their advancement and distinction. Life was to her a fair plant covered with blossoms, but growing out of her reach, and she would fain have plucked it, but only to wreath it into garlands for those two dear heads. Her anxiety also sought to conceal itself; she changed her posture a dozen times in a minute, and answered her sister's remarks with a hurry and agitation which often caused her to speak aloud when she ought to have whispered, and to laugh when gravity would have been the more fitting expression. Uncle John was undegradually fussy. He was too honest to affect either indifference or regret when he did not feel them, so he bustled about the room, rising and sitting down again repeatedly without any apparent reason, causing each person in succession to change places with him, always on the pretext of resigning some convenience specially adapted to the individual for whose sake he resigned it, and thence crying "hush!" in a loud voice, when nobody was talking but himself.

Percy was the only member of the party who was really indifferent and preoccupied, and accordingly he was the only one who behaved with strict decorum. He assumed an air of grave quiet attention, and politely assisted Mr. Coniston in turning the leaves of the bulky document.

When first the "youngest member of the family" was mentioned, all Mr. Alexander Lee's habitual presence of mind did not enable him to preserve his equanimity. His face flushed, and he started—but after one instant he conquered all expression of emotion, and, shading his eyes with his hand, listened with a concentrated intensity of attention, of which it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea.

"The youngest member of the family!" cried uncle John, "why, that's *me*, isn't it? Oh, my dear Percy, I beg your pardon—you have been so long away, you know, that really I quite forgot you. It's you, of course. Melissa is older than both of us."

"Will you allow Mr. Coniston to proceed, John?" said Melissa with much emphasis.

"Mr. John Lee is under a slight mistake,"

observed Mr. Coniston courteously; "the provision here comprehends *all* members of the family, not a single generation only.

"May I request you to continue reading?" said Alexander stiffly.

"Poor Alexander is vexed!" subjoined uncle John in an incautiously loud whisper, addressed to Ellenor, and expressive of unaffected sympathy. "It is no wonder; I am sure I always thought he would be the heir."

"Mr. Coniston, I beg to apologise for my brother," said Alexander, in a sustained and equable tone of voice, "he does not mean to interrupt you; I hope you will have the goodness to continue."

"I am sure"—began uncle John.

"My dear fellow, be quiet, can't you, just for five minutes," whispered Percy, laying his hand upon his arm, and anxious to keep the peace; "we will hear all you have to say afterwards."

Thus rebuked, uncle John submitted to be silent, and the reading of the will was completed without further interruption. Mr. Alexander Lee rose at its conclusion. "I suppose," said he, with a cold bow to Mr. Coniston, "there is nothing further to detain us?"

Mr. Coniston acquiesced in this observation, with that deprecatory and uncomfortable manner which a person who has been made, however innocently, the means of conveying *very* disagreeable information to another, can scarcely avoid.

"A glorious morning!" pursued Mr. Lee, walking to the window, "it is a shame to waste it within doors. Ellenor, will you ride to the cliffs? I shall be delighted to attend you."

Mrs. Aytoun withdrew to put on her habit, and there ensued a very awkward silence, which Alexander in vain endeavoured to enliven by laborious small talk. Everybody felt so conscious of the annoyance which he was so resolutely determined to ignore, that no one could imitate his magnanimous equanimity, and his own temper began rapidly to fail him under such complicated trials.

"Why, Percy," exclaimed he, addressing his brother, who was sitting apart with his face bowed upon his hands, "what is the matter? you seem quite overwhelmed with your good fortune."

Percy lifted his eyes, and the sorrowful and perplexed expression in them was wholly unintelligible to his companions. He took Alexander's hand in his with a sudden warmth that he had not shown before, and said in a faltering voice, "my dear brother—I beg your pardon—but don't let there be any coldness betwixt us."

"Coldness!" repeated the other in a tone of quiet surprise, and extricating himself from that affectionate grasp, "you must excuse me, but really I do not exactly comprehend you. These sentimental reproaches are surely a little misplaced. You are now, of course, the head of the family, at least I conclude you so consider yourself, at any rate for the present. But I do not conceive that my position with regard to you is in any way altered by the fact that I am

deprived of what I shall perhaps be considered presumptuous in asserting to be my just rights."

"Well, I don't know, Alic," interposed uncle John, while Percy, whose self-command seemed almost entirely to have forsaken him, observed a distressed silence, "I don't see that any one of us can be said to have a *right* to any share of the property, strictly speaking. Old Lee had a right, you know, to leave it to whomsoever he pleased: if he had left it to his housekeeper, I suppose nobody could have found fault with him. As far as regarded *right*, we were all on a level, and your being the eldest brother made no difference as to your claim. I must needs congratulate my pretty little niece; she will be one of the greatest heiresses in the kingdom. Whichever of the boys she chooses, will be a lucky fellow. But, Alexander, though it is quite natural that you should be a good deal cast down, I think, you know, you ought not to visit your disappointment upon poor Percy, who *can* have had no hand in it, as he didn't know what was in the will till it was read to him."

"Your judgment is as profound as usual," returned Alexander with a bitter sneer, "and it has, at least, the happiness of possessing your own confidence. But I must positively request you not to promulgate your groundless assumptions as to the state of my feelings. I imagine that nobody but yourself would think me likely to be *cast down*, because I am made the subject of an injustice. As to the will, there is imbecility upon the very face of it; Mr. Clayton Lee's intellects——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Coniston, good-naturedly anxious to save him from any unnecessary mortification; "but I hope you will not think me impertinent for assuring you beforehand that it is impossible, absolutely impossible, that any plea of that kind could be entertained for one moment."

Mr. Lee bowed loftily. "I have no doubt," said he, "that very complete arrangements have been made for all emergencies; I shall, however, request a copy of the will, which I don't suppose will be denied me."

Percy rose from his seat, and abruptly walked out upon the terrace, followed by Mr. Becket. He cast himself upon a stone bench, and again buried his face in his hands. "Oh! my father," murmured he, "is *this* my punishment?"

The voice, the attitude, the words, all seemed to undo the lapse of years, and renew the time when, in childhood, he had been wont to carry his griefs and his faults to that kind friend and counsellor, and receive from him comfort, reproof, and direction. Mr. Becket had always loved him with a love proportioned rather to his capacity for virtue than to his attainments in it, and he now spoke to him in the old tone and manner, with a mixture at once of softness and authority, that might have seemed to many fitter for the past than the present. "Tell me all that is in your heart, my dear Percy," said he.

"It was enough before—and too much," replied Percy hurriedly; "the burden, the responsibility. Too much for me, whose labours are all labours of penitence. God help me; I am not sufficient for

these things. My lovely Ida—my little innocent stainless babe—why was she given to such a guardianship, in order to prepare her for such a destiny?"

He stopped; his friend, taking him gently by the arm, led him into the shadow of the trees. A brook flowed beside them, whose harmonious murmur, as it chafed against the pebbles of its bed, so blended with their voices, that the words of their conversation were undistinguishable. Ere they parted, however, Percy knelt down as he had been wont to do in former days, and bowed his head with the humility of a child, as the venerable pastor laid his hands upon it, and solemnly gave him his blessing.

That night, long after all the rest were asleep, Percy Lee left his room, and descended softly to the library. He placed the lamp he carried upon the table, and stood for some minutes irresolute, with eyes fixed upon the ground. Then he advanced a few steps, and with an effort and a deep heavy sigh, lifted up his face, and looked for the first time upon his mother's picture. He stood still, with hands strongly clasped together, and the hours passed by him unheeded, while he released not that fixed melancholy gaze, though tear after tear rose blindly to his eyes, and rolled slowly down his cheeks. Steadily and unshrinkingly, though with much agony, he went through the past, step by step; the early happiness—the warm confiding love—the childish offences—the tender pardons—the never-failing sympathy, and care, and anxious guidance. Then through the boyish days—headstrong, impetuous, disobedient, but still watched over, and nurtured, and tended, with a most gentle and steadfast companionship. And then came the forgetfulness and ingratitude of his manhood—the strong selfish will—the pangs inflicted—the heart wounded and made desolate—his mother's heart, that never changed towards him. He fell upon his knees, and stretched forth his hands imploringly, but yet ceased not from this bitter retracing of the past. It was daybreak ere he left the room, and then he went not to rest, but to the little chapel, where, kneeling at the altar-rails, he poured out his soul in silent prayer. What passed then in his thoughts it is not for us to proclaim; his eyes were still tearful when he took the little Ida in his arms, and carried her into the chapel for the first time, to be present at the service which Mr. Becket daily read there in the early morning. She clung to his bosom, and looked up in his face with a kind of terror; but meeting there the wonted look of perfect tenderness, her sweet eyes resumed their childish calmness, and she watchfully imitated his gestures, observing all the while a timid but by no means sorrowful silence. A warm but mute pressure of the hand was exchanged between the friends as they quitted the chapel, and Mr. Becket kissed the fair forehead of Ida, as it rested upon her father's shoulder.

The lilies that are to crown a bride should be gathered at dawn, ere the dew is dry upon them, or the sun has had time to sully the tender brilliancy of their first whiteness.

STANZAS ON THE LATE REVOLUTIONS.

BY C. L. E.

THE stars from heav'n are falling;
The earth with throes appalling,
And sudden strife is riv'n:
Believing, hoping, fearing,
We wait each moment's hearing;—
When shall we see appearing
That sign in heav'n?

The giant waves of ocean
Heave in such sore commotion,
The wisest start perplex't:
Men's hearts within them flutter
At every word they utter,
And e'en in dreams they mutter—
"What cometh next?"

Doth not our duty call us
To take what fears befall us
As tokens?—mark ye how,
When Spring's first branch is tender,
We feel time soon will render
A glorious summer's splendour
So likewise now.

All that mankind were doing,
Before the flood's wide ruin,
That, in our sight, they do:
Some bargain, some are thinking
Of eating and of drinking
And some with love-ties linking
Themselves anew.

Hush! on our knees fall lowly!
Heard we not then the holy
Blast on the fire lit an'—
'Twas but the wild wind straying.
'Twas but the sunlight playing.
We must not err by saying
"Lo, here! lo, there!"

These signs, though mighty, show not
That hour which angels know not;
Our Lord may still delay;
But no five hundred preachers
Could half so loudly teach us
As these wild tales that reach us,
"Watch ye, and pray!"

"Lay not up earthly treasures!
Seek ye more lasting pleasures!
Bring low your sinful pride!
And when one meets another,
Let each see in the other
A well-beloved brother,
For whom Christ died!"

As yet we live together
With no sure token whether
We're marked to live or die:
But when the spheres are shaken,
Some only shall be taken,
The rest be left forsaken;—
Ah! which shall I?

A JOURNEY TO PARIS IN THE YEAR 1698.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of William III., a suspension of hostilities having taken place between France and England, Lord Portland was sent as ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. to settle the preliminaries of peace. The continent was again opened to English travellers, who crossed the channel in great numbers, impatient to visit a country from which they had long been shut out by the war.

Among them was Dr. Martin Lister, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who visited Paris in attendance on the ambassador, and wrote an account of his six months' residence in that capital, under the above title. His book is dedicated to "Lord Sommers, Lord High Chancellor of England," in terms sufficiently complimentary to the "philosophy" and "equity" of the eminent lawyer, which, says the writer, "hath given me the boldness to offer your lordship this short account of the magnificent and noble city of Paris, and the court of that great king who hath given Europe so long and vehement disquiet, and cost England in particular so much blood and treasure. . . . I promise myself, you will meet with nothing offensive, but clean matter of fact, and some short notes of an unprejudiced observer."

The Doctor travelled with a friend in advance of the ambassador; he left London on the 10th December, and, as he tells us, "did not reach Paris till the first of January; for I fell sick upon the road, and stay'd five days at *Bologne*." He, however, soon recovered by the "benefit of the French air," and proceeded to make his observations on the place and the people, and describes the latter as valuing "themselves upon civility, and build and dress mostly for figure: this humour makes the curiosity of strangers very easy and welcome to them." The author is by no means elaborate in his descriptions, as, to use his own words, "I incline rather to nature than dominion; and took more pleasure to see Monsieur Breman, in his white waistcoat, digging in the Royal Physick Garden, and sowing his couches, than Monsieur Saintot making room for an ambassador."

The city of Paris, he informs us, "is one of the most beautiful and magnificent in Europe. To give, therefore, a strict and general idea of it, and not to enter into the vain disputes of the number of inhabitants, or its bigness, compared to London; sure I am, the *standing crowd* was so great, when my Lord Ambassador made his entry, that our people were startled at it, and were ready the next day to give up the question, had they not well considered the great curiosity of the Parisians, who are much more delighted in fine shews than the people of London."

"All the houses of persons of distinction are built with *port-cochers*, that is, wide gates to drive in a coach, and consequently have courts within. There are reckoned above 700 of these great gates; and very many of these are after the most noble patterns of ancient architecture. The lower windows of all houses are grated with strong bars of iron; which must be a vast expense." The interior of the houses is described as answering to the magnificence of the outside, and abounding in ornament and

objects of taste :—"Yet after all, many utensils and conveniences of life are wanting here, which we in England have. This makes me remember what Monsieur Justell, a Parisian, formerly told me here, that he had made a catalogue of near threescore things of this nature which they wanted in Paris."

"The pavement of the streets is all of square stone, of about eight or ten inches thick ; that is, as deep in the ground as they are broad at top. However, it must needs be said, the streets are very narrow, and the passengers afoot no ways secured from the hurry and danger of coaches, which always pass the streets with an air of haste; and a full trot upon broad flat stones, betwixt high and large resounding houses, makes a sort of musick which should seem very agreeable to the Parisians. But that which makes the dwelling in this city very diverting for people of quality is, the facility of going out with their coaches into the fields, on every side; it lying round, and the avenues to it so well paved; and the places of airing so clean, open, or shady, as you please, or the season of the year, and time of the day, requires."

"The coaches are very numerous here, and very fine in the gilding. But what they want in the largeness, beauty, and neatness of ours in London, they have infinitely in the easiness of carriage, and the ready turning in the narrowest streets. They are most, even *fiacres* or hackneys, hung with double springs at the four corners, which insensibly break all jolts. The hackneys and chairs here are the most nasty and miserable voiture that can be; and yet near as dear again as in London, and but very few of them neither . . . Yet there is one more in this city, which I was willing to omit, as thinking it at first sight scandalous, and a very jest; it being a wretched business in so magnificent a city, and that is, the *vinegrette*, a coach on two wheels, dragg'd by a man, and push'd behind by a woman, or boy, or both."

"Tis pretty to observe how the king disciplines this great city by small instances of obedience. He caused them to take down all their signs at once, and not to advance them above a foot or two from the wall, nor to exceed such a small measure of square; which was readily done; so that the signs obscure not the streets at all, and make little or no figure, as though there were none; being placed very high and little."

"Tis certain, a great and wealthy city cannot be without people of quality; nor such a court as that of France without the daily inspection of what such people do. But whether the country can spare them or not, I question. The people of England seem to have less manners, and less religion, where the gentry have left them wholly to themselves;

and the taxes are raised with more difficulty, inequality, and injustice, than when the landlords live upon the *desmaignes*."

"The great multitude of *poor* wretches in all parts of this city is such, that a man in a coach, afoot, in the shop, is not able to do any business for the numbers and importunities of beggars; and to hear their miseries is very lamentable; and if you give to one you immediately bring a whole swarm upon you. These, I say, are true monks, if you will, of God Almighty's making, offering you their prayers for a farthing; these worship much against their will all rich men, and make saints of the rest of mankind for a morsel of bread."

"The streets are lighted alike all the winter long, as well when the moon shines as at other times of the month; which I remember the rather, because of the impertinent usage of our people at London, to take away the lights for half of the month, as though the moon was certain to shine and light the streets, and that there could be no cloudy weather in winter. The lanthorns here hang down in the very middle of all the streets, about twenty paces distance, and twenty feet high. They are made of a square of glass about two feet deep, covered with a broad plate of iron; and the rope that lets them down is secured and locked up in an iron funnel and little trunk fastened into the wall of the house. These lanthorns have candles of four in the pound in them, which last burning till after midnight."

"As to these lights, if any man break them, he is forthwith sent to the galleys; and there were three young gentlemen of good families, who were in prison for having done it in a frolick, and could not be released thence in some months; and that not without the diligent application of good friends at court. The lights at Paris for five months in the year only, cost near 50,000*l.* sterling."

The writer found the streets of Paris cleaner than those of London, which he attributes to the use of the large square stones in the paving of the former, less dust and dirt being washed up from between them than when pebbles were used, as in the latter city; and after describing many of the public buildings, he speaks of the churchyard of St. Innocents:—"The public burying-place of the city of Paris for a 1000 years, when intire, (as I once saw it), and built round with double galleries full of skulls and bones, was an awful and venerable sight. But now I found it in ruins, and the greatest part of the galleries pulled down, and a row of houses built in their room, and the bones removed I know not whither: the rest of the churchyard in the most neglected and nastiest pickle I ever saw any consecrated place. What nobody gets by, nobody is concerned to repair; but 'tis strange among so many millions of dead

men, not one wonder-working saint should start up to preserve itself and neighbours from contempt and scandal,—that so much holy earth, brought, as 'tis said, so far off, should never produce one saint, but rather cast up all its inhabitants, to be thus shuffled and dissipated."

The Doctor visited most of the learned and scientific personages then residing in the French capital, among whom he enumerates Tournefort, Monsieur and Madame Dacier; of the latter he writes:—"I must needs say this for Madame Dacier, his wife, though I knew her by her writings, before I saw her, the learnedst woman in Europe, and the true daughter and disciple of Tanaquil Faber; yet her great learning did not alter her genteel air in conversation, or in the least appear in her discourse; which was casie, modest, and nothing affected. Amongst the persons of distinction and fame, I was desirous to see Mademoiselle de Sencerie, now ninety-one years of age. Her mind is yet vigorous, though her body is in ruins. I confess, this visit was a perfect mortification, to see the sad decays of nature in a woman once so famous. To hear her talk, with her lips hanging about a toothless mouth, and not to be able to command her words from flying abroad at random, puts me in mind of the Sybil's uttering oracles. In her closet she shewed me an original of Madame Maintenon, her old friend and acquaintance, which she affirmed was very like her: and, indeed, she was then very beautiful."

In his visit to the Académie he saw "the apartment of Monsieur Huguens (Huyghens), which was very noble, and well for air upon the garden: but here he fell melancholy, and died of it in Holland. He showed the first tokens of it by playing with a tame sparrow, and neglecting his mathematic schemes. 'Tis certain, life and health of body and mind are not to be preserved but by the relaxation and unbending the mind by innocent diversions. For sleep is nothing else that I know of, but the giving up the reins, and letting nature to act alone, and to put her in full possession of the body."

• "I was to visit Père Malebranche of the Fathers of the Oratory: they live very neatly together in a kind of community, but under no rule. He was very handsomely lodged, in a room well furnisht. He is a very tall, lean man of a ready wit and cheerful conversation. The freedom and nature of this order puts me in mind of what I heard of a certain rich and learned man, Monsieur Pinet, of the law; who put himself at length into religion, as they say, amongst the Fathers, but first persuaded his cook to do so too; for he was resolved not to quit his good soups, and such dishes as he liked, whatever became of his penance and retirement. I saw the library of the late Mon-

sieur Colbert, that great patron of learning; and Servieto's Book, for which he was burnt at Geneva; which cost Monsieur Colbert, at an auction in England, twenty-five crowns. There is such a passion of setting up for libraries, that books are come to most unreasonable rates. I paid to Anisson thirty-six livres for *Nizolius*; twenty livres for the two small quartos of the *Memoirs* of the *Académie des Sciences*. I was at an auction of books in the Rue St. Jaques, where were about forty or fifty people, most abbots and monks. The books were sold with a great deal of trifling and delay as with us, and very dear; for *Hispania illustrata* Aud. Sciotti, of the Frankfort edition, from twenty livres, at which it was set, they bid up by little and little to thirty-six livres; at which it was sold. The next was a catalogue of French books in a thin folio in an old-parchment cover by De la Croix de Maine, eight livres. And so I left them to shift it amongst themselves."

"The glass-house out of the gate of St. Antoine well deserves seeing: for I saw here one looking-glass foiled and finished, eighty-eight inches long, and forty-eight inches broad; and yet but one quarter of an inch thick. This, I think, could never be effected by the blast of any man; but I suppose to be run or cast upon sand as lead is; which yet, I confess, the toughness of glass mettall makes me very much against. There they are polished, which employs daily 600 men. 'Tis very diverting to see the joint labour of so many men upon one subject. This has made glass for coaches very cheap and common; so that even many of the *fiacres* or hackneys, and all the *remises* have one large glass before."

"I cannot omit the mill-stones which they grind their wheat with at Paris. These mill-stones are very useful, and so sweet, that not the least grit is ever found in their bread; they are mostly made up of pieces, two, three, or more set together by a cement, and hooped round with iron to keep the pieces faster together. They are made of a kind of honeycomb stone, wrought by the petrification of water, or stalactites. The very self-same stone I have seen rocks of on the river banks at Knaresborough, at the Dropping-well in Yorkshire: therefore advise my countrey-men to put these excellent stones in practice; for certainly no place stands in more need of it; for the bread in the north of England is intolerably gritty, by reason of those sand or moor stones, with which they grind their corn."

These glimpses of the past—of individuals, places, and arts as they appeared a century and a half ago, are not uninteresting; they enable us to form a better estimate of our own position, and to judge with distinctness of the progressive advance of society.

PART II.

From discoursing of libraries, manufactories, &c. Dr. Lister proceeds to describe "how the Parisians eat, drink, and divert themselves." In regard to food, he gives the advantage to the English, whom he considers to have been better supplied than the French. Some of his notions appear to be derived from too hasty conclusions, occasioned doubtless by his short stay in Paris.

"The diet of the Parisians consists chiefly of bread and herbs; it is here, as with us, finer and coarser. But the common bread, or *Pain de Gonesse*, which is brought twice a week into Paris from a village so called, is purely white, and firm and light, and made altogether with leaven; mostly in three-pound loaves, and threepence a pound. That which is baked in Paris is coarser and much worse. As for the fine *manchet*, or French bread, as we call it, I cannot much commend it; it is of late, since the quantity of beer that is brewed in Paris, often so bitter, that it is not to be eaten; and we far exceed them now in this particular in London."

"The grey salt of France (which there at table is altogether made use of) is incomparably better and more wholesome than our white salt. This I the rather mention, because it seems not yet to enter fully into the consideration and knowledge of our people; who are nice in this particular to a fault."

"In Lent the people feed much on white kidney beans, and white or pale lentils, of which there are great provisions made in all the markets, and to be had ready boiled. I was well pleased with this lentil, which is a sort of pulse we have none of in England. Those excepted, our seed-shops far exceed theirs, and consequently our gardens, in the pulse kind, for variety, both pea and bean. The roots differ much from ours. There are here no round turnips; but all long ones, and small; but excellently well tasted, and are of much greater use, being proper for soups also; for which purpose ours are too strong. I think it very strange that the seed should so much improve in England, as to produce roots of the same kind, six or ten times as big as there."

"The potato are scarce to be found in their markets, which are so great a relief to the people of England, and very nourishing and wholesome roots; but there are store of Jerusalem artichokes. The *leeks* are here much smaller than with us; but to recompense this, they are blanched here with more care and art. There is no plant of the onion kind so hardy as this, and so proper for the cold mountains; witness the use the Welsh have made of them from all ages; and indeed, it is excellent against spitting of blood, and all diseases of the throat and lungs.

"Though the lettuce be the great and universal sallet, yet I did not find they came near our people for the largeness and hardness of them. In April and May the markets were served with vast quantities of white beets; an herb rarely used with us, and never, that I know of, in that manner for soups. They are so great lovers of sorrel, that I have seen whole acres of it planted in the fields; and they are to be commended for it, for nothing is more wholesome."

"This city is well served with carp, of which there is an incredible quantity spent in the Lent. They have a particular way of bringing fresh oysters to town, which I never saw with us; to put them up in straw baskets of a pecke, suppose, cut from the shell, and without the liquor; they are thus very good for stewing, and all other manner of dressing. As for their flesh, mutton and beef, if they are good in their kind, they come little short of ours; I cannot say they exceed them. But their veal is not to be compared with ours, being red and coarse; and I believe, no country in Europe understands the management of that sort of food like the English. This was once proper to Essex; but now it is well known that nothing contributes more to the whiteness and tenderness of the flesh of calves, than *often bleeding* them, and giving them much food of milk and meal, besides sucking the dam. By much bleeding, the red cake of the blood is exhausted, and becomes all white serum or chyle."

The winter season prevented the Doctor from forming an opinion of the fruits brought to the Parisian markets at other times, excepting a few apples and pears; of the former he specifies a sort that served "the ladies at their toilets for a pattern to paint by." He then describes the various wines of France, and refers to the practice of drinking the strong kinds at feasts and parties:—"which custom is new; when I was formerly in France, I remember nothing of it. But it is the long war that has introduced them; the nobility and gentry, suffering much in those tedious campaigns, applied themselves to these liquors to support the difficulties and fatigues of weather and watchings; and at their return to Paris, introduced them to their tables. Sure I am, the Parisians, both men and women, are strangely altered in their constitutions and habit of body; from lean and slender, they are become fat and corpulent—the women especially; which, in my opinion, can proceed from nothing so much as the daily drinking strong liquors.

"There are also very many public coffee-houses, where tea also and chocolate may be had, and all the strong waters and wine above-mentioned; and innumerable alehouses. I wonder at the great change of this sober nation, in this particular; but luxury, like a whirlpool,

draws into it the extravagances of other people. Mighty things, indeed, are said of these drinks, according to the humour and fancy of the drinkers. I rather believe they are permitted, by God's providence, for the lessening the number of mankind, by shortening life, as a sort of silent plague."

After describing the theatres, the performances in which his knowledge of the language did not enable him thoroughly to appreciate, our author touches on gaming, which, he says, "is a perpetual diversion here, if not one of the debauches of the town; but games of mere hazard are strictly forbid, upon severe fines to the master of the house. This was done upon the account of the officers of the army; who, during the winter, used to lose the money which was given them to make their recruits, and renew their equipages in the spring."

"We were in Paris at the time of the fair of St. Germain: it lasts six weeks at least: Monsieur the Dauphin, and other princes of the blood, come at least once in the fair-time, to grace it. Knavery here is in perfection, as with us; as dextrous cut-purses and pick-pockets. A pickpocket came into the fair at night, extremely well clad, with four lacqueys with good liveries attending him. He was caught in the fact, and more swords were drawn in his defence than against him; but yet he was taken, and delivered into the hands of justice, which is here sudden and no jest."

Among the places of public resort, "the middle walk of the Tuilleries in June, between eight and nine at night," is particularised as "one of the noblest sights that can be seen. Nothing can be more pleasant than this garden (of the Tuilleries), where, in the groves of wood, the latter end of March, blackbirds, and thrushes, and nightingales, sing most sweetly all the morning, and that, as it were, within the city, for no birding is suffered here near this city, and the fields round the town are all, everywhere, full of partridges and hares, and other game. From the mount in the King's garden, on the other side the river, upon the declivity of a high ridge of hills, I had a fair view of the palace or country-house of Father la Chaise, the King's confessor; it is very finely seated against the south sun, and well wooded on both sides: a fit seat for a contemplative person."

The site here alluded to, afterwards known as Mont Louis, now forms the cemetery of Père la Chaise, well known to all visitors to Paris. The view at the present day is widely different from that described by the Doctor; and it would be difficult to find the nightingales and "other game," of which he speaks, in the modern French capital. Among other gardens, he visited that of Marshal de Lorge, who entertained him with great civility, and showed "his

great sash windows; how easily they might be lifted up and down, and stood at any height; which contrivance he said he had out of England, by a small model brought on purpose from thence—there being nothing of this poise in windows in France before."

"The 15th of May, my Lord Ambassador went to Marli, where the waters played for his diversion. I must needs say, it is one of the pleasantest places I ever saw. In the garden were many fountains, nobly adorned, and had variety of water-pipes playing up into the air in them. There was one *jet d'eau* in the bottom of the garden, which we were told threw up water 120 feet high. To furnish all this water there is a most stupendous machine, which was invented by two Liegeois. This machine forces the water up 560 feet, from the river Seine, to the top of the tower or aqueduct. It is wrought by 14 wheels, of 32 feet diameter each, set in the river and carried about day and night by its stream. This invention is the same with what is practised in the deep coal pits about Leeds (Liege?) in Lower Germany; so that to see the engines, and a great number of iron cylinders or water-pipes, lying bare above ground, and running up a vast mountain, is to imagine a deep coal mine turned wrong side outward."

"After all, it must be said that this magnificence, and the number of these palaces and gardens, are the best and most commendable effect of arbitrary government. If these expenses were not in time of peace, what would be this king's riches, and the extreme poverty of the people? For it is said, that every three years, some say much oftener, he has all the wealth of the nation in his coffers; so that there is a necessity he should have as extravagant and incredible ways of expending it, that it may have its due circulation amongst the people. . . . We and all Europe have been taught, by the industry of this great king, mighty improvements in war; so that Europe has been these twelve years an overmatch for the Turk, and we for France, by the continuation of the war. The forty millions sterling which the late war hath and will cost England, before all is paid, was well bestowed, if it had been for no other end than to teach us the full use and practice of war; and in that point to equal us with our neighbours. . . . In our happy island, we see such palaces and gardens as are for the health and ease of man only; and what they want in magnificence, they have in neatness. There is no such thing as a gravel walk in or about Paris, nor a *roller* of any sort; when it rains the Tuilleries are shut up, and one walks in dirt some days after. The grass-plots, or, as they call them, bowling-greens, are as ill-kept; they clip them, and beat them with flat beaters, as they do their walks."

"The king now seldom or never plays, but contents himself sometimes with looking on; but he hath formerly been engaged, and has lost great sums. Monsieur S—— rookt him of near a million of livres at basset, by putting false cards upon him; but was imprisoned, and banisht for it some years."

"The air of Paris is drier than that of England, notwithstanding the greatest part of the city is placed in a dirty miry level. The winter was very rude and fierce, as was ever known in the memory of man; the cold winds very piercing; and the common people walk the streets all in mouffes, and multitudes had little brass kettles of small-coal kindled, hanging on their arms; and yet you should scarce hear any one cough. I never saw a mist at Paris, in the six months I staid there, but one; though a very broad river runs through the middle of the city."

"The Prince of Conty sent his gentleman and coach at midnight to fetch me to his son, and to bring with me the late King Charles's drops to give him. This was a very hasty call. I told the messenger, I was the prince's very humble servant, but for any drops, or other medicines, I had brought nothing at all with me . . . but I heard no more of the matter, and the young prince died. Those drops were desired of me by other persons of quality, as the Princess d'Espinoy, the Duchess of Bouillon, Monsieur Sesac, &c.; and having bethought myself how my master, the late King Charles, had communicated them to me, and showed me very obligingly the process himself, by carrying me alone with him into his laboratory at Whitehall, while it was distilling,—also, Mr. Chevins, another time, showed me the materials for the drops in his apartment, newly brought in, in great quantity, that is, *raw silk*,—I caused the drops to be made here. Also I put Dr. Turnfort upon making of them; which he did in perfection, by distilling the finest raw silk he could get. One pound of raw silk yielded an incredible quantity of volatil salt, and, in proportion, the finest spirit I ever tasted; and the salt, refined and cohobated with any well-scented chemical oil, makes the king's salt, as it used to be called. This, my Lord Ambassador gave me leave to present in his name; and the doctor now supplies those which want. Silk, indeed, is nothing else but a dry jelly from the insect kind, and therefore very cordial and stomachic no doubt. The Arabians were wise, and knowing in the materia medica, to have put it in their Alkermes."

"This must be said for the honour of this king, that he has ever given great encouragements for useful discoveries in all kinds, and particularly in physic. 'Tis well known he bought the secret of the Jesuit's powder, and made it public; as he lately did that of the

Hypococouana,"—(Ipecacuanha). The latter drug, then unknown in England, was sold in Paris from twenty to fifty crowns the pound.

Here the writer concludes his book, which, though deficient in incident, is eminently characteristic of the erroneous, irreverent, and superstitious modes of thinking of the day. What an extraordinary philosophy must that have been which imagined intoxicating liquors to be a "silent plague," made use of by Providence for diminishing the numbers of the human race; and that any peculiar virtues could be found in the royal "drops" distilled from raw silk. In reading of the interchange of vegetable products, and mechanical arts, between different countries, we cannot help feeling that the passions and prejudices of governments have ever been ineffectual entirely to prevent the diffusion of benefits which tend ultimately to unite nations in the common bond of reciprocal kindness and advantage.

Reviews.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN BORNEO.¹

In a former article² we devoted our remarks exclusively to Mr. Brooke's own unaided proceedings in Borneo. We now find him, in conjunction with a powerful squadron of British vessels, under the command of Sir Thomas Cochrane, hovering along the coast of that island, laying the defences of its capital city in the dust, driving its pirates to their remotest haunts at the head of hitherto unascended rivers, and then burning and destroying those very haunts. Hitherto we have had the testimony of his own private journals. Captain Mundy now, however, appears upon the scene, and relates, in flowing and spirited language, a succession of the most daring and adventurous exploits, prosecuted with a vigour and energy possessed by but few men.

To understand properly the circumstances which hastened the more active interference of British power in the endeavours to extirpate piracy, we extract the following passage from Mr. Brooke's Journal:—

"April 1, 1846.—Intelligence has reached me of a most melancholy catastrophe which has occurred in the city of Brund. It appears that the Sultan, Omar Ali, after appointing the rajah, Muda Hassim, his successor, under the title of Sultan Muda, resolved upon cutting off the whole family, on account of their fidelity to the engagements entered into with her Majesty's government, which atrocious intention his Highness was enabled to carry into effect on his faithful and virtuous relatives, owing to a large number of the pangerans, and chief men of Brund, being still favourable to the piratical party."

Further accounts informed Mr. Brooke that the Sultan had fortified the river and city of Brund, so as to present a formidable front of difficulties in the way of a hostile armament. This, however, only accelerated the gathering of the storm. Three months had

(1) Journal of Events in Borneo and Celebes, by James Brooke, Esq. with a Narrative of the Expedition of H. M. S. Iris, by Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N.

(2) See p. 208.

scarcely elapsed, before Rear Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the *Agincourt*, 74, swept down the China seas with a powerful squadron, and anchored off the Sarawak river, previous to commencing active operations against the piratical Sultan, who, in defiance of treaties and pledges of faith, had violated the most solemn engagements, and even ventured to fire upon the British flag.

Sir Thomas Cochrane, however, before sailing direct on Brunè, resolved to pay a visit to the piratical communities of Siriki and Kanōwit, in order to warn them to desist from their evil practices. Accordingly, on the 27th of June, 1840, the Admiral, in company with Captain Mundy and Mr. Brooke, started on their ascent of the Rejang river, in the *Phlegethon* steamer. On the morning of the 28th, they astonished the natives of Siriki by their presence. This village is built on the banks of a small tributary of the Rejang, in the usual style of Dyak architecture. One peculiarity, however, was observed. Under the house of the principal chief was a huge live tree, which, being cut off about twenty feet from the roots, and divested of branches, served as the principal prop of the dwelling. Around it were driven numerous piles of the same height, on the top of which a stout platform of bamboo was laid, serving as a floor. The rooms were not above six feet in height, and were thatched with the leaves of the Nipa palm. The ladies were provided with separate apartments in the rear of the building.

The chief of this village was known as an old fosterer of piracy, which fact made him very shy of meeting the commander-in-chief. That officer, however, merely warned him to abstain from his buccannering practices, and to keep his war boats within the river. This he solemnly promised to do; and the interview ended amicably, after which the steamer proceeded up the river. On the sand-ridges, bounding the mangrove swamps, numerous alligators were seen, basking in the noonday sun, in tranquil sleep, half immersed in the sand by the weight of their own bodies. These scaly gentlemen must have been somewhat astonished at the shower of bullets from the officer's rifles, followed up by the round of grape and canister from the six-pounders of the *Phlegethon*, with which they were saluted.

Many ruined and deserted villages, which had been destroyed by the pirates of Kanōwit, were passed. Around these marks of rapine and wickedness flourished little else than jungle, with a few durien and other fruit-trees. The natives are reported to grow rice and sago sufficient for their own consumption, but few signs of cultivation anywhere appeared. About noon of the 29th, at a point where the river reaches a sudden bend, the explorers caught sight of numerous flags waving above the trees, with the glistening thatch-roofs of many houses peeping over the jungle of a small neck of land, as yet hidden from view by the abrupt turn of the stream. The native guides, at this point of the progress, could not contain their delight at the idea of the surprise which the first appearance of a "smoke-ship" would cause among the wild men of Kanōwit, which they were now rapidly approaching. To gratify this feeling, Sir Thomas Cochrane kept the steamer as close as possible under the feathery branches of the overhanging palms, and with her near paddle-box brushing against the foliage, the beautiful little *Phlegethon*, vomiting clouds of steam and smoke, shot swiftly round the point, steamed directly into the centre of the little bay, and there dropped the anchor from her bows.

Complete consternation and horror now seized upon numerous wild Dyak ladies, who were disporting their sable forms in the glassy little bathing-ground of Kanōwit, and enjoying, under the shade of the lofty palms, its refreshing waters. No time had been allowed them to screen themselves from the gaze of the bold intruders on their sylvan retreat. It would be difficult to describe the horror and amazement created. "The first impression seemed to have stupified both old and young, as they remained motionless through terror. When conscious, however, of the terrible apparition before them, they set up a loud and simultaneous shriek, and fleeing rapidly from the water, dragged children of all ages and sizes along with them, and rushed up their lofty ladders for refuge. Then we heard the tomtom beat to arms, and, in every direction, the warriors were observed putting on their wooden and woollen armour, and seeking their spears and sumpitans. In ten minutes, all seemed ready for the fight, though the Kanōwittians were evidently more anxious to find the extraordinary stranger inclined for peace. Meantime the steamer swinging gradually to the young flood, brought into view the whole of the upper part of the floor of this building, erected on the very brink of the stream, for the piles on which it was erected were *forty feet* in height; and, although, at this short distance, had the savages chosen to attack us, a few of their spears and poisoned arrows might have reached our decks, it was evident that their own nest, thus raised in the air, though containing 300 desperate men, was entirely at our mercy."

However, no hostilities were entered on. A white flag was ordered to be hoisted on the *Phlegethon's* staff. No such flag was in the Indian code, which recognises no signal of the kind. One of Captain Mundy's linen sheets was therefore triced up at the fore, and an amicable meeting soon arranged. The chief of the Kanōwits, who was nearly blind with ophthalmia, with many of his followers, came on board, and heard a few of the British Admiral's opinions on piracy, and things in general, which doubtless made him tremble in his shoes.¹ A few days before, this tattooed individual had assaulted Palo, a collection of houses likewise erected on forty-foot piles, and cut its supports through. The defenders were killed, almost to a man, and the few that did escape were made slaves. In answer to our countryman's warnings, the octogenarian savage gave many humble promises of amendment. The surgeon of the *Phlegethon* quickly relieved his eyes, and sent him back with a glad heart to his lofty nest, to rusticate amid skulls and tin pots.

But we are lying too long at anchor in the Rejang river. Our space demands that we steam back to the sea again.

The British squadron, in due time, took up its position off the Brunè river. In spite of a letter of compliments and falsehoods received from the Sultan, the Admiral, on the 8th of July, proceeded up the stream with a force of 600 bayonets, embarked in the *Spiteful* and *Phlegethon* steamers, accompanied by numerous gun-boats, and the ordinary boats of the squadron. Round shots and rockets did their work, and, before sunset, Brunè city, with all its magnificent works of defence and formidable train of artillery, were in the hands of the English. The Sultan and his boasted army fled into the jungle, the city was deserted by its inhabitants, and, "as the full moon rose over the desolate

(1) Query. Did he wear any?

buildings, she showed the white tents of the marines encamped on the heights in strong relief against the dark jungle beyond, and, at the same time, threw her rays over a city which, having flourished for 500 years under Mohammedan rule, now fell before the arms of a Christian power," whose authority it had despised, and whose flag it had insulted.

Two days after, Captain Mundy, accompanied by Mr. Brooke, and a force of 500 men, started on an expedition into the interior, in the hopes of discovering the fugitive Sultan at Damūan, whither it was known he had fled. The boats, having been towed as far as practicable by the *Phlegethon*, entered a narrow creek, so overhung with boughs, that three boats' full of pioneers were employed in opening a passage. This rendered the progress slow. After seven hours' hard labour, they arrived at a spot which, as the guides informed them, was the best place to land at, in order to proceed directly upon Damūan. Leaving a detachment in charge of the boats, they formed in Indian file on the bank, and, preceded by the guides, each under charge of a sentry, struck into a narrow path through the jungle, and commenced the march.

Suddenly, on entering a broad open space, the village of Kabiran Battu burst upon their view. "I threw out flanking parties, and surrounded the largest building, erected in the Dyak style, upon lofty piles driven into the ground. The house had been deserted by the owners, but was full of valuable property, secured in massive chests; also, ammunition, both for great guns and small arms, and several tin cases of fine Dartford powder. In the upper story, a man and woman were discovered secreted amongst the mats; and from them we learned that the whole property belonged to Hajji Hassim, who, two days previously, on a requisition from the Sultan, had joined him at Damūan. Our male prisoner also informed us, that there was a battery close at hand in the jungle. I ordered Lieutenant Mathews to reconnoitre, and he shortly returned with the report that six pieces of brass ordnance were raised on an adjoining eminence. Of these I took possession, and handed them over to the charge of Lieutenant Patey, who, with a party from the gun-boats, was to hold the village during our absence."

Captain Mundy then proceeded on his march to Damūan, despite a heavy shower of rain. In a very short time, the party entered upon a marshy ground, with a broad buffalo path across it, through which they with difficulty floundered, waist deep in mud. Having struggled with this difficulty for an hour, and perceiving that they had entered upon an immense swamp, with no discernible limits, Captain Mundy judged it prudent to advance no farther in that direction, as their position rendered a sudden attack of the enemy no very desirable event. Mr. Brooke coincided in this opinion, and the expedition at once fell back upon Kabiran Battu, where it bivouacked for the night, amid torrents of rain. "It was, however, destined that the evening should not pass over without some little amusement, for suddenly there was a cry of fire at the other extremity of the building under which we had sought to find shelter from the deluge, and in a very few minutes a party of seamen were busily engaged on the summit of the roof, detaching the layers of palm leaves; whilst, seated cross-legged at a gable end, I superintended the operations; having, with much difficulty, by the assistance of my coxswain, perched myself on the elevated pinnacle: and in coat and epaulettes, and enveloped in

smoke, I found the situation by no means agreeable. The fire was got under in twenty minutes, and we were again in repose. One of the officers, while working on the roof, lost his footing, and sliding down the slippery matting, fell into the verandah below, but, fortunately, lighting on some soft materials, was not much injured."

After burning all Hajji Hassim's property, together with his magazines and ammunition, Captain Mundy and the exploring party retraced their steps, and having replenished provisions at head quarters, made a fresh start. Instead of proceeding direct up the river, they took the first turning on the left, and penetrated as far as possible into the forests on the bosom of the little creek. After ten hours' hard pull, however, they were compelled to land, and proceed on foot. Very shortly, another huge swamp met them, into which they unhesitatingly plunged, and this time succeeded in reaching the village of Malut, on firm ground. Here the explorers bivouacked. The march now lay through a country of swamps and cultivated grounds, in alternate succession. These latter, termed by the natives "islands," were clothed in a luxury of vegetation, with groves of lofty cocoa and areca, and sago palms, with many beautiful richly flowering shrubs and creepers. These pretty spots were generally chosen as the sites of villages. Broad patches of the morass were seen belted in by jungle, and on them grew flowering crops of rice, which flourished abundantly through the plentiful nature of the irrigation. Huge houses, built on lofty posts, and well stored with grain, which was carried in and out through large sliding doors, testified the providence of the people. Captain Mundy gave orders to respect private property, and the natives, observing this, remained quietly in their dwellings.

One afternoon the expedition discovered conclusive proofs of the Sultan's having passed that way. A building of more vast dimensions than any they had hitherto seen, suddenly burst upon their view as they emerged from a mass of jungly vegetation. It was erected at the foot of a lofty and well-wooded bank, and was evidently new, and, on examination, was found to have been recently inhabited. A strict investigation was entered into for arms and powder and ball, which were found in great plenty, with several mats thirty feet long, woven in the most delicate manner, with other furniture to correspond. Two shields were also brought forth, the largest of which, five feet long, and beautifully wrought with gold ornaments, surmounted by an imperial crown and two lions rampant, was recognised by Mr. Brooke as belonging to the Sultan. His Highness' sword-bearer had carried it before him at the audience given to the British officers at the capital, the year before. He probably set a high value on this royal shield, and had doubtless only abandoned it when excess of fear counterbalanced his love of property, and when it became necessary to push his flight as fast as possible into the interior.

On arriving at the Damūan river, ninety feet wide, it was found to be so flooded that the bridge was three feet under water. Lofty trees were therefore hewn down by the Javanese seamen, and thrown across to the opposite bank. They were then well knitted together with creepers, so as to form a compact way. Traversing this original bridge, they struck into a narrow road leading through marshy ground clothed in every direction with dense jungle, and at length emerging upon an open plain, found themselves fronted by a huge isolated building, be-

hind which, at some distance, lay the village of Damūan completely surrounded by water. Stores of ammunition for guns of various calibre, with powder and shot, and one swivel piece, were found. It was evident that the Sultan had hastily evacuated this position but a few hours before; but as no one could give any information as to the route he had taken, it was resolved not to pursue the enterprise any further, as a heavy responsibility would rest on the officer who should lead an expedition with no definite direction to follow, into the heart of a country of which nothing was known. Besides, suspicion attached to the native guides, and provisions were running short.

The royal dwelling and all the adjacent buildings were therefore consigned to fire, and the magazines blown up. The flames extended over a wide space of ground, and were, no doubt, watched with amazement by the various wild tribes inhabiting the adjacent range of hills, and who were said by some natives to be gathered in great concourse on the mountain slope and pinnacles, to look down upon the red blaze shooting up from and spreading over the jungle morass beneath. It was the first time that European foot had ever trodden on that ground, and it was curious that the first explorers should have come for the purpose of destroying the refuge of a piratical king.

Captain Mundy and his companions now retraced their steps with all possible despatch towards the capital.

Some time after, whilst steaming in the *Phlegethon* up the coast of Borneo, a large prahu with fifty oars was discovered pulling with might and main for the mouth of a neighbouring piratical river, the Tampassuk. Swiftly as it sped across the waters, however, steam proved too powerful an antagonist, and in a short time the powerful little *Phlegethon* stood in between the chase and the land. The crowded sails of the British squadron now loomed over the horizon, and the prahu, seeing that no chance of escape remained, graciously submitted to imperative necessity, and allowed his vessel to be boarded by the crew of the steamer.

"The boat was sixty feet in length, and carried one long twelve-pounder, and two brass six-pound swivels. She was rigged for sixty oars, with regular boarding nettings, but had only twenty-five men and the captain on board, the stern sheets being occupied by a large bier, on which was placed a massive teak coffin, handsomely ornamented.

"When the chief was brought prisoner on the quarter deck, and asked to what nation he belonged, and why he was so crowded with arms, (she was full of kempilans, (large double-handed swords,) spears and krisses,) he said at once,

"I am an Illanun and a pirate chief. I sailed from hence with four other vessels on a cruise. One of the officers died, and, with a portion of my crew, I am bringing him to his home for decent burial."

"On being asked if the officer died a natural death, he replied 'Yes.'

"Orders were then given to open the coffin, when lo! there lay the remains of a man evidently slain in battle, or after a desperate struggle, but a few days before. A large sabre cut extended across the forehead, and the chest and thighs were also frightfully maimed. The pirate chief now became so desperately enraged at the exposure, that he boldly stated he had told a lie, and admitted that they had had an engagement with some

of the Balanini war boats, which they had driven off but an officer being killed, he was, according to their custom, brought back for interment. . . . Orders were then given to handcuff the chief and all his men, an indignity to which the proud Illanun could not tamely submit, for no sooner did he discover the nature of the directions given, than, quickly raising his fist, he endeavoured to strike Mr. Ross' a blow on the face, and the next moment jumped overboard, a movement immediately followed by all his people. Desperate were their efforts to gain the shore before a boat could be manned, but it was otherwise ordained; all were again brought on board, and, after much resistance, put in irons."

The attack and destruction of the strong fortress of Malludu we can only briefly notice. In the face of a heavy fire, twenty-four English boats, manned with 500 men, advanced up the river. A boom, composed of large chain cable and three huge trees securely bolted together and lashed to trees on either bank, opposed their progress. This had to be cut through, which service was performed gallantly, though not without serious loss, as a heavy range of batteries directly in front kept up a destructive shower of grape shot, which, however, was answered with equal vigour. When once a landing was effected, the enemy fled, and Malludu town with its covering batteries was burned to the ground.²

Success, indeed, every where attended the efforts of our countrymen. In one instance, however, success was dearly purchased. We have no desire to animadvert on the sagacity or prudence of any of the officers engaged in this undoubtedly dangerous service, yet we cannot help remarking that Lieutenant Norcock might probably have saved many valuable lives by the exercise of a trifle more foresight and vigilance. The *Ringdore*, commanded by Sir W. Hoste, while cruising off the coast, fell in with three prahus, to which she immediately gave chase. The suspicious vessels forthwith made for the shore, and succeeded in running where the brig, from her draught of water, could not follow. Boats were therefore despatched in pursuit, and the prahus were shortly driven into the surf and deserted by their crews. A strict search for arms and ammunition was instituted, but without success. Lieutenant Norcock, who was in command, fancied therefore they must be peaceful traders, and prepared to return to the *Ringdore*, while the crews of the prahus regained their vessels and were endeavouring to put off again, when an order from the brig instructed the English officer to bring one of the suspected craft alongside.

"One of the prahus was, consequently, taken possession of and brought alongside the *Ringdore*, the crew rowing it themselves, and having a guard over them of three marines and several seamen. On being made fast alongside the brig, the pirates, for such, it appears, they were, though their arms had been skilfully concealed, without any previous warning, rose, and simultaneously, with their krisses flew upon the seamen and marines, and before they could defend themselves one marine was killed, and two marines and a seaman severely wounded, they being all of the *Ringdore's* crew then on board the prahu, which was at this time under the quarter and touching the counter of the brig; so close, indeed, that one of the pirates actually

(1) The master of the *Phlegethon*.

(2) For a representation of this fort and the mode of attack adopted, see St. John's "Views in the Indian Archipelago."

took his spear, and lunging it through the port of the *Ringdove*, mortally wounded its mate; and it was also reported, though I cannot exactly say whether true or not, that the head man of the pirates, after killing the marine sentry dead with his kris, seized the musket as the man fell into the hold, and fired it at the officer standing on the gangway. The pirates then cut the hawser adrift, and seizing their paddles, made off for the shore. A desperate and well planned manœuvre it must be admitted; and as it was at this time dark, there would have been a probability of escape, had not the boat of the brig been quickly manned and sent in chase. The prahu was overtaken and boarded in less than ten minutes, upon which the crew retreated below, and with their long spears through the bamboo flooring made a desperate defence, and finally, refusing all quarter, they were slain to a man, and the prahu sunk by the gun of the pinnace."

We now approach the most interesting act in the Bornean drama. Mr. Brooke and Captain Mundy, with the boats of the British squadron, manned with seventy bayonets, started on the 16th August on an expedition up the Mambakut river, with the view of seizing, or killing, or driving into the jungle, Hajji Saman, the notorious enemy of the English. This man, who had ever been an incorrigible encourager of piracy, now occupied a post some miles up the stream, having prepared in his rear a chain, as it were, of fortified positions, on which he might fall back in case of retreat.

Forty native war prahus, some of them of great size, joined the expedition at the mouth of the river, and with this reinforcement the whole flotilla dashed through the surf, which broke heavily upon the bar. After pulling for many hours against a strong current, the first symptoms of hostility appeared in the shape of huge rafts of bamboo, floated down to oppose their progress. The report of heavy guns now smote upon their ears from the interior, as, in the midst of a dead silence, broken only by the dip of oar and paddle, the boats proceeded up the stream; Mr. Brooke, and Captain Mundy, in the gig, being rowed backwards and forwards, watching the movements of the whole.

A sudden bend in the river now brought into view a boom, similar to that cut through at Malludu. The current, however, which was here very strong, had swung this defence athwart, thus allowing room for the boats to pass. Facing this, at eighty yards distance, was a small fort, from which a brisk cannonade was immediately opened, as Captain Mundy in his gig, with the pinnace, under Lieut. Little, and the barge and rocket-boat, under Lieut. Heath, advanced in line of battle to the assault.

For a quarter of an hour, a rapid fire was kept up on both sides. Hajji Saman himself was recognised through the smoke, as he moved to and fro on the battery, encouraging and directing the gunners. At length, Lieut. Little gained a landing-place, upon which the enemy's walls were instantly abandoned, their defenders flying into the jungle. They could exchange showers of bullets with any men, but were never found prepared to meet a charge of bayonets.

About a mile farther up, a large village was found deserted by its inhabitants. The houses stood in a semicircle, on a broad declivity gently sloping from the river. Each dwelling had a garden, well fenced in, and neatly partitioned into beds sown with cabbages, lettuces and onions, disposed with beautiful

taste in the Chinese fashion. It is believed that Chinese prisoners must have laid them out.

In the interior of the houses, exquisitely woven mats, threshing and knitting machines and culinary implements, were abundant, together with other furniture. The principal decoration, however, consisted of "numberless human skulls, pendant from every apartment, and suspended from the ceiling in regular festoons, with the thigh and arm bones occupying the intervening space, and a few ornaments peculiar to the wildest class of Dyaks."

Goats, pigs, and poultry, reposed within the enclosures, in great numbers, showing that the inhabitants of these villages were well provided with the substantial blessings of this world.

"I was much struck," says Captain Mundy, "by the simplicity and beauty of the tents of the Dyaks. They were generally erected on rising grounds, in lovely spots, surrounded by creepers and flowering shrubs a hundred yards from the buildings. They were of an oblong form, composed of wooden planks, standing about twelve feet from the ground, on piles, and covered with a sloping roof of the branches of the sago palm; strips of broad bark were attached according to fancy on the gables, having various devices rudely painted on them."

And the owners of these picturesque places were pirates,—pirates of the worst class, who sallied forth at particular seasons, and, embarking in numerous prahus, committed slaughter and robbery throughout the whole length and breadth of the Indian Archipelago, landed by night on the shores of the various islands, sacked and burned villages, seized slaves, sold them, and then returned, gorged with blood and plunder, to spend the remainder of the year in their beautiful villages on the banks of Mambakut.

After enjoying a comfortable dinner in the deserted houses, the expedition started again, and presently came upon a huge building, the main front of which had a verandah three hundred feet in length. This dwelling was erected on enormous wooden piles, from between some of which a shower of balls rattled in among the leading boats; however, a few rapid discharges of musketry soon silenced the enemy's fire. A small party landed, with the view of cutting off their retreat, but was only in time to catch a sight of their receding forms, as they plunged into the depths of the jungle, bearing along with them, as usual, their killed and wounded. The house was ascertained to have belonged to Hajji Saman himself, whither he was wont to retire from the bustle of the capital to ruralize among skulls and thighbones.

Fifty heads were discovered here, many of them evidently fresh trophies. In this district, "no aristocratic youth dare venture to pay his addresses to a Dyak demoiselle, unless he throws at the blushing maiden's feet a net full of skulls, at the same time that he offers his hand and heart. It is customary for the lady to desire her lover to cut a thick bamboo, and when in possession of this instrument, she carefully arranges the *cadeau d'amour* on the floor, and, by repeated blows, beats the heads into fragments, which, when thus pounded, are scraped up and cast into the river; at the same time, she throws herself into the arms of the enraptured youth, and so commences the honeymoon."

Hajji Saman's dwelling having been burnt to the ground, the explorers proceeded some way up the river, until they reached a village, having in its rear an extensive plain. This place was selected as a bivouac; the boats were drawn up in line, sentries posted,

and the marines, in a few minutes, ensconced in quarters as comfortable as Chatham barracks. Watch-fires were kindled at intervals around the hamlet, and on the farthest extremity of the plain, hundreds of dusky figures could be observed in the dim light, brandishing their weapons and dancing their waltzes with tremendous yells, to intimidate the invaders of their territory.

Next morning, the boats moved on at an early hour, and continued pulling for some time. At length, a cheer from the vanguard announced that Hajji Saman's last refuge was in sight. Every man was now eager for the conflict, and no sooner had they come within range, than a shower of rockets burst into the air, accompanied by a sharp volley of musketry. A strong defence was made, the fire was given and returned with equal vigour, but, in the face of all opposition, the place was assaulted at push of pike, carried, cleared of its defenders, and burned to the ground, Hajji Saman and his followers flying into the jungle, lighted by the flames of the fortress, which they had, at any rate, attempted to hold.

We fear we have been betrayed by the interest of the narrative into too great length, and have left hardly sufficient space to speak in general terms of the work. However, our readers will be enabled from what we have said, and from the few extracts we have given them, to form a tolerably correct judgment on the volume. Mr. Brooke's journals will meet, we venture to say, with the success they deserve. The beautiful and graphic language of the English Rajah, and the bold, vigorous, rapid narrative of Captain Mundy, conduce to give to the whole an intrinsic value which few books possess. Certainly the two authors were most felicitous in their subject. No regions could have afforded more rich and varied materials for the traveller in search of the picturesque, the botanist, the observer of human nature, or the searcher after adventure, than does the vast, and little explored, island of Borneo. Here the writer of imagination has but to put down his own conceptions, to produce a striking picture. There is no filling up wanted, no strong colouring, no glow of imagery necessary to cast a brilliancy over the whole.

The Oriental Archipelago is, as we have said, one of the most magnificent regions in the world, affording as it does every inducement to the merchant and the settler. But its seas are unsafe, its harbours unprotected. We have indeed struck the first blow at piracy, we have caused the buccaneering communities to feel the power of the "Great Lords of the Ocean," and to know that their countless fleets, which they have hitherto regarded as overwhelming, are no match for the energy of Great Britain. But we must not rest satisfied with what has been done, we must literally sweep the Indian pirates from the face of the waters, and cut up, burn, and utterly destroy, every refuge they can fly to, if we really desire to behold the extension of commerce, and the diffusion of civilization and Christianity, among the benighted inhabitants of the Twelve Thousand Islands.

THE SUMMER DAYS.

BY HARUM SCARUM.

THE summer days of life—the summer days !
When eyes robe all with their own joyousness,
And every beauty glows in fairest prime ;
When light beams loveliest from a woman's eye,
And song flows happiest from a poet's heart
The summer days of life—the summer days !

Spring may be fair, but then we're gazing on—
And Autumn calm, but then we look behind—
All joy to us as past and future lives,
Departed all, or not yet all our own,
Save in that glorious, glowing, present time,
The summer days of life—the summer days !

Like the full splendour of an empire's might,
Ere yet it verges downward to decay—
The noonday sun, within a cloudless sky,
Young, tho' its blaze usurps the throne of night—
A generous courser, in his pride of strength—
So fresh, so fair, the summer days of life.

I hope for you, I long for you, sweet days !
Ye are my future, and *that* aye is bright,
Ye are my goal, and *that* for aye is dear ;
And ye shall be my glory, ye shall bring,
Oh, will ye not ? a happy victor's wreath,
Sweet summer days of life—sweet summer days !

A DAY-DREAM.

MAESTRO.

THERE are bright and happy hours
In this dwelling-place of tears,
Sunny gleams between the showers,
Merry birds and smiling flowers,
Hopes that conquer fears.

There are many sweets that mingle
In the cup of mortal sadness,
Fairy bells that softly tingle
By woodland way and forest dingle,
Moving hearts to gladness.

There are fairer, brighter things
Starlike gem the path of life :
Sympathy that ever brings
Friendship on its dove-like wings ;
Faithful love till death that clings ;
Peace, the sleep of strife.

Thus I mused one soft spring morn,
While, her clear soprano ringing,
A sweet nightingale was singing
From her seat in the old thorn.
Then, methought that at my side,
Harshly thus a voice replied—
" Dreamer, as you name each blessing,
With your gaze upon the sky
Wrapped in a fool's fantasy,
Tell me which art thou possessing."
And at these strange words I wondered,
But the bird was singing still,
And an echo from the hill
Seemed to ask me why I pondered.
Then I answered musingly,
" Love, the urchin, ever roving
To and fro, still passes by,
Glancing with a roguish eye,
Leaving me unloved, unloving.
Better so, for love," I said,
" Flashes like a meteor gleam ;
And realities but seem
Harsher by the light it shed—
I have many a loving friend ;
With their pleasant voices near me,
And their sympathy to cheer me,
I will wear life to its end.
And when death hath had his will,
Sparkling eyes for me will weep,
Loyal hearts a corner keep,
For our friendship's memory still."

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

READER,—How do you like being much too hot? Are you a chilly mortal, looking blue in a north-east wind, and shrivelling up during a frost like an uninfused particle of strong old congo? Good—you must be happy. Are you a plump, round-faced, rosy-checked individual, active, good-natured, slightly addicted to fussing, and apt to become flushed on all emergencies, like—well, we must not mention names—but if such be your tendencies, we pity you. Like an unpopular parliament, you must have been on the eve of dissolution. Here's weather for *al fresco* dissipation, Chiswick fetes, Botanical gardens, pic-nics, water-parties, archery meetings, *et hoc genus omne!* All our beauties will become sunburnt as gipsies, despite their taking the veil as strictly as nuns or sultanas; and as to the lords of the creation, or at least that portion of them who generously display their dark curls and delicate complexions to the public for nothing, in Bond Street and the Parks, there is not a puppy amongst them but will be black-and-tan before the end of the season. Then, gentlemen's superior dress suits are so inconveniently warm in these sunny hours. In vain do we endue a Chesterfield Zephyr; although the talented artist who invented it in some happy moment of clairvoyance has protected it by a double patent (whatever that may be), the air it gives, however fashionable, fails to cool our exhausted frame, and we sigh, or rather pant, for some such article as the

"painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won."

decidedly the lightest species of paletot we ever remember to have heard of. Many conveniences and advantages must have attended the style of dress adopted by these simple ancestors of ours, a mode of clothing, by the way, which, for want of a better name, we may designate the *Pictorial*. For instance, when the whole costume consisted of a coat, and that merely a coat of paint, how many difficulties which now render the advice to reform our tailor's bills so impracticable, are at once got over. No fears of a misfit—such a coat is sure to set like your skin. If any accident befalls the garment, a good brush sets all right again in a minute—though a Pictish beau might equally disguise an unseasonably wrinkle by a little *fine drawing*. In such weather as we have been afflicted with, a cool suit might be obtained by selecting a very light paint, while the fogs and frosts of an ancient Britannie winter would be effectually provided against by putting on two or three coats of a warmer colour. Mourning, too, could be supplied to families with the greatest despatch, and at unusually low prices, when a cake of Indian ink or neutral tint would do full justice to the memory of a distant relation, and the most unmitigated woe would be adequately symbolised by a bottle of Warren's jet.

Seriously, if the hot weather should continue, we recommend the system of pictorial clothing to some enterprising young artist who may possess a talent for painting figures, and should he act upon our hint, we shall not be surprised to see a totally new colouring given to the whole body of the English nation. If the hot weather should last—ah! that if—certainly, an editor ought to be gifted with second sight, and able to foretell events for at least a month to come. Now, suppose, after our tirade against hot weather, the first of June should choose to come down upon us with a pouring rain, it will throw a damp over our entire postscript, extinguish every spark of wit, put out its fire completely, and thoroughly saturating the article, which, unfortunately, is not water-proof, leave it without a

single dry remark about it. We are not of a very desponding temperament however, and will, therefore, hope better things. Every dog has his day, and (begging our own pardon for the undignified comparison) we trust we may prove a lucky dog, and that our day may be a fine one. And now to business.

We beg to apologize to such of our readers as may have been interested in the Diary of an Oxford Man, for the delay which has taken place in regard to it, and can only say that it has been occasioned by circumstances beyond our control. We shall hope, however, to be enabled to continue it in the first part of our new volume.

As the limits of our magazine render it impossible for us to give a lengthened review of more than a very small portion of the new books sent to us for that purpose, we think it may prove not uninteresting to our readers if, for the future, we briefly notice at the end of our postscripts a few of the works most worthy (or unworthy, for we do not pledge ourselves never to apply a little wholesome castigation) their attention.

Of those names now before us, we may mention "Brothers and Sisters," a tale of domestic life, by Miss Bremer, translated from the unpublished MS. by the indefatigable Mary Howitt. We have scarcely had time to do more than dip into it, but it seems to promise another treat to the many admirers of "The Neighbours."

In justice, we cannot pass over unmentioned Miss Martineau's "Eastern Life," though it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that we rise from its perusal. However much we may differ from and deplore that lady's opinions upon certain points, it is impossible not to acknowledge the powerful interest of the work, the brilliant and matured talent of the authoress, and the candour and honest enthusiasm of her mind. All those to whom Egypt and Arabia, Palestine and Syria, are more than geographical terms, will thank Miss Martineau for her vivid descriptions, and ingenious, though, alas, unsound speculations concerning Eastern Life, pre-ent and past.

Being somewhat of a hero-worshipper, we found our attention riveted by the title of the following work. It runs thus:—"The very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs, and Achievements of the Good Knight, without Fear and without Reproach, the gentle Lord DE BAYARD. Set forth in English by Edward Cockburn Kindersley. Imprinted for Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, *Pater Noster Row*, in the City." The translator informs us in his "prologue," that these memoirs of the Chevalier de Bayard are supposed to have been "written by his secretary, under the modest designation of *le loyal serviteur*," and "first appeared in 1527, three years after the Hero's death." We would recommend this quaint old book to all our younger readers in the words of a French writer of the seventeenth century, to his son. "*Je veux que ce soit la première histoire que tu lises, et que tu me racontes. Tâche de l'imiter en ce que tu pourras. Il ne se peut faire de copie qui ne soit bonne sur un si merveilleux original. Si tu ne peux arriver à sa valeur, qui est hors d'exemple, sois fidèle à ton prince, et debonnaire comme lui.*"

The age of chivalry has passed away,—at least as far as any system or institution which brought forth noble, pious, valiant men, can ever pass away utterly from this earth,—but it lives in its effects. All those who bow in admiration before the memory of the mirror of courteous knighthood, Bayard, "Sans peur et sans reproche," may show in their daily life that the magnanimity of the age of chivalry is not extinct in this age of *Tin*. The translation is glowing and primitive; and is devoid of the many disagreeables of ordinary translations. The book is printed in large old-fashioned type, and in other respects reminds us of those elegant specimens of the pseudo-antique, the two "Portions of Lady Willoughby's Diary."

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